

## Big Shot 721

Chapter 721: A Heartbroken Man Indeed Devotes Himself to Work!

Jinshan Avenue Bar Street, a well-known chaotic place in the capital.

Various unique bars are scattered throughout the alleys, accumulating filth. People of mysterious backgrounds from the underworld prefer to hide and trade here, coming and going freely.

Bao Gucheng changed into casual clothes and only brought Chen Long along.

Standing at the street corner, he looked at the flashing neon sign with the word "Wine" and couldn't help but think to himself: Never expected it, but the little woman's words came true—he really couldn't avoid getting involved with "wine" tonight.

Looking at a row of signs, Chen Long asked for instructions: "Mr. Bo, which one should we check first?"

Bao Gucheng put on sunglasses, casually raised the collar of his coat, and said indifferently, "Zuixian Inn."

Perhaps recalling the daytime scene of suggesting names for Xi Zuzi's restaurant, the few words "Zuixian Inn" particularly caught his attention.

Chen Long clicked his tongue, his admiration clear: This Zuixian Inn is the grandest building on Bar Street, with three floors above and below ground. It indeed might be the most active black market.

However, spending a night wandering around means working through the entire night.

A man dealing with heartbreak indeed throws himself into work!

Chen Long hadn't seen Xi Zuzi for some days and, like the other brothers, tended to believe Mr. Bo and Xi Zuzi might have parted ways due to their age difference.

At this moment, the perpetually single Chen Long strained his brain, trying to comfort his boss while on duty: "Mr. Bo, you see, fate is a mysterious thing. Think about your unexpected encounter with Zuzi during the mountain car accident—who could've imagined that? So even after breaking up, just take it as fate predestined it..."

Before he could finish his words,

He felt a rather chilly aura, freezing his cheeks and leaving him speechless!

Bao Gucheng raised his eyes blandly: "Do you really want us to break up?"

Chen Long: "Ah? This..."

"Do you think I am not fit to practice Dual Cultivation with her?"

"Ah, Mr. Bo, I don't understand..."

"You dare to speak nonsense when you don't understand anything? Go find a restroom, hack into their surveillance system, and look for clues. Why are you standing there, get to work!"

Chen Long quickly took Bao Gucheng's mini palm-sized computer and trudged towards the restroom.

Ah, ah, Mr. Bo is conducting impressive covert investigations, but he's out of the loop.

He barely mentioned breaking up, but Mr. Bo had such a strong reaction, refusing to accept reality.

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Zuixian Inn, second floor.

Gu Shiyin arranged to meet Sun Yunyun for a drink in the middle of the night.

Sun Yunyun had already been persuaded and was very tempted over the phone.

After all, not every young girl has Xi Rubao's firm belief in goodness or Bai He's insistence on independence.

When she saw the "Diligent Study Jade Ruler" that Gu Shiyin took out, she couldn't hide the envy in her eyes: "Aunt, this intricately shaped piece of jade must be expensive, right?"

"The expense is secondary. The point is, its unparalleled capabilities will help you rise effortlessly!"

"Aunt, is it really that magical?"

"When have I ever lied?" Gu Shiyin smiled, "It appears to be just a jade ruler, but in reality, it's an all-knowing and all-powerful encyclopedia. As long as you nurture it well, it will unlock genius mode for you, making you unstoppable in university. All scholarships will be yours, and all students will have to beg for your study methods... So, are you still worried about pocket money and living expenses?"

The important thing is, freshman Xi Zuzi will be trampled underfoot.

University is different from high school; rote memorization won't work, you need insight.

University is her true domain, facing off against Xi Zuzi on her turf... Haha, this is a scene she's eagerly anticipating!

As Gu Shiyin spoke, a familiar man's silhouette flashed before her eyes!

Chapter 722: Special Measures Must Be Taken Against This Man!

Bao Gucheng!

Gu Shiyin's eyes flickered for a moment, then she said to Sun Yunyun, "Hold on a second."

She stepped out and chased after the familiar back of the man.

That's right, she had hinted many times to Yin Hu that some Superpower Masters might appear on Bar Street, and if there were any unresolved issues, it might not hurt to have them come here.

Unexpectedly, Bao Gucheng came so quickly.

Yin Hu is really her loyal little assistant. The seeds of "coincidental encounter" she had casually planted were being used so quickly.

While chasing, Gu Shiyin quickly took out a small mirror from her bag, tidied up her appearance, and not having time for lipstick, simply used saliva to moisten her lips.

"Mr. Bo..."

