

## **Big Shot 871**

Chapter 871: What Kind of Photos Were Secretly Taken of You?

Bai He was afraid that the little ancestor would send those two guys to accompany her, leaving her behind.

Thus, she looked pitifully at Xi Zuzi, not daring to blink.

After a while of anxiety, she saw Xi Zuzi smile slightly, "Alright then, Ancestor will accompany you."

"Woo woo Zuzi is the best!"

"It's nothing, we'll just do three good deeds on the way."

"Woo!"

Bai He felt that her little thoughts seemed to be seen through by Xi Zuzi, but the little ancestor saw through without exposing, clearly choosing to accompany her and saying it was to conveniently do good deeds, so kindly taking care of her little emotions, making her feel she still had a tiny bit of presence.

So moved, woo woo.

The three women paused their game, following Xi Zuzi out of the private room.

As soon as they stepped out, they heard a noisy commotion in the corridor, a group of people blocked their way to the restroom.

"I, I was photographed tonight at your bar and posted online, I have to get justice!"

"Miss, that's impossible, our bar is strictly managed, no one would secretly photograph you."

"But I clearly played here tonight, didn't go anywhere else, just leaned on the table for a moment after drinking too much, turned around and my photos were posted everywhere, making my boyfriend think I was out doing something indecent, wants to break up with me, woo woo!"

"Uh... Miss, that's your own problem. You drank too much, maybe you asked someone to take your picture?"

"!...! I could never do something like that, you're talking nonsense! I demand to see the surveillance!"

"Miss, we run a bar, we've seen plenty like you, done something but won't admit it, and even counter-accuse? Want surveillance, you think just anyone can view it? We're not a charity, don't cause a fuss, or we'll toss you out, that'll be ugly!"

"You all, woo woo, you're bullying people!"

"Haha, we haven't even started bullying you, do you know what bullying is, want to try?"

A girl who looked no older than eighteen or nineteen seemed to have had some inappropriate photos taken and came seeking justice.

But ended up surrounded by bodyguards, laughed and ridiculed, completely unable to resist.

Xi Rubao, Bai He, and Wu Qianman were all the type to shout when seeing injustice, how could they stand seeing the young girl bullied?

They immediately went up to push away the bodyguards and pulled the young girl behind them, "What's going on? Just let the young girl check the surveillance!"

The bodyguards saw it was people coming from the VIP room, their faces becoming more courteous, "Dear guests, you might not know, we can't accept this kind of false accusation, it would damage our reputation!"

"Ha, that's funny, how does this damage reputation? If it's not your bar doing the secret photography, it can clear suspicions, if the one who took the photos is found, then the blame is on them, right? But refusing to check, doesn't that make you all look guilty?"

"This..." The bodyguards were speechless.

Unable to argue with the sharp tongues of the three women, they could only ask for instructions from the higher-ups.

The bar owner was busy playing games with Nangong Mo, no mood to deal with them, just dismissed with, "Don't bother me, if the VIP wants to check, let them check, make sure they're happy."

With the owner's approval, the bodyguards no longer troubled the young girl, leading them together to the surveillance room to check tonight's surveillance footage.

"What kind of photos were taken of you?" Bai He asked curiously.

Chapter 872: The Most Unexpected Trap, Exposed by the Little Ancestor!

Upon hearing, the little girl's face turned crimson red as she shyly took out her phone: "It's this one..."

In the pitch-black background, she was bare-chested, drunk with her eyes closed and swaying, every detail was clearly visible!

Oh my god.

Even the carefree Bai He and Xi Rubao, both being women, blushed upon seeing it.

Not to mention Wu Qianman, who quickly bowed her head, embarrassed to look any longer.

On the contrary, Zuzi glanced casually at the photo, pondering slightly as her red lips opened: "Hmm, Ancestry was a bit careless when creating this, didn't pay attention to the symmetry details. In the future, it should be consistent in size..."

Everyone was stunned: "..."

Little Ancestor, when you say inconsistency in size, you wouldn't be referring to... XXX, would you??

Everyone started checking the surveillance cameras, reviewing the footage from all corners of the bar, but didn't find any trace of the young girl being photographed secretly.

After getting drunk, she spent most of her time lying on the table. When she couldn't hold it anymore and wanted to go to the bathroom, her female friend accompanied her, and nothing seemed off.

