

## **Big Shot 801**

Chapter 801: Sir, No One Cares About You...

Condolences?

Chen Long panicked.

"No, we can't just offer condolences here..."

Miss Xi wouldn't make it, and no one could save Mr. Bo either, that's two lives lost!

He was so anxious that he didn't notice the hidden glances in Xi Rubao's big blinking eyes.

Xi Rubao didn't dare to hint too obviously.

The trap she set had yet to be sprung.

"Vice Officer Chen, if you have time, help me reach out to some contacts in the police department, let them quickly arrest that bastard Fei Ji!"

"I... this... I..."

Chen Long's voice was quickly drowned out by a burst of exclamations: "Baby, baby, look at the news!"

Wu Minghao and Wu Qianman ran up to the stage with phones in hand, breathlessly showing Xi Rubao the live news broadcast.

On Wu Minghao's phone was the latest headline from all major apps: "Tarot easily surpasses the Empire's traditional prediction technique, effortlessly takes a head from a thousand miles away!"

On the headlines so soon?

Xi Rubao was a bit taken aback.

A closer look revealed that besides the exaggerated praise of Fei Ji's mystical curse technique, there was even a "concerned citizen" report sent in with conclusive photo evidence—a string of coded characters written in blood at Fei Ji's ritual site, which Tarot researchers "translated" as the name Xi Zuzi!

Damn, there's evidence of Fei Ji cursing the little ancestor!

Who was so helpful to do such a good deed anonymously?

Xi Rubao glanced at Gu Shiyin, only to hear Gu Shiyin righteously chiming in, "With the news out, it seems the evidence is solid, Fei Ji indeed should be brought to justice! Such scum cannot be tolerated!"

Xi Rubao: "... Ha, you're no better, second scum.

Wu Minghao mumbled discontentedly, "There's evidence, but something feels off to me, Baby, the comments are all about how amazing Tarot is, saying that the little ancestor's previous predicted wife-killer case might have been a sham, and it's still Tarot's profound wisdom, or how could it so easily snuff out the little ancestor... makes me so angry!"

Xi Rubao took a deep breath: "..."

Just as I thought, second scum isn't so kind-hearted, this evidence probably isn't to convict Fei Ji, but mainly to tarnish the reputation of Ancestor Sister, erase her credit for solving the murder case last time and bring her disgrace, right?

For the sake of proving Fei Ji guilty, I'll hold back, I won't lose my temper, I won't lose my temper!

She looked at Wu Qianman's phone screen: "What's this? Why does the interface look so familiar?"

Wu Qianman: "Baby, this is a newly popular law-themed stream, broadcasting the police arresting Fei Ji, they managed to record Fei Ji jumping out of a hotel window, and setting his room on fire, seemingly to destroy evidence..."

"Damn, this move is just wild!"

"Baby, his wild moves just keep coming, look, he's fleeing into densely populated residential areas, probably going to take hostages to negotiate... Oh my, he actually, he actually..."

Wu Qianman was explaining the live broadcast when she suddenly couldn't help but cover her mouth.

No one could have expected that Fei Ji's escape route would lead to a place no ordinary person would ever think of.

"Capture him!!!

"Shoot him down!!!"

"Catch him alive and let him spend his life in prison!"

Everyone yelled excitedly at the live broadcast.

Chen Long, left aside, glanced sorrowfully at Xi Zuzi, passed out on the table, and silently lit a candle for Mr. Bo in his heart.

Sir, everyone's so busy, no one is concerned about you...

Chapter 802: Fei Ji's Ultimate Fate! Stench! Ruined and Disgraced!

Everyone's attention at this moment is fully focused on the live capture of Fei Ji.

No one knows or cares about Bao Gucheng's accident, and even Xi Zuzi, everyone thinks she was really cursed to death by Fei Ji, and no one is eager to go check closely.

Capturing the real culprit for revenge is urgent!

However, Fei Ji's escape route left everyone astounded—

He dashed into a densely populated residential area, trying to evade the officers by weaving through the streets and alleys.

"Stop! I'll shoot if you keep running!"

The warning from behind made Fei Ji even more panic-stricken.

He stealthily glanced around, crouched, and slipped into a fenced-off area.

In the Empire, such fenced-off areas are usually construction sites.

His perfect plan was to quickly change into dirty construction worker clothes he found there, and then continue his escape from another exit, thus temporarily avoiding detection.

