

## Big Shot 901

Chapter 901: Nest Usurped by Strangers

Has God transferred to serve the Empire?

Xi Rubao was stunned and shook his head in disbelief: "Wasn't it just yesterday that we said this God learned racing in M Country and has been competing for M Country?"

Bai He: "Baby, you don't know, such 'transfers' often happen in the sports circle. Just like our Empire's football team and ice hockey team often recruit powerful foreign players and change their nationality to compete for our teams. Besides, God is originally an Empire person, so transferring to the Imperial Team is even more natural."

"Sister Bai He, didn't someone say yesterday that they won't idolize someone anymore?"

"Ahem, I didn't idolize him! I'm just happy for the Imperial Team — there's a stronger guarantee for winning the championship this year... Little Ancestor, uh, I'm going to head off first, go prepare for the pre-match warm-up. I'll make sure to perform well for you later, if we win I'll treat you all to some fun!"

Bai He laughed sweetly, touched the spot on her forehead that Xi Zuzi had pointed at, and lightly pushed the door open.

Suddenly remembering something, she muttered: "Little Ancestor, if you're not taking the VIP seats, I might as well return the three tickets. Maybe someone can't get a ticket and is eager to watch, so we might as well do them a favor. Besides, it's better to save some Silver and donate it to the orphanage..."

Xi Zuzi lightly curved her lips, her eyes sparkled, but she said nothing.

Xi Rubao stretched his neck toward the racetrack: "I really want to see who this God is, who has captivated Sister Bai He to the point of losing her mind. Is he really that amazing?"

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Bai He pushed the door open from the presidential suite, just about to make a call to return the tickets.

She looked up, and saw the middle of the VIP seats, the best three positions that were supposed to be empty were already occupied by two people.

Those seats were tickets she bought for the Little Ancestor, secured long ago after spending a lot of money, and now the Little Ancestor has a better presidential position and didn't sit, who has rushed to occupy the nest?

Bai He hurried forward a few steps and was slightly surprised when she clearly saw the two people on the seats.

She found that the two were whispering among themselves with unwavering attention, completely unaware of her approach—

"Miss Gu, this VIP seat ticket... isn't it particularly expensive? I feel a bit uneasy sitting here, it's such a waste of money..."

"Brother Hu, please don't think like this. These tickets were something I booked a long time ago, and a friend helped me specifically reserve the position, so it didn't cost much, oh."

"Then, your friend's favor needs to be repaid too. I heard the racing VIP seats have skyrocketed, and you can't get a ticket for less than tens of thousands. I've always watched the broadcast on TV in my dorm before."

"Brother Hu, money is just an external thing. After experiencing so many changes, how could I regard money so seriously? Especially since it's for you... Ensuring you get to watch a live race once and enjoy yourself also makes up for my regret of not being able to see you win the championship last time."

"Ahem, last time, last time I just got lucky, actually I was beaten quite badly at the start."

"I believe Brother Hu can be successful in anything he does. Look at how well you've practiced 'Five Animal Play', even better than me, defeating M Country's men thoroughly."

"Miss Gu, actually... I lost when practicing Five Animal Play that day, I finally won using military boxing."  
Yin Hu bit his lip and confessed.

He was somewhat puzzled actually, could it be Gu Shiyin didn't see the replay of his championship win, otherwise why doesn't she know how he actually won the match?

If he had relied on Gu Shiyin's Five Animal Play that day, he might have died in the martial arts field.

His victory was obviously a stroke of luck, thanks to Miss Xi's guidance...

Chapter 902: Let's See How You Keep Pretending to Be Cool!

Yin Hu had many questions in his heart and actually wanted to ask Gu Shiyin directly.

For example, why was it that after practicing the martial art she gave him, he only had some power in his first move, but afterwards felt enfeebled, as if his whole energy was drained?

Or why did she say she watched the replay of his martial arts competition carefully, yet didn't even know what move he used to win?

However, Gu Shiyin didn't give him a chance to ask. She smiled gently and started introducing the racing teams to him vividly and knowledgeably.

Finally, when she finished the introductions, she asked him, since Mr. Bo hadn't been seen recently, there were rumors he was always by the old president's side who was sick and in a coma. She wondered if it was true and if Mr. Bo had something that required the old president's involvement?

