

Big Shot 781

Chapter 781: The Treatment of the Single Professor Who is Our Ancestor is Unparalleled!

Bao Gucheng flipped open the photo album, only to find that there were no photos left with the little woman, leaving him with nothing tangible to touch in his longing at this moment.

He closed his eyes and remained silent for a moment.

After reopening them, he sent out a message: "Arrange the dormitory properly. It must, be a single room."

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The dormitories at Imperial University are all four-person or eight-person rooms.

For example, Xi Rubao was assigned to a four-person dormitory in the Medical College.

Wu Qianman and Wu Minghao were assigned to four-person rooms in the Archaeology Department.

But when Xi Langyue went to choose a bed for Zuzi, she was told that the dormitories for the Ancient Biology Department were being adjusted, and students who hadn't been assigned a dorm yet would have to wait until the next day to move in.

As a result, Zuzi stayed one more day in a hotel.

When school started the next day, the dormitory was arranged, and Wu Minghao and Wu Qianman carried luggage to take Zuzi to see the dorm. They were surprised to discover: "Wow, a single room! Impressive, little Ancestor!"

Wu Qianman was amazed: "It is said that the Ancient Biology Department hasn't recruited any students for ten years, so their own dorms have long been occupied by other departments. We can only be placed in the dorms of other colleges or departments. I didn't expect there to still be a single room available here... but Zuzi, won't it be a bit lonely living alone?"

Zuzi glanced around the dorm's arrangement and found it different from Xi Rubao's dorms. It wasn't the usual bunk beds but a clean, spacious wooden bed, a desk, and a chair, with gauze curtains fluttering by the window, simple yet cozy and... familiar?

Why does it remind her a little of Qingcheng, of the room she stayed in, Xi Qingfeng's bedroom?

"Ah, so this isn't an ordinary student dormitory, it's a teacher's apartment, little Ancestor!"

"Oh right, there's a floor description here, this building is where the college professors live. Single professors have single rooms, while those with families are assigned according to the area..."

"So our little Ancestor is treated like a single professor, haha, amazing!"

Wu Qianman and Wu Minghao discovered a whole new world and were extremely excited.

Zuzi, however, was unfazed: "Well, after all, it's just a place to sleep. Ancestor can sleep even with a peach tree."

Wu Qianman and Wu Minghao: "..."

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The college competition at the Medical College was kicking off its first round.

On the field, senior students led teams of freshmen to compete in matches.

After a standard written test, there was a practical session on identifying herbs.

Within a limited time, the team that could correctly identify as many herbs as possible would have a chance to win.

Zuzi, having nothing to do, put down her luggage and came to the arena to observe.

At this moment, the 23rd group, where Xi Rubao was, was still waiting to go on stage.

On stage was the 22nd group with Chu Qiaoen and Sun Yunyun, who were identifying herbs.

According to the competition rules, the person most familiar with Chinese herbs naturally had the best chance of winning. Otherwise, incorrectly identifying a herb would result in a point deduction, which was quite unfortunate.

Thus, each team would choose senior students with deep experience to go on stage.

But surprisingly, the 22nd group let Chu Qiaoen, a freshman, take the stage.

After all, the Chu family is a pharmaceutical family, and Chu Qiaoen claimed to have grown up immersed in a pharmacy, with no herb she didn't recognize! Therefore, among all the teams that had already performed, she was the only freshman qualified to participate in herb identification.

Even Sun Yunyun, who held the diligently studied Jade Ruler, was not qualified to go on stage.

For a moment, all the envious eyes were focused on Chu Qiaoen.

"As expected of the eldest daughter of the Chu family, truly capable!"

"It feels an honor to be classmates with the heir of a pharmaceutical family."

"The 22nd group's overall strength is strong, will the championship of this year's college competition be a foregone conclusion?"

Chapter 782: Number One with Negative Points!

Chu Qiaoen basked in a series of compliments.

Her eyes swept over the audience, spotting Xi Rubao's team, and then Zuzi, who was idly by her side. She couldn't help but feel exceedingly smug: "I can't say much, but crushing a few country bumpkins is child's play!"

Xi Rubao: "... " Damn, I've been shaded!

You go ahead and show off, but why drag Herbal Fish into it!

He glared at Chu Qiaoen with irritation, grabbed a handful of assorted herbs from his backpack, and quietly continued practicing his herb identification.

Zuzi, however, just gave a faint smile, fiddling with her smartwatch, not bothered in the least.

However, when Chu Qiaoen took her place on stage and began the routine self-introduction for contestants, Zuzi suddenly, seemingly casually, asked, "Have you finished writing your self-criticism?"