Just as she was about to get close to Bao Gucheng, the man suddenly waved his hand without turning back and said in a deep voice, "You've mistaken me for someone else!"

Then, he stepped quickly into the crowd in the bar hall.

Soon, he disappeared without a trace.

Gu Shiyin stood there in a daze, awkwardly clutching the small mirror in her hand.

She was sure she hadn't mistaken him; it had to be Bao Gucheng. Even if the man wore sunglasses and it was just a back view, she could still recognize him.

Yet, Bao Gucheng was unwilling to acknowledge her.

Or rather, couldn't recognize her voice and impatiently dismissed her.

His counter-surveillance ability is very strong. Once he escaped this time, it would be impossible to find him again.

Gu Shiyin pressed her lips together, knowing clearly that trying to connect with this man through such a "coincidence" was unlikely to work.

A special method had to be used...

She opened her contacts and her fingertip paused on a name.

Dialed it, her voice instantly took on a softer tone, "Master, have you finished your business in Qingcheng? There's some issue with the Jade Bracelet and Jade Chopsticks, along with some other things... I want to consult with you in person... Oh, sure, do contact me as soon as you're back in the capital, and I'll give you a welcoming reception!"

After arranging things over the phone, she returned to her seat and continued chatting with Sun Yunyun, "Yun Yun, here, take this diligent Jade Ruler as a gift, wishing you great progress, let's toast to you becoming a learning god!"

Sun Yunyun clinked glasses and drank, her face flushed, "Aunt, you've saved me from trouble, how can I repay you?"

Gu Shiyin's eyes roved, "Is your Aunt the kind of person who seeks returns? Sigh, the Gu Family has too much turbulence recently. I just think I can help one person at a time. Sun Jiao's family was brought down by Xi Zuzi and Xi Rubao. If you can make a name for yourself, you could help them out, right?"

Sun Yunyun looked at Gu Shiyin with infinite gratitude, suddenly feeling her aunt was so great. The gossip outside, those who talked about Aunt Ma Jia, really didn't understand how virtuous her aunt was in supporting younger family members.

She tightly grasped the diligent Jade Ruler in her hand, full of anticipation for the new school year!

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VIP Room 1 on the third floor of the bar.

Fang Yumei shrank in the tea room, making tea.

Nangong Mo wouldn't allow her to appear in front of him, and she couldn't stay in the restaurant once the chopsticks were lost. She could only rely on her remaining tea skills, hiding in the tea room to work.

Afraid the tea might even carry a bad smell, she cautiously tasted it herself before handing it over to the waitstaff outside.

Fortunately, that evening passed without incident. Mr. Four didn't throw a fit, and even used the tea to entertain several groups of visiting guests.

She spent most of the night serving in the tea room, holding in the urge to use the restroom. Just as she was about to step out, she saw the side profile of a man at the door, smilingly walking past with a young lady...

Chapter 723: Didn't you say men and women should not touch hands?

The man's face...

It's Fifth Young Master Nangong!

This bar is Fourth Young Master's territory, so it's only natural for Fifth Young Master to be here, but, he's actually here with another girl, not Xing Yue?

Hehehehe...

Fang Yumei let out a satisfied chuckle.

"So Xing Yue's life isn't that great after all! What if she's a wealthy heiress born with a silver spoon? Her fiancé still sneaks out for something new?"

Suddenly, she felt that her gloomy life became brighter because of the tragedy she saw in someone else's life.

At least, though Fourth Young Master never favored her, he also never favored any other woman!

But that Fifth Young Master from Xing Yue's family is a complete playboy, hahaha.

Without hesitation, she immediately pulled out her phone, snapped several photos, and posted them in their former Qingcheng High School colleague group.

She added some intriguing words: "Spotted at XX Bar, is that Teacher Xing enjoying life with her fiancé? Is that really Teacher Xing? Didn't see it wrong, did I?"

A single stone creates a thousand ripples.

Soon.

These ambiguous photos were forwarded to Xing Yue's phone by several colleagues.

"Teacher Xing, is that really you?"

"Is that handsome man your fiancé?"

"Teacher Xing, when are we celebrating your wedding?"

"Teacher Xing, bring your boyfriend to Qingcheng sometime, visit your hometown!"

Colleagues cheerfully exchanged greetings.

Little did they know.

At this moment.

Xing Yue was slouching on the sofa, blowing her hair while browsing her phone and watching "Long Immortal Road," giggling as she watched.

Yu Han, as usual, dressed in black, stood at an unnoticeable corner of the living room, like a cold statue.

Suddenly, Xing Yue's laughter stopped abruptly.

