

## Big Shot 811

Chapter 811: His Heart Is Filled with the Little Ancestor's Scent

Zuzi already expected that Xi Rubao and Gu Pinting wouldn't be able to defeat Gu Shiyin in a short time.

If the Ma Jia Monster could be easily defeated by two youngsters, then all these years would've been wasted.

She took a sip of peach-flavored milk tea, her slender fingers lightly tapping, and sent a message to Bao Gucheng on her smartwatch: "I've tasted it. It's not as good as Xiao Chenger's."

As she was reminiscing the crisp and refreshing flavor while looking at her watch screen, Chen Long suddenly squeezed through the crowd and stood behind Zuzi shakingly: "Miss Xi, Mr. Bo is in trouble, I beg of you..."

For Mr. Bo's sake, I'm willing to stay abstinent for three more years!

Before he could finish, his eyes caught the small line of words on Zuzi's smartwatch screen.

— Not as good as Xiao Chenger's.

Chen Long's entire face turned beet red!

Oh my, while thinking about pleading with our little ancestor, who knew Mr. Bo had already moved Miss Xi with milk tea? Miss Xi even took the initiative to message Mr. Bo?

Zuzi raised her head with a somewhat playful smile and looked at a flustered Chen Long: "He's fine now. This time, you can save your vows."

Chen Long felt utterly embarrassed and apologized repeatedly before retreating.

With his tail between his legs, he snuck outside and quickly called Bao Gucheng.

The previously broken signal finally connected, and from the other end, Bao Gucheng's slightly hoarse yet powerful voice came through: "Speak, what's up."

"Bo, Mr. Bo, aren't, aren't you in a pit?" Chen Long stuttered, blurting out a sentence.

Bao Gucheng replied irritably: "You're the one in a pit."

"No, cough, cough, cough, sir, I just heard about a landslide on your end... I was thinking Miss Xi might be able to help..."

"She's already been here."

Bao Gucheng's tone softened a bit, as his rough thumb gently caressed the small line of text he had just received on his phone, his heart filled with the soft aura of a little woman.

Little mouth really knows how to speak.

He traced over it word by word.

Chen Long paused: Miss Xi has already been here?

But Miss Xi clearly fainted just now, did she visit in a dream?

Anything related to Miss Xi always seems so mystical?

He couldn't clear up many question marks in his mind, but the one thing he did understand was: Mr. Bo and Miss Xi have reconciled, not breaking up, they're practically melting sugar in oil now!

Brimming with indescribable joy, he dashed back to the training base, his grin unstoppable.

He didn't know why, but he was just so happy!

He ran into Yin Hu, who was wearing boxing gloves and fighting with a punching bag. Seeing Chen Long's silly grin, Yin Hu couldn't help but ask, "Long, what's up with you?"

"Nothing much, just feeling great!"

Yin Hu: "..."

After a few seconds of silence, Yin Hu quietly reminded him: "Long, you should be more cautious. Mr. Bo just broke up with Miss Xi. It's not appropriate for you to be so cheerful all the time, unless Mr. Bo reconciles with Miss Gu. Then we can celebrate."

Chen Long rolled his eyes at him: "Stop talking nonsense! Mr. Bo hasn't even broken up..."

Halfway through, he suddenly stopped, glaring at Yin Hu: "Even if Mr. Bo broke up, it wouldn't be your Ma Jia Monster's turn! Don't even dream about it!"

Yin Hu mumbled: "It's not a dream though, they do make a fine pair."

Chen Long snorted: "Ha, let's drop it. Today at the competition site, I heard she was using the Tarot Master's evil technique to curse people. Such a woman is terribly ugly, only you would be blind enough to treasure her!"

Yin Hu was shocked: "Was she caught?"

"No, but she's suspended."

Yin Hu let out a sigh of relief, lowering his gaze: "Then there's no evidence, just rumors. Forget it, I know Miss Gu had done some inappropriate things before, making you all hold deep prejudices against her."

But actually, she's done a lot of good deeds in silence that you guys don't know about. She once taught me the five animal frolics for free..."

#### Chapter 812: The Bright White Moonlight in My Heart

Chen Long interrupted him, "Here we go again, here we go again. Didn't she just teach you a few punches and kicks? And now you're devoted to her for life?"

"She... indeed has done me a great favor."

"We have nothing in common, I'm out!" Chen Long's earlier cheerfulness was shattered, and he pouted as he entered the barracks.

Yin Hu sighed, turned back, and continued punching the sandbag.

