

Big Shot 891

Chapter 891: Ancestor's Secret Technique: Judging Fortune by the Way One Eats

"Sis, what do you think? Do you think they're doomed?"

"Zuzi, how did you figure out their luck isn't good?"

"Sis, did you notice how that foreigner had a dark look and was wearing a cloak, and that's why you think he's doomed?"

"Zuzi, can you really see their face clearly from this far away and accurately predict their fortune?"

The two loyal fans looked at the young Zuzi with starry eyes.

It's rare for young Zuzi to be willing to make a judgment about someone's fortune, they were dying to hear the gossip.

Xi Zuzi took a sip of lotus leaf tea unhurriedly and said calmly, "It's not that complicated. You can tell a person's luck just by the way they eat."

"Huh?" The two girls were extremely surprised.

Can you really tell just by the way they eat?

The two girls couldn't help but sit up straight, even their hands holding the teacups suddenly became prim and proper, trying to be as elegant as possible.

Xi Zuzi couldn't help but curl her lips slightly: "It's not that you must be restrained when eating, but you must have a basic reverence for food. Every meal, every dish comes from the plants and trees, food has its spirit, if there's no reverence, eating it naturally becomes poison."

The two girls took a deep breath and looked at the lotus leaves floating in their teacups, and the neatly cut sour and sweet radish and jellyfish strips in the delicate plate of appetizers, swallowing their saliva—

The appetizers were clearly so ordinary, but after young Zuzi talked about it, they seemed a bit glowing—>_→

Xi Zuzi gently blew on the hot tea, not drinking it, only sniffing the faint aroma of the tea before saying, "Also, their posture while eating is wrong."

"Huh? What posture?" The two girls couldn't help but straighten their backs, trying to be ladylike and demure.

Xi Zuzi said calmly, "Eating with your head down without looking forward, not holding the bowl, and stretching your neck forward is a sign of bad luck."

The two girls secretly observed the opposite private room, and it was true!

Young Zuzi was right about everything!

After cutting the mushrooms, the old man in the black robe tucked his left hand into his sleeve, only using his right hand to fork the mushrooms, his head reaching into the bowl, with a strange look as if his whole face was buried in the bowl, and his brows were gloomy and drooping, not even glancing at the dishes or people.

You'd think he was seriously eating, but he was mocking the Empire's food as unpalatable.

You'd think he was critiquing gourmet food, but it seemed his mind wasn't on the food, just burying his head to finish eating as an obligation.

I don't know if it's because foreigners prefer using plates over bowls, but he never used his hands to hold the bowl the whole time, which looked even stranger.

Xi Rubao suddenly realized: "I get it, a rice bowl, huh, is equivalent to one's career fortune, right? If you can't even hold your rice bowl, you definitely can't achieve anything big, right sis?"

Xi Zuzi smiled slightly.

Wu Qianman also caught on: "We people of the Empire, no matter how hungry or greedy, when eating, will glance at all the dishes on the table, can't just focus on what they want to eat, burying their heads in their own bowls. This is basic dining etiquette learned from childhood. And that person burying his head in his bowl looks like a greedy beast scavenging for prey, like a reincarnated ghost. Look at that spring water lotus mushroom, he picked the largest one to eat and was full of complaints, such a selfish person, it would be a miracle if his luck were good."

Xi Zuzi nodded slightly.

As they spoke, Bai He, already wearing an apron and chef's hat, personally brought over the first cold dish, a chilled appetizer, smiling broadly: "What are you whispering about, so lively, come quickly and try my newly improved signature dish, I didn't have time to make it for young Zuzi last time."

Lotus root, lotus root strips, lotus petals, water calyx... a few fresh sweet ingredients mixed with refreshing sauce served over ice for cooling, flavorful and refreshing, Xi Rubao took just one bite and exclaimed—"What a delicacy! Worthy of the human world!"

Xi Zuzi also politely took a small taste: "Very good."

Which made Bai He feel elated.

About to humbly say something.

Who knew.

A voice came from behind, neither fully foreign nor local, with a sarcastic tone: "Call your boss here, what kind of lousy dish is this!"

Chapter 892: The Little Ancestor Makes People Afraid to Meet Her Gaze

Who is this, talking so arrogantly?

Bai He frowned and looked over.

The door of the opposite private room was half-open, revealing a group of foreigners inside, dissatisfiedly poking at the mushrooms in their bowls with a fork, possibly because it was frustrating, they got upset and started shouting down the corridor: "Call the boss, what kind of lousy food is this!"