Otherwise, his conspicuous Tarot Master's robe was too eye-catching.

But as soon as he got inside the fence, he was stunned.

There was no construction site in sight.

Only a dug-out deep pit, like a large reservoir.

But it seemed to contain not water, but a full load of mud-like substance, emitting a dizzying—stench!

At the other end of the pit, there were indeed two blue-collar men, who looked like workers, operating a machine with a long hose extended into the pit, rumbling loudly with unclear purpose.

As soon as they saw Fei Ji come in, they waved at a distance, seemingly saying "Go away! This is not a place you should be!", but the machine noise was too loud to hear properly.

Fei Ji gritted his teeth, deciding to go all out, carefully walking along the edge of the pit towards the two men.

Get a piece of clothing first!

At this very moment.

The teachers and students of Imperial University Medical College were watching the live feed and became excited upon seeing where Fei Ji went in.

Xi Rubao was the first to mumble, "Why does this place seem familiar?"

Others exclaimed, "Fei Ji actually entered our Imperial University's staff housing complex!"

"That area seems to be our Medical College's staff apartments, right? Fan Yong? Doesn't your father, Professor Fan, live in that building?"

No wonder it looked familiar.

Turns out that was the staff housing.

Many professors from the Medical College live there, not to mention the recent murder case of Professor Fan Gang's wife, which was still fresh, and that building was repeatedly shown in the news.

The fenced-off area was where the cesspool of that building was dug up to pump out sewage and search for remains.

Wait a minute.

Did Fei Ji run to the cesspool area?

Xi Rubao kept a close watch, but unfortunately, the screen fence blocked the view, making it unclear if Fei Ji would sneak out from some corner.

Surprisingly, the legal live broadcast host was very enthusiastic.

Using drone footage, they followed the action from above.

Then everyone saw the classic scene of Fei Ji sprinting along the edge of the cesspool, pursued by officers, and in a hurried moment, slipping a foot and the whole person tumbling down—

He barreled straight down into the cesspool!

With a "thud" sound.

The mud-like cesspool didn't even splash and just swallowed him whole.

The legal live broadcast host couldn't help but comment on camera, "Didn't expect this to be a broadcast with smells..."

But it wasn't over yet.

The rumbling machine in the distance gradually stopped, and the two blue-collar workers anxiously ran over to speak with the officers about something, looking like something serious...

## Chapter 803: Why Are You Kowtowing to the Ancestor?

The few people were all sweating profusely, anxiously staring at the cesspool.

The law broadcast host, being closest to the scene, hurried forward to listen to their discussion.

After a while, he faced the live broadcast camera and spoke with a mix of complicated emotions: "Today must be the heavens opening their eyes. I never imagined that this so-called Master Fei Ji, whose evil technique and curse aimed at others, would lead to his own disgrace, decapitation, and a death with no resting place..."

The audience was anxious: "How could there be no resting place? Even if the cesspool is a bit smelly, can't they just fish him out?"

The law broadcast host shook his head: "The machine over there working is a pulverizing mixer, meant to prevent clogging in the sewage pipes. As of now, Fei Ji has already been ground into several pieces by the pulverizing gears, the machine's jammed, and the suggestion from the two blue-collar workers is that pulling him out is meaningless. It's better to let him go on his self-destructive path and continue pulverizing..."

The crowd: "...!"

Indeed, the heavens have opened their eyes.

Of all the thousands ways to die in this world, none could have conceived that Fei Ji would die in such a manner.

The originally bustling and gossipy small hall scene.

Now fell silent, so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Fei Ji was swallowed by the cesspool and pulverized, truly offering a massive and powerful impact.

Weren't the curses supposed to target Zuzi, yet he died more horribly than Zuzi?

What force in the darkness is arranging everything?

Among the frightened crowd, only Gu Shiyin let out a long sigh of relief.

With Fei Ji dead, there's no evidence left against her.

By solving Zuzi and Fei Ji at once, she not only doesn't have to endure Zuzi's wrath anymore, but also won't have Fei Ji as an obstacle in the Tarot circle.

As a silent smile appeared on her lips.

She looked up to find Pingting's chubby face staring directly at her, eyes fixed without blinking: "Gu Shiyin, Fei Ji was just a scapegoat, you're the one who truly wants to harm Zuzi!"

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In the depths of Qingcheng Mountain.