On stage, Chu Qiaoen was full of herself, adopting the stance of an academic ace in pharmacy. Gu Shiyin hadn't come today because after failing to slander, she inadvertently violated school rules and was stuck at home writing a self-criticism.

With her aunt out of the picture, she usually just played support, but now she was the star; it was quite a moment of prestige.

Who knew someone in the audience would sabotage her moment.

Bringing up the exact topic she didn't want to discuss, that undeliverable task about the self-criticism.

Since she, too, was involved in the slander, she obviously had to write one, but she was busy preparing for the academy competition, who had time for that?

She thought others had forgotten about it, but Zuzi remembered so clearly, even embarrassing her in front of everyone.

Chu Qiao'en gritted her teeth: "I'll write it after the competition, okay!"

Zuzi nodded lightly: "Okay, the Ancestor will grant mercy once, approved."

Chu Qiao'en: "..."

Her powerful academic aura had been completely destroyed by this small-town girl Zuzi.

Not acceptable, today she must achieve a grand slam high score to crush the Xi sisters into oblivion with her prowess.

The blindfolded herb identification officially commenced.

The so-called "blindfolded" was actually "blind-touch"; all the Chinese herbs were individually packed in opaque boxes, requiring participants to reach in and feel around, with only 8 seconds to determine the herb, guessing correctly added a point.

If one could guess the most names of Chinese herbs within 3 minutes, they'd obviously get the highest score.

Of course, guessing wrong would deduct a point.

Chu Qiao'en's team, number 22, had three participants.

The leader, her, and a senior from the third year.

The evaluating professor gave the order, and the three of them quickly thrust their arms into their respective boxes.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

...

Eight seconds!

The three spoke in unison:

"Bupleurum!"

"Forsythia!"

"Honeysuckle!"

Evaluating professor: "Two correct, one wrong, add 2 points, deduct 1 point."

They were a bit frustrated and scrambled to continue.

Three minutes passed quickly, and each person had done their best, guessing a total of over forty kinds of herbs, with accuracy rates around sixty percent. Among them, Chu Qiaoen's accuracy was relatively high, roughly seven or eight correct out of ten.

The final score was 19 points.

Chu Qiaoen felt her level had been dragged down by the other two 'pig teammates'; she wasn't happy, but when the score came out, compared to the teams before...

They were surprisingly the highest scorers in the venue!

After all, there were those who got negative dozen points from deductions...

And the previous highest score was merely a single digit.

The blindfolded herb identification was really too challenging!

Chu Qiaoen's anger turned to joy, and the slight caused by Zuzi seemed erased; she walked off stage with her head held high, almost looking skyward with pride.

Passing by Zuzi and Xi Rubao's seats, she hummed disdainfully with a sarcastic tone: "Little town girls, good luck on your way to the top of the negative score chart, hehe!"

Chapter 783: The Little Ancestor's Secret Manual is just domineering!

Hmph, I must avenge the humiliation of writing that self-critique!

And let Brother Bai Fei see how outstanding she is, unlike those small-time Seat family members who can't hold a candle to us.

That's what Chu Qiaoen thought.

Who knew, instead of scaring the Seat sisters, those harsh words only made Xi Rubao laugh: "Someone who just scores a little over ten, what's your credibility in criticizing others? Don't worry, we'll definitely be number one!"

Chu Qiaoen: "... Stubborn as a mule!

No one understands medicine better than her.

Dream on if they think they can surpass her hard-earned score of 19!

With a mocking gaze from Chu Qiaoen, Xi Rubao followed Fan Yong's team onto the stage.

Team 23, all members on stage!

Sighs from the audience:

"Are they crazy? Everyone on stage, even those freshmen who know nothing? This isn't a numbers game, more people just add to the chaos."

"Did they not learn elementary math? What do freshmen know anyway? Each wrong guess deducts a point; are they aiming for the most negative score?"

"I can't understand this. I think they're just giving up and turning it into performance art!"

Almost everyone thought they were being ridiculous.

Even the scoring professor frowned: "Are you sure you want this many people on stage? Certain?"

"We're sure."

A resolute voice, firm and powerful.

Zuzi watching from below smiled slightly: Ah, these kids have such a good spirit, they've already won half the battle in aura.

Other teams: "... " These guys must be crazy, starting off doomed to fail!

One minute later.

Scoring officially began.

The team on stage, number 23, all reached into the airtight box.

The scoring professor just started the stopwatch: "One second..."

Before the word "second" was even finished.