Yin Hu didn't ask what he intended to, instead, he was continuously questioned by Gu Shiyin softly.

He couldn't handle it, yet didn't want to break the rules by leaking information. He stammered, blushing: "Miss, Miss Gu, I can't say..."

Gu Shiyin didn't push him too hard, pursed her lips, and nodded understandingly, "I understand, you have disciplinary requirements. I just worry too much about Mr. Bo, no other intentions. Don't worry, I won't make it difficult for you. By the way, Brother Hu, I do have a favor to ask you, can you help me? Don't worry, it won't make you break your team's rules."

Not breaking rules?

Alright then.

Yin Hu readily agreed, "What is it, Miss Gu, I will definitely do it for you."

After all, she had helped him, and he had to repay her.

Gu Shiyin glanced at the track, the race was about to start. She smiled, "No rush, I'll tell you after the race. Remember, you promised me."

"A man never goes back on his word!"

"Brother Hu, you're really nice. Brother Hu, I'm going to the bathroom, you watch the race first."

"Mmm!"

Yin Hu was called Brother Hu by Gu Shiyin today, feeling a mix of emotions inside.

Not far away, witnessing all of this, Bai He couldn't help but get goosebumps.

Well, these VIP seats were originally bought by me. The tickets are still in the hands of our little ancestor, and I haven't sold them yet. How did they become the capital for Gu Shiyin to do people favors?

She probably bribed the staff knowing the guests in these three seats weren't coming, shamelessly occupying these seats like a cuckoo in a magpie's nest?

Bai He really wanted to go and expose Gu Shiyin, and wake up Yin Hu in the process.

But seeing the race about to start, she didn't have time to get entangled with them and had to hurry down to change into her racing suit.

"Tsk!"

She sneered at the oblivious Yin Hu and twisted her waist as she walked down the stands.

But she didn't want to make it easy for Gu Shiyin, the liar.

As she walked, she sent a message to a ticket scalper, sold the ticket number, and asked the scalper to fetch the tickets from the presidential box.

Gu Shiyin, let's see how you and your dear Brother Hu act when the rightful owners kick you out midway!

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At the starting line, the cars of racers from various countries were ready, parked at the start line.

From the presidential box, the scene of the cars raring to go was quite spectacular.

"Sis, car racing is so fun, so cool, much more interesting than watching martial arts!" Xi Rubao exclaimed.

Zuzi glanced at her smartwatch screen, Bao Gucheng hadn't messaged her since asking if she missed him last night, which felt a bit unusual.

She turned off the screen, resting her chin and gazing at the stands, "Hmm, is it fun? It's just a line-up of beetles, quite ordinary..."

Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman: "Pfft—"

The little ancestor always had such a unique perspective on things.

Chapter 903: Even That Mascot Has to Call Me Ancestor

The racing teams, regarded by Xi Zuzi as "a line of beetles lined up," have completed their assembly.

"Zuzi, look, the one on the far end with number 133 is Sister Bai He's car, she specially painted it white because you like that color."

"The cars next to it belong to the Imperial Team, including both veterans and newcomers..."

"Oh right, that number 007 car is said to belong to Sister Bai He's idol, God. I can't believe it's painted in such flashy bright yellow!"

Wu Qianman remembered the gossip Bai He just shared and quietly explained the racing teams to Xi Zuzi.

Xi Rubao suddenly exclaimed and frowned, "Why are those guys haunting us again? Didn't the goose liver next door stink them away?"

Following Xi Rubao's binocular direction, a group of people swarmed around a cloaked old man, heading toward a dark red car with number 101.

The racer jumped down respectfully and saluted the old man.

The old man reached out and sprinkled something on the racer's head, and the racer was immediately overjoyed, almost worshipping on the spot.

Xi Rubao scoffed, "It was the same last time they were here for boxing. Is that guy some Western ritual performer or their country's mascot?"

Upon hearing this, Xi Zuzi finally turned his gaze over, "Huh? Chicken mascot?"

"Pfft, it's a mascot, sis, like an idol dedicated to fulfilling various requests."

"Uh, so that makes the Ancestor also..."

"No no no, sis, if there really were gods in the world, you'd be the immortal sister in my heart! The mascot level doesn't match you."

Xi Zuzi chuckled lightly, "That mascot would indeed have to call me Ancestor."

Meanwhile, the pre-race warm-up had started.