A landslide had just occurred, and the specialized training team members dared not dig down lightly anymore, seeing the grave pit they'd painstakingly excavated again buried by mountain soil, they couldn't help feeling a sense of defeat and despair.

More crucially, where was Mr. Bo?

Could Mr. Bo have been buried?

They spent days digging the grave pit open, if they have to do it all over again, if Mr. Bo really is inside, he'd likely also be... suffocated.

Ah, this damned place is wickedly unearthly.

Frequent collapses, landslides, coffins dug up from miles away flying back here... does this pit have some magnetic force?

The crowd split into two factions, one advocating digging Mr. Bo out immediately regardless of the circumstances; the other suggesting calling in experts to explore, what if Mr. Bo isn't in the pit, but slid with the rocks into a mountain stream, would digging waste precious rescue time?

As the argument continued.

Someone took out three incense sticks and some paper, solemnly spoke: "You all forget, the first time the master came to Qingcheng to dig graves, a sage once guided him to burn three incense sticks wholeheartedly when things couldn't be accomplished. At that time, this trick immediately opened the coffin! How about we try it this time?"

This seemingly most unreliable and unscientific suggestion, paradoxically unified the two disputing parties.

After all, they had all once witnessed miracles firsthand.

The yellow paper was spread, incense burned.

Amidst several wisps of faint smoke, everyone bowed sincerely.

Before the bow was finished, a light, ethereal voice, like smoke and mist, reverberated through the valley, shaking the hearts—

"Why bow to the ancestors..."

Chapter 804: Ancestor of the Tarot Cards!

Everyone was shocked.

Before they could react, a misty white figure appeared before their eyes like an apparition.

Bright eyes and white teeth, her skin was so fair it was almost transparent!

In this tranquil mountain, it was especially suffocating.

"A... Fairy?"

"Miss Xi... Miss Xi?"

Someone in the team vaguely recognized her.

But they weren't quite sure, after all, the girl in front of them was so ethereal, unlike the Miss Xi they remembered.

Zuzi smiled without answering, took a step toward the recently buried pit, her voice light: "So soon, the array has activated, something unexpected must have triggered it..."

The crowd was bewildered.

They watched as Zuzi walked step by step on the collapsed soil, heart pounding with fear that the next moment, she would be swallowed by the earth and disappear.

Yet, Zuzi walked as if on flat ground, as light as a feather that could float away at any moment.

Standing at the center of the coffin array arranged like a hexagram, Zuzi crouched slightly, gently tapped the ground with her jade-like fingers, a card appearing in her hand from nowhere.

The grave-digging team watched from afar, gradually realizing:

"Miss Xi, she's going to save Mr. Bo, right?"

"The incense and wish technique, she taught Mr. Bo, that reclusive master is Miss Xi!"

"Now that Miss Xi is here, Mr. Bo will be saved, isn't he?"

"But Miss Xi once said, you can't easily change a person's fate, last time Brother Long had to swear a big oath to get Miss Xi to act, he said he paid a great, unspeakable price..."

"Is it too late for us to make a wish now?"

Amidst the excited whispers, the card in Zuzi's hand flipped over.

It was a tarot card!

This tarot card was completely different from ordinary ones, the card face depicted a ferocious evil dragon, its menacing appearance made one feel as if they were being devoured by the card at a mere glance, sending chills down their spine!

Yet Zuzi played with the card casually, as if it were the most ordinary slip of paper.

She flipped the card, the evil dragon facing up.

With a delicate pinch of her jade fingers... she grasped a dragon whisker, gave it a tug, and the evil dragon was literally pulled out of the card face!

A dragon, the size of a card, instantly expanded several hundred times, soaring into the sky.

The grave-digging team was stunned, minds blank.

Zuzi chuckled lightly: "I never thought, the mount lent by the ancestor to the practitioners from the west would be used by the descendants in a little card for mischief."

The evil dragon soared up, then swooped down, humbly and completely submitting at Zuzi's knee: "Ancestor, mercy! Mercy! This foolish dragon was unaware that Fei Ji intended to curse you, wise elder, I deserve to die!"

Zuzi lazily lifted an eyebrow: "Indeed you deserve death. Delaying your return from the Western World, are you perhaps enamored by that little bit of incense worship?"