Answers rang out one after another:

"Guang Bai!" "Da Huang!"

"Chuan Qiang!" "Bai Qiu!"

"Mao Gen!" "Wang You!"

"Chonglou!" "Ghost Needle!"

The eight people on stage spoke in unison, each word precise.

The scoring professor was stunned, then realized: "Correct, correct on 8, add, add eight points..."

Damn, they identified these obscure herbs in one second, do these students have x-ray vision?

The next second, before he could time it,

The eight quickly reported the herbs from the second box:

"Immortal Food!" "Big Head Chen!"

"Xiao Feiyang!" "Knife Injury Wood!"

"Belladonna!" "Eagle Will Not Land!"

"Return Return!" "Passerby Yellow!"

Both the scoring professor on stage and all the audience below were dumbfounded.

Damn, less than a second again to identify the herbs, is there really no gap letting them see or are they cheating?

This is just two seconds in, and they've already got 16 points.

There are three minutes to go, is this score going to go through the roof?

Amidst the confusion, the scoring professor coughed: "Slow down, let everyone see clearly."

Fan Yong, with a calm face: "We're not using sight!"

Xi Rubao pouted: "Team leader, it doesn't matter, let them watch."

Don't they just want to know what tricks we have to identify the herbs so quickly and accurately?

Heh, without Ancestor Sister's guidance, you won't understand or learn even if you watch!

In the third round, the whole team slightly slowed down their pace of identifying herbs, from one second stretched to... two seconds.

Finally, people vaguely saw them reaching into the box, retrieving their hands in less than a second, and making a "Spring Breeze" like gesture in front of them.

Damn, do these guys rely on some evil technique to identify herbs?

A gesture can guess what the herb is???

Everyone fell into a mysterious contemplation.

Chapter 784: A Complete and Utter Rout

What Zuzi taught Team 23, of course, wasn't an Evil Technique.

Her method is simple and effective, easily mastered with a bit of practice.

All it takes is remembering the aroma of the herbs.

The aroma of Chinese medicinal herbs is very unique; each herb has its own distinctive scent, whether strong or mild.

Instead of wasting time fumbling around blindly in the box with your hands and guessing, it's better to quickly brush the herb with your fingertip, then wave it under your nose and take a sniff.

"A person's sense of smell can easily remember over a hundred different scents without confusion. But memorizing shapes and textures isn't that easy." Zuzi's lazy voice echoed in the minds of Team 23, "However, the subtle differences between scents are crucial, and discerning them requires a knack. Ancestors provided a hint or two, and you understand."

At this moment, following the technique taught by Zuzi, it indeed proves to be incredibly effective.

The usual roughly perceived bitterness can now be distinguished as clear bitter, astringent bitter, sour bitter, sharp bitter, and sweet after bitter, corresponding to different herbs.

Not to mention the various kinds of sweet and sour... It's simply endless when combined.

For Team 23, identifying herbs isn't a test or a chore; it's a pleasure.

Standing on the stage now, they look as relaxed and at ease as if they're playing a game!

No wonder the crowd below suspects they have used some kind of effortless "Evil Technique."

Three minutes.

Time's up.

The scoring professor announced the score with a trembling voice: "Team 23, total score... 999 points!"

If it weren't for the small number of herbs, the 8 people practically repeated all the herbs eight times and deliberately slowed down the identification from less than a second to two seconds, three seconds... else getting two thousand points would be no problem.

The doubts from the crowd fell silent completely.

Over nine hundred points; this is unquestionably first place, an unquestionable dominance.

Sigh, questioning competitors who score slightly higher makes sense, but when they're a hundred times higher, all one can do is look up in awe.

Before this, the 22nd team that Chu Qiao'en was part of had scored over a dozen points, which was already astonishing.

What does over nine hundred points mean?

It's a godly score.

Below the stage, Chu Qiao'en watched, her eyes filled with red veins.

She was not convinced, she simply refused to accept it!

Others might look up in awe until they suffocate, but she saw Xi Rubao as just a small-town girl and wouldn't believe in Xi Rubao's capabilities no matter what.

Her chest heaved for a while, then she burst out a sentence to break the silence: "The hand gesture you made, it's Evil Technique, it's against the rules!"

Xi Rubao burst into laughter, turned to Zuzi: "Sis, should we tell her, let her realize how ridiculous her ignorance is? Oh dear, but the competition isn't over yet. I'm afraid if I reveal my method, others will copy it!"

Zuzi, with a languid demeanor, indifferent to winning or losing and unaffected, lightly replied, "Mm-hmm, go ahead."