The bodyguards felt smug: "Well, little girl, what did we say earlier? We operate a business openly, and there are many here to pick a fight! This photo might have been taken at home during an intimate X moment with your boyfriend, haha!"

The girl was so anxious she cried: "No, I didn't! I've just started college and still live in a dormitory... Boohoo, don't falsely accuse me..."

Xi Rubao saw the girl in distress, feeling a hundred times more anxious herself, scratching her head for a while until a sudden inspiration struck: "Could there be a pinhole camera in the bathroom?"

The bodyguards chuckled: "You're reading too many novels!"

Xi Rubao insisted on checking the bathroom, offering the girl one last glimmer of hope.

The bodyguards, eager to watch the spectacle, didn't stop her.

Sure enough, after searching the women's restroom for a long time, not even a pinhole was found.

The last hope shattered.

The girl held her head and wept bitterly.

She was about to be thrown out of the bar in disgrace, even though she was the victim of a scandalous photo being forced to bear the consequences...

Zuzi stood in front of the restroom mirror and suddenly said lightly: "Stop."

With just two simple words, the unruly smirking bodyguards stood frozen in their tracks: "Why, why?"

Zuzi pointed at the mirror with her jade-like finger and said blandly: "Smash it."

The bodyguards' faces changed!

"No, we can't, our boss spent a fortune on this renovation, it can't be damaged!"

"Even as VIPs, you can't abuse your power like this. You can't find a camera so you're smashing the bar, it's too much!"

"Believe it or not, our big boss will blacklist you in the city in no time..."

In their nervousness, all sorts of threats were blurted out.

This made the initially clueless Xi Rubao start sensing something fishy: "What are you afraid of? Is there a problem with the mirror? Is the camera hidden behind it? Sister Bai He, if they won't, we will!"

A few girls picked up anything they could reach—a mop stick, decorative vase, stainless steel fittings—and fiercely smashed the large wash basin mirror.

"Crash—!"

With a shattering sound, the entire mirror wall cracked.

Then an unbelievable scene appeared: behind the mirror, instead of a hidden camera, there was an entire VIP room concealed.

Inside, a group of men were eagerly observing everything in the women's restroom through a visible one-way mirror.

This included the girl's drunken state, her using the toilet without closing the stall door, changing clothes... all kinds of things!

Chapter 873: How About I Let You Choose This Time?

Holy shit, what's this outrageous trick?

A mirror that looks completely ordinary, but people on the other side can freely see everything about you.

Now, sleazy men don't even need to sneak photographs; they just set up a one-way mirror and brazenly spy on people!

"Damn, if my sister hadn't exposed you, who knows how many innocent girls you guys would have harmed! Go to hell!"

Xi Rubao, steaming with anger, rushed into the private room holding a mop, a vase, and a stainless steel pipe, along with Bai He and Wu Qianman, jumping up onto the sink to swing at them.

Just learned military boxing today, putting it to use instantly, fighting with great vigor.

The men, who were just watching the women's restroom with great interest, were beaten into panic, scrambling under the table begging for mercy.

The girl who had been crying finally stopped sobbing; timid and frail she gritted her teeth and climbed onto the sink, jumping into the opposite room to join the battle.

The bodyguards who were being defiantly tough just stood frozen, not daring to intervene.

The secret of VIP Room 1888 is the most hidden feature of their bar, only known within the circles of a few rich young guys.

Sick of the usual big meals, many of them prefer this—ordinary sneak peeks are too dull, but this live spying on the women's restroom gets their blood pumping.

Especially when drinking, they can watch to their heart's content, comment at will, those unsuspecting girls are the perfect side dish with drinks, the feeling of having it all under control is simply delightful.

Who knew it would be exposed today!

The brawl in the private room lasted for quite a while.

Xi Rubao had no mood for the restroom or games, pulling Zuzi to leave.

Bai He looked guilty: "When I get home, I'll beat my useless brother. While he stays clean and doesn't come here to mess around, he only says half and doesn't explain clearly, turns out there's no shady dance here, but there are shady mirrors! These dirty men, dirty men!"

Wu Qianman didn't forget to call the police, accusing this bar's sleazy behavior, hoping officers could come to shut it down and clean up.

The four left the bar by car, seeing sirens wailing across the street, couldn't help but marvel at encountering oddities just by coming out for a drink or a game.