Back in the day, he was the weakest among his brothers, always getting beaten black and blue and in a sorry state during competitions.

It was Miss Gu who didn't mind his weakness and kindly taught him a set of boxing techniques, even sparring with him herself.

After being thoroughly beaten by Miss Gu numerous times and mastering this boxing set, his physical strength, attack power, and endurance soared, and he soon won first place in an important match!

Even now, he's one of the top fighters among the brothers.

How could he not be grateful to Gu Shiyin?

Even with all the gossip outside, even having seen Gu Shiyin being pointed at and criticized, in his heart, the girl who reached out to help him back then is still unique.

She's irreplaceable, a bright moon in the night.

Yin Hu pressed his lips together and continued training harder.

There weren't many days left until the "Autumn Martial Arts Contest," and he had to put in more effort to win another Championship Cup, giving Miss Gu some face and clearing up misunderstandings about her.

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The academy competition ended with the group Xi Rubao was in, Group 23, taking the championship, while the group Chu Qiaoen was in, Group 22, was eliminated at the bottom in the second round.

Xi Rubao was happy for quite a while, holding the trophy like it was a prized possession, never letting it leave her hands.

But come dinner time, she suddenly seemed a little listless.

Wu Qianman curiously asked her, "Little Grass Fish, what's wrong? Winning a championship still doesn't make you happy?"

Xi Rubao pouted, "Haven't you heard? Military training starts next week!"

Wu Qianman: "Ah, I thought Imperial University would start classes directly without military training."

Xi Rubao: "No way, we will definitely have training. It's just that they said it was too hot when school started, so we waited for it to cool down a bit. Now that the forecast says it'll get cooler next week, our miserable days are about to begin!"

Wu Minghao was thrilled, "Miserable? I've been looking forward to it! Isn't moving around outside better than sitting in the classroom? Much better than dozing off to old professors droning on like monks!"

Xi Rubao: "Old professor droning?"

Wu Minghao: "Well, that old professor... On the first class, he told us that studying paleontology is mostly just guesswork."

Wu Qianman: "Ahem, Fat Mouse, don't say that, the professor has a sense of humor."

Wu Minghao: "What humor? Don't believe me, ask Little Ancestor, she heard it too, didn't that professor sound absurd?"

Zuzi was half-closing her eyes, a piece of peach blossom cake untouched in her tray, and she had just taken a sip from her peach blossom milk tea, her eyes lowered in deep thought, quite absorbed.

Suddenly, it got quiet around her, and the kids all looked at her. She lightly raised her eyelashes, looking somewhat lazy and casual, "Hmm? What about Ancestor?"

Xi Rubao hurriedly said, "Sis, the military training is coming, I'm so upset! Can you think of a way for me not to go? I'd rather go volunteer at an orphanage or wash dishes at the cafeteria, I just don't want to train."

Wu Minghao didn't understand, "Little Grass Fish, you're not the delicate type. I thought you were afraid of hardship, but you're willing to do tough work, so why are you so scared of just some training?"

Wu Qianman was also puzzled, "It's usually at most half a month to a month, it'll go by quickly, Baby."

Only Zuzi slightly curled her lips, "What? Afraid of getting tanned?"

Chapter 813: The Ultimate Sun Protection Secret; This Peach Is Not That Peach

Hearing Zuzi's words, Xi Rubao, who had her hands on her hips just a moment ago, immediately let them drop, looking bashful: "Mm-hmm, sis knows me best."

The other two: "..."

Turns out she was afraid of getting tanned, my goodness.

"Hey, hey, why are you looking at me like I'm some weirdo? Wu Minghao, you're just a dark-skinned guy, and Qian Man, your skin is so fair now. Of course, you don't understand the troubles of us with yellow skin."

Xi Rubao touched her face, lamenting: "I'm allergic to sunscreen, can't use an umbrella during training. Sigh, if only there was a secret formula to not get tanned... It's a shame I studied medicine and didn't learn any effective sunscreen formulas..."

Wu Qianman laughed: "Baby, if you could research a special sunscreen formula, you'd be way cooler than being an influencer. Every beauty-loving woman in the world would worship you like an Ancestor."

Wu Minghao didn't get it: "Is fair skin that important? From my male aesthetic perspective, it's not that crucial whether a girl is fair-skinned or not."

"Then tell me, is my sister beautiful or not?"

"Beautiful!"

"Is my sister fair-skinned?"

"Fair! Extremely fair, even whiter than the snow mentioned in the poem."

"So if my sister and I stand together, would you admire her or me?"