Xi Rubao, hands on her hips, holding back laughter: "Chu Qiao'en, do you not know what your two nostrils on your face are for?"

Chu Qiao'en: "Wha- what do you mean!"

Xi Rubao: "Nothing much, waving your hand is just to smell the aroma. Why do you have to think so complicatedly? Do you not know what your nose is for, or do you not know how to use your brain properly?"

What?

It wasn't an Evil Technique, but just... identifying herbs by their scent?

Chu Qiaoen was stunned.

Then she became even more furious!

Damn, she was played by these two small-town girls.

Chapter 785: Unbreakable Move; Curse Zuzi

Chu Qiaoen was furious: "The competition rules didn't say you could smell the scent!"

Xi Rubao laughed irritatingly: "Haha, the competition rules also didn't say you couldn't. As long as your eyes don't see the herbs, how you identify them is our skill!"

"You!"

"What 'you', what? You don't get to decide, the professor is here, let the professor judge."

"Professor, please announce that Team 23 violated the rules!"

"Professor, you need to be fair!"

Faced with the dispute between Chu Qiaoen and Xi Rubao, the scoring professor wiped the sweat off his forehead and sighed deeply: "Identifying herbs by scent, this method is simple and straightforward, truly

excellent. Not only does it comply with the competition rules, but we should also reference it more in future teaching. Many thanks to classmate Xi for the inspiration..."

Chu Qiaoen: "... " Damn. Even the professor has betrayed us!

Not knowing how their opponent identified the herbs was one thing, but realizing now that the opponent merely sniffed to score nearly a thousand points made her incredibly angry.

Sun Yunyun, seeing Chu Qiaoen's throbbing forehead veins due to anger, grew a bit worried, tugged on her sleeve, and whispered:

"Qiao En, don't be mad. Since they've revealed their secret, the following students will naturally imitate and avenge us. Perhaps some will score even higher than them, they have nothing to be proud of..."

Chu Qiaoen was finally comforted, lifting her chin: "You're right! Even if we suffered a bit, the later teams will naturally teach them a lesson, hmph!"

There are still seven teams left to go.

Indeed.

As Sun Yunyun predicted, all seven teams were diligently trying to speed up their herb identification using the scent method.

Xi Rubao stomped in annoyance: "Ugh, if I had known this method would be copied, I should have held back and mentioned it later instead!"

However.

None of the teams trying this method scored over 50.

Because they realized the biggest challenge was that once their fingers picked up the scent of one or two herbs, the smell got a bit mixed up, and they couldn't tell them apart afterward.

So, how did Team 23 manage to identify over a hundred herbs without a single mistake?

Are their noses like that of a hound?!

Xi Rubao watched, then laughed again, clapping his hands: "Haha, without Ancestor Sister's personal guidance, it still doesn't work!"

These guys didn't think to wipe their fingers each time to remove the scent?

Their Team 23 had everyone pin a few sheets of colorless and odorless disinfectant wipes to their clothes. After smelling, before reaching into the box again, they wiped their fingers on the tissues to remove the scent of the previous herb.

This little detail is enough to puzzle these people for days, hahaha.

Finally, all the teams completed the herb identification.

Even though the next seven groups didn't score high, they still managed to push Chu Qiaoen's group down to the ninth place, almost dropping them out of the top ten, which would disqualify them from progressing to the second round.

Chu Qiaoen puffed her cheeks, wearing a sullen expression throughout!

Sun Yunyun pressed her lips together and secretly clutched the diligent Jade Ruler in her bag, silently calculating in her heart: No way, next time I must let the Jade Ruler aid me, I must win, I must win...

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Hotel room.

Fei Ji happily finished the last collection of palace blood with Fang Yumei.

Kicking aside the woman like a dead pig, he picked up a pack of cigarettes from the bedside and lit one.

In the choking smoke circles, he let out a cold smile: "Zuzi, Zuzi right? Don't just think Gu Shiyin wants to curse you, I want to curse you to hell too!"

Chapter 786: What is that curse you put on Zuzi?

In the past few days, because Xi Rubao exposed the inaccuracies of the Fei Ji Tarot's predictions in the live broadcast, it has sparked overwhelming ridicule.

Especially when compared to the god-like predictions of Zuzi, it makes his skills look particularly unrefined and poor.

The tidal wave of negative reviews online has had a significant impact on his business.

Even some of the wealthy old clients from before have abandoned him, searching everywhere for the contact details of that celestial little Ancestor, willing to pay a hefty sum just for a meeting.

That damned Zuzi, it's one thing to trample on his pride, but to cut off his financial resources?