Xi Rubao retrospectively remembered the words Zuzi agreed upon coming out, feeling amazed: "Sis, no wonder you said coming out could just incidentally do three good deeds today, we just saved that girl, and also wrecked this bar's sleazy money-making tool, invisibly saving more girls!"

Zuzi just smiled silently.

The three women's emotions surged, having done a good deed, but since this incident, they only feel all mirrors in public venues now exude an unsafe aura.

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VIP Room 1998.

Nangong Mo was engrossed in gaming.

Suddenly, the woman he was networking with disappeared again.

Unlike previous times when she suddenly ran off, this time he waited for a long time and she didn't come back, moving on to a few more storyline scenes, still no sign of her.

He patiently waited a while longer, and she finally appeared again, his heart leaping.

Never before has he been so invested in something at his age; he now seemed like a teenager addicted to online games, eagerly approaching to converse with the female protagonist: "Little sister, you're back? Brother promises not to push you this time, willing to let you choose voluntarily, alright?"

Chapter 874: What He Really Cares About Is Still That Game!

Nangong Mo shamelessly sent over a line, and the woman in a long dress on the screen coyly smiled back at him, saying gracefully, "Sure, brother."

Nangong Mo was petrified: "..."

Damn, this response, he's been longing for since who knows how many years.

Yet, when it truly appears before him one day, surprisingly, it doesn't feel as thrilling as imagined.

What's going on?

Why did the girl agree to be with him so easily?

She was completely hostile just awhile ago, treating him with disdain and slapping him at every chance.

Suspicious, he said a few more words, and she responded cooperatively, with gentleness and shyness.

The strategy worked exceptionally well!

Nangong Mo's temple throbbed with veins, finally losing his patience, he roared, "What's going on?"

Even if he were an idiot, he'd sense that the woman in the game now was completely different from the one before, absolutely another person!

The bar owner replied timidly, "In response to Fourth Master, perhaps... maybe... uh... the female netizen went offline... the system automatically switched to AI interaction with you, cough cough cough..."

Seeing Nangong Mo about to flip the table or ceiling, he hurriedly remedied, "Fourth Master, calm down, calm down. Although the female netizen went offline, I can find her! Because our 'strategy brother(sister)' game is copyrighted, it can only be played in the bar. She's definitely here, maybe went to the restroom, maybe... well, went dancing! I'll check immediately!"

Nangong Mo's face finally eased a bit.

A few minutes later, the bar owner pulled up the background data and found the room where Zuzi and her friends were: "Oh dear, isn't it a coincidence, they're just in the next room, 1999 room. Fourth Master, why not go in and check... cough cough cough, no, I'll bring them over for you to see!"

Nangong Mo said gravely, "I'll go personally."

As the two opened the door to the next room, they heard a loud shattering noise from the other end of the corridor.

Having to attend to Nangong Mo, the bar owner didn't dare leave to check, afraid of being blamed for poor management by Nangong Mo, he quickly coaxed him into 1999 room, "Fourth Master, the attendant said they went to the bathroom, they'll be right back, please wait a moment."

He waited.

After several minutes passed.

Only when police sirens blared downstairs and the bar owner's phone rang incessantly, did he realize something had happened in the restroom outside.

Nangong Mo entered the room with the smashed mirror with a stern face, looking at the unrecognizable guests who were beaten by three women, his face darkened again!

The bar owner felt like burying his head in a hole.

It was hard enough getting the big BOSS to inspect, why are bizarre things happening one after another?

"Fourth Master, I'll, I'll get someone to haul that female guest out, dare to damage our place like this, she, she must be severely punished!"

He thought this tough stance would please the BOSS.

Unexpectedly, Nangong Mo kicked forward, each glance causing any man not yet knocked down to be kicked to the ground, treating guests and bodyguards alike: "Idiots, if it weren't for your mess, that round should've gone all the way!"

Before the officers arrived, he punished these guests and bodyguards, dealing harsher blows.

Everyone: "..."

Bar owner: "..."

Turns out Fourth Master was worried about that game round in the end, goodness!

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At this moment.

Bao Gucheng was in the hospital browsing his phone, the screen paused on a scene of watching the sunrise by the sea with Zuzi.

Chapter 875: Playing the Dating Game!

