

Big Shot 881

Chapter 881: Miss Gu's Secret to Ever-Victorious Battles

"Sis, although Yin Hu isn't that great, the Imperial Team's overall winning odds are still pretty obvious," Xi Rubao pondered, "But what's hard to predict is what the final score will be. Each round is worth 10 points, and the Imperial Team has already won 8 rounds. On the foreign side, the strongest is M country, they've won 3 rounds, the score is 80:30, I guess... we'll end up with something like 100:50!"

Wu Qianman nodded, "I agree with Bao Bao's analysis."

Bai He mused, "Don't underestimate M Country. In previous years, their scores closely chased ours, several times we only won by a mere ten points, and last year we even lost. We can't be careless this time."

Xi Rubao twisted a lock of hair in his hand, feeling a bit wistful, "Ah, I was already being quite conservative! I just overheard that old man behind us betting we'd have a score of 200:20 against M Country!"

He was talking about the ordinary audience sitting right next to the VIP seats, where an old man dressed in a worn-out dark-blue Zhongshan suit handed a bunch of crumpled old banknotes to the bookie.

Bai He and Wu Qianman both shook their heads, "That old man is way too impulsive, that score is basically impossible. Do today's old folks have too much money to spend, getting easily lured into gambling traps?"

As they were chatting enthusiastically, they suddenly heard a burst of exclamations around them. Several spectators stood up, craning their necks to anxiously look down.

They too curiously glanced towards the field.

It was Yin Hu starting a new round of competition, and the opponent was indeed M Country's player!

That M Country competitor, Mike, was tall and burly, with a messy stubble and bulging muscles, looking fierce. His stance seemed capable of sending Yin Hu flying with a single punch.

Although Yin Hu wasn't very short, he did appear somewhat like a dwarf next to this inherently towering M Country giant.

No wonder the Imperial side's audience was nervously exclaiming and standing up, sweating in their palms.

The two faced off for a moment, launching attacks almost simultaneously!

Unexpectedly, the "little dwarf" Yin Hu moved nimbly and took the initiative. Just as Mike's fist swung towards him, he ducked down and landed a direct hit in the opponent's middle!

"Boom—" a loud crash.

The unusually towering opponent was effortlessly knocked to the ground.

The field fell silent for a few seconds.

As the referee counted down, "10, 9, 8, 7... 1! Number 8 wins! Imperial Team's score increases to 90!"

The audience finally reacted, and a burst of applause erupted from the Imperial Team's stands.

Geez, they finally felt relieved; they thought they were doomed for a moment there.

Amidst the cheers, the defeated Mike returned to the M Country team, kneeling on one knee in front of an elder clad in a black robe who was surrounded by the crowd, receiving his touch with reverence.

Whatever the elder said while placing a hand on his head seemed to reinvigorate Mike, making him feel almost reborn.

The next round, Yin Hu drew the match-up against him again!

This time, the audience wasn't as tense; after all, Yin Hu had won so effortlessly just now, and even Yin Hu himself was confident—indeed, Miss Gu's secret formula guarantees every victory.

Just after triumphantly returning to the team for a drink and rest, Miss Gu sent a message through someone congratulating him, saying she was busy and would come to cheer him on later at the scene, witness him receiving the champion trophy in person, simply making him feel exceedingly excited.

He took a deep breath, determined to break the score into the triple digits soon, presenting a grand gift to welcome Miss Gu's inspection.

Chapter 882: She Loves Her Country Deeply!

The world is unpredictable!

Just when Yin Hu and the audience thought that beating that pretentious big guy from America, Mike, would be a piece of cake for him once again.

As the match started, the opponent remained unmoved.

When Yin Hu took the initiative to attack, aiming for the same mid-section strike he had just used to win, the moment his fist swept to half a foot in front of his opponent, he suddenly realized something was wrong.

His fist could hardly move an inch further.

It was as if the opponent was covered in an invisible, indestructible shell, leaving no openings to attack.

Yin Hu froze.

Just a moment ago, he could take down the opponent with just a Monkey Fist, but now, he couldn't manage it even after a few minutes?

He was about to quickly switch tactics to the Crane Fist...

Unexpectedly, the opponent let out a huge roar, swept with his long leg, and caught him off guard, sending him flying!

"Boom—" a sound echoed.

Yin Hu landed by the railing ten meters away, half of his body hanging on it, immediately spitting out a mouthful of blood.