Cutting off someone's source of income is like murdering their parents, it cannot be tolerated!

Fei Ji suddenly sat up from the bed, grabbing the glass bottle from the bedside table, which contained a shallow pool of blood at the bottom.

"I can't wait any longer, I must show that dead girl something! Does she really think Tarot can only predict? Haha, my true skills haven't even been half shown to you!"

The half-dead Fang Yumei was driven out.

Gu Shiyin came upon hearing the news: "Master Fei Ji, can I assist you?"

Her letter of apology was posted on the bulletin board, leaving her no face to continue as a mentor at the academy, so she decided to come to Fei Ji to learn how to use Tarot curses.

Once she learned it, she could perform it herself without seeking help.

Fei Ji didn't guard against her, nodding: "You watch from the side, I'll call you if needed."

He dipped his finger into the palace blood and wrote a few words on a piece of yellowed parchment; Gu Shiyin, half guessing, half wondering, thought it should be "Zuzi."

Then he lit three incense sticks, summoning his dragon-shaped Tarot.

Unlike typical Tarot cards, the dragon-shaped Tarot was depicted as bloody and fierce, with colors fiercely dark and sinister, as if the Black Dragon on the card could come to life the next second and devour someone, leaving nothing behind.

Gu Shiyin's heart pounded like a drum, and she barely managed to steady her mind to prevent herself from fleeing.

She knelt on the hotel floor, looking up at Fei Ji, who was sitting cross-legged on the big bed in the center, starting to cast spells.

"Blood sacrifice to the Black Dragon, obey my command; the curse begins, only ending with blood..."

Fei Ji chanted and sprinkled the collected palace blood of Fang Yumei from the glass bottle onto the card surface.

A bizarre scene occurred.

The blood, drop by drop, seeped into the paper and vanished instantaneously!

As if the Black Dragon depicted on the card had drunk it all in one gulp!

Gu Shiyin shivered involuntarily.

Although she possessed a whole set of sinister jade artifacts, at least they were antiques, and it was somewhat acceptable for antiques to become animated.

But now, have the dragons depicted on the Tarot cards also come to life?

This Western Tarot Technique is indeed vast and profound!

She watched Fei Ji intently, not daring to ask questions casually, patiently enduring her fear, until Fei Ji finished the entire process, shuffling the cards several times, and finally arranged a six-card formation, three upright and three reversed. Only after Fei Ji withdrew his hands did she cautiously ask: "Master, did the dragon-shaped Tarot hear the curse we desire?"

Fei Ji instructed her first: "Clean and put away the remaining cards, throw the blood bottle into the kitchen trash pile, and prepare a basin of clean water in front of the incense burner."

Gu Shiyin obediently complied.

Upon her return, Fei Ji finally answered her question: "The curse has been placed; at noon tomorrow, it will be her time of great misfortune!"

Gu Shiyin's heart tightened, feeling both excited and expectant: "Master, can I ask, what roughly is the curse you've cast?"

Fei Ji snorted coldly: "Curse her to have her reputation destroyed, to be separated from her body, and to die without a place to be buried!"

Gu Shiyin: "..."

Indeed, men and women's thought processes are completely different.

Going straight for such stark ultimate moves, without any creativity at all.

If she were to curse, she'd definitely make Zuzi suffer more, perhaps like throwing her into a slum filled with shabby men who haven't seen a woman in ten years, hehe...

Chapter 787: What Does a Truly Imposing Big Shot Look Like!

Gu Shiyin secretly criticized, the curse by Fei Ji was too straightforward, not sinister enough to torment.

But then again, it was fine; as long as Xi Rubao could be gotten rid of, these tricks by Fei Ji weren't entirely useless.

Then again, tomorrow noon?

Isn't that exactly when the Academy competition's second round will be fiercely going on?

Zuzi often visits the Medical College to see her sister; maybe they'll meet at the Medical College then.

If she could witness Zuzi suffering the curse on the spot... heh, that would be very interesting indeed.

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The entire 23rd group was elated after a great victory in the first round of the Academy competition, clamoring to treat Zuzi to a meal, calling it a thank-you banquet for the mentor.

Zuzi, helpless against the kids' noise, lazily agreed, "Hmm, then let's have dinner together."

Everyone then eagerly asked where she liked to eat.

"Just pick a few fresh peach blossoms for Ancestor. It doesn't matter where, just somewhere peaceful."

Zuzi thought she wasn't particular about food.

Everyone: "..."

Oh my, it's indeed hard to please Little Ancestor; where in this city could one find a restaurant selling peach blossoms?