Sunrise over Fusang.

The radiant morning sun seems to be riding the Three-legged Golden Crow's golden carriage, driving up into the clouds.

At this moment, the magnificent scenery that appeared in Bao Gucheng's hands was considered a top-tier, exquisite production in the gaming circle.

However, the man had no interest in the scenery; his gaze was fixed solely on the figure in white on the screen, sitting beside him on the coastal rocks watching the sunrise.

Zuzi had gone to the restroom, and with no one controlling the computer mouse, the white figure remained motionless, leaving the plot unable to proceed.

Still, even a static figure was not enough for him to look away.

After a while, and she hadn't returned, Bao Gucheng felt something was amiss.

He was just about to make a call.

Suddenly, the character on the screen moved.

Zuzi's character, the "White-clothed Sister," suddenly turned her little face and said to him: "Where are you now?"

Bao Gucheng was slightly startled: "The hospital."

He had been waiting by the operating room in the hospital; didn't she know?

After a moment's thought, he added, "The corridor. On a hard bench."

Perhaps the little woman wanted to know if he had a place to rest at night?

Of course, he should make it sound as pitiful as possible.

Indeed, he was sitting alone on the hard bench in the hospital corridor, feeling very lonely.

Just as he finished speaking, "Zuzi" spoke again in the game: "Do you find this crappy game fun?"

Bao Gucheng's lips twitched slightly: "If you like it, I'll accompany you, no matter what it is."

The other party was silent for a few seconds, then suddenly sent over two words: "Fool."

Bao Gucheng's brows furrowed: "..."

On the other side of the network.

Nangong Mo had trashed room VIP1888, knocked down guests and bodyguards all over the place, and still felt unsatisfied. He returned, with a dark face, to room VIP1999 where Zuzi had previously been playing.

The room was empty.

Only the computer screen was still flickering with a dim light.

He swept his gaze coldly, instantly dismissing the childish games Bai He, Xi Rubao, and Wu Qianman were playing, his eyes focused on the screen of "Brother Strategy."

Unable to control himself, he walked over and sat down.

His hand fell on the keyboard, almost without thinking, and he continued following the storyline that Zuzi hadn't finished.

He wanted to see who the girl, with whom he thought he had great chemistry in the game just now, was currently confronting!

She abandoned him midway to throw herself into another man's arms?

His fingers clattered on the keyboard, exchanging a few sentences with the other side.

"Ha, hospital corridor? Turns out you're just a night-shift janitor? At such a level?" Nangong Mo sneered, sending the two words over, "Fool."

After cursing, he still felt unsatisfied, angrily clicking the mouse on the screen a few times, inadvertently opening the item bar. Upon clicking, what do you know, there were quite a few Immortal Elixirs hidden inside... of course, there were also deadly poisons.

He snorted, selected a bottle of "Wild Poison Vine Juice" and looked at the item description: this poison never misses, and the drinker would feel like being pierced by a thousand arrows, with blood oozing from their seven orifices, dying a miserable death.

He would use this!

Anyone trying to court the sister he chose, even in a virtual world, deserved to bleed from their seven orifices.

Nangong Mo held the Wild Poison Vine Juice, turning to take the sister's hand: "This sunrise is so dull, why don't brother accompany me for a walk by the sea?"

If he was to poison the other side, he'd have to stomach the disgust and say something fitting the character setup.

As expected, the other party seemed moved by his affectionate tone, immediately standing up: "Alright, let's listen to sister then."

Chapter 876: The Most Scheming Man Is Still Mr. Bo!

"How does my sister find the seaside scenery?"

"Very good."

"Then I'll often bring my sister here to relax in the future."

"Okay."

When Nangong Mo thought about playing this strategy game, pretending to be someone's sister (or brother), with a grown man, he got goosebumps.

But he used his powerful will to persist and continued to deliberately speak sweetly and softly, matching the persona he was playing, making the bar owner standing respectfully behind him almost petrified.

No way, to think their boss has a fetish for dressing in women's clothes!

He learned so much today; would Shark silence him for it?!

However, when he saw Nangong Mo while walking secretly moving the Wild Poison Vine Juice from the item bar to the hand behind his back, and raising his hand to prepare to ambush the opponent, he was finally relieved—

The boss was still the ruthless, merciless CEO; playing a role was just to confuse the enemy.