"Ha, do you even need to ask? Of course, Little Ancestor is number one."

"..." Xi Rubao glared at him, "So you say fair skin isn't important?"

Wu Minghao awkwardly rubbed his chin: "Ahem, ahem, the key is, besides being fair, Little Ancestor is also outstanding in every other aspect."

"That's the truth!" Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman rarely agreed with Wu Minghao's opinion.

Being praised with rainbow words, Zuzi stirred her Peach Blossom Milk Tea with a mix of amusement and exasperation: "It's actually not that hard to avoid getting tanned."

"Really, sis?"

"Zuzi, do you have a way?"

"Wow, Little Ancestor, please share it with us!"

"Hey, hey, Fat Rat, didn't you just say fair skin didn't matter?"

"Hehe, I was just thinking, if I could be a bit fairer, maybe I'd stand out more among a bunch of men, be more noticeable, you know? Think about it, on the training field, among a bunch of black coal ball-like men, there's just me, standing out, bright and clean like a jade tree in the wind..."

"..."

"Forget it, not arguing with you. Sis, what's the sunscreen secret? Is it your Immortal Candy?"

The three were eager to hear Zuzi's sunscreen secret.

After all, the most magical Immortal Candy from Ancestor could make people slimmer and fairer, but there was so little of it, and usually not given without major achievements.

Sure enough, Zuzi chuckled lightly: "Why use an elixir for such a trivial matter? You don't need an elixir for sunscreen. Just apply a little Peach Blossom Juice."

Peach? Peach Blossom Juice?

They looked at the Peach Blossom Milk Tea in Zuzi's cup.

It seemed ever since Vice Officer Chen brought a cup of Peach Tea, Little Ancestor drank it with great satisfaction. Whenever others ordered tea, Little Ancestor would always choose Peach Tea.

However, somehow, whenever Peach Tea was ordered afterward, Little Ancestor would just take a sip and never touch it again, as if it never had the same allure as the first cup.

The problem is, using peach blossoms to make drinks and food is fine, but for sunscreen? Seriously? Ancestor, you're not just playing with us, are you?

Zuzi saw everyone's gaze fixed on her teacup.

She couldn't help but smile: "This peach is not that peach. Fine, I'll make some Peach Blossom Juice for you guys to use."

She casually instructed the little crow a few words.

The little crow immediately fluttered off towards the east.

Xi Rubao, full of hope, raised her small fist: "Sis, if I have your Divine Artifact, I'll definitely be vibrant on the training field, girls won't lose to boys!"

Wu Minghao covered his head: "Baby, take it easy! This is just military training marching, not a martial arts competition!"

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## Chapter 814: The Ancestor's Purpose in Probing the Hexagram Array

The three continued their lively discussion, talking about the arrangements for military training and the little tricks to deal with the instructors that they overheard from senior students.

They were having a great time discussing.

Zuzi, resting her chin on her hand, fell into deep thought once again.

Earlier, she tasted the peach blossom tea, but the flavor wasn't quite right, making her think of Bao Gucheng, who was still dealing with the aftermath at the Hexagram Array.

The array was so dangerous, and yet it held his precious brothers. If this collapse happened a few more times today, Xiao Cheng might not survive until his birthday this year.

She pondered slightly, her Divine Sense slightly focused.

Earlier, she only briefly glanced at the activation date of the Hexagram Array, which was still upcoming, but she hadn't investigated the true purpose of the one who arranged it.

She dove into the Sea of Consciousness, staring into the void.

However, today, the things she usually could see clearly were shrouded in mist.

The person who arranged the array was truly ruthless, locking their purpose in their Sea of Consciousness. If one forced a probe, the entire Sea of Consciousness would directly vanish into dust.

Become an idiot.

Oh, what a crime.

An ancestor couldn't, without reason, turn someone into an idiot just to uncover their secrets.

Wait, the more she looked at this Hexagram Array, the more interesting it became.

Clearly a dangerous death gate, yet it subtly hides a life gate.

Life and death intertwined, death and rebirth...

Though the one who arranged the array was ruthless, they had some talent.

They managed to bring such an ancient remnant to such a level.

Zuzi sighed quietly.

At any rate, it's best to keep Xiao Cheng away from it.

Though she couldn't divulge heavenly secrets, hinting at Xiao Cheng to find the person who arranged the array might unravel all mysteries.

She thought for a moment, opened her eyes, and sent out a few words on her smartwatch: "Xiao Cheng, how is the patient you were going to visit at the hospital last time?"

Shortly.