The sound was painful to hear.

The referee crisply announced: "10, 9, 8, 7...1! Player No. 1 from America wins, earning Team America a total of 40 points!"

The Imperial Team's audience was stunned.

The previous victory was so exhilarating, yet this defeat was so unbelievable.

Wasn't this soldier so strong and skillful just now?

How did suddenly... it not work?

No, no, no, it must have been just a technical mishap.

The crowd snapped out of it and cheered to encourage him again.

Yin Hu finally stood up, leaning against the railing, ready to get back into the fight.

Coincidentally, in the third matchup, he drew Mike once again.

In the midst of the enthusiastic cheers and applause, Xi Zuzi sighed softly, "This small body doesn't have much blood to spit."

However, Yin Hu didn't think like that on the field.

He carefully recalled his previous encounter with Mike, reflected on his mistakes, and decided to switch attack methods right from the start, using the Tiger Fist—also the form he was most proficient and familiar with from the Five-Animal exercises.

This time, he was determined to make a comeback!

minute later.

His "Tiger Fist" lasted three moves before being defeated.

minutes later.

In the fourth round, he lasted two moves before being defeated.

minutes later.

In the fifth round, as soon as he entered the ring, he was defeated without even having the chance to make a move.

...

Looking at the repeatedly defeated Yin Hu on the field, battered and unable to stand properly, the Imperial audience fell into silence, speechless.

The scores had drastically changed, from 80:30 in favor of the Imperial Team against Team America, to a tie at 90:90, and it looked like the opponent's surpassing the Imperial Team was a mere matter of time.

After all, not only Yin Hu's group, but also other groups on the field, were dominated by America's players.

Xi Rubao pouted, "Watching these punches makes me feel suffocated! I need to use the bathroom!"

Though she didn't like Yin Hu, White Lotus's disciple, she was initially pleased with his consecutive defeats, but now that Yin Hu was dragging the whole Imperial Team down, it dampened her mood.

She still loved her Empire!

A few minutes later, Xi Rubao came running back, worried, "Hey, sis, do you know a lot of people are going to lose big time? Remember that old man who bet everything he had? He wagered 200:20, with a principal of ten thousand, but the odds were a thousand, he stands to lose a million!"

Chapter 883: We Can Definitely Turn the Tide!

Sure, here's the translation:

Ten million, to ordinary people, is really not a small amount.

Of course, Ancestor is not an ordinary person, she has no concept of money, her expression remains as calm as water, without a trace of ripple.

However, Bai He and Wu Qianman couldn't help but sigh repeatedly: "Oh my god, losing ten million in the blink of an eye, what a sin, the old man really shouldn't have gotten involved in gambling."

"No, you all misunderstand!" Xi Rubao anxiously waved his hand, "I thought the old man was betting out of greed for money too. Just now, I went out and found out that he's actually the former head of an orphanage in the suburbs of the capital."

"Huh? No wonder his outdated outfit felt a bit out of place. But why did he come to watch a boxing match?"

"He received a few free tickets for the orphanage and brought a few kids in to watch. The orphanage couldn't raise enough donations, and it's on the verge of collapse. In desperation, he used all his personal savings to bet, hoping to win some money back, to provide food for the children in the orphanage..."

"What? So if he wins, he'll donate it all? And if he loses, he'll have to cover the loss himself?"

"Yes, is this old man really that foolish?"

"I can't believe in this day and age, there's still such a foolish man!"

If he was truly a greedy old man, it wouldn't be surprising. But to think it's actually an old man who made a mistake with good intentions, almost going down a blind alley, it's both pathetic and worrying for him.

Looking at Yin Hu in the ring, defeated again and again, it becomes even more tragic for the old man.

"Sigh, if Hu Zi could at least put up a fight and end in a draw, it would be good."

"Yeah, isn't Gu Shiyin supposed to be really great? How come his apprentice is so weak?"

"Ancestor said he's not good, and that's already being kind to him. He's really not up to it!"

Amid the sighs, there are new changes in the arena.

Yin Hu refuses to admit defeat, propping himself up, wanting to go another round.

While Mike sneers and offers a condition in a highly humiliating tone: "Still want to fight us? Shorty, boxing with you is really a waste of our time, using a sledgehammer to kill a fly! If you want another match with us, we can do it, but the scoring rules need to change. If anyone loses a round, they have to surrender all their points!"