The first round was a qualifying race, held individually and not counted towards official scores, used only to determine track positions for the main race.

However, racers were still nervous and focused; after all, the track was only so wide, and the most advantageous positions were in a few spots on the inner circle. Only by placing high in the qualifying race could one seize the best positions.

The flashy yellow 007 car finished its draw first and sped off.

minute 40 seconds.

A slightly above average score.

Xi Rubao exclaimed, "Didn't Bai He say her G God is pretty much the world's best? How come this initial score is so mediocre? If I remember correctly, she said the highest record in recent championship years was 1 minute and 11 seconds?"

In the audience, God's massive fan group waved flags and banners, cheering enthusiastically, "God, mighty and strong! God, mighty and strong!"

More fans quickly explained to nearby audience members, "Our God is conserving strength, it's just a qualifying race, not that important, as long as he gets a decent position. Otherwise, ranking first in qualifiers will make him a target for exclusion by fellow racers. This isn't a mistake, it's a strategy!"

"Conserving strength? How sly..." Xi Rubao heard the commotion outside and jokingly told Xi Zuzi, "Sis, people who have been in that country sure know how to play these tricks. Look at Sister Bai He, she's downright reckless, her car wheels seem like they're about to fly off."

Bai He exerted all her effort in the qualifying race, finally tying with God's score—1 minute 45 seconds.

Excited to line up next to God at the starting line, Bai He thought the clouds above the racetrack looked particularly beautiful today.

Chapter 904: Mutual Affection, But Where Is the Gentleman?

How could heaven treat her so well? She suddenly performed exceptionally, while God chose to keep it low-key. As a result, they ended up with such close scores and can start shoulder to shoulder.

Bai He couldn't help waving to God from the car window: "G-God, can I get your autograph after the race?"

God slightly turned his head and gave her a reserved glance.

Without speaking, he nodded.

Cool!

So cool!

Bai He's heart skipped a beat.

The great God agreed so easily; she must give her best performance in the race later.

The competitor parked on her other side teased: "Hey, Miss Bai, are you here to race or to chase idols? Is G your idol?"

Bai He's cheeks flushed, and she suddenly glanced at the stands and quickly looked back, her heartbeat racing faster than ever. She pressed her lips: "Not really. G-God certainly has solid skills that I genuinely admire and look up to. He is also my racing aspiration. But right now, my idol is the Ancestor, no one can replace them!"

The competitor munching on gossip let out a few dry laughs: "What Ancestor, I think you're just trying to cover up."

God in car number 007 also turned to look at her again upon hearing this.

He seemed somewhat curious about this "Ancestor" she mentioned.

Bai He clenched her fists: "Nothing to hide about, I came to race today mainly to make the Ancestor proud, everything else is secondary, I want to beat those arrogant M-country guys!"

Although God is cool, handsome, and skilled, he still can't shake the position of the Ancestor in her heart.

The competitor munching on gossip felt a bit disappointed: "I thought I could witness the racing world's Mr. and Mrs. Smith, turns out you've already got someone, what a pity..."

"Stop the nonsense, focus!" Bai He stared intently at the stopwatch, and as the electronic timer announced the start, she charged towards the track with undivided attention.

On the other side was God, perhaps his mood was affected by her "having another idol" comment, and he started a second late, but after one lap, his extraordinary skills became evident, surpassing Bai He.

Bai He wasn't discouraged and continued to pursue relentlessly.

Cars 007, 133, 101, among others, were vying for the lead and pulling a significant distance from the regular competitors.

At this moment, from the viewpoint in the presidential box, Bai He tightly gripped the steering wheel, earnestly and passionately chasing after God's car.

Xi Rubao holding binoculars felt a flood of emotions: "Chasing an idol has achieved her racing career, Sister Bai He indeed counts as the first... Sis, do you think if Sister Bai He and God win this time, there might be a romance, leading to a happy marriage..."

Xi Rubao put down the binoculars, only to find Zuzi sighing at their phone watch.

"Sis? Sis are you listening to me?"

"Mm. You said... romantic, but where's the man?"

"Well..." Xi Rubao stammered a bit, wondering if the Ancestor was suggesting that God might not be the man? Isn't that obvious?

She glanced at Zuzi's phone watch and tentatively whispered: "Sis, are you asking about your brother-in-law's whereabouts?"