The evil dragon trembled, now utterly devoid of any presence, in front of Zuzi it was no more than a large mosquito: "Ancestor, injustice! I wasn't swayed by wealth, I was tricked by those blonde, blue-eyed monsters from the west, bound to this tarot card by a contract, unable to leave, only serving to curse in exchange for some blood to soothe my hunger, Ancestor, I am so miserable, please behold this foolish dragon for relief!"

Zuzi squinted at the card in her hand: "This card..."

The dragon-shaped tarot was somehow different from the ones Fei Ji used to play with before.

Chapter 805: Xiao Cheng'er, A Life for a Life!

The Evil Dragon quickly said, "Ancestor, don't you remember? You were the one who guided the use of these cards. Otherwise, the ancient Tarot cards of the Western World would never be accurate, always missing a crucial point. With your guidance, they hit the mark precisely! Speaking of which, you are the legendary master of Tarot predictions in the modern world!"

Zuzi: "..."

Could she refuse to acknowledge such unworthy descendants?

The small card flipped deftly between Zuzi's delicate fingers, her red lips slightly parted: "Do you seek freedom?"

The Evil Dragon coiled into a ball, nodding fervently: "Yes, yes, yes! Ancestor, please make it happen!"

"Alright then. I'll grant your wish." Her delicate fingers steadied the card's face, her red lips uttered a word, "Collect!"

The Evil Dragon was once again absorbed into the Tarot card's surface.

The grave digging team behind watched, their eyes wide, perfectly embodying the expression "dumbfounded like a chicken."

Zuzi smiled gracefully, and in the next instant, the card in her hand flew like a dart, with a "whoosh—" sound, plunging straight into the soil.

It's understandable if a sword or even a nail could be thrown into the ground, but a card?

Something so soft and light?

Could it really penetrate the soil???

The crowd didn't dare to make a sound, looking at Zuzi with full of awe.

They actually really wanted to ask, Miss Zuzi, weren't you here to save Mr. Bo? Why are you waving a card around? Aren't you anxious about Mr. Bo's safety underground?

However, no one dared to ask.

They all obediently waited.

After a brief moment.

A beam of white light burst from the ground, wobbled a bit, and landed steadily into Zuzi's palm.

Was it still that card???

The crowd was too far to see any difference.

But Zuzi caressed the card, a slight smile on her lips: "Xiao Cheng'er, a life for a life, you can come back now."

If a special training team member came closer to look at that card, they'd probably faint in terror instantly.

Their beloved, deeply concerned Mr. Bo, was now depicted with a somber face, vividly drawn on the card's surface.

He had replaced the Evil Dragon's position!

Zuzi gently grasped his hand, and in the next moment, the man emerged from the card, stepping on solid ground, his broad back blocking the sunlight, enveloping Zuzi in a cool shade.

She had brought him back.

The Evil Dragon took his place, sinking beneath the coffin, while she brought him out with a card.

The Evil Dragon gained freedom underground, while he regained freedom above.

As for this discarded Tarot card...

Zuzi blew a gentle breath, and the card's surface instantly scattered into dust, disappearing in the cold wind...

"Mr. Bo!"

The previously dumbfounded crowd finally came to life, looking with tearful eyes at the rejuvenated Bao Gucheng.

No matter how baffling, shocking, or incredible the scene they had just witnessed was, as long as their Mr. Bo was back, it was all that mattered!

Zuzi lightly stroked her fragrant cheeks and suddenly exclaimed, "Ah, Ancestor almost forgot about this... um, it's better if you don't remember too much, to avoid unnecessary psychological burdens..."

Her fair hand waved gently in front of them.

It only took a brief moment.

"Mr. Bo..."

The crowd once again called out eagerly.

As if repeating the exact same joy from earlier, but the shock and incredulity in their tone were erased.

They only knew Mr. Bo was back, unharmed, having forgotten about any Tarot card or Evil Dragon.

Having done all this, Zuzi then gracefully turned, looking at Bao Gucheng: "Xiao Cheng..."

She was very satisfied with her arrangement of trading a life with the dragon's, looking at the unharmed man with indescribable happiness.

But why did the man seem a bit... unhappy?

"Xiao Chenger?"

Chapter 806: Awkward! The Little Ancestor Caught Red-Handed by Mr. Bo! [New Year's Dog Food Served!]

Zuzi lifted her charming face, her phoenix eyes blinking gently, as she looked at Bao Gucheng, calling his name.