The audience bursts into uproar!

Betting all points in one round?

That's ruthless!

Yin Hu gets swept up in the fury, grits his teeth, and nods: "Change it then, let's go!"

The score is currently tied at 90:90, if they can win once, they can make the opponents surrender all their points. Then they'll have 180 points, and the opponents will never be able to surpass them!

A small audio clip from Gu Shiyin just flashed through his mind, providing guidance to improve his boxing style and softly cheering him on, boosting his confidence a little.

He only needs one opportunity.

He can definitely turn things around.

Under the tense gaze of the audience, he stretched his limbs, wiped the embarrassing blood from his lips, and bit the bullet to join the new round of battle!

Xi Rubao and others looked on gravely, worried for the old man who suffered a huge loss, concerned about the match's outcome.

Zuzi stood up from the front row of the VIP box and said indifferently: "I need to go to the restroom too."

She barely walked down the stairs, to the grass edge beside the ring.

When she heard the referee's whistle announcing the end of the match: "... M country's total score 180 points!"

Yin Hu lost again.

His body was like a broken kite, knocked out, this time even beyond the railing, and fell heavily on the grass, at Zuzi's feet.

Chapter 884: Useless as He Is, a Life Cheaper Than Grass?! Parasitic Fist Technique!

In a mist of blood, amid Yin Hu's blurred vision, he glimpsed a figure dressed in ethereal white.

He knew his retina had been ruptured by punches, unable to see clearly.

He also knew that he had just gambled—and lost.

Not only did he let the opponent earn 90 points for free, but he lost the hard-earned 90 points of the Imperial Team completely.

The defeat was truly devastating.

Even though he had the secret technique given by Miss Gu, why did he lose so badly?

Above him, a light laughter sounded.

It seemed to mock his obstinacy.

Yin Hu painfully lifted his head along the white figure, trying to recognize, "Miss Xi... what... what are you laughing at?"

Zuzi stood at the edge of the grass, lightly tapping with her jade fingers, making the blood dripping from Yin Hu's eyeballs and wounds stop instantly: "You dirtied the grass."

Blood dripped onto the weeds, bending the sprightly little grass buds suffocating.

Yin Hu: "..."

Miss Xi was laughing at him, useless like him, worth less than the grass?!

However.

The next moment.

Zuzi's calm voice sounded again: "I'm laughing at you, that even now, you still think what Gu Shiyin taught you is an unparalleled martial skill."

"Isn't it?" Yin Hu's voice was hoarse.

Even though he failed, he never doubted Gu Shiyin, always thinking it was his own stupidity, failing to grasp the essence of the moves she taught.

Zuzi glanced at him: "Every punch you throw has nine-tenths of its strength rebounding back onto yourself, and for every bit of power you exert, nine-tenths of your energy is consumed until it drains completely."

"How, how could this be? No, Miss Gu is a master of Ancient Martial Arts, she personally guided me, for my benefit, she wouldn't intentionally cause my demise..." A faint terror rose in Yin Hu's heart, unwilling to admit.

Zuzi didn't even bother to lift her eyelash, speaking indifferently: "She wasn't trying to kill you. If you die, who will provide her with energy sustenance?"

After all, previously, Gu Shiyin looked for women who coveted the Golden Finger, the overwhelming yin energy required balancing with a man.

Few realize that certain punches are also a Golden Finger, parasitizing on humans and sapping their nutrients.

Yin Hu trembled all over listening, unable to process in his mind at the moment.

But reflecting on the earlier confrontation, he indeed had a feeling, even if he exerted all his power, when hitting the opponent, it was soft and barely reached ten percent.

Where did all that strength dissipate to?

He remembered this situation arose right after Gu Shiyin sent him a motivating text message, was it... truly not a coincidence?

"But, but they brought in a peculiar coach, how do we know their coach didn't use an Evil Technique against me?" Yin Hu suddenly thought of the mysterious robed coach within the M country team.

Perhaps that was the true source of his failure?

Zuzi lazily tapped her jade finger: "Such petty tricks are insignificant. If you truly want to verify who caused your downfall, avoid using that flesh-eating punch next round, wouldn't you know the answer?"

The enemy remains the same; if changing the punches allows victory, then the issue lies with the technique, not the enemy's trickery.

This indeed is the simplest yet most effective verification method.

However, Yin Hu hesitated for a moment: "Can I, in such a state, still go on?"