For a moment, everyone was busy searching for "Peach Blossom Banquet," finding nothing, but instead found a recently super popular traditional Chinese restaurant, "Turquoise Pool," which was offering a "Lotus Banquet," both are flowers, maybe Little Ancestor would like it?

"Little Ancestor Sister, is lotus okay?"

"Mm-hmm."

Everyone was happily finalizing the dinner location, but after calling to make a reservation, they learned that the restaurant was so popular that one had to book at least half a month in advance, and the reservation was just for the queue qualification on-site...

It's too popular, too many wolves, and too little meat, nothing could be done.

Does this mean Little Ancestor has to change the location once again?

While they were feeling frustrated, Xi Rubao peeked in: "Oh, come on, what restaurant could be that difficult, isn't this Turquoise Pool the former Shihuijian? Isn't it just a matter of my sister saying the word? So, tonight twelve of us for dinner, right? I'll make a call and get us a VIP room, and we'll just go there directly."

Immediately, everyone looked at the Xi sisters with eyes full of respect: "..."

Wow, my apologies, my apologies, not only do these two big shots have connections within the school, but they also have such influence in society?!

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Since being personally renamed "Turquoise Pool" by Ancestor, the Shihuijian Restaurant's business has been booming.

Upon learning that Zuzi would be bringing friends for dinner, the owner, Zhou Youjian, personally took over preparing the dishes, but since Zuzi specifically requested the Lotus Banquet, he could only manage to serve one or two dishes, with the rest being Bai He's specialty.

The members of the 23rd group, seeing the grandeur, the dishes, and being attentively served by the beautiful chef and seasoned owner, not to mention the line forming outside... at that moment, they finally understood what it meant to truly be a big shot with clout—

It's not those so-called young ladies like Chu Qiaoen and Sun Yunyun, who have their noses in the air, but true big shots like the low-key, unassuming Xi sisters indeed.

Moreover, the entire meal came with no bill, as Zhou Youjian and Bai He said, this is friends coming to appreciate culinary arts, not charging any money!

Everyone was enjoying their meal, when suddenly a white, chubby figure hurriedly stumbled at the door, frantically waving through the frosted glass...

Zhou Youjian quickly apologized, "Sorry, Little Ancestor, the security tried hard but couldn't stop her. That chubby lady insisted on coming in to see you, I'll call a couple more security guards over to maintain order and kick her out..."

Chubby lady?

Xi Rubao craned his neck outside, "Oh, isn't that Gu Pinting? What's she doing insisting on coming to see my sister?"

How come I never noticed this person's persistence before?

Chapter 788: This Kindness is Well Done!

Xi Rubao pouted: "Sis, she's probably getting impatient again and wants to ask when her luck will change, right?"

Zuzi raised her eyes gently: "Let her in."

Most of the classmates present didn't recognize Gu Pinting, but Bai He did. Seeing Gu Pinting's current state, she was greatly surprised: "Pinting, how have you ended up like this..."

Xi Rubao couldn't help but criticize: "Gu Pinting, have a bit of patience, will you? Didn't my sister say your desires and attachments are too strong? To change, you'd have to put in a hundred to a thousand times more effort than others. You've only done good deeds for a few days, already thinking about results..."

Zuzi gently patted Xi Rubao's shoulder: "Don't be harsh on her. Life is inherently bitter; she has already tasted it."

Gu Pinting awkwardly bit her lip and shook her head at Xi Rubao: "You've misunderstood me. I'm not here to ask about that today. I, I wanted to tell Zuzi something."

Xi Rubao was stunned: "What is it?"

Gu Pinting turned to Zuzi, filled with awe and gratitude, and bowed first: "Zuzi, I, I bow to you first. I got a supplementary admission spot and got into the Medical College."

Zuzi remained calm: "I know."

Xi Rubao: "Oh, I saw you with the bracelet. Is that what you're talking about?"

Gu Pinting glanced around, hesitantly and stammering: "No, it's not that, it's..."

Zuzi knew she was afraid to speak in front of too many people, so she waved her arm gently: "Don't worry, we're all friends here."

Everyone felt a warmth in their hearts.

Little Ancestor's words were quite reassuring.

Only then did Gu Pinting speak haltingly about her purpose: "Zuzi, that time I ran into you all at the hotel and got scolded, it was actually... with Fei Ji... and I really wasn't the one who started it. After that, I never went there again and refused to meet him. You have to believe me!"

Zuzi nodded slightly: "The Ancestor believes you."