She burst out a curse: "Damn!"

She scrolled through a bunch of congratulatory messages and greetings from people.

"The grass on my head is almost turning into the Siberian plains!"

Xing Yue gritted her teeth, stopped blowing her hair, lost interest in the TV drama, and gripped her phone tightly. As she scrolled through the photos and tried to identify where her unworthy fiancé, Nangong Yu, was being affectionate with a girl in the bar.

She was so angry that her hair seemed to catch cold smoke.

Suddenly, a warm breeze blew.

Yu Han gently lifted her long hair, his big hands holding the hairdryer, softly, softly, helping her dry the remaining wet hair.

Xing Yue pouted: "Didn't you say men and women shouldn't touch each other, refused to help me blow-dry my hair? Acting all virtuous just now, stayed eight feet away from me, hmph!"

Yu Han replied calmly: "Did not."

"So you'll help me blow-dry my hair from now on?"

"Yeah."

The man agreed, then added calmly, "If, young miss, you're busy with other things."

The implication was that he wasn't eager for physical contact, only did it reluctantly when there was no other choice.

"Pfft. Old-fashioned." Xing Yue laughed out loud.

The shadow cast by Nangong Yu secretly meeting a girl at the bar dissipated quite a bit.

However, she couldn't let Nangong Yu off the hook that easily!

Xing Yue put down her phone, teeth itching with anger, stood up from the sofa with a jump: "Let's go, I'm gonna beat up that scoundrel to vent my anger!"

Yu Han calmly hooked her collar gently, pulling her back to the sofa, in a tone devoid of warmth or emotion: "Finish drying. Catch a cold."

He always spoke concisely.

Thankfully, Xing Yue understood—meaning not to go out with wet hair, or she'd catch a cold.

She pouted: "Troublesome! You meddle more than my grandpa does!"

Chapter 724: The Wife Says, No Drinking Alcohol!

In the end, Xing Yue still listened to Yu Han's words, patiently waiting for him to finish drying his hair before driving out to the bar.

At this very moment.

Bao Gucheng was also going room by room up the stairs, checking each suite.

He didn't find any superpowered people, but on the top floor in VIP Room 1, he saw Nangong Mo's bodyguard standing guard outside.

Narrowing his eyes, he recalled the intelligence that mentioned many properties on Bar Street belonged to Nangong Mo.

Ha, this lunatic, buying land everywhere in the world, trying to be a landlord?

Bao Gucheng didn't want to talk to a lunatic and turned to leave, but was suddenly stopped by Nangong Mo's sharp-eyed subordinate: "Who are you, daring to roam around my Fourth Master's territory at will? Scared now? Too late if you want to leave! Didn't anyone tell you the third floor is off-limits?!"

Bao Gucheng's gaze darkened, he instinctively pulled back his arm, and with a shoulder throw, directly tossed the bodyguard down the stairs!

Brushing off the dust on his hands, he coldly said, "Didn't anyone tell you not to touch my clothes?"

The other bodyguards: "..."

Suddenly felt like the situation was a bit off.

This man's strength was simply overwhelming to them; confronting him directly would definitely be a loss.

They were quietly, reaching towards a bulging spot at the back of their belts, planning to take Bao Gucheng by surprise with a shot!

Who knew.

The door to the suite behind them suddenly opened, and a waiter relayed a message: "Fourth Master invites Mr. Bo in for tea."

Mr. Bo?!

The bodyguards: "...". Suddenly felt that being defeated and overpowered wasn't such an embarrassing thing after all.

Bao Gucheng's eyes deepened slightly.

Since he was discovered, he might as well go in openly; he had no interest in playing too many games, he directly kicked open the door: "Who is interested in drinking your tea, Nangong Mo, you buy land everywhere, harbor criminals, and conduct illegal transactions, one day I'll shut down your whole bar street!"

Nangong Mo sat on the dark purplish-red sofa in the center of the room.

He seemed to have anticipated Bao Gucheng's rage, even smiling silently for a few seconds, as if deliberately observing Bao Gucheng's angry face, obtaining extraordinary satisfaction from it.

Being able to make Bao Gucheng so furious, ha, ha, must be a big deal.

"Mr. Bo, it's no fun when you talk so seriously. Since ancient times, which era hasn't allowed gray areas to exist? Besides, I buy property through legal procedures, it doesn't break any law. As for illegal things happening in the bar, that's not related to me. But back to the point, Mr. Bo, are you looking for someone?"

"None of your damn business."