He sprawled miserably on the grass like a dead dog.

Moreover, without Gu Shiyin's techniques, should he rely on military boxing?

Chapter 885: Ancestor Isn't Helping You; This Is a Gamble with Your Life!

You should know, back then before Gu Shiyin guided Yin Hu, although he was stronger than the average man, he was at the bottom in terms of skill within the team. Relying on his pitiful boxing skills, he couldn't win at all.

At this moment, Yin Hu felt stuck between advancing and retreating!

"If you hesitate any longer, you'll likely become a disgrace to your Mr. Bo's family," Zuzi remarked indifferently.

Yin Hu was not competing on behalf of himself; he represented the Imperial Team. If he lost for the Imperial Team, it would ultimately disgrace Bao Gucheng and the entire Empire.

Yin Hu felt a sudden shock in his heart, like a light illuminating his mind, momentarily clearing everything: "Miss Xi, do you really have a way to help me?"

"I'm not helping you." Her tone was calm and bland, like a sea without temperature but stirring waves within one's heart, "I'm merely showing you a path to survival."

Zuzi raised her delicate hand lightly, and in an instant, the verdant grass leaves on the lawn rose up, swaying in the air, resembling the form of a little person.

Looking closely, the little figure twisted and turned, practicing a familiar yet strange set of boxing techniques.

"Military boxing?!" Yin Hu was stunned. Could it be that Miss Xi really wanted him to use military boxing against his opponent?

Wait.

No!

This wasn't ordinary military boxing.

This military boxing was improved, making crucial adjustments in movement transitions, instantly turning the technique into a potent offensive force, with every punch hitting the mark!

Just watching the "Grass Leaves Martial Movement" carried an indescribable majestic aura.

Yin Hu widened his eyes, desperately peering with his blurred vision, remembering, and contemplating deeply in his heart...

His years of diligent practice had honed his excellent memory and learning ability; within mere minutes, he had firmly memorized the Grass Leaf Boxing.

Raising his head, just about to thank her, he found that Zuzi was no longer on the grass.

The silhouette in plain clothing seemed as if she had never been there.

Yin Hu propped up his body, covered in blood, and struggled to stand up. Looking back, the field had already become the domain of the M country's representative team.

Mike, who had faced him earlier, was surrounded with admiration by stars in the front row of the M country's VIP seats. The two matches going on in the arena were also swaying in favor of the other M country players, seemingly close to victory.

And the Imperial Team's zero score was a huge shame, displayed on the screen.

Yin Hu took a deep breath and stepped onto the field: "I demand a rematch. Mike, do you dare?"

Upon hearing this provocation, the M country camp burst into laughter.

The laughter was wanton and pompous.

"Hahaha, the presumptuous Eastern dwarf, what, not satisfied since we didn't beat your eyeball out?"

"You're already at zero points, what do you have to compete with us?"

"Get out, dwarf, go back and tell your leader, your Empire is not worthy to challenge us!"

"Who's their leader again?"

"I heard the surname is Bao, is it? Ah, right, the one who wants to resign and fish in the sea, no wonder he leads a group of losers, hahaha..."

Yin Hu gritted his teeth: "..."

Even if he's incompetent, but these bastards mocked and scorned Mr. Bo because of him.

Indeed, he was a disgrace.

Taking a deep breath, he shouted loudly: "As a man, if you have the guts, let's do this for real. What good is trash-talking? If I lose this time, you can kill me on the spot and I won't protest. If I win, then the 180 points must be refunded to me! Do you dare to bet with me?!"

The audience roared upon hearing this.

Wow——!

This was a gamble of life!

Chapter 886: The Little Ancestor Wouldn't Be Surprised by Such a Trivial Matter

If he loses, he might as well be beaten to death on the spot without any further words.

Yin Hu's harsh words stirred up the once silent audience.

Even Bai He and Xi Rubao, who were just looking down on him for being "useless," were now slightly impressed: "Has Hu Zi finally wised up? He's got some ambition now!"

Wu Qianman pursed her lips, whispering a reminder: "But if he still uses Gu Shiyin's moves, I'm afraid his bold words will just become a joke in the end."

This reminder was a bit too truthful.

Bai He twitched her lips, a bit worried: "If he turns into a joke, then won't Mr. Bo be..."

dragged down horribly by him?

A subordinate's incompetence can tarnish a General's reputation!