Zuzi shook their head: "I know where he is."

Xi Rubao's big eyes twirled, and suddenly a string of mischievous ideas popped up: "Sis, actually, I have a suggestion."

"Mm?"

"Look, your brother-in-law has been working overtime for so many days, and he can't come out. How about after the race ends, you go see him, and bring him some good food? He would be incredibly touched."

"Good food?"

"Yeah, like those novels say, where the heroine makes soup for the hero, and then the hero remembers the taste for a lifetime and can't leave her."

"Really..." Zuzi pondered for a while, "Ancestor won't make soup."

The Ancestor has a cookbook but is only good at eating, cough cough.

Soup is out of the question, but there could be something else...

Chapter 905: Tied for First, a Bit Strange

"Sis, what are you thinking about?"

"Soup."

"Wow, are you really going to bring some warmth to brother-in-law? It's okay if you can't cook, let Sister Bai He prepare it, and you just deliver it, it's the thought that counts."

"Yeah, no rush."

Zuzi looked up at the sky, it was clear with fluffy clouds drifting leisurely.

She gently peeled a pistachio and brought it to her lips.

The roar on the track was continuous, the competition in full swing.

Bai He's car number 133 might not be the most auspicious, but today her luck was really good, securing a position in the upper middle of the grid in the qualifying race, maintaining a strong pace in the first half of the race.

Ahead, Car 007 driven by God and Car 101 from M Country were neck and neck, fighting for the lead.

Bai He knew about Car 101, said to be God's junior and a potential rising star, plus during M Country's pre-race briefing, their mascot in a black cloak seemed to bless him with some sort of spell, boosting his morale and maintaining impressive speed.

However, his skills were clearly a notch below God's.

An hour seemed to pass quickly.

The 70-lap track was almost complete.

Bai He pressed the accelerator hard, sprinting with all her might towards the finish line, aiming to gain one more position.

She still had a considerable distance to the finish line.

and 101 reached the finish line simultaneously!

"007, 101, with an average lap time of 1 minute 25 seconds, tied for first place!" The referee waved the flag to announce.

Bai He was momentarily stunned, forcing herself not to overthink, holding her breath as she dashed to the finish line.

"133, with an average lap time of 1 minute 35 seconds, placed eighth!"

As a rookie racer, making it into the top eight in her first race was quite an impressive achievement, causing a commotion in the stands. Bai He instantly gained fans, with people specifically calling out her name and applauding.

However, she found herself frozen in her car, belatedly recalling the scene just now.

Car 101 never seemed that fast before, but during the final sprint, it surged fiercely, catching up and matching pace with God.

Does M Country really have some secret winning trick?

The car that crossed the finish line slowly headed towards the rest area.

Bai He caught up with God, thinking over it repeatedly, unable to resist asking, "God, I've studied many of your winning race videos, especially focusing on learning your sprint techniques. I know your explosive power is always strongest at the end. But I found something odd... during the final sprint, I noticed your sprint technique didn't seem to shine, which is very different from your usual racing state. So I wanted to ask you..."

Just getting out of the car, God stopped, looking back at her.

With a cool demeanor flavored with a hint of caution.

Bai He awkwardly cleared her throat, pursing her lips, continuing to inquire, "I wanted to ask you, the people from M Country didn't... do anything to you, did they?"

Like some sort of spell that could interfere with God's performance?

Or did they secretly scrape parts off God's car during a mid-race pass?

Seeing Bai He's innocent, blinking eyes, God, wearing a helmet and sunglasses, looking uber cool, shook his head.

Heading towards the men's restroom, passing Bai He, he even patted her on the shoulder.

Bai He felt too shy to ask further, thinking if God implied they didn't play dirty tricks, then it might just be temporary underperformance.

How rare for him to be so magnanimous, not getting angry or blaming the opponent for being caught by a junior; it's a quality she should learn.

Chapter 906: The Ancestor's Special Guidance; Is This a Battle to Achieve Legendary Status?

Watching God walk into the men's restroom, Bai He's doubts vanished in an instant.

During the break in the race, she should still report the joyful news of making it to the top eight to the little Ancestor!

Bai He, dressed in her racing suit, passed by the VIP seats, causing quite a stir again. The prominent number 133 on her suit, originally considered unlucky, now appeared especially striking due to her recent great performance.

