

Big Shot 911

Chapter 911: Not Even Immortals Can Save This Tournament

Bai He had just reached the edge of the track when she saw Yin Hu respectfully guiding Zuzi towards the passageway to the audience.

Although Zuzi's white dress was quite simple and elegant, her slow and graceful walk inexplicably exuded an imposing aura.

She really looked like someone of high status!

None of the bigwigs from various industries had the same celestial presence as this little Ancestor.

No wonder Yin Hu obediently played the role of a guide.

Bai He caught up: "Little Ancestor, where are you going?"

Zuzi paused, glanced back slightly: "The Ancestor has some matters to attend to."

Bai He felt a bit downcast, her eyes reddening as she looked at Zuzi longingly, gently tugging at her sleeve: "Ah, aren't you going to watch my final decisive race?"

Currently, the Imperial Team only managed a tie in the first round. Although Bai He placed top three in the second round, God lagged behind, and overall, they regressed. If they couldn't achieve a dominant performance over Country M in the third round, they would probably miss the Championship Cup this time.

If God couldn't perform well, not even divine intervention could save this event.

And without the little Ancestor's support, she didn't feel confident about regaining her earlier aggressive momentum to push into the top three.

Zuzi mused: "Really... do you want the Ancestor to watch that much?"

Bai He nodded vigorously: "Yes, yes, yes!"

Yin Hu's lips twitched, somewhat troubled: "Miss Bai, Miss Xi really has some important matters to handle, it's Mr. Bo..."

He was about to say it was an important matter for Mr. Bo but remembered that Chen Long had specially instructed to keep it confidential, so he hurriedly changed his words: "It's your brother's urgent matter. If Miss Xi doesn't go over in time to save the day, your brother might be in trouble. Please understand, Miss Bai."

Especially, don't act coquettishly towards Miss Xi anymore.

Heavens, today he witnessed how terrifying it was when a woman acted coquettishly towards another woman.

Bai He's small hands were almost wrapped around Zuzi's neck, about to kiss her and beg her to stay.

Those eyes, so fervent, rivaled the intensity of Mr. Bo's gaze when he used to look at Miss Xi.

Originally thinking that bringing up Bai Fei would make Bai He act more sensibly and let Zuzi leave.

Unexpectedly, mentioning Bai Fei only made Bai He pout immediately: "What urgent matter could he have? I just told him earlier to stop bothering our little Ancestor, and now he's actually here on site to steal her away. It's too much—it's so hard for me to have a date with the little Ancestor, and he's deliberately interrupting..."

Seeing Bai He treating her own brother as a romantic rival was quite extreme, and Yin Hu was momentarily left speechless, at a loss.

Zuzi extended her jade-like finger and tapped Bai He's forehead: "The Ancestor will return shortly. If you want the Ancestor to watch your final race, it's really quite simple."

Simple?

Little Ancestor, there's only a fifteen-minute break at halftime. Even at divine speed, there's no way you can go and come back in fifteen minutes.

Wahh, I wasn't comforted.

Bai He was pouting in frustration.

Suddenly, a large drop of water splashed onto her forehead.

"Who did that!"

Earlier on the track, she had been so attacked that she was like a startled bird, thinking Country M was up to something again, planning to attack her off the field.

But after that one drop, several more followed.

Then they became dense and fell in torrents.

"It's raining!"

The audience in the stands exclaimed.

"Such a big sun shower, oh my, how can it rain like a downpour on a sunny day?"

The spectators in the open seats frantically ran towards the corridors with awnings and the basement, causing a somewhat chaotic scene.

The dumbfounded Bai He was gently pulled under the eaves by Zuzi, who smiled slightly: "Xiao He, the Ancestor will go for now. When the rain stops, I'll be back."

Chapter 912: How Can She Get Bao Gucheng to Come See Her First?

"Ah..."

Bai He stared blankly as Xi Zuzi and Yin Hu departed.

Looking up at the sky, where the sun was shining bright, it was unexpectedly pouring rain.

She was dazed for a while before she finally understood the meaning behind Xi Zuzi's words.

"The Little Ancestor meant that if it rains heavily, the competition will be temporarily halted and will only resume once the weather clears a bit... Damn, even the heavens are on our side, knowing Ancestor has matters to attend to, thus sending this downpour to help postpone the final race for me."