Xi Rubao was even more concerned: "I don't care how Yin Hu does right now, I'm just thinking about that old man from the orphanage. It's so tragic. He put all his lifetime savings into it, but didn't manage to earn a bite for the kids, and ended up bankrupt. What if he can't take it and does something foolish?"

Wu Qianman held her forehead: "It's a total mess, and this competition is so nerve-wracking... Ah, Zuzi's back, Zuzi, why were you in the restroom for so long?"

Xi Zuzi adjusted her long dress and slowly sat down: "Hmm."

Xi Rubao offered some sunflower seeds and grapes: "Sis, let's eat something to calm our nerves."

Bai He sighed: "Nervous for you and me, okay? Little Ancestor wouldn't be shaken by such a trivial matter."

"Right." Xi Rubao stuck out her tongue.

The imminent life-and-death duel in the ring seemed trivial and unshaking in Xi Zuzi's eyes.

Still, she accepted the goodwill of the two little ones, picking a grape and then a sunflower seed to shell.

The entire audience held their breath, watching the heavily injured Yin Hu stagger toward his opponent, Mike.

He used...

"Oh my, is that soft, weak thing even a punch?"

"Even though he lost just now, the ancient martial arts moves he showed like Monkey Fist, Tiger Fist, were still visually impressive. But now, this looks like child's play!"

"It's over, I'm done for. I shouldn't have bet today. I'm going to lose my shorts, damn it..."

Amidst a chorus of lamentations, everyone watched as Yin Hu's incoherent striking technique unfolded. It wasn't so much a technique as it was... a very simple two-step gesture, right? Anyone who's been to college and gone through military training can probably do it, right?

Meanwhile.

Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman, two freshmen who had just gone through military training, were completely dumbfounded:

"Bubba, isn't this just the military boxing we practiced yesterday... the kind that doesn't have any offensive power?"

"No, be more confident, remove the word 'isn't'! It's goddamn military boxing. And he's using this against an American? Is this for real?"

"Could it be that the moves we learned are so advanced? That legendary version invented by Trainer Yan, I find it hard to believe."

Though Yin Hu indeed wasn't using Gu Shiyin's moves anymore, which was somewhat reassuring.

But to use this kind of performance-like boxing in a real fight?

Is he asking for death?

Only Bai He, supporting her chin, frowned and pondered: "Something's not right. I watched the training footage you sent me yesterday. The military boxing you did and the one Brother Hu is doing, they have some differences. Look closely, the link between actions is not the same. It's like... a modified version!"

"Hey, it really is, the moves are different!"

"Strange, how did he come up with using a modified version of military boxing?"

"Does this really work?"

"Whether it works or not, I don't know, but aren't you amazed he hasn't been punched into the air yet?"

Chapter 887: The Little Ancestor's Sunflower Seed Shell—Seriously Awesome!

As they spoke, unknowingly, Yin Hu had already finished a whole set of punches.

The key was that the opponent's fierce attacks were all neutralized by his seemingly clumsy and simple boxing technique.

Regardless of whether he won or not, Yin Hu, who was covered in injuries, actually persisted on the field for several minutes without falling, which is a miracle in itself.

Opposite him, Mike had beads of sweat on his forehead.

This isn't scientific!

This isn't possible!

The waste from Eastern Empire, who should be spewing blood with just one punch, has actually lasted under his punches for so long and made him feel the strain, which is definitely abnormal.

Mike gritted his teeth, and under Yin Hu's unwavering offensive, he glanced back for help at the guest seats of Country M.

There, in the center surrounded by people, the old man in a black robe had a stern expression, fixating intently on the situation on the field.

Yin Hu's transformation was truly unfathomable.

The person was still the same, the punches even rougher without any discipline, yet capable of withstanding their Western Boxing enhanced by mana?

And even showing a tendency to counterattack?

The old man in the black robe leaned on his cane, the orb at the top emitted an eerie glow.

In that instant, a colorless and invisible arc of light shot towards the field.

Vaguely forming a protective shroud, it enveloped Mike, blocking Yin Hu's attacks.

The shroud lingered around Mike, seemingly nourishing him in secret, as he roared angrily and swung another powerful punch, the situation reversed sharply.

It was as if the clock turned back, the scenario seemed to revert to a few minutes ago, with Yin Hu being beaten viciously, vomiting blood and flying out.

In that instant.