Bai He took a deep breath and said to Zuzi: "Little Ancestor, enjoy your meal first, I'll handle this."

Then she turned and stomped to the door of the opposite private room, her temper flaring: "Lousy food? What's lousy about it, explain it to me clearly!"

Those foreigners saw it was a young girl, wearing an apron and a chef's hat, probably just a kitchen helper running errands, and didn't take her seriously at all:

"Little cook, it's not up to you, go call your boss!"

"Your Empire's food tastes awful, cooked meat without blood? Are you feeding us expired, rotten meat?"

"Who eats with a bowl, bowls are for soup, bring us plates!"

People around Davis chattered on, while he, with a gloomy face, ordered: "Have the chef redo the steak and mushrooms. Who wants to eat this bland nonsense!"

Bai He was so infuriated, she laughed!

"Ha, bland? Do you know what it means to preserve the original flavor of ingredients, perfectly natural? Besides frying and deep-frying, what else can you do?"

"Want to eat Western food, turn right at the door! If you're eating Chinese food, adapt to our customs!"

"Can't use a bowl or chopsticks, what are you pretending for, eating Chinese food? Mushrooms are picked up with chopsticks, not poked with forks. If you don't have the skill, don't come to our Chinese restaurant and make a fool of yourselves!"

Bai He retorted without hesitation.

This fluent foreign language left the other side stunned.

The harshest thing is confronting foreigners in their own language.

Is she really just a little cook?

Davis's follower craned his neck to look at Bai He behind her.

Now, his gaze fell on Zuzi in the center, looking very familiar: "Dean Davis, look, isn't that girl in the middle the one who was supporting the Imperial Team's little guy on the field? Might she be a fan of the Imperial Team, deliberately giving us trouble? Hey, look, the two girls beside her are making faces and despising us; these crazy fans!"

Davis lifted his eyes, buried in his black robe, and looked over.

That feeling of the eyeballs being scorched by the sun came again, damn it.

Although the girl opposite was just lazily looking at him, with calm eyes and brows, how could she make him feel unable to look directly?

It must be that the food didn't suit his taste, too little meat, too little oil, and he was hungry and irritable.

Davis turned his gaze away, snorted: "Fans? They're just some ignorant little girls, since M country didn't teach them how to behave, you teach them!"

The follower immediately stood up and called someone to complain: "Mr. Ambassador, what kind of lousy restaurant did you book for us, food is awful, the chef is rude, even the customers are low-level brainless fans..."

The other side seemed confused: "Can't be, this is the hottest restaurant in the capital now."

"Stop talking nonsense, hurry and call out the boss to kneel and apologize to Dean Davis, and have him fire those chefs, kick out those tasteless customers!" The follower spoke fiercely, carrying out the Dean's words to teach Zuzi and her group of young girls how to behave.

Bai He felt something was off: "Mr. Ambassador? Could it be you're talking about..."

Chapter 893: Failing to Show Off, Struck by Lightning Instead

Amid Bai He's confusion, a series of anxious footsteps echoed from the hallway behind her.

A blond, blue-eyed, refined-looking man suddenly squeezed in from the line outside waiting for a table, looking even more puzzled than Bai He: "What is going on?"

Davis's assistant, spotting Ambassador Alexander's arrival, became even more arrogant: "Ambassador, you clearly understand Dean Davis's stature. He's influential not only in our country M but also across France, Italy, and many European nations. Otherwise, we wouldn't have asked you to help secure a reservation at this restaurant. But unexpectedly, you chose such a lousy place. Before the Dean gets angry, I hope you promptly address this and teach these ignorant Empire people some manners, to know how to serve distinguished guests from the West..."

An ambassador can represent a nation.

These kids might not grasp Dean Davis's status, but surely they know the role of an ambassador.

Having the ambassador reprimand them was the most fitting solution.

The most important thing was to calm Dean Davis and ensure he enjoyed a satisfactory meal.

After speaking, the assistant didn't even glance at Bai He and Zuzi but stared intently at Alexander, pressuring him to take action.

Hearing this, Alexander's expression grew stern.

Just when Davis's entourage thought he would assert the might of Western countries in the Empire, Alexander unexpectedly said, "I'm sorry, but if this is the case, you might have to leave."