Regular drizzle wouldn't stop the competition, but it takes a downpour that turns everything into a white mist, making it impossible to see anything, to effectively interrupt the race.

So, this isn't just any random stroke of luck!

Bai He's mood settled quite a bit. Humming a tune, she headed toward the locker room to change out of her bulky racing suit, planning to visit the presidential suite to chat and snack with Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman while leisurely waiting for the Little Ancestor to return.

She had just reached the door.

A figure hurriedly passed by from the direction of the men's restroom.

She instinctively glanced over.

"Gu Shiyin?"

Huh, hadn't she sold her VIP ticket? Gu Shiyin should have been kicked out of the venue like Yin Hu.

Yin Hu had entered due to special circumstances to seek help from the Little Ancestor, but what excuse did Gu Shiyin have to sneak in, and into the racers' restroom area at that? And... the men's restroom?

"Tastes really do vary."

Bai He smirked.

Since Gu Shiyin hadn't seen her, she couldn't be bothered to greet her and went straight to the locker room to change her clothes.

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On the other side, Gu Shiyin briskly passed by Bai He.

Clutching her phone, she made her way out of the racing venue.

Outside, the rain poured down in torrents; she took a couple of steps and retracted her feet—no umbrella.

Feeling a bit anxious, she glanced at her phone screen, at Yin Hu's latest message—"Miss Gu, I had an urgent matter to attend to temporarily, thank you for hosting me to watch the race, it was very exciting, but I must regretfully say goodbye for now!"

Yin Hu left so hastily, what could be the matter?

She knew today was Yin Hu's day off, and he's straightforward, no way he'd have arranged to watch the race with her while being distracted by something else.

Unless...

It was about Bao Gucheng.

Not having seen Bao Gucheng for days now, just the thought of his name made her toes curl into the ground.

How could she make him come to see her actively?

She inexplicably felt uneasy, that if she didn't figure out what happened to Bao Gucheng today, she'd become more and more excluded from his world until she was completely shut out.

She couldn't allow that to happen.

Gu Shiyin looked at her message asking Yin Hu, "What's up? Can I help?" and seeing she still received no reply, she glanced at the torrential rain and gritted her teeth, dialing Yin Hu's number while stepping out to find him for clarity.

Suddenly.

An umbrella stopped over her head.

"Miss Gu, where do you intend to go?"

The voice was neither properly pronounced nor refined, a mix of Empire language.

Gu Shiyin stiffened.

She paused, not turning back: "You shouldn't address me like that in the venue!"

The other person gave a low, cold chuckle: "I'm just seeing Miss Gu rushing out like this, suspecting you might be going to see a lover, but getting drenched in this heavy rain could harm you, affecting the third final match if..."

Gu Shiyin swiftly surveyed her surroundings.

Due to the heavy rain, the audience had all taken shelter, leaving almost no one at the entrance.

She raised her chin, interrupting the person, "Give me the umbrella! With such heavy rain, the race won't resume quickly. I've things to do and will be back soon!"

Chapter 913: Zuzi's Calm Composure

The man standing behind Gu Shiyin had blue eyes beneath thickly brown hair, he chuckled dryly, "Don't forget your agreement with us. If you don't complete the task, the money won't just run into your pocket, Miss Gu."

Gu Shiyin's face looked slightly unpleasant: "I don't need your reminder."

Grabbing an umbrella, she turned around and rushed into the storm.

Because of her urgency, she couldn't care about any graceful and demure actions of a lady, running in the rain, her pants legs soaked halfway, mud splashing up.

Not far from the exit of the arena.

Yin Hu held up a big double umbrella, escorting Zuzi towards the parking lot.

"Miss Xi, I'm very sorry, this is the largest umbrella I could find..."

After all, Zuzi had pointed out some techniques in his boxing and helped him correct fatal flaws. He still respected her. Seeing her walking in a white dress in the muddy rain to the hospital in such a mess was really unfriendly to a girl.

Zuzi didn't mind: "Mm. Use it yourself."

Her walking pace seemed neither hurried nor slow, yet it steadily outpaced Yin Hu by a step.