The man quickly replied: "He woke up briefly for a few seconds, then fell back into a coma. I didn't have time to speak with him. Did Miss Zuzi have dinner?"

"Hmm, he needs to wake up."

Zuzi did not answer Bao Gucheng's question, only made a seemingly unrelated remark.

In the deep mountains, as the sunset hung low and the dim light shone on the phone screen, Bao Gucheng fell into thought looking at Zuzi's message.

The sudden concern from the little woman about whether the Old President was awake, did it mean something special?

It seemed he hadn't mentioned to her that he went to visit the Old President to find out if it was he who gave the orders that led to the harm of several brothers years ago.

Did she foresee something?

Unable to betray heavenly secrets, was she subtly hinting at him?

Should he figure it out himself?

Bao Gucheng gazed at the sunset, thinking of the brothers long buried beneath the earth... After a while, he stood up abruptly and dialed a number: "You mentioned last time, what kind of surgery could wake him up?"

Bai Fei, who was at home pestering Bai He to help him find Zuzi's dorm room number, absentmindedly answered the phone:

"What? Mr. Bo, you mean the Old President? Geez, in his condition, even surgery might not wake him up. His brain nerves are too severely damaged, maybe one surgery could end it all; otherwise, why are the family only daring to keep him on IV fluids in the intensive care unit, not daring to use any treatment methods? No one would dare sign for such a high-risk surgery, they simply chose to give up passively..."

Bao Gucheng's voice was deep: "Quit the nonsense. Just tell me, what are the odds of success with the surgery?"

As long as there's a glimmer of hope, he can't give up.

## Chapter 815: How Fierce Can They Be? Are They Going to Eat Us?

Bai Fei wiped his nose and finally gave it some serious thought: "Success rate... I think it's just about fifteen percent. Half a percent if heaven opens its eyes, and ten percent for him doing good deeds..."

Bao Gucheng snorted coldly: "Quack doctor."

"Hey, hey, hey, Mr. Bo, I'm serious! Most people wouldn't dare perform this surgery, for sure they'd tell you the success rate is zero. There's a reason I said that, ah, hang up on me again, Mr. Bo you're getting more heartless!" Bai Fei looked at the phone, filled with resentment.

When he looked up, Bai He was heading out again.

"Hey, hey, wait, sis how can you be so heartless too, you haven't told me Little Fairy's dorm room number yet? Or just tell me which building and I'll lay in wait!"

Bai Fei didn't bother with Bao Gucheng's problem and anxiously reached out to grab his own sister, "If I hadn't searched all the dorms at the History College and still couldn't find Little Fairy, I wouldn't be pestering you, sigh, wait for me..."

"No time! I'm going to work!" Bai He laughed, running faster than a rabbit.

Bai Fei muttered: "What work, isn't it just cooking, really, is it more important than finding Little Fairy? No way, I need to apply to teach at the History College, they might need a medical lecturer, right?"

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After Bao Gucheng hung up Bai Fei's call, he consulted several medical experts.

The answers had slight differences, but most shared the same judgment on the Old President's condition: "Even though the surgery has a chance for awakening, the odds are far too small, just one or two out of ten, the risk is really huge!"

Almost no one dared to support the Old President in undergoing a brain surgery to repair the damaged nerves.

But if they keep postponing the surgery, as Bai Fei said, it's just dragging time along, no different than giving up life, waiting as the body runs out of fuel, leading to natural death.

If so, why not take the gamble?

That's the logic, but no relatives were willing to take on the responsibility of signing for the surgery.

Bao Gucheng pondered for a long time and instructed: "Contact the Old President's family, return to the capital tonight, I will talk to them individually."

The responsibility they refuse, he accepts!

The signature they won't sign, he signs!

The consequences, he bears!

The hint the little woman gave him, he must hold tightly.

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Qingcheng University.

In Zuzi Xi's single room dorm.

Xi Rubao was helping her organize the military training supplies just handed out.

A huge woven bag, inside were uniforms for military training, a canteen, rubber shoes... even one of those really old-fashioned enamel food bowls!

Xi Rubao sorted and complained at the same time: "Sis, this military training uniform fabric is too rough, wouldn't my skin be rubbed raw after a few days? Oh my, how am I supposed to wear these rubber shoes, what era is it that we still have to wear such dreadful shoes! I might have underestimated the intensity of the training, later it's not about whether I turn darker, but with this thick hat all day, will I end up with a rash on my head, wailing..."

Wu Qianman was worried about something else: "When I just picked up the supplies, I heard from the girls in the next building that this year the drill instructors are very fierce!"