"What?" The other party thought they misheard, "Ambassador, I'm asking you to reprimand and chase away those short people..."

Alexander, frowning deeper, interrupted, "It is you who should leave. You don't even realize that getting a table here is nearly impossible. Even a king couldn't secure a reservation! I waited in line myself all morning to get this spot. Seeing as it's your first time here, I temporarily offered it to you, giving you a chance to taste classic Empire cuisine. If you don't appreciate it, that's fine, but making all these bizarre complaints—are you aware the line outside stretches to the elevator? If you can't appreciate it, plenty of others are eager to do so!"

Davis's entourage was dumbfounded.

Though they noticed many people queuing outside when they entered, they had no idea it was for this restaurant. Nor did they realize someone like Alexander would need to queue personally for a meal, rather than just casually instruct the restaurant to reserve a spot respectfully for him.

"What's so special about this restaurant? Ambassador, have the boss come out, we'll talk to him directly. I refuse to believe this boss would dare offend people from country M..." The assistant's words were once again cut short.

This time, Bai He sneered as she spoke, pointing to her chest: "I am the boss."

The atmosphere in the private room instantly became even more tense and awkward.

What?

This clueless young woman is the boss?

Bai He snorted: "As the boss, I have only one thing to say to you all—please get out of my restaurant! Thank you!"

This young girl dares to speak to them like that?

Davis's entourage looked at Alexander, expecting him, as the intermediary, to at least mediate.

But Alexander stood beside Bai He, nodding deeply: "This is Boss Bai's territory, and what she says goes. Hurry and leave, I intend to use this room to host my friends for dinner."

Davis's group almost spat out their collective fury onto the table.

Chapter 894: Regretful to the Extreme, I'd Even Eat with My Hands!

Sure, here's the translation:

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A nation's ambassador actually showing such respect and obedience to a small boss like this?

Davis and his group were utterly taken aback.

However, before they could finish processing their shock, something else happened.

They heard Zuzi call out from a distance, "Xiao He, come over here."

Bai He immediately left the crowd and joyfully ran over to the elegant silhouette, "Little Ancestor, are you going to praise me for adding lotus root to the cold dish, making it extra tender and flavorful?"

Zuzi smiled slightly, "Your cool and refreshing preparation is quite delightful for the summer, it reminds me of some flavors I tried long ago. Today, I'll teach you another Peach Blossom Banquet dish."

Bai He was so excited she almost jumped into Zuzi's arms, "Little Ancestor, you're the best, number one in the world, boohoo!"

With her Lotus Banquet, she was already quite famous, sometimes even more popular than Wu Qianman, the female celebrity, needing sunglasses when she walked outside. Now with Little Ancestor teaching her the Peach Blossom Banquet, Bai He was set to be a legendary, renowned chef.

She carefully noted down everything Zuzi said about the Peach Blossom Banquet ingredients, methods, and secrets in her notebook.

She bounced back to the kitchen, thrilled to show off her skills.

As she passed by the door of the private room opposite, she saw Davis's group still hadn't left. She couldn't help but pull a face, her enthusiastic expression instantly turning icy, "Why haven't you scrambled yet? Do you want to lose face so badly that I have to get someone to chase you out with sticks?"

Davis's group, feeling shamed, could barely hold themselves together: "..."

As they left in embarrassment, they couldn't help but glance more at Zuzi's direction.

This fierce boss, acting as if she's a rabbit bowing to the mighty Zuzi, changed faces way too fast, truly remarkable.

So who exactly is that person with the last name Xi?!

They left unsatisfied and jostled through the crowd at the entrance, finally squeezing into the empty French restaurant next door to settle down in a private room.

"Our Western dishes are truly more refined and upscale, we can finally eat authentic French cuisine."

"Yeah, I've been longing for steak, foie gras, and roast turkey..."

"Don't mention it, that Empire cuisine was a nightmare, half-cooked, and all those cold dishes and lotus roots, looked like dog food to me!"

The group ate while complaining.

Gradually, they felt that something was off.

"Why does this room have a smell?"

"Is the foie gras fresh, why does it stink..."

"Ever since I came in, I've felt a stench. I thought it was from the toilet, but now that even the plates stink, what's going on... It can't be the smell of French food, the dishes can't be the problem, right? Ugh!"

"Ugh!"

"Ugh!"

They had their hearts set on French cuisine but ended up nauseated, their stomachs churning painfully.