This made Yin Hu trot along behind her, trying his best to extend the umbrella handle, afraid of not covering her from rain and letting her get wet.

Who knew, when they reached the car and Zuzi stepped in, only then did Yin Hu notice, her white dress remained so elegant and clean, shoes and socks barely stained, and her arms had not a drop of rain on them.

The overwhelming storm, as if isolated around her, at the moment she got into the car, although there was a gap between the car door and the umbrella, no wind or rain leaked in, she seemed so composed.

While Yin Hu himself was drenched, looking like a wet chicken, his back clothes soaked by rain.

At that moment, Yin Hu had only one thought: the disparity between people sometimes feels larger than that between people and ants.

Miss Xi is truly fascinating!

"Miss Xi, the car will take you to the hospital, as I'm not on duty today, I don't have the permission to go inside, I won't accompany you in."

"Mm."

Zuzi didn't mind, just glanced at him lightly until the car door slowly shut, then gently uttered two words: "Be careful what you say."

Yin Hu didn't understand, nodded hurriedly, agreeing first.

Watching Zuzi's car leave, he finally felt relieved, quickly called Chen Long, "Brother Long, the person is on the special car, will arrive soon, I've completed the task for you."

"Okay, guess you're useful."

"..."

Oh, come on, what kind of words are those, as if he was useless garbage before.

After arranging these things, Yin Hu hesitated in the rain, wondering whether or not to return to the arena.

He looked so disheveled now, if he saw Miss Gu, it wouldn't be polite, maybe he should go back to the dorm to change clothes...

Just dragging his feet about to leave.

Suddenly behind him came sounds of stepping on water, accompanied by a gentle female voice: "Brother Hu, wait."

Yin Hu's body shook, somewhat incredulously turned around: "Miss Gu, in such heavy rain, you, how come..."

How come you chased after me?

Is it because he suddenly left?

Gu Shiyin was drenched, a small umbrella couldn't cover much, the wind almost breaking its ribs, the storm almost directly hitting her face, she looked pitiful.

"Brother Hu, I called you just now, you didn't answer, I was quite worried, so I, I came out to find you..."

Chapter 914: Why Does Bao Gucheng Never Turn to Her for Help?

The gentle voice of a woman lingered softly in his ear, leaving the man momentarily stunned.

Yin Hu then realized that, as he had been so focused on holding an umbrella for Zuzi and getting her into the car, he hadn't noticed his phone vibrating at all.

"Miss Gu, I'm sorry, I... I left in a hurry."

He hastily, belatedly, held the large umbrella over Gu Shiyin's head.

Just as he had protected Zuzi earlier, he shielded Gu Shiyin now.

Yet oddly enough, the same downpour that didn't touch Zuzi earlier now pounded down relentlessly, slanting through the edges of the large umbrella, offering as little shelter as Gu Shiyin's small one. Both were barely adequate.

Gu Shiyin was drenched, looking very bedraggled.

She had to bear it, lifting her rain-soaked face, continuing with a concerned expression, "Brother Hu, tell me honestly, has something happened with Mr. Bo again?"

Yin Hu was about to say, "Yes..."

When suddenly, like an alarm bell ringing in his head, he remembered the two words, lightly spoken but meaningful, that Zuzi had said as she left a minute ago: "Be cautious."

He shivered inexplicably, unsure if it was just the cold rain making him catch a chill: "No, it's not!"

Brother Long had also instructed him that this matter must not be disclosed, so it was best not to speak recklessly.

Gu Shiyin didn't press him but sighed quietly, looking even more pitiful: "Now it's as hard as climbing a mountain just to see Mr. Bo. Actually, I won't hide it from you any longer; I'm not asking for much, just hoping he's safe and sound. After all, it's been years of acquaintance, and even if there can't be love between people, in the end, only one person can marry him. But, if we can't be lovers, then maintaining a friendship should still be possible, don't you agree, Brother Hu?"

The confession in the rain was especially poignant.

Yin Hu had never seen Gu Shiyin, the multi-talented Boss of Ma Jia, reveal such a fragile and melancholic side.

Moreover, these words were truly moving.

Ultimately, only one person can wed in life, but can't others stay by one's side under the guise of friendship?