Xi Rubao was not concerned: "How fierce can they be, can they eat us up?"

Wu Qianman had a slightly serious expression: "Heard they're all legit from wild training bases, have been on real battlefields, super strict, definitely won't just go through the motions, train us casually and call it a day, afraid we'll shed a layer of skin in training... Babe, you still have time to worry about whether the clothes will rub your skin, I think you should worry whether your short legs will end up limping from running..."

Chapter 816: The Crooked Clay Man, Ancestor's Melancholy

What? The instructor is so fierce! Wants to make the short legs limp?

Xi Rubao nervously shook Zuzi's arm: "Sis, besides the sunblock Divine Artifact, do you have any Power Pills, Jinggu Pills, Anti-beating Divine Artifact or something like that...?"

Zuzi smiled thinly: "When you need them, we'll talk."

Xi Rubao coquettishly rubbed her arm: "Ah, having an immortal sister is so blissful, the cheating artifact is practically at your fingertips!"

Zuzi laughed and gently snapped her fingers: "But using the Divine Artifact consumes the virtue of doing 100 good deeds."

Xi Rubao suddenly stood up, her back straight: "What? That's not good, it's hard for me to persist in my daily three good deeds; I don't want the cheating artifact anymore, I'll do it myself, I can take the beating, I can run and jump, I'm not afraid of any fierce instructors... Bring it on!"

Zuzi couldn't help but chuckle: "..."

The little grass fish still cherishes the fruits of doing good deeds.

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Deep at night.

Zuzi, without a peach branch to rest on, spread a layer of gauze on the clothesline by the window, and lightly leaped up, lying sideways with her chin in hand.

Earlier at dinner, she probed the sea of consciousness of the one who arranged the formation; that person's face lingered in her mind.

Deep brows and bright eyes exuded rebellion, contours daring yet defined.

Not the face she remembered, but an inexplicable familiarity made her instinctively want to shy away.

In any case, she didn't want to see him!

But somehow, perhaps the Divine Sense probe was too deep, that face wouldn't leave her mind.

Causing her to neither sit nor lie comfortably.

She might as well go to sleep, though if that face appeared in her dreams, it would make the Ancestor more melancholy.

Ah, why did that human without Spiritual Energy grow a face so similar to her brother's; when she molded clay figurines back then, she certainly didn't mold that face type to pass down!

It grew crooked.

Definitely grew crooked.

Tossing and turning on the gauze-covered clothesline, stirring a shadow of moonlight shimmer.

Suddenly.

The curtain moved slightly, the tightly locked glass window pushed open from outside.

A man's sturdy silhouette leaped down.

He seemed surprised to find her "sleeping" on a clothesline, slightly taken aback.

In the next second, he regained his calm and stepped forward.

"Xiao Cheng'er?"

"Hmm."

"Weren't you supposed to return tomorrow?"

"Saw your message, so I came back."

In the dim moonlight, their voices whispered and resonated.

"Miss Zuzi, why aren't you asleep so late?"

"Some people I'm unhappy to see, trying hard to drive them away."

"Let me try helping to drive them away?"

Bao Gucheng, over six feet tall, stood well above the height of the clothesline, facing her little face at the moment.

Before she could answer, he took action.

His cool lips touched her slender lips, gently at first, then deeply.

The shadow of the moonlight swayed with the man's movement, casting a graceful dance; in an instant, Zuzi felt a burst of brilliant fireworks in her mind.

Just then, the person who arranged the formation, the annoying brother, all disappeared.

The man's kiss was indeed quite magical.

Zuzi couldn't help but lick her lips.

Forgetting entirely, his lips were still on hers!

Such a simple unconscious move, suddenly ignited an indescribable sensation in the man.

The sparks in his mind instantly spread into a wildfire...

Chapter 817: The Little Ancestor Is Just That Frank, Making People Care for Her Endlessly!

A long time passed.

The sparks finally died down.

Bao Gucheng couldn't resist and gently pecked the slightly reddened, moist lips of the little woman. His voice was deep and smiled, "Now, have we driven them away?"

Zuzi didn't want the man to feel too proud. She hesitated for a moment and then said slowly, "Well, they were driven away, but I ended up quite thirsty."

She turned around and reached for her teacup to hide her slightly warm cheeks.

Bao Gucheng chuckled quietly, "Didn't you say before that my taste is better than tea? Hmm?"

If you're thirsty, isn't drinking from me just right?

Zuzi's face turned a shade of red: "...!"