The enthusiastic audience and fans stretched out their arms, wanting to shake hands with her, making her feel a bit unaccustomed.

Due to the enthusiasm, someone's arm extended over, accidentally bumping her forehead and poking toward her eye.

She was startled and didn't have time to dodge.

However, just as the person's finger touched her eyelashes, her smooth forehead suddenly emitted a faint, cool aura, forcefully rebounding the hand away.

Bai He froze for a moment, then quickly walked on.

Fortunately, the enthusiastic audience didn't notice this sudden change, thinking it was just crowded and cramped that caused the rebound.

But from then on, as she walked through the crowd, it seemed she had an invisible shield around her; the crowd's passion stopped three inches away, unable to touch her, like a magnificent river course opened through a long river.

Amazing.

Bai He's little heart thumped, and she incredulously and swiftly walked to the presidential box.

Looking back, the crowd had returned to normal.

Wow, could she be hallucinating? She just won a little, is the heroine's aura that strong?

After touching her forehead and arms, it seemed like her aura was gone.

Her gaze swept to the center of the VIP seats, where Gu Shiyin occupied a place meant for someone else, and Yin Hu had already been awkwardly driven out of the race by the staff.

In their place were two familiar faces.

Fifth Young Master Nangong and his haughty fiancée Miss Xing.

Of course, Miss Xing's eternally ice-cold bodyguard was there too; the three of them just happened to occupy the three seats Bai He had sold.

But Miss Xing didn't seem very happy, displaying a look that said 'I obviously wanted to sleep, but you dragged me to watch this boring game.'

Meanwhile, Fifth Young Master Nangong was attending to her diligently, arranging fruit trays and juices, and finally pulling out a small cartoon bunny electric fan from somewhere, holding it up to fan Xing Yue.

Watching this, Bai He couldn't help but chuckle.

Shaking her head, she pushed the door open and entered the presidential box.

"Wow, our divine driver is back! Quick, give me an autograph!" Xi Rubao jumped up lively.

Wu Qianman also laughed, "You should sign a few more, they'd be in high demand. We can sell them at school tonight."

Bai He, feeling even more embarrassed, moved closer to Zuzi, "Little Ancestor, they're teasing me!"

Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman: "Hey, you're being coy again!"

Zuzi slightly curved her lips, "This is nothing. Next time, they'll be asking for more signatures."

"Sis! Do you mean that Sister Bai He will place even higher in the next race? Wow, making it to the top eight is already amazing. If she goes higher, will she become a legend?" Xi Rubao gasped.

Bai He herself was stunned, pursing her lips, and cautiously asked, "Little Ancestor, do you... have any advice for me?"

She felt like things weren't so simple!

Yet Zuzi simply raised her hand casually.

Her fingertip lightly touched Bai He's forehead: "Just remember to keep moving forward."

"Pfft," Xi Rubao laughed again, "Sis, if she doesn't move forward, what's she going to do, make a U-turn?"

Bai He, however, was thoughtful, "Just keep moving forward... Mm, I'll remember that."

Although she didn't fully understand it yet, she knew that the little Ancestor didn't easily give advice.

These words must be very important, and she needed to remember them well.

Chapter 907: Hurry and Find the Little Ancestor!

Bai He was enjoying a lively conversation with Zuzi, but her phone started ringing in her pocket.

And it wasn't just once; she pressed it to stop, but it rang again, really killing the mood.

She took it out and saw the caller ID saying "Bai You Big-Headed Dream," her smile instantly turned into a pout: "Little Ancestor, I'm going to take a call."

She walked to the restroom in the private room before answering: "What's up? I'm busy, keep it short, and if it's congratulations, really, no need."

On the other end, Bai Fei sounded frantic: "Is Miss Xi with you? Bai He, if she's with you, tell her I urgently need to see her!"

Bai He thought for a moment: "Nope! Don't bother our little Ancestor if you have nothing serious."

Bai Fei: "I really have something!"

Bai He: "Ha, it's about eating, drinking, and having fun, right? What serious business could you possibly have? Just stay put and recover in the hospital."

Bai Fei: "Hey, you brat, why don't you trust your own brother? If I don't find Miss Xi, I'm gonna die!"

Bai He: "Come on, don't pull the 'dying for love' routine, that's outdated."