However, the man's face was serious, and his deep gaze seemed to capture her very soul.

After several seconds of silence, he finally spoke: "Did you also make me forget some important things before?"

Zuzi was caught off guard by the question and couldn't help but cough awkwardly: "Ahem, uh, Xiao Chenger, what do you mean by forgetting?"

Bao Gucheng: "Like just now, a swipe of the hand and specific events are forgotten."

Zuzi wanted to bluff her way through, but the man was so alert it seemed he was about to catch her red-handed.

She could only confess honestly: "Um, yes. It's not good for them to hold onto those memories. Knowing too much isn't always a good thing."

"So what are the things you don't want Mr. Bo to know?"

"Cough..."

Zuzi sighed softly, her red lips curling slightly, with a lazy and charming look in her eyes: "Xiao Cheng'er, after going through so much trouble to meet, do you really want to discuss this with the ancestor? Don't you want to... do something else?"

The solemn expression on Bao Gucheng's face finally showed a crack.

Didn't he want to?

The moment the landslide occurred, an inexplicable force dragged him underground.

Lying in a cold stone coffin, unable to move, he watched helplessly as the soil pounded onto the stone coffin, layer upon layer burying and sealing it completely.

At that moment, he wasn't thinking about his own survival but... how to return to her side on time?

Leaving her to face the unfamiliar environment of the university alone, how could he?

Without convincing her to "Dual Cultivate" with him, without winning her over to fully accept him as her man, what should he do?

Taking a deep breath, the man finally succumbed to her, mumbling, "We'll deal with those things you've erased later. For now, let's focus on the serious business..."

He wrapped his arms around Zuzi's slender waist, pulling her into his embrace, and lowered his head to capture her slightly parted cherry lips, kissing her without warning!

Zuzi: "Mmm..."

Why resort to kisses without a word?

Actually, the ancestor wanted to remind Xiao Chenger to do some research on the Hexagram Array.

This Hexagram Array is very dangerous; it is arranged to sacrifice living people, and that's why the six subordinates of Xiao Chenger lost their lives there.

Moreover, the array requires more than six lives; the coffin at the center is a death gate, which is the ultimate purpose of the one who set up the array.

What the array setter intends to do with the death gate has too many possibilities, making it impossible to predict.

But the ancestor calculated the timing and could predict that the array should definitely not be activated at this moment. For some reason, Xiao Chenger triggered the array and fell into the death gate pit.

Fortunately, the last crucial seal of the array hasn't been set, and the ancestor can still defy the heavens once, trading one life of the Evil Dragon for another.

So at this moment, shouldn't Xiao Chenger thoroughly research this array to avoid triggering it again next time when excavating a tomb or doing something else?

Kissing her won't solve the problem of the array.

Mmm...

But the ancestor is quite... content.

Zuzi closed her eyes, feeling the long-missed rich spiritual energy enveloping her, soothing her every limb and bone, arrogantly sweeping over every inch...

Behind her.

The special training team members were stunned by the unexpected scene, standing like electric poles: Is this Miss Zuzi's ultimate rescue technique? It seems Mr. Bo did become quite invigorated!

Chapter 807: The Tacit Understanding Between Little Ancestor and Mr. Bo

It turns out saving someone can be done like this.

The team members all expressed their surprise and were extremely envious of Mr. Bo!

Bao Gucheng was kissing her, then suddenly realized this was in full view of everyone, wasn't he just giving a show to a bunch of single dogs?

The instinct to protect snapped in, making the man abruptly stop. He pressed Zuzi into his embrace, half-covered her with his coat, and stepped out: "It's messy here, let's avoid getting your clothes dirty."

Everyone: "...!" Mr. Bo, it's only early autumn, the sun is still hot, don't you think you're wrapping Miss Xi so tightly and she might be hot?

Zuzi peeked out from the man's coat collar, her face half smiling: "It's alright, not too hot."

Everyone: "...!!!" How did she find out our inner complaints?

Bao Gucheng, both angry and amused, gently pushed her little head back: "I'll take you home first."

Zuzi thought for a moment: "Together?"

Bao Gucheng was silent for a moment, about to speak.

Zuzi chuckled softly, speaking for him: "You want to stay and dig again, to dig out those six coffins, right?"

Bao Gucheng gave a deep nod.

No one understands him better than she does.