Nangong Mo squinted his long, narrow eyes, the purple pupils emitting a faint glow: "Perhaps, the Tarot Card master I invited as a guest could help you with a reading to assist you in finding information sooner."

Only then did Bao Gucheng notice a sinister old man curled up on the sofa next to Nangong Mo.

The superpower person he had searched all night for was actually in Nangong Mo's suite!

To find clues, he changed his mind.

Retracting his steps, he unceremoniously sat on the sofa: "I'm not interested in drinking your tea. Take it away!"

A stench made him nauseous. Moldy tea?

Nangong Mo smirked: "Bring wine!"

In moments.

The chilled wine gurgled as it filled the glass.

Nangong Mo then instructed his subordinates: "Get a maid over to serve the guest wine!"

Bao Gucheng coldly refused: "There's no need, I don't drink."

His wife had told him not to indulge, so he wouldn't touch a drop!

Who knew.

Nangong Mo had a trump card —

"Mr. Bo, if you don't drink, it's because my maid failed to persuade you. Rest assured, I won't be angry with you, I will only punish her instead..."

Saying this, a knife glinted in his hand, radiating a cold light!

Chapter 725: Mr. Bo's Chilling Gaze Kills!

Nangong Mo's rules for persuading someone to drink are well known among everyone.

It involves having one of his maids, looking pitifully, carry a glass of wine and plead incessantly in front of the guest.

If the guest insists on not drinking, it's okay, Nangong Mo won't make it difficult for them, he'll simply chop off one of the maid's arms.

Fang Yumei once personally witnessed Nangong Mo persuading the head of Penguin Reading, Ma Qie, to drink, and almost hacked off a maid's arm.

Fortunately, Ma Qie had a soft spot for the ladies and quickly drank up in the nick of time, saving the poor little maid's life.

Who would have thought.

That this terrifying scene would one day descend upon her like a nightmare!

Fang Yumei, while brewing tea in the pantry, was shoved into a private room by Nangong Mo's subordinates: "Fourth Master, the maid is here."

Nangong Mo glanced coldly, full of disdain: "Did you come from a pigsty? How can you be so ugly!"

At this moment, Fang Yumei's waist was bulging with three rolls of fat, her face bloated and her features distorted by excess flesh, looking much uglier than the average overweight person.

Indeed, she was indescribably unsightly.

His subordinate hastened to explain: "Fourth Master, this is Fang, the tea master and English teacher from Qingcheng, the maid who was supposed to serve tonight has diarrhea and couldn't make it, so we had her stand in..."

Nangong Mo had just waved his hand to say "scram" but upon hearing this, his eyes suddenly darkened, and he added, "Come back."

The teacher from Qingcheng?

He squinted at Bao Gucheng and said, "I heard you took in a female student in Qingcheng called Xi-something? This English teacher from Qingcheng is also her teacher, so she suits you well to toast to."

Bao Gucheng coldly replied, "I don't drink."

Fang Yumei's heart was almost jumping out of her chest.

The two male idols in front of her, masters of the empire and dominant figures, appearing together before her, how fortunate she was!

If only she still had her former beauty and fluent foreign language skills, she might have skillfully navigated between these two men.

Unfortunately, she was pitifully ruined by the feast of Zuzi and Bai He, making her chopsticks backfire and run away, leaving her in this predicament now.

However, even without her beauty, her delicate voice was still there.

The golden oriole tone she honed over years of learning and teaching English was still there.

Fang Yumei lifted the wine glass and took half a step toward Bao Gucheng.

Just as she was about to speak, she was startled back by the man's cold gaze, almost spilling the wine on the floor.

Oh my, Mr. Bo is too harsh on girls, but he isn't like this with Zuzi, is he?

Could it be that she, Fang Yumei, in her prime maturity, was no match for a little girl not yet grown up?

Fang Yumei mustered up courage again and forced herself to speak: "Mr. Bo, please drink this cup, this little woman will..."

She intended to say, "serve you well, and I'll agree to whatever you ask."

All men can't refuse a woman's X offer X, right?

Bao Gucheng was a man among men, surely no exception.

Who could have known.

She didn't even get a chance to say the second half of her sentence.

Bao Gucheng raised his hand and knocked over the wine glass: "Are you deaf? I don't want to say it a third time!"

He doesn't drink.

His wife said not to drink, so don't even think about persuading him to have a drop.

Fang Yumei was splashed with wine all over her face, feeling embarrassed and wishing she could find a hole to crawl into, yet Nangong Mo's sinister voice echoed in her ears: "Waste! If you can't persuade him to drink, then there's no need for your hand to exist! Unless Bao Gucheng spares you!"