Among the tense spectators in the stands, Zuzi leisurely cracked open a sunflower seed.

The white and fragrant kernel fell into her palm.

Two grayish shells were flicked lightly by her fingers as pale as jade.

Drawing an elegant curve in the air, the shell flew towards Mike's direction.

"Puff—!"

A slight, muffled sound.

As if a blade pierced a balloon, the shell penetrated the magical barrier the old man in black had forged for Mike!

In an instant.

Yin Hu's final strike with military boxing retaliated toward Mike's face while he nimbly dodged the opponent's iron fist.

"Bang—!"

A loud, muffled sound stung the ears of everyone in the arena.

Mike flew ten meters away, hanging onto the rail.

Due to his overweight, the rail bent under his pressure, his large body falling onto the grass again, spitting blood everywhere.

It was even more pathetic than all of Yin Hu's previous losses combined.

"10, 9, 8, 7...1!" the referee announced the score with a trembling voice, "The Imperial Team wins this round! According to the stipulated rules, the Imperial Team regains 180 points, Country M Team... 0 points."

The tide has truly turned.

Yin Hu standing in the arena, fists still stained with blood, trembling all over.

Miss Zuzi didn't lie to him; he tried without using the boxing technique taught by Miss Gu, and surprisingly felt full of energy, able to maneuver freely.

By stabilizing the situation with Miss Zuzi's advised military boxing, he seized the opportunity and actually won!

To think what led him to defeat was actually the Ancient Martial Secret Technique taught by Miss Gu, which he had always been proud of?

He really doesn't want to admit this, but, the truth is right before him.

The Imperial Team's audience rose to cheer enthusiastically, even the last few groups of contestants still competing couldn't help but be distracted, looking admiringly at the Imperial Team who succeeded in their turnaround.

Chapter 888: Barren Eastern Lands, Not Even a Proper God

From 0:180 to 180:0, it truly is a miracle.

On the distinguished guests' stand of the Empire, the old man in black robes watched helplessly as the protective shield was unexpectedly broken, while Mike's bloodied forehead was only grazed by a sunflower seed shell...

His brow furrowed fiercely, casting a sharp glance towards the Imperial Team's audience seats.

This glance was no small matter; his eyes felt scorched by the sunlight, and with a jolt, he was compelled to quickly withdraw his gaze.

"Dean Davis, could it be that they have a master over there sitting in command? Breaking our assistance?" The follower questioned, puzzled by the adversary.

The old man snorted coldly: "That barren Eastern world, without even a decent god, what kind of master could they have? It's nothing more than some lone ghosts causing trouble. I'm hungry, let's not bother with them for this match; we'll show them next time!"

The follower continuously nodded, bowing and kowtowing: "Dean Davis, you are right, since they are just lone ghosts, it's not worth your esteemed effort as a dean to engage. It's merely a recreational competition, not worth bloodshed. Next month is the F1 Global Car God Race, by then we'll make the Empire bow at our feet in agony! We've already prepared a splendid feast at the hotel, we invite you to gracefully attend and savor it..."

The old man stood up and left, sweeping his sleeves.

Someone specifically held an umbrella for him, shielding the glaring noonday sun.

A crowd surrounded him as they left the arena.

Mike, who was beaten down onto the grass by Yin Hu, was instead ignored, wailing pitifully like a homeless dog.

Yin Hu sighed, walked over, helped Mike up, and let him lean on the railing: "I didn't want to take your life, but why are your moves so vicious in a match, when it exceeds the bounds of competition? Every event is about friendship first, competition second; this isn't a life-and-death duel!"

Mike gritted his teeth, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and looked towards the direction Dean Davis disappeared, muttering: "We M Country people are not like you little Eastern dwarfs, we believe in annihilating our enemies; it's either win or die! Only this way can our nation be strong, to reign forever and make you dilapidated Eastern small countries tremble and submit!"

Yin Hu was stunned, never expecting that such moral education was what the other side embraced.

He thought the competition was merely an exchange of PKs, while the other side saw it as eradicating enemies and demonstrating force.

He thought the Empire was a gracious and kind, hospitable host, but the other side perceived them as a dilapidated Eastern small country?

Too arrogant, too domineering.

He wasn't good with words, his lips moved several times but he didn't know how to rebut this combative, ideologically stubborn foreigner.

He glanced up, unintentionally spotting on the guests' stand, Xi Zuzi's white-clad figure just getting up from the seat, seemingly waving her jade finger lightly in his direction.