At that moment, the window was wide open, and fragrances of lotus leaves and peach blossoms wafted over from the "Turquoise Pool" restaurant next door, making the entourage regret not eating more lotus leaf rice and cold dishes earlier. Even if they couldn't use chopsticks, they could have just grabbed the food with their hands.

Davis clutched his stomach, that feeling of being starving yet unable to eat anything was a hundred times more unbearable than plain hunger.

What curse had he come under today, failing in the culinary battle, eating disorder, unlucky in every aspect!

He glanced up.

A barely noticeable glimmer flashed by the window, he could only vaguely make out what looked like two thin bamboo skewers.

Unbeknownst to him, a pair of Gourmet Jade Chopsticks were scampering back towards Xi Rubao while chuckling gleefully by the wall's edge...

Chapter 895: Dutch-Style Coquetry vs. Bao-Style Coquetry

Unlike those poor foreigners at the French restaurant who couldn't stop throwing up, the "Turquoise Pool" restaurant was filled with laughter.

Bai He, following the menu taught by Xi Zuzi, cooked a table full of exquisite dishes that could only be described as delightful. She personally held the wine jug, flying around the table to pour the wine.

When she got to Xi Zuzi, she refilled his wine while curiously asking, "Little Ancestor, what are you looking at?"

Xi Zuzi's smartwatch popped up a hot news flash that seemed to be about some scientific exploration program.

"A large group of ancient tombs discovered in the southwest region of the Empire... The initial excavation artifacts have significant similarities with those unearthed in the southern Fu Xi Palace. The exact timing of the burial still requires further exploration..."

Bai He wasn't very interested in artifacts: "Little Ancestor, little ancestor, I have news even more exciting than discovering ancient tombs!"

Xi Zuzi lifted her eyes, slightly curled her lips: "Oh?"

Bai He: "Little Ancestor, my family discovered my cooking skills have improved dramatically and my culinary career is thriving. They no longer oppose me racing cars, and they finally allowed me to participate in this year's F1 event! They used to be prejudiced, thinking cooking and driving were just hobbies. Now they finally admit it's a serious career. Isn't this great news?"

Xi Zuzi nodded: "Yeah."

Xi Rubao leaned over: "The key is, when you go racing, can you take us along? Otherwise, I can't feel the excitement of your news."

Wu Qianman: "Exactly, Sister Bai He, won't you let us experience the style of the Car Goddess? I think it's more interesting than watching Yin Hu boxing?"

"Oh, you two little guys are teasing me! Our Empire already has a female Car God. I'm just a newbie, heh heh, it's more about participating. I wasn't thinking about winning any awards, but I definitely need you guys to support me. Otherwise, I won't even have a cheering fan, way more tragic than Yin Hu!"

Bai He turned into a little bunny acting coy again: "Little Ancestor, please come, come see me race? I study racing just as seriously as I study cooking, truly!"

Zuzi pondered for a moment as if something crossed her mind: "I'm afraid the ancestor won't have time."

The racing time is fixed.

That event... its timing is also destined.

She can't split herself in half to participate in both.

The rejected Xiao Baihe snuggled into Zuzi's arm, whining: "Just for a little bit, okay? You don't need to watch the whole race, just accompany me for a short while. Either watch the start or come share the joy when I get the result. As long as you're at the racetrack even for a second, I'll be so happy. Otherwise, I'll wither like a wilting lotus, begging you, please..."

Xi Zuzi: "Hmm... okay."

The decisive little ancestor was actually persuaded!

Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman held their breath: "..."

Everyone's a woman, so why haven't we learned the lotus-like flirting skill?

Just as they were sighing.

Xi Zuzi's smartwatch lit up again, popping up a message.

Bai He thought it was just the follow-up to the "tomb excavation" news again.

Who would've thought, as she inadvertently glanced over while in Zuzi's arm, it turned out to be a message from Bao Gucheng.

She immediately became alert and scanned it again, seeing it read—

"Miss Zuzi, as you suggested, I brought warm clothes. Yet, even looking at your photo, no matter how long the night winds blow, I feel not a bit of chill. Isn't that strange?"

Bai He: "... " Hmph, talking about how it wasn't cold last night in broad daylight, Bao Huilang, are you just trying to make conversation? So pretentious?

Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman: "... " Even Mr. Bo is better at flirting than us! This world leaves no room for the clumsiest girls like us!