Ah, Ancestor really shouldn't talk so casually, it sounds like teasing a junior.

The key point is, she ends up being teased back by the young boy.

The atmosphere in the room was filled with a feeling softer than moonlight.

Bao Gucheng gently swung the clothesline, coaxing her to sleep as if he was letting her swing gently like a swing.

If he wasn't so bad at walking a tightrope on such thin ropes, he would have wanted to lie up there with her and fall asleep together.

A long time passed.

Suddenly, Zuzi opened her eyes: "Xiao Cheng'er."

"Hmm?" Bao Gucheng's arm muscles bulged beautifully as he controlled the right amount of strength to swing the swing, "I'm here."

Zuzi suddenly chuckled, "Xiao Cheng'er's taste is indeed better than tea."

Although teasing a junior isn't great, speaking truthfully surely won't bring down punishment from the heavens, right?

Zuzi's words successfully made the air freeze for a second.

The next moment.

Bao Gucheng's heart exploded with a "boom".

Without waiting for her to say anything more, he spread his arms and lifted her off the "swing", bending down to kiss her again.

He knew it, his little woman was different from all those dazzling flowers outside. She was so pure and innocent, always honest with her feelings instead of shyly covering them up.

That is truly her style.

And he, of course, would do everything he could to satisfy her, to love and cherish her!

The room temperature soared once again!

Just as the atmosphere was nearing a certain critical point, there came a "knock knock knock" at the door in the dead of night.

Bao Gucheng had no intention of paying attention, the strength on Zuzi's lips increased a bit.

However.

The person outside was persistent, continuing to "knock knock knock" without stopping.

Muttering, "I checked, and I was right. The little Fairy lives in this unregistered single professor's room, no one else knows. I saw Xi Rubao leave this building and followed the clues, knocking door to door, excluding other rooms, and finally found this one. I'm such a genius! Little Fairy? Little Fairy, it's me, your Xiao Bai bringing you a midnight snack..."

Bai Fei persistently knocked on the door.

Bao Gucheng's face was turning as dark as a storm cloud.

His frustration was almost entirely reflected in his kiss, and Zuzi whimpered softly, making him realize, "Did I hurt you?"

In the dim light, Zuzi shook her head gently.

It wasn't pain, it was just the outside noise being quite disruptive, making it hard for the Ancestor to fully appreciate the young boy's scent.

But Bai Fei was incredibly persistent.

After knocking for a long time with no response, he didn't leave dejectedly like a normal person.

Instead, he was filled with worry, "Could something have happened to the little Fairy alone in the room? No way, I need to save her!"

With that in mind, he acted.

Bai Fei stepped back a few steps, then accelerated towards the room's wooden door, launching a kick with a loud "bam—", convinced he looked extremely cool!

Chapter 818: Mr. Bo, You Can Go Rest Now—Leave the Little Fairy to Me

The wooden door of the dorm may not be very sturdy.

However, Bai Fei's kick... trying to break it down was a bit too ambitious.

All that could be heard was a series of "aaah" cries, followed by a heavy "thud"—he most likely failed to kick the door in and ended up sprawling all over the place.

Inside the dorm, Bao Gucheng, under the dim moonlight, stared coldly, emitting an aura of chilling intensity mixed with menace.

Zuzi, on the other hand, chuckled lightly, and floated out of his arms to open the door.

Sure enough.

As the door opened.

Bai Fei was clutching his foot, sprawled on the steps, with a swollen forehead.

"Did your little bone break?"

Zuzi was both amused and annoyed.

"Who told him to overestimate himself, thinking he could break in with his amateur skills?"

Bao Gucheng had a sullen expression, showing no hint of friendliness.

Seeing the fairy he had longed for day and night, Bai Fei froze for a moment, then disregarded Bao Gucheng's cold sarcasm, nearly moved to tears: "Little fairy, it's good to see you're alright. This little injury of mine is nothing, just a broken bone that can heal later! Little fairy, I've searched so hard for you, you know we are destined by fate, I'm your blind-date partner..."

Zuzi was indifferent: "A blind date? Hmm, Ancestor vaguely remembers such a thing."

Bao Gucheng's expression changed upon hearing this.

The last time Mr. Gu arranged the blind date, did he actually mean it?

The little woman hadn't attended the date, yet now this Bai Buzi was still tactlessly bringing it up again and again!

Bai Fei mumbled: "Why is it so hot in your room? It felt scorching hot the moment the door opened, is there a fire? No, why is there a cold chill..."