Yin Hu's mind cleared for a moment.

The next second, he instinctively, mimicked Xi Zuzi's gesture, waving his fist as if unintentionally towards Mike's direction.

"Bang——!"

Just helped up, Mike fell onto the grass again, eating a mouthful of dirt.

"You, you, what are you... um, hurry and help me up!"

Mike groaned incoherently.

Yin Hu patted his hands, took a step to leave: "Nothing, just stretching a bit. Your M Country is so incredible, you don't need a helping hand from an Eastern small country, haha."

Hey, he's not skilled at roasting others.

Yet somehow these words slipped out of his mouth.

But it was really well said!

On the guests' stand.

Xi Rubao was stunned again and again by the reversal in the competition, finally jumping up and cheering: "Oh my, Hu Zi really did us proud! 180:0, we won, we won, we won oh oh oh!"

Wu Qianman felt slightly forlorn: "It's just a bit of a pity, the elderly in the orphanage still lost miserably..."

The elderly had bet 200:20, alas.

Xi Zuzi stood up, flicking her jade fingers, her expression as calm as a still water surface, and said lightly——

Chapter 889: Is It Really Useful to Kneel and Worship Nuwa?

"Let's go."

Zuzi's lips curled faintly as she uttered two words, then stood up and left.

Xi Rubao secretly let out a mournful cry: "Sis, oh..."

Originally, they thought Ancestor Sister would have a big heart and help the old man get his hard-earned money back, but Ancestor Sister didn't show any intention at all, couldn't understand, couldn't understand.

Wu Qianman and Bai He followed behind, also sighing.

But they gradually realized that the saying "willing to gamble, willing to lose" is just that cruel.

When participating in gambling, one must be mentally prepared to lose everything, after all winning and losing doesn't depend on one's character, nor does it care if you're using the money for evil or good.

When the three passed by the old man in a Zhongshan suit, they couldn't help but offer some soft comfort:

"Think positively, sir, as long as you live, there will always be hope."

"As long as the people are still around, there will be a way to help those children."

"Why don't you leave us a contact, and we'll help organize a fundraiser for you later..."

Unexpectedly.

The old man lifted his eyes, his elderly pupils shimmering with tears, his eye rims red: "Thank you, thank you kind ladies, no need to trouble you. Nuwa has helped me through this calamity!"

"Ah?" The three women were stunned.

The old man's voice was excited as he explained: "Beside our orphanage, there's a small shrine dedicated to the Ancestor Sister, Nuwa. Nowadays, many people of the Empire like to follow trends and worship Western deities at churches and such, leaving this place neglected for many years. But the children love the kind-hearted yet valiant Ancestor Sister Nuwa, every time they clean they also tidy up the shrine. Before heading out this time, I specially went to burn incense and pray, pleading for Ancestor Sister Nuwa to bless the children with clothes and food. Unexpectedly, Ancestor Sister Nuwa truly heard my prayer, remembered the children's pure filial piety... This competition has allowed me to earn life-saving money for the children!"

The three women: "Ah? But... you obviously lost, the score was 180:0, you bet on 200:20..."

Has the old man been overly stimulated, experiencing hallucinations and mental confusion?

The orphanage director lightly shook his head: "You didn't see the final match result. After Mr. Yin Hu won, four matches were still ongoing in the arena; the result was both the M team and our Imperial Team each won two matches, with an additional 20 points added to the final score, exactly 200:20. It must be Ancestor Sister Nuwa showing divine intervention, forgiving me for using gambling to raise funds for the children. I vow never to touch a casino again in my life, and will teach the children to do three good deeds daily to repay her gratitude!"

The three women held their breath.

They looked at the big screen in the arena, and indeed, the score had jumped to 200:20.

What they saw earlier wasn't the final result of the competition.

"Amazing!"

"She really showed divine intervention..."

"Our Empire's deity is so kind..."

"Hey, Ancestor Sister, wait for us, look, look, the deity has shown intervention!"

"Sis, let's go back and also pay respects to Ancestor Sister Nuwa, let us ace the exams during military training, never have to queue for food in the canteen, and never get picked for questions in class..." Xi Rubao joyfully ran towards Zuzi, shouting loudly.

Zuzi looked back with a smile: "You wish."

The Blue Blood Royal watch on her wrist vibrated slightly.