Wait, but why would the CEO bother with a virtual character, ahh, does this acting-obsessed boss not have a split personality?

Nangong Mo surveyed the terrain, stopped: "Brother, I'm tired, can you hold me to rest for a bit?"

The man on the computer's other end paused, saying calmly, "Resting is fine, but men and women should not touch, holding you is improper."

Nangong Mo: "... Tsk, pretending. Stupid man.

As a fellow man, he knew the little sneaky thoughts the other harbored in his heart.

But, the opportunity arose!

Nangong Mo gripped the Poison Bottle in his hand, ready to take advantage of the moment and splash it at the other person.

Suddenly—

Blood splattered everywhere!

The entire screen was filled with hyper-realistic blood, making one involuntarily close their eyes, fearing it might splash into them!

Damn, the game effects are incredible.

However, when he reacted in the next second, he realized something was wrong.

He wasn't a character in the game, wouldn't feel pain, so he hadn't realized whose blood it was, but now that he'd reacted, he realized the Wild Poison Vine Juice in his hand hadn't had a chance to be spilled.

Which meant, the blood now, was his!

His gaze moved on the screen, finally seeing a dagger buried deep in his heart.

"Idiot."

His opponent arrogantly and calmly left a final message, "Since you love walking by the seaside so much, let's have you walk endlessly."

With that, the opponent grabbed him up and tossed him into the sea!

Immediately, strings of dead gray text appeared on the screen:

"GAME OVER!"

"You failed to strategize against brother, got counter-killed!"

"Please mourn, see you in the underworld!"

Ugh, he was tricked by the other.

Nangong Mo furiously punched the computer screen: "Dig up that stupid man's IP address for me! Which hospital's cleaner dares to trick me!"

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Hospital corridor.

Bao Gucheng quit the game, adjusted his phone security software to the highest level, closed the phone screen.

"A fool in the bar dares to pretend to be my woman and confront me?"

After thinking awhile, he signaled Chen Long who was patrolling outside the window.

Chen Long jogged in: "Sir, do you want to take a break? I can watch for you?"

Bao Gucheng shook his head: "Have Yin Hu come replace you on the night shift, you take a break."

Chen Long: "Sir, you forgot, Yin Hu applied for a night off to join a martial arts competition tomorrow."

Sir, not resting himself, but worrying about him being tired, their Sir is so warm!

Chen Long's heart was sweet.

Chapter 877: I'm Not as Smart as Zuzi, Please Don't Dislike Me...

Upon hearing that Yin Hu can't cover the shift due to his leave, Bao Gucheng pondered, "If that's the case, then you don't have to work the night shift now."

Chen Long: "Ouch! Thank you..."

The boss is the warmest in the world!

Bao Gucheng: "First go to the bar and delete the surveillance of her, and then head to Imperial University to watch over her tonight, to prevent anyone from bothering her."

"Huh? Her?" Chen Long was taken aback, then understood: "Yes!"

Oh oh oh, the boss let him rest just to change the location of the night shift, the boss is actually worried about Miss Xi, taking care of Miss Xi, how could he be so self-absorbed to think he was being cared for.

Deservedly, he's a single dog oh oh oh.

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Chen Long handled the follow-up matters at the bar, but unexpectedly discovered that there was no evidence of Xi Zuzi's appearance in the bar's surveillance. He wondered who might have erased it.

He figured that Sister Bai He and the others did it to protect Xi Zuzi, didn't give it much thought, and hurriedly rushed to Imperial University to stand watch outside Xi Zuzi's single dorm.

Actually, he had arranged some personnel before, but since he has the best reconnaissance and reflex skills, Bao Gucheng sent him because he especially trusts him.

The night was cool as water, and he was bored. He quietly practiced his boxing moves in the dark to avoid falling asleep...

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The night passed peacefully.

"Sister, last night's bar was a scam. I'm so traumatized that I'm scared of being watched wherever I go today!" Xi Rubao went to Xi Zuzi's dorm to complain first thing in the morning.

Xi Zuzi smiled slightly, "Then let's not go out."

Xi Rubao was reluctant: "But sister, we hardly get a day off, it seems like a waste not to go out..."

Xi Zuzi: "So?"

Xi Rubao squatted down like a kitten and hugged her sister's leg, "My dear ancestor sister, why don't you use your divine power once to predict where we can go for a smooth and good day?"