Chapter 726: Fang Yumei's Ending

The blade in Nangong Mo's hand rests against Fang Yumei's arm.

Yet to plunge in.

It's giving Bao Gucheng one last chance—to see if he'll save this maid.

However.

Bao Gucheng's determination exceeds his imagination by ten thousand times.

With a face like icy frost, he remains completely still.

Nangong Mo smirks mockingly: "The world always says Mr. Bo loves his people like his children. Seems that's all it is."

The subordinates nearby, and the old man in the corner of the sofa, all follow with sneers.

Bao Gucheng's tone is indifferent: "Your Nangong Family's servant isn't one of my people; it's not for me to pity. Do as you please."

No one could laugh anymore.

Damn, this man's truly ruthless, that kind of absolute cruelty, with not an ounce of pity for women.

Nangong Mo: "..."

Fingers tighten!

The knife flashes cold, followed by a shrill scream as Fang Yumei's arm is truly sliced off, blood gushing out.

A subordinate wraps her in waterproof cloth to drag her away; up until this second, she can't believe Bao Gucheng really didn't save her...

Could it be because she's fat?

Surely it can't be because she had a grudge with Zuzi, can it?

As she is dragged down the corridor, she's already a bit faint, feeling her blood nearly drained, her life hanging by a thread.

Yet, beneath the blinding light, a graceful and jaunty figure sweeps past her, bringing her back slightly from her stupor.

That vibrant red dress and proud demeanor—who else could it be but Xing Yue?

Xing Yue surely saw the photos she sent of Fifth Master and the woman, and now she's here, driven crazy by the stimulation?

Fang Yumei struggles, taking a breath from the waterproof cloth, pleading with Nangong Mo's subordinate: "Please, stop for a moment..."

She's already this miserable; she must use someone else's even more shattered, more tragic life as a reflection, so she can barely survive.

At least, so the wound on her arm won't hurt as much.

The subordinate snorts coldly.

Stops for a moment.

Not because Fang Yumei's plea was so moving or sympathetic, but... damn, this dead woman is just too heavy, dragging her is making his arm feel like it's going to fall off, he needs a breath!

Fang Yumei sneaks a glance.

She just sees Xing Yue kick open the VIP2 room, shouting: "Nangong Yu, get out here!"

Heh, a crude woman who doesn't understand men at all.

If today she could see Nangong Yu being interrupted by Xing Yue, losing his temper and beating her to a pulp, it wouldn't be a wasted trip...

However.

Inside the private room, Nangong Yu rises in shock, immediately abandoning the woman beside him, rushing to the doorway in two steps: "Yue Yue, why are you here?"

Xing Yue glares at him, gritting her teeth: "Tell me, did you come here by yourself today? No one kidnapped or forced you, right?"

Nangong Yu is taken aback, shaking his head: "No, Yue Yue, I was just passing by on business, and Xiao Hong is about to start her freshman year, the tuition is still not enough. Last time I only sponsored her a little for living expenses, so I figured I'd help with her tuition fee."

He smiles candidly as he speaks: "You remember, don't you, Yue Yue, I told you, Xiao Hong comes from a tough background, she works here as a hostess out of necessity. I think if I can save one, I should."

"Xiao Hong, come over and say hi to your sister..."

Nangong Yu is confidently explaining to Xing Yue.

Who would have thought, Xing Yue clenches her lips tightly, her chest heaving, unable to stand it anymore, unwilling to endure:

"Slap—!"

She raises her hand and delivers a solid slap!

Nangong Yu is stunned.

In the room, the girl called "Xiao Hong" lets out a scream like a frightened fawn, clutching her head as she quivers on the sofa, looking at Xing Yue as if seeing a mother tiger!

Fang Yumei and the subordinate beside her are both dumbfounded.

Only Yu Han, dressed in black, leans nonchalantly against the wall outside the door, eyes indifferent, unfazed.

Chapter 727: A Scene Beyond Imagination!

No one expected that as soon as Xing Yue made a move, she would slap Nangong Yu right across the face.

But this is the Fifth Young Master Nangong!

Though not as fierce as the Fourth Master, his reputation in the underworld is solid. After all, he's a man of the Nangong Family. How could she just hit him like that?

Now that the man's face has taken a hit, will he call off the engagement on the spot?

Wrapped in a waterproof cloth and still bleeding, Fang Yumei was stunned for a moment, then gloated: Xing Yue, oh Xing Yue, what does it matter if you're a young miss of an aristocratic family? Aren't you just losing face when a man casually puts a green hat on you? Now, you've slapped the man away, so you've lost both love and money, hahahaha...