It was Bao Gucheng's message: "Zuzi, I didn't expect you'd guess it right again."

The message before this was Bao Gucheng asking her to predict the score.

Her reply was exactly: 200:20.

And Bao Gucheng guessed it as 100:100.

"That brat Yin Hu, his boxing skills were corrupted by Gu Shiyin, likes taking shortcuts, foundations unstable. Drawing with the opponent would be like a miracle, I didn't think he could win."

Bao Gucheng had long made his judgment.

Unexpectedly, this brat managed to stage a comeback???

Chapter 890: Mr. Bo Is So Versailles!

"Wow, so even Mr. Bo didn't expect Hu Zi to win, suddenly I don't feel like my intelligence is that lacking!" Xi Rubao laughed.

Bai He muttered softly, "Isn't Uncle Bo supposed to be locked up in the hospital, busy working overtime? How does he still have time to flirt with our little Ancestor..."

Wu Qianman covered her mouth and chuckled, "No matter how busy Mr. Bo is, he can always find time to talk to Zuzi, especially since this competition is also important to him, right, Zuzi?"

Xi Zuzi raised her eyes and casually said, "It's nothing, Xiao Cheng'er was just reminding me to have lunch, and incidentally, guess the score."

The three girls: "...!"

So reminding the Ancestor to eat is much more important than a competition. Oh, Mr. Bo is so effortlessly cool!

The three friends, shocked by Bao Gucheng's effortlessly cool way of flirting, were unable to chat the whole way, as every time they opened their mouths, they thought about the hard-to-come-by crushing score, which in Mr. Bo's eyes was not as important as Xi Zuzi having a good meal. It's like leaving no hope for single folks.

For lunch, Bai He drove directly to the restaurant jointly operated by her and the Zhou family, which the Ancestor had named "Turquoise Pool."

She secretly decided to personally cook a few specialty dishes, so the little Ancestor could eat comfortably and throw that old Uncle Bao out of her mind, humph.

Unexpectedly, before entering the door, the two large characters "Turquoise Pool" caught her eye on the plaque, with all the diners in line praising the flamboyant strokes of the writing. Bai He immediately

remembered that these two characters were written by the little Ancestor and Mr. Bo, each contributing a word to hang up.

Why is it that no matter where she goes, Uncle Bo is always around, insisting on intervening in her sweet date with the little Ancestor!

"Turquoise Pool" is now a hundred times more popular than influencer restaurants. Not to mention that the line reached the elevator entrance, even Bai He, the boss, found the private rooms fully booked and unavailable.

This left her business partner, Zhou Youjian, repeatedly apologizing, sweating profusely while finding a relatively quiet and window-side semi-partitioned elegant seat for them.

Fortunately, the little Ancestor is not pretentious, waving a sleeve to sit down, "This is fine, let's settle here."

Bai He hurried to the back kitchen to arrange the dishes.

Xi Rubao glanced around and sighed, "I remember when this restaurant was deserted and almost went bankrupt. After my sister gave some pointers, it became incredibly popular, and not just a temporary trend; it's been consistently popular. It's truly amazing..."

Wu Qianman nodded, "The menu that Zuzi curated contains the essence of our Empire's traditional cuisines, beloved not just by locals but also receiving rave reviews from foreign guests. Look, aren't there many foreigners happily eating over there... Huh? The people in the private room opposite, how do they look familiar?"

Xi Rubao looked over and frowned, "Shoot, is it them? The ones who fought with Hu Zi, right?"

"Ahem, they're the opponents from the competition, from M country. Mike isn't there; those seem to be the coaches. The one in the middle wearing the black robe has an eerie vibe, I remember him well." Wu Qianman bit her lip, "Didn't expect them to come here for a meal. Do they have such good taste?"

Xi Rubao sneered, "Humph, you can tell they don't understand the Empire's culinary culture at all. Look, they can't even use chopsticks, eating Lotus Leaf Rice with a fork? Forking around without catching two grains of rice and blaming our utensils for being difficult to use, isn't that hilarious? That one wearing the black robe, using a knife to cut a mushroom, does he think he's sawing a steak?"

Wu Qianman: "I guess these people chose 'Turquoise Pool' for its reputation and grandeur, sadly they can't appreciate such good food. Sigh, they're lucky to even get a private room..."

Xi Zuzi sipped her Lotus Leaf Tea and suddenly chuckled, "Lucky? Maybe not."