Xi Zuzi couldn't help but laugh, "Well, that would cost you ten good deeds."

Xi Rubao immediately shook her head, "Forget it, sister, I can't waste the good deeds I've accumulated. Why don't we let Sister Bai He arrange it? Didn't she say there was an interesting show today, and she has inside tickets to invite us? Watching a show shouldn't cause any trouble, right?"

Xi Zuzi: "Hmm."

Anyway, she was free, so it wouldn't hurt to take a trip.

A few people headed to the parking lot to meet Bai He, passing by a tennis court where they saw two familiar figures practicing military boxing.

Looking closer, it was Instructor Yan and Bian Xiaohong.

They were being so close, hand in hand with the guidance!

Xi Rubao: "Sister, they're shameless, not avoiding anything in broad daylight!"

Wu Qianman: "I remember Vice Officer Chen punished him to reflect in seclusion, and he's sneaking out to do this and that with a girl? Zuzi, should we report him?"

"Let it be," Xi Zuzi said calmly.

Such minor characters, the ancestor doesn't care much.

Quarreling with the younger generation is beneath her dignity.

After the three left,

In the tennis court, Bian Xiaohong suddenly stopped, nervously saying, "Instructor, Xi Zuzi and her friends were glaring at us fiercely for a while, could they be planning to make trouble for us?"

"Ignore her! She's nothing, can't cover the sky with one hand."

"Yeah, I know. I'm just worried about involving and affecting you. I, I don't mind myself."

"Silly girl."

"Ooo, Instructor, I know I'm not as smart as Student Xi and the others, please don't dislike me..."

Chapter 878: Is the Little Ancestor Bad at Boxing?

Disdain?

Instructor Yan glanced at Xi Zuzi's departing figure and sneered:

"No, she's far inferior to you. Just a rural girl who doesn't know any boxing, only brute force, getting by with backdoor tactics to fudge a score."

"Yes, she should clearly have scored zero. It's a pity that we honestly followed you, Instructor, to study and finally got a full score, only to have it devalued by her..."

Xiao Hong nodded like a pecking chicken to agree with the instructor, successfully making the other party extremely comfortable.

"Xiao Hong, practice well. In a few days, for the military boxing performance, I'll arrange for you to lead the team in front, you'll definitely shine! What does she count for?"

"Instructor, I'm all yours..."

"You must win face back for me!"

Instructor Yan was deeply aggrieved when thinking of being scolded to a sorry state by his superiors yesterday because of Xi Zuzi.

Back then, Vice Officer Chen even said that the rural girl was more capable than all of them, which he strongly suspected of being an excuse.

How could she be more capable than him?

This set of military boxing was designed and invented by him!

Constrained by his superiors' dignity, he couldn't openly rebut, so he decided to let his excellent student Xiao Hong win back his honor!

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Bai He drove the flashy off-road vehicle, taking Xi Zuzi and others to a well-known sports arena in the Imperial City.

Comparing with the bustling Peace Palace sports arena with endless streams of people, this place was deserted and heavily guarded.

When they parked in the courtyard, Bai He even had to get out for inspection, with fingerprint verification and full-body scan, and finally had four invitation cards verified before letting them in.

"Aren't we here to watch a performance? Sister Bai He, this... why does it feel like entering a black market exchange?"

"Pff—Baby, you talk as if you've been to a black market."

"No, it's just why there's so many guards at the entrance, as if some big shots need protection, afraid of us causing trouble or what?"

"Haha, that is somewhat the case. After all, today's performance inside is competitive, and all participants are skilled, lots of national treasures..."

Bai He spoke more and more mysteriously.

Xi Rubao listened with growing curiosity.

Even the quiet Wu Qianman became curious: "What competition could it be?"

Only Xi Zuzi remained calm, walking leisurely, lazily raising her brows: "Probably, the kind where people fight back and forth?"

Little Ancestor's guess was spot on!

Upon entering the main stadium, they found the grandstand packed, flags held high from all directions, cheering for their favored contestants.

And at the center of the arena, the competition was already in full swing.

"It's actually... boxing???"

Xi Rubao stared blankly, seating herself at the VIP section that Bai He arranged.

Due to tight seating, VIP tickets were gone, so Bai He got internal guest tickets, placing a few chairs directly in front of the VIP seats.