Just as she was about to hang up, Bai He suddenly thought of something: "It's not that Mr. Bo is in trouble, is it?"

Bai Fei: "Nah, definitely not. Hey, hey, you care more about Bao Gucheng, that wolf with a big tail, than your own brother? Bao Gucheng is doing fine without Miss Xi, but if I don't find her, I'm really doomed... Don't hang up!"

Bai He mercilessly hung up.

Since it's not Mr. Bo in trouble, then it's none of her business.

This guy daydreams all the time, thinking he can pursue the little Ancestor without even looking in the mirror.

Bai He didn't bother with Bai Fei anymore, giving Zuzi and the others a greeting before returning to the racetrack.

The second round of the competition was about to start!

She had to give her best shot.

She drove to her designated starting position on the track, just as the countdown reached thirty seconds before the race.

Unexpectedly, God arrived even later, almost just in time, Bai He caught a quick glimpse and saw he hadn't even properly put on his helmet and was still adjusting his seatbelt.

Oh my God, God can't be this composed, could he have changed outfits during the brief break?

No time to dwell on it, she pressed the accelerator following the starting signal.

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In the last row of the normal spectator seats, Yin Hu finally found a secluded spot mostly blocked by a pillar.

This was a spot complained about by spectators for having poor visibility, temporarily vacant and sold at a discount.

But for Yin Hu, having Miss Gu get this ticket for him was already touching, without any complaint.

Thinking about how Miss Gu specifically went out to hand him the ticket and apologetically explained that the previous seating was a mix-up by a friend, causing him to wait two hours outside... his emotions couldn't help but fluctuate wildly.

Clearly, Miss Gu could've seen it alone inside, yet she cared so much!

This spot may be hidden and unclear on the track, but knowing it's Miss Gu's intention makes the feeling entirely different.

Yin Hu sat obediently, slightly regretting not asking about whether Gu Shiyin's seating was still in the VIP section.

Otherwise, he could've bought some juice or something to bring over to alleviate her boredom.

Just then, his phone buzzed.

"Silly Hu, you're at the F1 track?" a message from Chen Long.

"Yeah." he replied, with an addendum, "I'm off today."

In other words, no way this guy's calling him to cover a shift.

Who'd have thought Chen Long would ignore the latter part and come straight out with: "Quickly, go find Miss Xi in the audience seats!"

Chapter 908: Does Mr. Bo Know You're Inviting Her Over?

Looking for Miss Xi?

Yin Hu's lip twitched. "Can't you look for her yourself?"

"Hell, Hu Zi, is that even human talk? If I could come myself, why would I call you? I'm so busy here, like a headless chicken. There's a problem at the hospital, and I can't get away. Miss Xi's phone and watch are both off..." Chen Long sounded exasperated over the phone.

Yin Hu sat up straight, his tone becoming more serious. "Something went wrong on Mr. Bo's side? Is it serious? Did the President's surgery fail?"

Chen Long: "It's pretty tricky, just make sure to keep it secret."

"The old President's surgery was fairly successful. Post-op, he was stable for a while, then he just woke up," Chen Long's next words sent chills down the spine, "but although he's awake, he can't see us, hear us, or speak to us... In other words, he's blind and deaf and mute!"

Yin Hu's mind exploded with a buzz: "Isn't waking up the same as not waking up, then?"

"Exactly, that's why we're in such a rush. The expert group insists their surgical process was standard, with no issues, but they can't guarantee the post-op medication. Because it was Bai Fei, Mr. Bai who insisted on changing to a traditional medicine prescription, the expert group seems to be shifting the blame onto him."

"So is it Mr. Bai's medication error or not?"

"Sigh, who can say for sure right now? After all, we're not medical experts, and the pressing issue is to get the old President to see, hear, and talk, so he can be useful to Mr. Bo! Now the family is desperately searching for international medical professors for remote consultations, but there's no good solution. That's why I thought of Miss Xi."

"Miss Xi, she's just a student." Yin Hu muttered, "Although she's really capable, but..."

"But my foot! Don't you remember when Miss Xi saved Mr. Bo, that medical skill... cough, cough, well you can't call it medical skill per se, but it was basically bringing someone back from the dead. Even though she's a student, she has her own methods for difficult and complicated cases. With no way to find help now, I can only think of asking her. Enough with the nonsense, go find her for me!"