Zuzi's Phoenix Eyes blinked slightly as she gently said, "Xiao Chenger, you must have also seen that this is a meticulously arranged array. Before the array is activated, no matter how many times you dig, they will still be summoned back."

"I... know."

"If that's the case, why not let them rest peacefully underground? Xiao Chenger, you should withdraw and focus on finding the one who set up the array. Solving the one who arranged it might be the only chance to completely resolve everything here, isn't it?"

Bao Gucheng: "... " The logic was clear to him, yet sometimes emotion would override.

Especially thinking about this damn Hexagram Array, which could toy with his brothers' remains, he felt even more unsettled.

After a few seconds of silence, Bao Gucheng suddenly asked, "Miss Zuzi, can you actually guess who arranged the array?"

He always knew she was more perceptive than the word spirit, but he never initiated a request for her to predict.

At this moment, for his brothers, he was willing to take the risk.

Who knew.

This time, it was Zuzi's turn to fall silent.

She pressed her delicate, pure cherry lips, her eyes shimmering with a watery glow, only staring at him, without speaking.

Bao Gucheng held his breath for a moment, understood: "Miss Zuzi knows, but Miss Zuzi can't tell? Is it because telling me unwarrantedly would make me pay some bad price, and you don't want me to bear that price?"

Zuzi lowered her gaze, her small hand lightly brushed against his chest: "Mhm."

No one understands her better than he does.

Everything in the world follows its own rules.

Interconnected, the cycle of causation never ends.

Precisely because she is divine, she cannot easily violate these principles.

Previously, when she occasionally disclosed a word or two, it was either because circumstances were favorable, or the matter was minor, and the person could endure the loss of fortune due to the revelation of heavenly secrets.

The Ancestor would casually give a hint or two, causing no harm.

But Bao Gucheng's matter is different.

The Hexagram Array itself is not a particularly formidable array, considering the Ancestor's methods of array arrangement, any of them would be more powerful.

However, the special aspect of this array is it is condensed with very deep grievances.

So deep that the one who arranged it placed an incredible bet, serving as the Spirit Key to activate the array.

She actually didn't specifically probe the purpose of the one who arranged the array.

It was just a fleeting impression that getting close repeatedly to the array would be a dangerous affair for Bao Gucheng.

It's best to stay away, as far as possible.

Chapter 808: The Ancestor's First Heartbeat in Tens of Thousands of Years

Xi Zuzi looked at the man's eager face and sighed softly.

Bao Gucheng wanted to say, "I'm willing to pay any price," but he held back at the last moment.

Not revealing secrets was her way of protecting him, a sincere sentiment he couldn't ignore. Why insist on breaking the rules?

Bao Gucheng nodded slowly, "Alright. I won't ask then."

His large hand reluctantly caressed her waist, "I have some loose ends to tie up and need to explain things to the brothers. I'll be back by tomorrow at the earliest. Do you... really have to leave now?"

Ah, being asked to stay by Xiao Cheng'er feels so special.

It feels like a place in my heart is gently throbbing.

The little ancestor lowered her gaze, feeling this strange sensation that hadn't occurred for tens of thousands of years.

After thinking for a moment, she replied honestly, "Well, if Ancestor doesn't return, they might be having too much fun over there and could cause some trouble."

Bao Gucheng remembered Chen Long mentioning that she was participating in a competition. Now, having left midway to come to him, who knew what chaos awaited in the arena.

Even though he was reluctant, he had to let her leave.

"The tea, remember to drink it. Tell me what it tastes like," the man reminded her dully.

That cup of peach tea?

Xi Zuzi smiled, "Okay. Xiao Cheng should also head home early; it's not suitable to stay here for long."

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Imperial University Medical College auditorium.

The fate of Fei Ji being crushed by a septic tank mixing machine was broadcasted live by a legal streamer, becoming widely known and causing a roomful of sighs.

Gu Shiyin was just feeling relieved that the evidence of her heart's great concern had been completely eliminated.

But then Gu Pinting's voice echoed by her ear, "Gu Shiyin, Fei Ji was just a scapegoat; you are the one who wanted to harm Zuzi!"

Gu Shiyin jolted, forcing herself to stay calm, and faced Gu Pinting's chubby face, "Pingting, what are you talking about? Zuzi is my junior; why would I want to harm her? Besides, I'm not familiar with Fei Ji..."

"Not familiar? If you weren't familiar, why did you make me accompany her? Send me to his room to be used, providing raw materials for his curse?"