"Does that Miss Xi have to turn him into a loner?"

Gu Shiyin's sorrowful words inexplicably broke Yin Hu's heart.

Seeing the once-goddess fall so low for the sake of love was truly heart-wrenching.

The key was, Gu Shiyin's sadness made him suddenly see himself—his long-hidden admiration and adoration for the goddess—would it also end up just as lowly and pitiful?

Seeing Gu Shiyin was like seeing his downtrodden self.

How could he withstand it?

"Miss Gu, don't be like this, let's go inside to escape the rain first."

"No, I won't go inside. The thought that Mr. Bo might be in danger makes me restless! Tell me truthfully, is he... hospitalized again?"

"No, it's not like that..." Yin Hu reassured, "It's really not, I swear, he's not the one injured."

Seeing Gu Shiyin's eager eyes, Yin Hu sighed deeply: "It's someone else having surgery, Mr. Bo is just waiting there."

He left it at that, really unable to say more.

Mentioning the Old President and the purpose of this surgery would truly be a breach, a leak of secrets.

Gu Shiyin's mind raced, blurting out: "So Zuzi went to deliver medicine?"

Yin Hu looked at her in surprise: "How did you know?"

Gu Shiyin felt a twinge of bitterness: "I'm well-versed in medicine too, especially Western medicine, I could have helped too..."

Why wasn't she called?

Why does Bao Gucheng never ask her for help whenever things happen!

Yin Hu breathed a sigh of relief: "It's nothing, don't think too much. In any case, it's not Mr. Bo, and... this time it's not about Western medicine, it's about Chinese... medicine, Miss Xi just went to give Mr. Bai some advice, you won't have to worry, there's no need for someone like you to step in, you can rest assured."

Chapter 915: He Would Never Kneel to a Woman in This Life

He spoke ambiguously, truly unable to say more.

After comforting Gu Shiyin, he finally managed to persuade her and walked her back to the race track under the umbrella.

Seeing Gu Shiyin entering the ladies' room to change clothes and blow-dry her hair, he finally felt at ease and prepared to return to his corner on the track to continue waiting.

As he passed the VIP seats, he glanced up and saw two familiar figures, Fifth Young Master Nangong and Miss Xing Yue were again in a standoff at their seats, arguing. Fifth Young Master, not knowing what taboo he had violated or what mistake he had made, pleaded desperately with a downcast face:

"Yue Yue, please accompany me to watch the rest of the competition, don't leave. I was wrong, I truly was wrong. I'll never let you misunderstand again, please believe me. Otherwise, I'll kneel for you if that's not enough... All the spectators here can testify, I'm sincere towards you, I sincerely apologize, and sincerely love you..."

The surrounding spectators were watching Nangong Yu as if it were a monkey show, while Xing Yue remained cold as ice, not paying him any heed.

This made Nangong Yu appear all the more disgraceful.

Yin Hu shook his head, secretly thinking to himself, the affection between men and women in this world is truly bizarre, every family has its own pitiful circumstances.

But as a man standing tall and proud, Fifth Young Master is really too disgraceful.

No matter what, even if you've done something wrong and sincerely apologize, you shouldn't kneel to a woman.

Anyway, he, Yin Hu, will never kneel to a woman in his lifetime.

It's too spineless.

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Women's restroom.

Gu Shiyin braced her arms against the mirror, her beautiful face now clouded over, uncertain.

"A problem with the medication? Or is it an issue with the herbal medicine... Bai Fei is tasked with the medication, Bao Gucheng is guarding... Which person requires surgery with such a grand arrangement?"

"I haven't heard of any Bao Family members or Bai Family members encountering issues, who could it be undergoing surgery?"

"Judging by Yin Hu's dodgy way of speaking... haha, thinking he can deceive me?"

Gu Shiyin, at the thought of Zuzi eagerly heading off to assist Bao Gucheng, trying hard to gain favor in Bao Gucheng's presence, felt a pang.

"A mere newcomer, what assistance could she provide, unless it's counterproductive!" She bit her lip, suddenly a vague thought flashed through her mind, "Such an important surgery, even Bao Gucheng is involved, it couldn't be... that unconscious elder..."