Gu Pinting: "But these past couple of days, thinking back, I suddenly remembered that he once... collected some of my blood. I don't know what it was for. Then today, when I went to the hospital to pick up some medicine, I accidentally saw Fang Yumei, who was unrecognizable. She said Fei Ji had collected her blood too, and it was used for a Curse Technique!"

Everyone was terrified upon hearing this and couldn't help but ask: "Can Tarot still curse? Who does that old monster want to curse?"

Gu Pinting shook her head but looked at Zuzi: "I, I don't know. But I feel uneasy and thought it best to tell you, Zuzi."

Only then did Xi Rubao realize she had truly wronged Gu Pinting earlier; Gu Pinting had come to warn them.

Hmm, doing a good deed this time.

Even her tone improved significantly: "Hey, Gu Pinting, you were smart this time, getting Fang Yumei to spill and remembering to report to my sister first."

Gu Pinting felt a bit embarrassed: "But I don't know how he's using the curse. I've heard Gu Shiyin mention before that Tarot has many secret techniques that nobody knows about. I'm very worried and wanted to remind you all to be careful."

Xi Rubao clenched her fist: "Sis, anyway, we know the hotel room number. Let's trash Fei Ji's place so he can't perform any of his stupid techniques!"

The other students, although clueless about the details, understood danger was coming and couldn't help but agree: "Yes, yes, we'll go together and trash it. We can't let that old Fei guy hurt our dear Ancestor even a bit."

But Zuzi merely curled her lips slightly and said—

Chapter 789: Publicly Kicked Off the Stage! A Huge Loss of Face!

"Hold on a moment."

Zuzi rejected the idea of crashing the place, "Xiao Ting finally did such a big good deed, and you guys want to ruin it before the good outcome appears. Xiao Ting will cry her eyes out."

Xi Rubao blinked and was the first to react, "That's right, Gu Pinting, you tipped us off in advance so we could be prepared. If Fei Ji's curse fails, he'll be in big trouble, and you'll harvest a great deal of virtue."

But if Fei Ji's spell was impulsively thwarted by us before it even got to be shown, then the virtue would be... just so-so. Wow, my sister is really looking out for you, shouldn't you thank her?"

At this moment, Gu Pinting had no mind to give thanks.

Her mind was filled with the words "Xiao Ting," "Xiao Ting," "Xiao Ting" looping endlessly...

Gu Pinting really cried.

What did the Little Ancestor just call her? Xiao Ting? Wuwuwu.

Xi Rubao heard the sudden and somewhat untimely sobbing and glanced speechlessly at Gu Pinting.

"Why are you crying?"

"Wuwu, Zuzi called me, called me Xiao Ting..."

Xi Rubao: "..."

It's just Xiao Ting; what's there to be excited about? Ancestor Sister calls everyone casually like this. Xiao Jian, Xiao He, Xiao Bei, Xiao Sha, Xiao Yue...

If we talk about who got a good name, "Little Grass Fish" is the one personally named by Ancestor Sister, no one else can compare to that exclusive top-level treatment, right?

No wait, hmm, Mr. Bo's "Xiao Chenger" seems to be a little more high-end than hers, wowowow.

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The difficulty of the second round of the College Competition suddenly increased.

The theme was clinical practice, diagnosing and treating real patients.

The patients were not pre-screened; they were randomly selected from the day's patients in the outpatient department of the Imperial Medical University Affiliated Hospital. Given a discounted consultation fee, the patients were invited to the small auditorium for on-site consultation.

This was far more gripping than debating medicine.

The small auditorium was suddenly crowded with students from the entire Medical College.

Gu Shiyin also appeared in the teacher's section.

As Xi Rubao entered, she passed by the teacher's section and couldn't help but snort, "Oh, Teacher Gu, you came too?"

The reflection letter was still hanging on the bulletin board. How could she face coming in person? How thick-skinned could one be?

Gu Shiyin's carefully maintained pretty face slightly flushed, and she smiled awkwardly, "Yes, it's my duty, I had to come."

If it wasn't to witness Zuzi's cursed plight firsthand, she wouldn't have wanted to watch the competition.

"Hehe." Xi Rubao gave two big laughs of mockery and winked at Zuzi in the audience.

Zuzi only slightly curled her lips, seeing through but not speaking out.

On the contrary, Chu Qiaoen and Sun Yunyun, who were waiting onstage, couldn't help but step forward to speak for Gu Shiyin when they saw Xi Rubao mocking her:

"Why can't Teacher Gu come? Teacher Gu is one of the appointed judges of the College, that shows Teacher Gu's professionalism!"