Yin Hu hesitated a bit more and reminded, "Of course, I remember. The problem is, Miss Xi had no issue saving Mr. Bo, but she doesn't have a medical license. To treat the old President, it's definitely against the rules in the eyes of others. I'm worried she can't even get into the hospital's operating room."

"Desperate times call for desperate measures, stop being a nag, we can't afford to worry about all that!"

"Alright... wait, does Mr. Bo know you want to invite her over?"

"Why does Mr. Bo need to speak, I'm just privately asking for her help..."

"Alright, alright, I know, Mr. Bo and her broke up. If I find Miss Xi, I'll say you and Mr. Bai are asking for her help."

Yin Hu thought about the time when Bao Gucheng was in a mood and hadn't seen Xi Zuzi for a long time, then knowingly hung up the phone and began to search from the last row of the audience, seat by seat, for the person.

Chen Long, on the other end, took a few seconds after hanging up to realize something was wrong: "What breakup nonsense, our master and Miss Xi are perfectly fine! The master just couldn't bear to trouble Miss Xi, didn't want her to go through such effort, which is why he didn't ask her, you silly goose!"

Chen Long grumbled as he ran back to the operating room.

Seeing Bao Gucheng standing between the squabbling experts and Bai Fei, with a worried frown on his face, Chen Long silently clenched his fist—

Master, don't worry, I'm bringing our little ancestor for you!

Chapter 909: Save Yourself, 133 Beauty!

Although Chen Long assigned the task of finding Zuzi to Yin Hu, it's indeed not an easy task to find someone among tens of thousands of spectators in such a huge racecourse.

First of all, the entry tickets are not named, so there's no way to search through the system. The only option is to manually "sweep the floor" by manpower.

Otherwise, should he take a loudspeaker and shout directly?

Yin Hu is thin-skinned and couldn't bring himself to do that. Besides, before shouting, he might be thrown out by the security personnel.

The stand surrounds the racetrack in five "floors" arranged in a circular staggered layout, plus the strictly guarded VIP seats.

Yin Hu exerted great effort, searching all the way through, but was often blocked by the crowd standing up and shouting due to the fierce race conditions.

Seeing that the second race was about to end, he had already mixed into the VIP seats, but still hadn't found Zuzi's figure.

It was making him anxious.

Chen Long was so sure, saying that Miss Zuzi was in the auditorium. How could she not be found?

He had looked in every corner, except...

His gaze fell in front of the VIP seats, the most prestigious viewing box in the venue — the President's Box.

No way?

Could Miss Zuzi be... sitting in there?

Yin Hu shook his head, somewhat afraid to imagine.

Just as he was about to turn around and call Chen Long to report "Miss Zuzi isn't at the venue," the door of the President's Box suddenly swung open from the inside.

A graceful, enchanting white figure slowly stepped out.

Zuzi glanced up, smiling yet not smiling, and looked at him: "Looking for me?"

Yin Hu held his breath.

He knew Miss Zuzi was remarkable, but never imagined she could get into the President's Box, so incredible!

"Miss Zuzi, I..."

He spoke hesitantly, without finishing his sentence.

Then the spectators around the stands burst into a series of exclamations, with most of them standing up, rushing forward, shouting, and stamping:

"133, watch out!"

"No, 133!"

"Please, be focused on staying safe, 133 beauty!"

Yin Hu's voice was drowned in the deafening cries of the audience.

He couldn't help but look toward the racetrack.

is Bai He's race car number, and at that moment, she was charging among the first echelon of over ten race cars, steadily holding onto a spot in the top five, even launching a challenge forward.

Of the top three cars, two were God's 007 and M country's competitor's 101.

was half a step behind, pursued by Bai He who was sprinting furiously. With only two laps left, if Bai He maintained this strong state along with Dod's unimpressive yet stable performance, then Empire's racers would have at least two occupying the top three.

The team points would be undoubtedly far ahead, and without needing the third race, the Championship Cup would already be foreseeable to seize.

Which got the audience excited.

However, this excitement didn't last long before turning into fear and worry.

As M country's 101 was no pushover, it clung closely from behind and collaborated with another M country's racecar, flanking left and right, forming an encircling stance, rushing towards Bai He's car.

If Bai He were caught by them, it wouldn't just be a scrape; an accident might even occur!