The thought was too startling, she couldn't help but cover her mouth.

Concentrating her thoughts, the few clues in her mind finally successfully converged together: "Bao Gucheng is going to perform surgery on that person, to awaken them, but now there's a problem with the surgery that needs urgent resolution, Bai Fei's skills aren't enough to handle it, so they've called in Zuzi? If Zuzi doesn't manage well..."

Gu Shiyin took a deep breath, suddenly slapped the mirror in the restroom, almost shattering it: "A god-send opportunity!"

Last time she was played by Zuzi to the point of almost losing her reputation, she had been low-key and dormant for so long, it was time to repay Zuzi with a "big gift"!

Haha.

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The heavy rain fell harder and harder, showing no sign of stopping.

The spectators at the race track were anxious and restless, waiting for the rain to stop, hoping to continue watching the more thrilling, more intense, more exciting third round of the racing final.

Will it be the Empire or country M that seizes the Championship Cup?

Can the God male idol overcome the odds and dominate as the War God again?

Can Bai He, the new rising little goddess, break a new record?

Compared to the emotions stirring in everyone's hearts, Zuzi arriving at the Imperial Central Hospital was exceptionally calm and unperturbed.

She leisurely stepped out of the car, the driver had just started to quickly run around the car front to shield her with an umbrella, but before he could reach her, she was already inside the hospital.

In the few steps of distance she covered, the raindrops seemed to avoid her, forming a barrier of water around her.

The driver was stunned!

Just as he was about to exclaim "God!", unexpectedly, a tall figure rushed out from inside the hospital, moving with the wind, heading towards Zuzi.

With strong and elegant arms, he scooped the goddess-like woman into his embrace!

Chapter 916: She Is Bao Gucheng's Woman

In order to stay outside the operating room, following hospital protocol, Bao Gucheng wore a light blue sterile gown over his dark green uniform.

However, when he stepped forward and embraced Zuzi, his arms unconsciously tightened, and even through the loose sterile gown, one could faintly feel the muscle tension, exuding a powerful yet invisible strength.

Zuzi buried herself in the man's chest, taking a deep breath of the faint aroma that he emanated, she smiled contentedly: "Xiao Cheng, you're not being obedient, not listening to the Ancestor, you took the coat with you."

Bao Gucheng was momentarily stunned, then leaned down slightly, his thin lips close to her ear, patiently explaining word by word: "I had it on all night; I folded it up and placed it on the bench this morning."

He even deliberately sent a message, using it as an excuse to say blush-inducing, heartwarming words; how could he deceive her.

Zuzi curled her lips: "Hmm, keep it with you, it might get cold."

The driver outside had his mouth agape, trying to close it but couldn't, never imagining Mr. Bo would be so patient with a woman.

Nor did he imagine this goddess-like woman spoke so casually with Mr. Bo...in the tone of an elder?

In midsummer, even with a heavy downpour, it's not that cold.

Could this be the popular, fresh trend of publicly displaying affection through banter?

Forget it, forget it, these two toss dog food at each other, why should a mere melon-eater like him take it seriously.

The driver eagerly watched Bao Gucheng holding Zuzi as they entered the elevator.

Their sweet whispers lingered in the air, creating a scent that made even a bystander want to smash his head against a wall!

"Chen Long and the others are reckless, what are they doing dragging you out here in such heavy rain?"

"It's nothing, Ancestor also wanted to come and have a look."

"You shouldn't have to bother yourself, Bai Fei should handle such trivial matters himself, and if he can't, he'll face the consequences."

"I didn't come for him, I just wanted to see Xiao Cheng, I've missed your presence."

"..."

Inside the operating room.

Bai Fei was arguing incessantly with a group of old professors.

"Young Master Bai, isn't this medication a bit too strong? Otherwise, why would the Old President be blind, deaf, and mute again? Waking up is no different from being in a coma, only more painful!"

"There's nothing wrong with my medication, absolutely nothing! Did you mess up the nerves during surgery or something? Did you accidentally cut the optic nerve, auditory nerve, or what?"

"Hey, hey, Mr. Bai, you can't talk nonsense! That's nonsense, pure nonsense, we certainly didn't sever the tongue making the Old President unable to speak! Is it so hard for you to admit your limited skill and acknowledge a prescription error?"