"Xi Rubao, don't make trouble for no reason. It's a good competition, don't ruin the atmosphere!"

Xi Rubao was a bit riled up, "Who's making trouble for no reason? Gu Shiyin is still in the review period; has she understood the mistake of slandering students before taking on the role of judge? A teacher who recklessly smears students, sitting on the stage so blatantly, isn't that shameful? Who exactly is ruining the fair and just atmosphere of the competition? Can't we speak up?"

Little Cannon lived up to its name, pushing Chu Qiaoen and Sun Yunyun into a corner quickly with her words.

More importantly, the commotion here caught the attention of the head judge, the Medical College Dean, Chu Jianzhong, who was in the judges' section.

Chu Jianzhong is highly reputed as an authority in both Chinese and Western medicine, the most respected senior professor in the Medical College, and his tone was a bit stern when he spoke, "Xiao Gu is still in the review period, indeed not suitable to be a judge. Who let her come? Leave immediately."

Chapter 790: Must Uphold Zuzi's Dignity at the Banquet!

Dean Chu doesn't say much, but his words are extremely insulting.

This is a move to directly get Gu Shiyin off the stage!

Gu Shiyin's face changed drastically.

After all, she is a prominent figure among the doctoral students in this year's Medical College, with teaching qualifications early on, a rising star in medicine, and also an apprentice under Dean Chu.

But Chu Jianzhong is particularly strict with himself. Precisely because she is his pupil, he is more unwilling to let others say he is unfair or biased, insisting on having Gu Shiyin step down.

Chu Qiaoen, seeing things turn sour, quickly appealed to the judges, saying, "Uncle, don't listen to malicious rumors. Teacher Gu's self-criticism letter is not a big deal at all, they are just making a fuss."

There was a sudden sound of sighs from the audience.

Many students know that Dean Chu is Chu Qiaoen's uncle. Maybe the dean won't give face to Teacher Gu, but he might to Chu Qiaoen.

Alas, in this world, connections still have wide sway.

Xi Rubao really shouldn't have provoked someone from the Chu Family.

But who knew.

Dean Chu's face tightened, and he coldly said, "How can violating school rules not be a big deal? Seriously reflect on it! Don't play tricks! Also, don't bring up family relations in the college. Unless, you also want to write a self-criticism?"

Chu Qiaoen: "..."

It was like she was slapped in the face, and even her own dignity was stripped away.

Seeing the situation turning unfavorable, Gu Shiyin immediately stood up from the judges' seat, adopting a particularly good and humble attitude, "Dean, it was my lack of consideration today, Qiao En is just a straightforward child, don't be angry. I'll step down to the audience seat now."

Dean Chu nodded.

Xi Rubao sneered, murmuring to Fan Yong beside her, "Heh, look how fast she changes her face, but somehow I feel she isn't willing to just step down quietly."

As expected.

Just as Gu Shiyin reached the front row of the audience, her gaze swept and landed on the center of the front row, where Zuzi was sitting lazily. She immediately seemed surprised and said, "Oh, Zuzi, you're from the History College, right? Did you, by any chance, enter the wrong room?"

Her slightly exaggerated mouth-covering gesture, that neither too loud nor too soft exclamation, successfully drew the judges' attention to Zuzi.

Indeed, Zuzi was quite ostensible.

All dressed in white among the green medical sterile attire of the Medical College students, making her exceptionally conspicuous.

And her lazy, casual demeanor completely out of place with the tense excitement of the competition environment.

Gu Shiyin couldn't possibly swallow her pride after being humiliated; she aimed to embarrass Zuzi as well, hoping to see Zuzi kicked out by Dean Chu.

Even if she couldn't witness Zuzi being cursed at the venue, anyway this afternoon, in the cafeteria, or in the dormitory, she would witness Zuzi's moment of misfortune.

Gu Shiyin's pretended concerned "inquiry," allowed Chu Qiaoen to catch the hint too, quickly jumping on the bandwagon, shouting, "History College students sneaking into the Medical College, that's even more outrageous than Teacher Gu entering the competition! Zuzi, what's your motive for sneaking in as an outsider! Uncle... Dean Chu, I want to report this external spy!"

Yesterday's competition was almost ruined by Zuzi's interference, nearly knocking them out of the top ten. Seeing Zuzi today made her extremely angry.

The colleges aren't even connected; isn't Zuzi's behavior a violation too?!

As expected.

Chu Jianzhong's expression changed.

He immediately stood up from the judges' seat, put on his glasses, and scanned the audience below.

"Zuzi..."

He murmured.