It almost felt like the wound didn't hurt as much.

After all, isn't Xing Yue the most miserable one now?

Who would have thought.

The chuckle hadn't fully left her throat when she heard Nangong Yu say something that shattered her worldview—

"Yue Yue, you did great with that slap!"

Did... great?

Is he insane?

Little did she know, an even more shocking statement was coming—

"I didn't inform you in advance, Yue Yue, that I was meeting another woman; that's my fault;"

"I didn't keep my promise to stop fooling around in bars, that's my fault too;"

"I made mistakes and didn't apologize or confess in time, and even tried to make excuses. That's entirely my fault!"

"Yue Yue, I've truly realized my mistakes..."

Nangong Yu spoke sincerely, touched the side of his face where he was hit, and then touched the other side of his face, "Yue Yue, come on, slap me on this side too, after all, fairness and balance are important!"

What the heck!

The Fifth Master is unbelievable.

Never in a million years would one expect such a bizarre turn of events.

Everyone present was stunned by Nangong Yu's words; even Yu Han, who had been leaning against the wall expressionlessly, twitched the corner of his mouth.

Xing Yue, caught in disbelief and amusement, blushed furiously: "Nangong Yu! Stop being so shameless!"

"Come on, Yue Yue, one more slap, for balance and fairness, you can't just hit the left cheek, otherwise the right cheek will feel left out."

"Get lost!"

"Alright, Yue Yue, which direction should I roll in? Please instruct."

"You—!"

No matter how much anger she had, facing a man so shamelessly innocent and offering himself for her scolding and hitting, Xing Yue lost her temper.

After all, continuing to bicker with him would just lower her IQ to below average.

Xing Yue took a deep breath, stomped her foot, and barked at Yu Han by the door: "Let's go!"

Yu Han instantly stood upright to clear a path for her.

Seeing Nangong Mo's subordinates who were resting at the top of the stairs and Fang Yumei, who was in the way on the floor, he coldly kicked Fang Yumei aside without hesitation to make way for Xing Yue.

This was a bodyguard's duty.

Nangong Mo's subordinates didn't dare to confront him, after all, he was Miss Xing's bodyguard, and you still need to consider the master's face when you hit the dog. Anyway, Fang Yumei was half dead. Being kicked was just being kicked.

Xing Yue stomped past Fang Yumei's head and went downstairs.

From start to finish, she didn't even notice Fang Yumei's presence.

Kicked around like a dead dog, Fang Yumei lay in the dirty waterproof cloth, her vision obscured again: what kind of world is this, why does the man she took care of have no mercy cutting off her arm, while Xing Yue is served hand and foot, even daring to hit the man?!

And even more, the man was asking Xing Yue to hit him!

She was gloating over Xing Yue, thinking she'd see a miserable scene, but little did she know, she was the most miserable clown, always has been, always will be... past, present, and future...

Nothing, other than realizing this fact, made her feel more utterly hopeless.

Chapter 728: The Master's Prediction: The Holy Grail Reversed, Represents 'No'?

The desperate Fang Yumei was dragged down the stairs by Nangong Mo's subordinate.

Her body bumped along the staircase steps, bumping, bumping, and gradually lost consciousness...

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In the VIP suite.

The crowd was still shocked by Bao Gucheng's indifference and lack of compassion.

Bao Gucheng's gaze had already turned to the little old man on the couch: "From abroad?"

The little old man's body was hidden in the dark, his eyes flashed with a glint of light, and he spoke in not-so-fluent Empire language: "We who inherit the Tarot Technique, do not discriminate between borders. Frankly speaking, the thing you are looking for is absolutely impossible to find, don't waste your efforts."

A stack of Tarot Cards had somehow appeared on the coffee table in front of the little old man, with one card turned over in the middle, the face of the card was the inverted Holy Grail.

The meaning of inverted is "no," that is, unable to be found.

Bao Gucheng sneered coldly: "I thought you had some ability, but it turns out to be just a trick of the streets. Nothing disappears without a reason in this world, nor is there any evil technique that can completely deceive everyone. How can you be so sure it can't be found! I don't believe this nonsense of yours!"

Who was Bao Gucheng?

A man of iron and blood who fought his way out of a path of blood.

He believed in man overcoming fate, not succumbing to it.

I thought the old man, with his Tarot magic, might at least predict the location of the lost remains, but unexpectedly, the old man flatly dismissed the possibility!