Gu Pinging didn't hesitate to expose her own scandal, unveiling Gu Shiyin's true nature, causing the whole auditorium's teachers and students to stir in an uproar.

Could Teacher Gu have actually done such a thing?

Even if it were her own niece, it shouldn't be right to send her to Fei Ji to be defiled by that disgusting foreigner.

All the burning eyes stared straight at Gu Shiyin.

At this moment, she couldn't explain herself, only repeatedly denied, "That never happened, Pinging, what are you saying?"

Gu Pinging raised her hand in an oath, "Every word I say is true! If there's a falsehood, may I be struck by lightning!"

Even Xi Rubao next to her couldn't help but give a thumbs up, "Gu Pinging, you're great today!"

Gu Shiyin's eyes flickered, "No, Pinging, are you bringing up the time you slept with the director to become popular from when you were filming dramas, thinking that every profession needs to do this to be successful? Pinging, this thought is dangerous..."

In desperation, she could only bring up Gu Pinging's past scandals to change the subject and paint her as someone untrustworthy due to her tainted history.

Indeed, "sleeping with the director" ignited more gossip than "sleeping with Fei Ji."

The auditorium buzzed with discussions, even livelier than before.

Gu Pinting felt as if she were being pointed at by a thousand people, her chubby body unable to hide.

Xi Rubao was so angry he put his hands on his hips, "Gu Shiyin, you shamelessly bring up her past! Gu Pinting has already turned over a new leaf!"

Gu Shiyin had an innocent expression, "Baby, why would you rather believe someone full of stains? Rather doubt me but extend a helping hand to her?"

Chapter 809: Are Tainted People Unworthy of a Helping Hand?

Yes, a person full of stains does not deserve to be trusted, does not deserve a helping hand!

The teachers and students present, after hearing Gu Shiyin's words, all had this thought.

Even Little Cannon Xi Rubao was momentarily at a loss for words, could only mumble, "She's turned over a new leaf, she's turned over a new leaf, why don't you believe it," repeatedly, yet no one paid attention.

Gu Pinting herself was even more at a loss for words, unable to defend herself, her chubby body appearing more embarrassed under everyone's gaze.

Gu Shiyin's lips slowly released a barely noticeable light smile.

You all, too naive.

When it comes to manipulating minds, she ought to do it.

While secretly laughing, suddenly a voice came piercing through the air, instantly freezing her smile at the corner of her mouth—

"Who says stained people can't be trusted?"

"Helping hands, can they only be extended to those spotless hands?"

From the judges' seats, Zuzi lazily stretched her arms and covered her mouth with a little yawn.

Her tone was unhurried, carrying a bit of waking casualness, yet, for some reason, there was a mysterious power that made the entire cacophony cease instantly, focusing on listening to her speak.

Everyone pondered these two sentences, the truths within somewhat enlightening.

No one is perfect, isn't it undeserving for those not truly villainous to have a chance to change?

Wouldn't it be considered a merit if one reaches to pull someone stained from the mire?

Gu Shiyin's face turned green: "Zuzi, you're not dead?"

"Hmm, the Ancestor just took a nap. Why are you hoping for the Ancestor's demise?" Zuzi glanced at her with a mocking smile, "For one like you not only self-polluting but also tainting others, there's probably no saving, no need to wait for a helping hand."

Gu Shiyin's face changed instantly, choked with words.

It was only then that everyone woke up from their contemplation, belatedly showing shock: "Zuzi, weren't you cursed? Isn't this Dragon-shaped Tarot curse extremely lethal?"

Zuzi supported her chin with a light smile, "Perhaps, reality proves it's not that powerful?"

Xi Rubao happily jumped forward, cutely throwing herself into her arms: "Sis, it's so great you're alright, woo woo woo!" Previously, the Beauty Jade Bracelet mentioned Zuzi's soul had left her body, leaving her barely convinced, but seeing Zuzi awake now, she was utterly relieved.

Luckily, she kept calm during her sister's absence, played her role well, letting Fei Ji receive his due punishment, and making Gu Shiyin also be condemned by all, about to tear off the White Lotus's mask.

Zuzi patted Xi Rubao's little head, tapped on her forehead: "Very good."

Not forgetting to nod slightly from afar to Gu Pintong: "Pingting is also good."

Watching from the stage, everyone held their breath again.