He shivered, belatedly bewildered upon seeing Bao Gucheng: "Mr. Bo, why are you here? Are you also here to protect the little fairy? Don't worry, I'll handle these things in the future, you can go have a rest. By the way, weren't you going to discuss the surgery with the Old President's family..."

Bao Gucheng resisted the urge to break his other leg, suppressing his voice to spit out a single word: "Scram...!"

The oppressive atmosphere was palpable.

Bai Fei, still unaware his doom was near, stubbornly shook his head: "No, I can't leave, I've just found the little fairy, haven't even poured out my longing..."

Seeing Bao Gucheng already raising his arm, ready to strike.

Zuzi stepped forward, bent slightly, her fingers brushed across Bai Fei's foot arch through thin air: "Alright."

Bao Gucheng's arm froze in mid-air: "You're healing him?"

The thick nasal tone showed a disbelief, a tint of jealousy.

The little woman rarely helped others; it either diminished her good fortune or drained her energy. She actually showed pity for this Bai Buzi?

While Bao Gucheng was sulking and Bai Fei was secretly delighted.

Zuzi smiled sweetly and replied to him: "Yeah, healed him, so he can listen to you—scram."

Otherwise, how can a crippled leg roll away.

Xiao Cheng Er, if you cripple the other leg, he will definitely not be able to leave, and you might end up sleeping in the dorm tonight.

At Bao Gucheng's sudden realization, his expression finally softened: "Alright."

Now it was Bai Fei's turn to be dumbfounded, his smug expression lasted only a few seconds before turning into woeful despair: "You...you guys...boo hoo, little fairy, you wouldn't be so heartless to me, would you? If Bao Gucheng has kidnapped and threatened you, just blink your eyes..."

Zuzi's big eyes didn't blink at all.

Bao Gucheng snorted, wrapping an arm around Zuzi's slim waist: "Leave before I do anything."

Chapter 819: How to Spend Every Day with a Fairy

Bao Gucheng coldly told people to leave.

Bai Fei's little stubborn temper flared up: "No, I'm not leaving. I, I haven't delivered the late-night snack I brought for the little fairy. I want to see her eat it... then I'll leave."

Zuzi: "..."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Are you clinging on now?

Seeing Bai Fei's leg, already healed by Zuzi, still being rubbed as he pretended to be pitiful, Bao Gucheng snorted, not hiding his disdain for even a moment:

"Only lonely singles need late-night snacks. Miss Zuzi and I don't need a late-night snack, you take it back and enjoy it yourself!"

The little expectation and stubbornness on Bai Fei's face shattered into pieces: "... Ugh, Mr. Bo you've changed, you, you..."

He couldn't find the words to describe it, anyway, he just felt that the brother before him, clearly also a lonely single, actually despised his own kind.

Miss Zuzi hasn't officially announced anything with Bao Gucheng!

We should all compete fairly!

He turned his head, eagerly looking at Zuzi: "Little fairy, do you really not want the late-night snack I painstakingly bought for you? Are you going to let this big bad wolf stay overnight? It's dangerous!"

Although he's not as good at cooking as Bai He, driving around the city to find the most popular late-night snack place is full of sincerity, right?

He eagerly waited for a reply, but heard Zuzi, with a half-smile, say "Ancestors don't eat late-night snacks."

Instantly, his heart shattered once more.

The corners of Bao Gucheng's lips, however, unmistakably turned upward.

Tonight the little woman was quite in tune.

Should he perhaps reward her a bit more with "pleasant air" later?

He was unaware.

The next second, Zuzi propped her chin, seriously saying: "Hmm, it's indeed quite late. You all should go home now."

Saying that, she waved her soft, fair wrists at the two of them, gracefully returning indoors.

The wooden door, without anyone pushing it, automatically closed behind her.

Bai Fei: "Little fairy! I can stay up all night, boo!"

Bao Gucheng glared at him fiercely.

A perfectly good spring evening was spoiled by this white mutt.

Bai Fei glanced back at him with grievance, clearly it was you, this wolf, that ruined things.

The two walked out of the campus, each preoccupied with their own thoughts.

As they reached the entrance, a large military training banner had been put up overnight: "Enhance physical and mental strength, display the splendor of Imperial University!"

Bai Fei pouted: "Enhance strength and spirit, huh? It's not cool with this autumn heat. Don't let a few delicate little girls faint... wait a minute!"

New students have to go through military training?

The little fairy is a new student?

Suddenly, Bai Fei had a revelation.

Military training requires doctors, experienced ones who know how to use medicine, and most importantly, who are available and caring. I'm the perfect fit.