Though simple, it offered a broader view, arguably the best position in the venue.

Even the hairs on both contestants were visible.

"Wow, it's a handsome soldier fight! Wow wow wow, I want to cheer them on!" Xi Rubao saw several contestants waiting in similar outfits to Chen Long, the number of stripes on their shoulders varied.

Wu Qianman pointed across: "Why are there foreigners?"

Bai He explained: "Originally, this was our Empire's annual all-arms martial contest, later on to promote international friendship and cooperation, some foreign friends were invited to observe. Unexpectedly, the foreigners felt itchy watching, begging persistently to form teams and join the contest, aiming to win first place and mock our soldiers for fun."

"Shameless!"

"Despicable!"

"Army brothers, give them a lesson!"

The three girls discussed heatedly, seated centrally, Xi Zuzi's gaze, however, fixed afar: "He's here too?"

Chapter 879: The Little Ancestor Won't Take This Bet

"Who? Who's coming?"

Bai He couldn't help but ask.

Zuzi slightly narrowed her phoenix eyes, but didn't seem to really care: "Nothing much, just a junior. Not worth mentioning."

Bai He followed Zuzi's gaze.

She saw a young soldier, broad and sturdy with sun-darkened skin, yet a slightly simple and shy look, striding confidently forward.

Not far behind him was a mysterious old man shrouded in a black robe, his face hidden but with one dry, decrepit arm showing, surrounded by several foreign contestants like stars supporting the moon.

Hey, these two are obviously not of the same group.

Bai He thought their little ancestor definitely wouldn't care to see those ugly foreigners, she must be looking at that simple and shy soldier.

What a coincidence, Bai He recognized him, isn't he the personal guard who, like Chen Long, often hangs around Mr. Bo?

"What was he called again? Brother Hu, right, they called him Brother Hu. His looks and personality are a big contrast, don't be fooled by his size, he's really good-tempered and extremely honest, the type to blush around women, haha, didn't expect him to be a contestant today."

She remembered a few years back when visiting the Bao Family with Bai Fei, Brother Hu hesitated to give candy to a little girl like her and wouldn't even look at her directly, turning his head, as funny as can be.

Maybe the little ancestor also thinks he's funny?

Zuzi remained noncommittal, glanced again at the group of foreigners behind Yin Hu, and then retracted her gaze: "Is there betting on tonight's competition?"

Xi Rubao was watching with great interest: "Yeah, sis, look, this VIP Exclusive Manual says it's a special on-site betting event organized by the arena owner to boost audience excitement. Should we give it a try?"

Wu Qianman bit her lip: "This looks really difficult, guessing win or lose is one thing, but look here, you even have to guess the score, it's harder than lottery, isn't it?"

Even Bai He, who's used to outings, was stumped: "Exactly, what a trap, seems like this arena owner is really cunning, he's the bookmaker, tricking us audiences, 99.9 percent of the bettors probably can't guess the final score!"

The three of them were complaining.

Beside them, Zuzi said leisurely and lightly: "There's nothing difficult to guess about."

All three: "..."

Almost forgot that the little ancestor sister's predictions are always spot-on!

Immediately, three pairs of starry eyes looked over, begging the ancestor for help!

Zuzi smiled but said nothing.

It was Xi Rubao who first realized, slapping her forehead: "Oh dear, us greedy money mongers, how could we forget what my sister said, mortals trying to force fate should use their amassed good deeds as compensation. Wasting goodwill accumulated from doing three good deeds a day for a little betting silver, it's just not worth it! Sis was reminding us to consider the cost before speaking up!"

Bai He and Wu Qianman immediately zipped their lips obediently: "...(Understood)!"

Just watching the excitement is enough, they're not greedy, they won't participate in betting.

Although they held back from betting, almost everyone in the VIP seats participated, as many young masters and socialites weren't short on money.

Even the ordinary audience in the back rows were tempted, with quite a few joining in.

Among them, an old man in a worn dark blue Zhongshan suit held a wad of tattered cash, pleading with the staff to accept his "bet".

Xi Rubao and the others were profoundly moved watching this.

Once the betting was done, the competition in the arena was about to officially begin.

Various colorful competition uniforms, representing different national teams, paraded around the arena saluting the audience.