Naturally, Bao Gucheng was full of displeasure.

Immediately, a subordinate of Nangong Mo explained: "Mr. Bo, Master Fei Ji is a national treasure from Country T, here for a friendly exchange with the Empire, and he normally charges hundreds of thousands for a reading. Tonight, he made a free prediction for you, and yet you aren't grateful, but..."

Bao Gucheng interrupted coldly: "This kind of prediction, I'll give you a dozen for free! Everyone will die, won't they?"

Uh...

The crowd was choked.

Everyone dies, Mr. Bo was just taunting them.

Across, Nangong Mo, as if nothing had happened, and as if he hadn't cut Fang Yumei's arm just now, suddenly lifted his lips with interest and said: "Not necessarily. I haven't died."

In the dim light, Bao Gucheng glanced at him and sneered: "Are you an immortal tortoise? You won't die?"

Nangong Mo unusually curled his lips, revealing an indescribable smile: "What's a thousand years? Wanting to live forever isn't hard. What's difficult is to live together with the person you want."

Somehow, Bao Gucheng, who always had no patience listening to Nangong Mo and couldn't help but retort immediately each time, found this moment of Nangong Mo's musing strangely resonant.

The little woman seemed to have said something similar.

What's the point of living alone for endless, countless years?

Empathetically thinking about it, those years of loneliness would just be tasteless.

Unless there's someone you care about accompanying, the years won't feel tedious and long.

Didn't expect even someone like Nangong Mo can occasionally say something decent.

After a few seconds of silence.

Bao Gucheng suddenly stood up: "This level of Tarot card isn't qualified to divine my lost item."

The superpower user he was searching for should at least reliably point the direction, or unconsciously reveal some clues of involvement in the theft of remains.

And this so-called "Fei Ji" master had truly disappointed him.

Nangong Mo watched his departing figure, his gaze dark and heavy, then suddenly turned to Fei Ji: "The divination you just gave him for free, was it true?"

Chapter 729: Dragon-shaped Tarot! Elf Tarot! Never heard of such new terms!

Fei Ji was taken aback for a moment, but then said confidently, "Of course it's true. Tarot cards don't lie. The thing he is looking for truly can't be found anymore. This card indicates it's unsolvable."

As he spoke, he glanced cautiously at Nangong Mo, "Fourth Master, do you want to help him find it?"

From the cards, he could vaguely discern that Bao Gucheng had lost at least six items, but all of them were gone so completely that not even a speck of dust could be recovered.

If he were to further divinate their whereabouts, it would also be impossible to find out.

Those six items of Bao Gucheng's seemed more like destruction than loss.

Nangong Mo said coldly, "If they can't be found, all the better. Go collect your reward!"

Fei Ji: "..."

Truly, he couldn't fathom this Fourth Master's mind!

Obviously spent hundreds of thousands to bring him over from abroad, only to end up divining such a trivial matter, and for someone else's affairs at that?

He had thought the Fourth Master would give him some big assignment, so he could seize the opportunity to ask for more money.

"Then, Fourth Master, if there's a chance, let's cooperate again in the future?"

Fei Ji stood up, prepared to shake hands with Nangong Mo to say goodbye.

Who knew.

Nangong Mo didn't even get up, his eyes were gazing at the night sky outside the window, lost in thought, paying no heed to Fei Ji.

Fei Ji: "..."

Spending money to have him divine, yet treating him with indifference, this Fourth Master certainly had quite the airs!

Calling his divination fee "reward money," he really didn't think much of him at all!

Just an ordinary person with some money, daring to act high and mighty with a master like this?

I'll curse you when I get back!

Leaving the private room in a huff, Fei Ji ran into two young women who had just gotten up from the bar downstairs.

One of them saw him, her brow moved, and she beamed, "Are you... Master Fei Ji?"

Being recognized on the spot was quite a moment of prestige for Fei Ji. The little old man's squinting eyes crinkled into a face full of wrinkles, "Oh, you recognize me?"

Gu Shiyin was poised and smiled gently, "Master Fei Ji, your skill in Dragon Tarot is unparalleled in the circles. Those who can't recognize your true strength are simply ignorant."

Fei Ji's breath hitched.

Not just because Gu Shiyin's words were so gratifying, but also because he never imagined that such a highly specialized term like "Dragon Tarot," a secret known only within a small circle, would be understood by this seemingly ordinary Empire woman?

He put on airs, "Who told you about Dragon Tarot?"

Gu Shiyin laughed, "When I was studying Elf Tarot, I heard the seniors mention you. They spoke of you with utmost respect and admiration."