"They are violating rules, violating rules, why isn't the referee blowing the whistle!"

"Sigh, because even if penalized for violating, this move would still be worthwhile for them..."

Although M country's race cars closed in on Bai He with two cars, only one needs to cross the line and attack Bai He's car, while the other remains intact and takes the opportunity to pursue 007, which would instantly flip the scoreboard.

Using one car to bear the cost of violating the rules, in exchange for M country's score to win overwhelmingly, such a clever trade indeed.

In a dignified international competition, their side actually resorted to such rogue tactics in front of tens of thousands of spectators, truly infuriating!

Chapter 910: Seeing the Little Ancestor Is More Healing

The scene was so infuriating that almost all the spectators on the Empire's side stood up to shout and protest.

Even Yin Hu, who was urgently looking for Zuzi, couldn't help but turn towards the racetrack mid-sentence and frowned, "How can this be? It's supposed to be a fair race, how can they betray and cheat like this?"

Zuzi slightly turned her body, raised her jade arm, and casually twirled a strand of hair by her ear, asking leisurely, "Do you despise those who betray?"

Yin Hu was taken aback for a moment and then replied affirmatively, "Of course."

Isn't this the most basic principle of being a human?

Why would Miss Xi ask this?

Zuzi said nothing more, just smiled, her expression quite calm as she watched the race, not as furious as the other spectators.

Yin Hu was a bit puzzled, "Miss Xi, aren't you angry? Aren't you worried for our racer?"

"Not at all."

Zuzi leaned a section of her jade arm on the railing, her white dress fluttering in the wind, looking comfortable and carefree like a cloud in the sky, without a ripple.

Yin Hu pursed his lips and anxiously looked towards Bai He, who was being forced into a desperate situation by the M nation's racer, and couldn't help but pray for her: Don't fight, don't fight, preserving life is more important, Miss Bai, we shouldn't go all out against those traitorous bastards, keep the green hills and don't worry about having no firewood...

Just as he was silently reciting in his mind.

Only to see Bai He in the race, driving the No. 133 car, not retreating in the slightest but instead pushing the power full throttle, continuing to sprint straight forward.

Keep driving!

Keep driving, don't stop!

Those words she had asked for advice from Ancestor before the race echoed in her ears.

Even though being squeezed by two cars, it was inevitable for her to feel a bit panicked, but Ancestor's words were like a stabilizing force, calming her anxious heart.

She stepped on the gas pedal, as if she didn't see the two approaching cars on either side, and sped straight towards the finish line.

The car that was angled to ram into her, at the moment it got close, was unexpectedly swept away by the airflow from her car's speed, veered off the track, not only failing to hit her, but instead bounced towards the other side of the embankment, the whole car overturned.

Indeed, when adversaries meet on a narrow road, the courageous wins!

Bai He, trailing a cloud of dust, raced unharmed towards the finish line.

The spectators held their breath watching this thrilling scene, erupting again with more intensified cheering, "133, go! 133, victory! 133, you're the best!"

Bai He broke into the top three.

Final results: No. 133 and No. 007 tied for third.

M nation's No. 101 only got fifth.

First and second were other nation's racers.

Removing her helmet, Bai He stepped out of the race car and walked towards No. 007, propping her hands on the car door, "G God, do you have something wrong?"

God froze in his seat, didn't answer, opened the other side of the car door, and hurriedly walked out.

Bai He persistently chased after him, "G God, didn't you notice earlier, the No. 101 from M nation following you, every time you got close to your car, it seemed to have a pull disturbing you, making all your strength drained away, and driving felt awkward, as if... as if he was sucking away your fortune, did you not observe this issue?"

It was only then that God halted his footsteps, seemingly relieved.

In a low voice, he said, "No. I just didn't rest well today. Also, congratulations on your good result."

Bai He: "..."

Hey, third place might be a good result for me, but it's a defeat for you, I'm trying to discuss the reasons for failure with you, so that next time we don't fall for M nation's dirty tactics.

But God didn't have the patience to continue chatting with her and briskly entered the men's restroom.

Bai He's enthusiasm was left hanging on the grass.

"Oh, could it be he's suffering from kidney deficiency, always heading to the restroom!" Bai He muttered, slightly despondent as she walked towards the bleachers.

Still, having a meeting with Ancestor would be more comforting!