Xi Zuzi smiled slightly, her jade finger tapping lightly, replied: "The time has not yet come."

Chapter 896: Is Your Idol God or the Little Ancestor?

It's not time yet?

What do you mean?

Xi Zuzi replied to Bao Gucheng's message, leaving the three girls who secretly saw the conversation baffled.

Is it saying that it's not cold during the day, only at night? So Mr. Bo should wear more clothes?

Oh, let's not think about it, the more I think, the more I feel lonely and cold— the three girls huddling around Xi Zuzi as they walked out, chatting about Bai He having registered for the F1 race.

According to Bai He, currently, the strongest racing teams in the world are from M Country.

It's not that M Country's motorsport is booming, nor that M Country people are naturally suited to car racing. The reason is simple: a few years ago, M Country spent a huge amount of money to hire a young talent from the Empire named God.

God has helped M Country's racing team win the Championship Cup five times over the past few years!

There's only one Championship Cup, and with it in M Country's hands, the Empire can only sigh in vain.

It's utterly infuriating.

"So, the key lies with that God? If not for his betrayal of the Empire to join M Country's racing team, the Championship Cup should belong to our Empire, right?" Xi Rubao asked.

Bai He pursed her lips: "That's not exactly right. After all, sports have no borders, and many athletes participate in cross-border competitions. God learned how to drive abroad initially, and joining a foreign racing team had his own reasons..."

Wu Qianman rested her chin: "So Sister Bai He, is that God really handsome, are you his fan?"

Otherwise, given Bai He's earlier dislike for those people from M Country, why would she speak up for someone working for them?

Bai He blushed and quickly glanced at Xi Zuzi: "Not really, G God is cool when driving, but my idol now is Little Ancestor!"

She was very into God back then, but that's all in the past.

Also, God only made her fangirl in the racing realm, whereas Little Ancestor made her adore him entirely and wholeheartedly.

Xi Rubao chuckled: "Sister Bai He, you even called him G God, isn't he your idol? Do you have a photo, show me!"

Bai He awkwardly said: "I didn't save any..."

Wu Qianman, with sharp eyes: "Sister Bai He, isn't your phone's screen saver a racing photo? Could that driver be God?"

Bai He covered her face: "... These little ones sure have sharp eyes.

She quickly confessed to Xi Zuzi: "Little Ancestor, I forgot to change the screen saver. I'm really not into him now..."

Xi Zuzi glanced at it and smiled lightly: "Hmm."

Xi Rubao snatched the phone to take a proper look and exclaimed loudly: "Sis, don't believe Sister Bai He, look how artistic this photo is, the sun setting, the racing car bathed in a golden glow, the driver extending an arm... Tsk, this arm looks quite slender, could it be a frail pretty boy, Sister Bai He, your taste is off..."

Bai He blushed more, grabbed back the phone, and promptly deleted the screen saver: "G God trains a lot, he is quite thin, but not feeble, just slim, not tall either, after all, you can't be too tall racing cars. Oh, please, please, let me off, don't bring him up again..."

"It's not us bringing it up, you brought him up first."

"Alright, alright, it's all my fault. Actually, I was just giving an example of why M Country's racing team is so strong. With him competing, the Imperial Team basically has no hope, though I still focus on participating, hoping to contribute a few points to the Imperial Team's score, even if we lose, it shouldn't be by much..."

"Sister Bai He, your pre-race statement is so humble."

"Yeah, when it comes to what you love, people often have no choice but to become humble..."

Chapter 897: Ancestor Has Never Missed Anyone

Hearing this, Zuzi raised her eyes slightly, "Really?"

Does a person become humble when they love something?

Bai He nodded, "Yes, little Ancestor, it's like when we meet someone we like, we can't help but be a little humble. We'll constantly think about whether they're happy, if they're eating well or sleeping well. Even if we don't see them for a long time and there's no call or message, we're still thinking about them silently. When we close our eyes, their image is stuck in our mind, but we're too shy to say it out loud. You know the feeling I'm talking about, right?"

Bai He spoke with genuine emotion.

Xi Rubao couldn't help but laugh, patting Bai He on the shoulder, "Then you asked the wrong person. Our Ancestor lady doesn't worry about anything, she wouldn't think about someone like this."

Even if it's her brother-in-law, little Ancestor isn't the type who can't live without him, right?

Anyway, she has never seen Zuzi miss anyone.