If the little fairy accidentally suffers from heatstroke, he could lend her his broad shoulders and arms, and personally feed her medicine...

Though the little fairy seems to have better medical skills than him...

But, no matter what, it's definitely a once-in-a-lifetime chance to be with the little fairy day and night.

Bai Fei hurriedly shut his mouth, afraid Bao Gucheng would hear, and with his hands in his pockets, sneaked off in a hurry: "Mr. Bo, bye-bye!"

Bao Gucheng made no comment, got into the car with a sullen face.

He drove overnight to the hospital where the Old President was, consulting with the Old President's family outside the intensive care unit for a long time...

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Imperial University's freshman military training formally began.

At the mobilization assembly, the vast stadium was packed with people.

Wu Qianman stood next to Zuzi, whispering: "Zuzi, I heard the girls saying that although this year's instructor is quite strict, he's pretty handsome..."

Chapter 820: Comparisons That Underrate Mr. Bo Are So Infuriating

"Hm?"

Zuzi was lost in thought, slightly raised her chin, and looked at a flock of birds circling in the sky, her Phoenix Eyes half-closed.

Wu Qianman continued, "Zuzi, but I think no matter how handsome he is, he can't be more handsome than Mr. Bo. Mr. Bo is a real man..."

Zuzi slightly curled her lips, "Mm-hmm." Indeed, the guy is quite manly.

In the front row, a little girl with braided hair heard their conversation and couldn't help but turn her face slightly, whispering, "Bo... who is he? Is he a new instructor this year?"

Wu Qianman didn't know this little girl, but judging by the seating arrangement, there was a Medical College team in front of them, meaning this little girl was a freshman from Xi Rubao's college?

Out of courtesy, Wu Qianman replied, "No."

The braided girl spoke softly, "Although I don't know who the man you're talking about is, I think he can't compare to this year's instructors, especially Instructor Yan. He's even more handsome than male celebrities."

Although Wu Qianman was curious about the new instructor, she might have been interested, but if she compared him to Bao Gucheng, she would surely feel that Mr. Bo is unrivaled in handsomeness.

Therefore, hearing such a comparison that belittled Mr. Bo made her very upset.

"Are you sure you've seen male celebrities in person? If you're using the ones on TV covered with a thick layer of makeup, more than female celebrities, and with soft lighting that distorts their face as a reference, maybe that Instructor Yan can be considered handsome, but compared to Mr. Bo... sorry, Mr. Bo doesn't care to be compared to them!"

Wu Qianman defended the Ancestor without hesitation, fiercely protective.

After all, she had acted in TV dramas and mixed in crews, her words were sharp.

The girl pursed her lips, unable to retort, muttered a line, "You'll know when you see Instructor Yan, for now, I won't argue with you."

"I didn't want to argue, you were the one who interrupted,"

Wu Qianman was a bit annoyed, she was just stating facts, but it seemed like she was bullying others.

Beside her, a lazy, clear voice from Zuzi sounded: "Xiao Man, come, this is yours."

Zuzi extended her fair wrist slightly, and the birds circling in the sky obediently swooped down, lightly brushed her palm like dragonflies skimming the water, dropping a few crystal drops like pearls.

Wu Qianman cautiously took them, "Zuzi, this is...?"

Zuzi squinted her eyes, reached out to shield herself from the harsh sunlight, "Isn't it what you and little fish wanted? Forgot?"

What she and little fish wanted?

Wu Qianman realized, could it be that what she casually mentioned during dinner that day was some kind of sun protection Divine Artifact?

The Ancestor said Peach Blossom Juice works, but ordinary peach blossoms don't?

So...

Were those birds helping the Ancestor collect Peach Blossom Juice just now?

There was still a flock of birds in the sky, does that mean...

While pondering, a harsh thunderclap streaked across the sky, making all teachers and students shiver involuntarily.

The birds were startled and scattered, but they regrouped under the safe eaves to avoid the thunder only after Zuzi waved her jade fingers gently.

Wu Qianman was still rattled, "Zuzi, where exactly are those peach blossoms from? Can they really be used?"

Zuzi smiled, "Both the peach juice and peach gum have been processed. Just use them, there won't be any issue."

Wu Qianman gently squeezed the "pearl" in her palm, and sure enough, it seemed solid but was actually jelly-like, melting with the warmth of her palm.

She quickly applied it to her face, and instantly felt a refreshing cool sensation all over her body.

The harsh sunlight shone on her face, but there was no sense of burning at all!