It's supposed to be a fistfight, but with the different forms of martial arts from various countries, it was hard to determine superiority based merely on the familiarity with a particular style, so the rules were very simple—the first one who falls and doesn't get up, loses!

This rule aligns well with international boxing regulations.

Yin Hu, being a seed contestant for the Imperial Team, stepped onto the stage.

Bai He clapped vigorously: "Go Brother Hu, go!"

Zuzi raised an eyebrow casually: "Him? Not very promising."

Chapter 880: The Ancestor Thinks There's No Such Weak Beast!

"Cough, cough, Sis, you're so straightforward! Saying that about a man isn't quite right, it really hurts a man's pride," Xi Rubao said with a chuckle.

Zuzi looked serious: "What does straightforward mean? Anyway, he's not quite right."

Bai He suddenly recalled: "I heard that when Brother Hu was first promoted from the grassroots level to Mr. Bo's side a few years ago, he wasn't the best at it, his boxing and fighting skills were lacking, and he was often mocked by Brother Long as a big fool relying on brute force, ranking last in every internal competition, which was quite embarrassing."

"He still dared to compete?" Xi Rubao exclaimed.

Bai He explained: "Cough, cough, later on... it was like Gu Shiyin instructed him in a few moves, and he suddenly became super awesome! I heard that once he almost defeated Brother Long. But he hasn't participated in this kind of international competition before, so it's uncertain what his level is on the field."

"Gu Shiyin? Her again?" Wu Qianman bit her lip, "No wonder people are always infatuated with her, she's quite good at winning people's hearts, giving pointers here and there, suddenly becoming the Boss of Ma Jia or whatever, making these men remember her and repay her."

"Exactly, so annoying that Boss of Ma Jia," Xi Rubao pouted, "My sister is more honest. She always teaches us to work hard and do good deeds instead of asking for our gratitude."

Bai He accidentally mentioned Gu Shiyin, feeling quite annoyed with herself.

Sigh, that tea master is really obsessed with setting traps everywhere, you can easily bump into people related to her.

When I was younger, I didn't think much of it, but after meeting Zuzi, I realized what a truly noble figure with a low-key disposition looks like.

Gu Shiyin is really far behind, doesn't even have the basics.

Bai He waved her hand and slapped her face a few times: "Oh, blame my mouth, gossiping about things with no value. Forgive me, Little Ancestor, please?"

Unexpectedly, Zuzi turned slightly to the side: "What? Forgive you for being straightforward or about the weaver's matter?"

The three women: "..."

Even the green tea doesn't have a strand of presence in the Ancestor's mind.

At this moment.

On the field, the contestants from various countries had circled the arena, paying tribute.

Yin Hu had the number 8 patch on his back, which looked quite auspicious and is a number favored by the people of the Empire.

Indeed, the draw went smoothly, the opponents he faced had a significant disparity in skill level, and he managed to counter them after just a few moves.

This quick and captivating victory on the field instantly attracted lots of fangirls, who weren't originally cheering for him, but are now waving small flags and shouting "Go, No. 8 brother!" "No. 8 Brother, rise up!"

Xi Rubao: "Hey, Little Hu Zi's performance is actually okay? Sis, could it be that the green tea gave him some sinister Golden Finger?"

Zuzi's gaze swept over a few foreign competitors' arenas, glancing at Yin Hu unhurriedly: "No, not really."

"Sis, I overheard some girls discussing that his fist techniques are Ancient Martial Arts, and something about the Five Animals Play... A few moves indeed look like a monkey, haha. Sis, do you think his Five Animals Play is authentic?"

"Ancient Martial Arts?" Zuzi fluttered her long eyelashes with a mild tone, "Never heard of it."

Could it be created by the younger generation?

After all, Ancestor doesn't use any martial arts.

"But, as for the animal play, Ancestor doesn't see any resemblance, no animal this weak."

The three women covered their mouths, barely suppressing laughter: "Little Ancestor, you're really so straightforward!"

Since Ancestor already said Yin Hu's fist techniques are unimpressive, Xi Rubao couldn't be bothered watching any longer, but the scoreboard on the field showed the Imperial Team leaving the competition far behind, with scores soaring high, which made her ponder the outcome a bit.

"Sis, I'll just guess, I'm not betting!"

Zuzi agreed: "Mhmm."