Bai He also laughed, "Oh right, my mistake. Little Ancestor sees everything openly, she's carefree, how could she be like me, a common person with overly rich emotions."

Zuzi's Phoenix Eyes blinked, "Is that so... Why can't feelings be spoken out loud? Can't I just say I miss him?"

Everyone: "..."

Little Ancestor always focuses on different points than they do!

"Cough cough, sis, that's called subtlety."

"Little Ancestor, saying 'I miss you' sounds so pretentious."

"Zuzi, generally Empire people, from ancient to present, value 'understanding without words' and 'all is said without being said'.

Zuzi: "Is that so..."

It seems when I molded people with clay, I made their thoughts too complicated, right?

No wonder those poems and essays are so hard to understand, there's not a single straightforward sentence.

They chatted and laughed all the way back to school.

Bai He initially intended to continue hanging out with Zuzi, but unexpectedly the school issued a last-minute notice. All military training groups on break must halt their vacations and return to continue training, because the training duration for new students has been compressed, and now preparations for the final school-wide presentation needs to be tightly organized, with every skill needing intensive practice.

She could only reluctantly say goodbye to the three girls, deciding to head back to the racetrack to run a few dozen laps for practice. After all, in a couple of days, little Ancestor is coming to see the race, and she couldn't afford to lose too badly.

As soon as Zuzi and the others returned to their team following the notice, they found that some people were still missing from the group.

"Where's Bian Xiaohong gone? We gave up our holidays, food, and fun to come back, but where is she?" Xi Rubao grumbled with discontent.

A classmate lightly pulled her aside, "Don't ask, she was chosen to be the leader for the military boxing group and is now training separately."

"Her?" Xi Rubao pursed her lips, "No way, with the tiger out of the mountain, the monkey becomes the king, huh."

"Maybe she got lucky. I heard, coincidentally, there's a competition between the Empire and M Country today. Our Empire's fighter used the set of military boxing invented by Drill Master Yan to beat M Country mercilessly, leaving them unable to retaliate. So this military boxing performance is highly valued by the authorities, and maybe on that day they might even invite the champion of the competition, that victorious soldier, to perform together. Bian Xiaohong is really lucky!" The classmates were filled with admiration.

Xi Rubao: "...???"

No way, the soldier they were talking about is Yin Hu?

In the team, Sun Yunyun was quite pleased to see Bian Xiaohong absent.

With one less competitor, she was undoubtedly going to be first in the upcoming evaluation, and next time she could confidently contribute her eyebrows, nose hair, and all kinds of hair to Jade Ruler for academic dedication.

She looked toward Zuzi, feeling that they were all lazy, pleasure-seeking slackers who only wanted vacations, while she was like the dedicated, hardworking protagonist in a novel who finally got her chance!

Chapter 898: Should the Ancestor Be Subtle or Direct with Mr. Bo?

Xi Zuzi, in the eyes of the spirited Sun Yunyun, could be considered quite "lazy".

When practicing boxing, she was too lazy to lift a hand.

During marching drills, her mind was elsewhere.

When singing battle songs, she wouldn't open her mouth at all.

If it weren't for witnessing her impressive ten-out-of-ten shooting skills, everyone would probably think she was useless.

But now, everyone thinks... she's genuinely, just too, lazy, to, move.

How can there be someone so unmotivated, ugh ugh ugh.

"Xi Rubao, your sister is so lazy with practice. During the report performance, she'll drag everyone down! You should hurry up and advise her." A classmate couldn't help but mutter.

Xi Rubao defended her fiercely: "Who says my sister will drag behind? At critical moments, maybe she'll even help lift your scores."

"But your sister's mind isn't even here, she's too lazy to move."

"Who says she's not moving? Look, she's intently moving her fingers now!"

Everyone: "...". When playing with her phone watch, Xi Zuzi's finger poking was indeed very focused!

Xi Zuzi was replying to a message from Bao Gucheng.

The surgery of the Old President was relatively successful. After it's done, he would continue to monitor for a while until the Old President wakes up, asking him the questions he wanted before leaving.

So it seems that he can't meet her at school tonight either.

"Long time no see, does Miss Zuzi miss me?"

The man unexpectedly sent this message.

Xi Zuzi, with her fingers already on the screen, paused.

She habitually wanted to type "Hmm."

She wanted to see the young man, missed the scent on him, wanted to have a sniff.

But...