Why do others inexplicably feel a halo of benevolence surrounding Zuzi?!

Clearly, she's so young, so beautiful, so fresh!

Gu Pintong was moved to tears: "Little Ancestor, my testimony, they don't believe it at all..."

Zuzi smiled and said: "No matter. Take it slowly."

After hearing that, Gu Pintong felt a warm rush in her heart. She knew that trust and reputation aren't built overnight. She was once muddled, personally broke her credibility, and now, trying to piece it back together is extremely difficult.

Just like a fat body wanting to return to its original state, it's not possible to achieve by doing just one or two good deeds.

But at least the Little Ancestor and the Little Sturgeon extended their hands to her, not abandoning her for being someone with stains!

Chapter 810: The Flavor Is Not as Good as Xiao Cheng'er's

Zuzi's sudden awakening inadvertently changed the direction of the public opinion at the scene.

The weight of the "blemished witness" Gu Pinting's charges against Gu Shiyin in everyone's minds gradually increased.

"Did Teacher Gu really find women for Fei Ji and come up with schemes to Curse fellow student Xi?"

"Teacher Gu has such a ruthless heart, doing this to her own relatives and juniors?"

"The key is, how could a woman push another woman into the fire pit like this, doesn't her conscience hurt?"

"Wait, I remember, Teacher Gu did live broadcasts before and was very ruthless to her fans as well, back when she sold fake goods and got exposed on the spot. She couldn't care less whether it's about women..."

"So, Teacher Gu has way more blemishes on her than Gu Pinting..."

Amidst the murmurs, Gu Shiyin's face became increasingly stiff, never expecting that her live broadcast scandals would be dragged out, these dark pasts were something she desperately wanted to avoid.

"This is all a misunderstanding, all a misunderstanding, fellow students, Pingting's emotions have been unstable since she gained weight. What she said is one-sided, without any real evidence. Please trust me, I would never betray my family... I'm begging you!"

Gu Shiyin defended herself in a soft, aggrieved but restrained manner.

Gu Pinting was full of unspoken bitterness, she had no evidence. After all, when Gu Shiyin took her to meet Fei Ji, it was all verbal. She didn't have the foresight to record or take pictures.

She was incredibly regretful at this moment!

Originally wanting to come forward to testify for Xi Rubao, she couldn't conclusively pin down Gu Shiyin due to a lack of evidence, feeling utterly useless!

With a face full of regret and guilt, her tense heart relaxed when she met Zuzi's smiling gaze.

That look seemed to reassure her, to take it slow, that with experience comes wisdom, next time she'll know better.

Gu Pinting felt her nose turning sour.

Thinking that these past eighteen years felt like they were lived in vain.

Acting immaturely, planning thoughtlessly yet arrogantly... She indeed had much to learn.

Even compared to Xi Rubao, there was a big gap. The scene he orchestrated to fool Gu Shiyin and manipulate Fei Ji was brilliantly executed!

Although they couldn't immediately hammer down Gu Shiyin this time, the seeds of doubt were already sown in everyone's hearts.

In the judges' section, Dean Chu stood up to preside over the scene: "Whether Fei Ji colluded with a faculty member to violate medical ethics and harm others will be further investigated. Before the investigation is clear, Teacher Gu, you are not suitable to continue in your teaching position."

Gu Shiyin: "...!"

Isn't this akin to announcing her suspension in public?

"Mentor, I'm your last disciple. No matter how others slander me, you should believe me..."

She was trying to show weakness and defend herself, but Dean Chu waved a hand to stop her: "This is the unanimous decision of the academy's leadership. You need not say more. Precisely because you are my disciple, I must be disciplined and impartial. The innocent will prove their innocence, the guilty will

reveal their guilt. If you act with integrity, there is no need to fear. The truth will eventually come to light!"

The audience erupted in thunderous applause.

All were filled with admiration for Dean Chu's fair judgment.

Gu Shiyin's knees nearly buckled.

Although Dean Chu didn't convict her on the spot, losing her teaching position was a significant humiliation.

It was a bitter pill she found hard to swallow.

Especially with a quick glance, she saw Zuzi on the judges' panel, mindlessly sipping a milk tea and toying with a smartwatch, her indifferent, carefree demeanor especially infuriating!

As if Dean Chu's announcement of such severe punishment didn't matter to Zuzi at all.

Or perhaps, it was all in her expectations from the start!