Only then did Fei Ji carefully sized up Gu Shiyin, "You're from the Empire, and you know Elf Tarot?"

Gu Shiyin modestly waved her hand, "Compared to your Dragon Tarot, what I know is not worth mentioning."

Gu Shiyin's speech was so masterful, skillfully flattering people without leaving traces.

The more Fei Ji listened, the better he felt, and he couldn't help but lift his chin slightly, his tone taking on a touch of disdain:

"That's right, only you wealthy and brainless Empire people think Tarot is just for divination. A true Tarot Master is proficient not in divination, but in curses!"

"Indeed, Master Fei Ji, you're too modest to even bother taking on the tasks of those common people."

"Haha, exactly, thinking money can sway me? Ridiculous!"

"Your ability is an art, Master, using money is simply an insult to you."

"Young lady, you've got quite the mind, what's your name?"

"My surname is Gu, you can call me Shiyin, but Master, you probably haven't heard my name in the circles. After all, my meager talent in Elf Tarot is nothing compared to your Dragon Tarot."

Chapter 730: Please Master, Help Me Place a Curse on Zuzi

Gu Shiyin and Master Fei Ji's conversation left Sun Yunyun listening in a daze.

Tarot Card?

Isn't it just arranging a few cards and telling fortunes, like playing a game? High school girls often gather to play it for fun,

but!

What is this about spirits, dragon shapes, curses... She had never heard of such things, nor had she heard of this little old man, Master Fei Ji.

She couldn't help but tighten her grip on the Jade Ruler in her hand, feeling a deeper sense of admiration and trust towards Gu Shiyin.

"Yun Yun, you head home to study first, I'll have another chat with the master."

"Okay, Aunt."

After Sun Yunyun left, Gu Shiyin invited Master Fei Ji to a secluded area by the bar, ordered him the most expensive drink, and chatted with him about gossip within the Tarot circle, smiling all the while.

She was charming, knowledgeable, and articulate, making the atmosphere very congenial.

Considering that the Empire's top Feng Shui master, Master Wu Ming, would still take some days to return from Qingcheng, she was a bit impatient waiting for his help with the magic ritual.

Meeting Fei Ji tonight by chance might just be an opportunity given by the heavens!

Thus, Gu Shiyin seized the moment to make her request: "Master, I have never seen the dragon-shaped Tarot curse in action. Can it really succeed every time without fail? Could you give me the opportunity to witness it?"

Fei Ji, coaxed into a good mood, happily agreed: "That's no problem. You tell me who you wish to curse, and I'll help you make it happen!"

"How could I possibly trouble you so much, Master? I would feel terribly guilty! Master, hold on, I'll have my brother transfer some money over..."

Gu Shiyin was pretty strapped for cash at the moment.

Her livestream had tanked, and she was caught red-handed for plagiarism, meaning she needed to pay a lot in compensation.

However, her mention of getting money from her brother was purely off the cuff, as none of her three brothers would possibly lend her money.

Still, she had expected the other party's response—

"Supporting the younger generation is what we seniors should do, don't insult me with money!"

Fei Ji took another swig of his drink, rubbing the Tarot cards in his hands as his small eyes gleamed: "Bring a woman for me... Don't misunderstand, I'm not in need of a woman, but to perform the dragon-shaped Tarot curse, it requires a woman's palace blood, and I must extract it myself! Oh, don't find me one from the streets; I want someone with a decent and clean background!"

Gu Shiyin understood, appearing completely unperturbed by such an outrageous method: "No problem, Master, how do you feel about a plumper woman?"

"Plump is good, easier on the hands!"

"Master, I understand. I'll find one for you."

"Once you find her, send her to my hotel. I need to extract blood at least seven times, so find someone obedient and sensible! Wait, who do you wish to curse? Send me their name and photo first!"

Gu Shiyin and Fei Ji exchanged contact information.

However, when she searched for a photo of Xi Zuzi on her phone, she realized, to her surprise, that she didn't have a single picture of Xi Zuzi!

Clearly, at family gatherings, auctions, and other such occasions, she had taken group photos or sneak shots of Xi Zuzi in profile.

Could it be her memory was incorrect, and she had never taken a photo of Xi Zuzi???

She pursed her lips in confusion and said to Fei Ji: "Master, her name is Xi Zuzi, photo-wise... how about I arrange for you to meet her in person?"

"Fine! First, bring me the woman I need!"

"I'll arrange it tonight."

A very suitable candidate had already surfaced in Gu Shiyin's mind.