She suddenly remembered what Bai He and the others said, "The people of the Empire have always valued subtlety, you can't straightforwardly say 'I miss you', it should be 'understood by heart', 'hesitant to speak', 'everything is in silence'..."

Um, so, being too straightforward would make the young man uncomfortable?

She retyped two words: "It's okay."

For a long time, there was no response from the other end of the phone.

Receiving the "It's okay" message, Bao Gucheng felt like a bucket of cold water had been poured over him.

Does she not miss him? Is it because he's been constantly traveling for business, spending too little time with her? Or is it because among the new students in military training at school, there are too many energetic young guys who have diverted her attention?

After all, she said she liked "young boys".

There are so many younger brats at school compared to him, even though he had already prepared, ordered the military training to separate male and female training, but still couldn't prevent his little cabbage from being eyed by those little piglets?

Bao Gucheng stared deeply at the phone screen.

For a long time.

Suddenly, another message popped up on the screen: "Miss you very much."

In an instant, it was like peach blossoms blooming all over the sky, falling beautifully on his head.

"Mr. Bo, what are you smiling at?" The old professor, just out of the operating room, looked at him in surprise.

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Taking a deep breath and trying hard to suppress the curve of his lips, he quickly put away his phone, secretly pressing it to his heart, hiding all that laughter and blooming flowers.

Then he expressionlessly responded to the old professor: "How is the situation inside?"

The old professor shook his head, thinking he must have been mistaken, with the Old President's condition so serious and the surgery so unpredictable, Mr. Bo should be full of worries.

"Oh, it's like this, during the postoperative medication, we had some disagreements with Mr. Bai Fei, here to report and let you decide..."

Bao Gucheng listened seriously to the report.

But his large hand was pressed to his heart through his phone.

She missed him.

She admitted she missed him!

Such straightforward, passionate, and unrestrained words, truly like his Miss Zuzi.

Chapter 899: Properly Tormenting the Training-Resistant Zuzi

After Xi Zuzi sent a "I'm fine," she kept feeling something was off.

"Gods can't lie, Ancestor," the little crow licked its feathers and whispered.

"Ancestor, you're having fun here with so many pretty ladies around you, how could you have time to think about that boy? Brother Jin is right, as a Divine, you have to speak the truth—no time to think about him!" Fu Xiqin chimed in.

"When did I say Ancestor doesn't think about boys."

"Hey, you just said it, Brother Jin."

"Shut up, you know nothing about romance!"

"I do, though, Wind God is my little brother, Flower God is my bestie, and back then when the moon rose, Chang Er even invited me for osmanthus tea, Brother Jin."

"...Get lost, you go cool off somewhere else."

Xi Zuzi seemed unfazed by the pets' squabble, pondered for a moment, and typed a few more words on her phone-watch to send out: "Miss you dearly."

Finally, as the message sent out, she inexplicably felt a sense of relief in her heart.

Being coy doesn't suit the Ancestor.

Putting her phone away, she unexpectedly picked up a javelin during training.

"Whoa, she hit it! The javelin struck the dummy right in the heart!"

"Xi Zuzi, you should really go to Medical College, what's the point of studying those ancient relics in the Ancient Biology Department?"

"Xi Zuzi, at the showcase performance, you should be our leader, then we can surely get high scores!"

"Hey, Xi, Xi, hey, why are you spacing out again..."

The little Ancestor just threw the javelin on a whim, and then turned around to play with flower petals.

Everyone: "..."

Well, this Ancestor can't be relied upon.

To get a high group score and liven up their military training profile, everyone had to find someone else; Xi Zuzi was uninterested in training, Bian Xiaohong was praised by the strict instructor to lead the entire school, leaving only Xi Rubao, Wu Qianman, and Sun Yunyun with equal skills.

And Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman were always following around Xi Zuzi, seemingly without any ambition, while Sun Yunyun had a "I'm going to take first place" vibe, which made everyone gravitate towards her: "Yun Yun, for the showcase performance, can you be our group leader? Just don't let us be at the bottom for group scores..."

Sun Yunyun's eyes rolled in Xi Zuzi's direction, saying: "You all have good taste."

Xi Zuzi, occasionally steals the spotlight, but at crucial moments, everyone still has to rely on her, right?

"Since you're sincerely asking me, follow my lead, I have an aura for learning and can guide you." She gripped the Jade Ruler in her pants pocket, showing a poised stance.

Sun Yunyun was elected as the leader by the group, exuding confidence, practically imagining herself as a female instructor.

That night, she went back and designed a set of training plans, intending to use her power properly, she specially arranged a few three-person team PK activities.

"Hmph, Xi Zuzi, you all want to slack off, no way! I'll group the three of you together. If you slack off, you'll lose badly in every PK, let's see if you care about face!"

The next day she held the meticulously designed plan, full intent to "torment" the unwilling-to-train Xi Zuzi.

But who would have thought, upon arriving at the training field, they didn't even see a shadow of Xi Zuzi.

"Someone's absent? At such a critical time, showcase training is urgent, and someone dares to skip?!"

Sun Yunyun deliberately raised her voice for all the students and instructors to hear.

Xi Zuzi trying to escape training? Dream on!

Chapter 900: The Good Fortune Brought by the Ancestor

Sun Yunyun deliberately shouted out that Xi Zuzi didn't come.

Unexpectedly, the new instructor glanced at the team and calmly said, "Oh, the three of them, Vice Officer Chen has granted them leave. I know about it. No need to make a fuss."

"Instructor, isn't it forbidden for anyone to take leave?!"

"Oh. They're different."

"We're all freshmen, how are they different?"

"They have to attend an important event. I heard it's a meeting with foreign guests. You wouldn't understand."

Everyone looked bewildered: "... " Meeting with foreign guests, it sounds so prestigious.

Sun Yunyun was furious: "What an excuse! They must be using this as an excuse to sleep in their dormitory. What right do those country bumpkins have to meet foreign guests!"

The new instructor frowned: "Are you the instructor or am I? Sleeping in? They had a special car pick them up first thing in the morning, much earlier than you. What right do you have to criticize? Don't think you can just act out because you're leading the team. Focus on your training and mind your own business!"

Sun Yunyun: "... "

She obviously meant to report Xi Zuzi, but ended up being scolded by the instructor. It was really frustrating.

Damn Xi Zuzi, where on earth did you slack off to!

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At this moment.

Imperial International Race Track.

Bai He, utterly bewildered, was led by the staff from the competitors' area into the center of the stands, to a private box in the middle of the VIP seats.

As far as she knew, this private box was off-limits to ordinary VIPs. Only the President had the right to sit here.

With the Old President unconscious and the Vice President on an overseas visit, this box should be empty.

Who's sitting inside?

And why are they summoning her?

She's just a barely-noticed new member of the Imperial Team this year. Could it be that the upper levels of the Empire have recognized her potential and want to encourage her before the competition?

With a head full of small questions, she followed the staff through a few rows of seats in the VIP area. By now, the audience had mostly filled in, but three seats in the VIP section were empty, precisely the ones she had bought in advance for Xi Zuzi and the others.

"Sigh, as expected, my little Ancestor is too busy with training at school to come..."

Feeling disappointed, Bai He followed the staff into the box without much spirit.

As soon as the door opened, she was greeted by Xi Rubao with a round face, holding two green cakes and eating them with great relish: "Ah, Sister Bai He, come and eat. The service in the Presidential box is fantastic. The green cakes are freshly made to order, so delicious!"

The woman leaning back on the sofa behind Xi Rubao, in white, looked at her with a smile. Who else could it be if not Xi Zuzi!

Bai He felt invigorated instantly: "Little Ancestor, it's really you!"

As expected of her little Ancestor, even the Presidential box was freely accessible!

Sure enough, my little Ancestor still cares about me. Though she claimed to be too busy, she still came to cheer me on in the end.

Bai He lazed around eating and drinking in the Presidential box for a while. Only when the time was almost up did she reluctantly get ready for the race.

"Little Ancestor, give me some unbeatable confidence!"

Bai He asked for a hug, making Xi Rubao and the others sigh enviously.

Xi Zuzi curved her lips, stretched out a jade-like finger, and gently tapped her forehead: "Sure."

Bai He beamed: "Little Ancestor, with you here, I've really got good luck. This morning I even heard magpies chirping outside my window, and when I got to the competitors' dressing room, I heard another explosive news—God, he's returning to the country to compete this time!"

Xi Zuzi's expression remained unchanged.

Xi Rubao curled her lips: "Magpies are nice, but that God guy works for foreigners, and he's back to compete against you guys. What's there to be excited about?"

Bai He's eyes sparkled: "No, Rubao, this time he's fighting for our Empire! I'm going to fight side by side with him. How could I not be excited!"