"I can't admit that! My medication is flawless! Absolutely flawless!"

"Then let's have the Medical Accident Committee assess it!"

"No way, the surgery can't be disclosed now; Mr. Bo said it's top secret!"

Amidst the chaotic bickering, a delicate female voice drifted in unhurriedly from outside: "His prescription is correct."

"Who?" Everyone lifted their gaze, seeing Zuzi escorted in by Bao Gucheng.

Everyone was surprised: "Mr. Bo, wasn't today's surgery top secret? Aside from the patient's family, no outsiders can enter..."

They all stared cautiously at Zuzi.

Wondering about the origins of such a young and beautiful girl.

Only Bai Fei's breath froze for a moment, too stunned to speak.

"She's not an outsider," Bao Gucheng held Zuzi's hand tightly, his eyes sharp and profound as he swept over the group of medical experts and professors, "she's someone of mine, Bao Gucheng."

Chapter 917: Truly Two Ruthless Masters of Self-Control!

She belongs to me, Bao Gucheng.

Upon hearing this, Bai Fei's heart almost stopped.

Bao Gucheng, you're so shameless! Actually declaring sovereignty at such a life-and-death moment!!!

Zuzi isn't yours, humph!

He heaved a big sigh of relief, pushed aside the professors, rushed forward, and excitedly grabbed Zuzi's hand: "Little Fairy, I know you still have me in your heart, right? You know I'm being cornered by them and came to help me, right? Boohoo, I knew you wouldn't abandon me, that Bai He girl lied saying you were too busy to come..."

Everyone: "..."

The Young Master Bai, who was just now unyielding and arrogant in front of them, suddenly turned into a little puppy?

Crushing worldviews.

Crushing worldviews, indeed!

Bai Fei kept chattering with Zuzi nonstop, and Bao Gucheng's face had already turned dark. The siblings of the Bai Family were all so clingy, he thought so, which is why he didn't want to trouble Zuzi to make this trip; it was hard work and still had to deal with clinginess.

Just about to lose his temper, Zuzi gently waved her sleeve, brushing off Bai Fei's hand: "Xiao Bai, your skills are really not up to par."

Bai Fei's lip twitched: "Huh?"

The professors behind showed a bit of pride: "Another one saying you prescribed the wrong medicine for the wrong disease, and you still won't accept it?"

Bai Fei pouted: "Little Fairy didn't mean it that way..."

Zuzi nodded lightly: "The prescription isn't wrong, it's just that the dosage isn't strong enough, double it. Severe illness requires heavy measures to be effectively treated, and with your dosage, all seven orifices aren't cleared, naturally you are blind, deaf, and mute."

Bai Fei's aggrieved expression immediately lit up, looking as if he had figured out everything: "Oh, I was too conservative! I said this prescription was our Bai Family's ancestral secret, which I've carefully improved. It's specifically used post-surgery to clear and help patients awaken and recover. How could it not work today? Little Fairy, you're amazing, pointing right out the issue!"

He joyfully went to redo the medication.

The old professors and experts looked at each other: "Young lady, you figured the dosage was insufficient without even seeing the prescription?"

Zuzi nodded: "The ancestor knows."

"That's a Bai Family secret recipe, how do you know?"

"Hmm, the ancestor just knows."

Everyone: "..."

So wanting to mock this boastful woman, but Bao Yé's earlier sentence, "She belongs to me, Bao Gucheng," still lingered in the air, they had to hold back.

Bai Fei compounded the medicine again, carefully watching it brew, and brought it for the caregivers to feed the Old President.

Fortunately, the Old President's ability to swallow had improved significantly, and he drank most of the medicine, but his senses were still all out of sync, unable to communicate.

Outside the operating room, family members anxiously peered inside through the glass doors.

A nurse relayed a message inside: "The family members are asking, how did the surgery go after all?"

The professors, not daring to speak recklessly, looked at Bao Gucheng.

After all, it was Bao Gucheng who had made a military order in front of the Old President's family, willing to bear all responsibility for the failure of the surgery to convince them to agree to the operation.

Now, with the Old President still with disordered senses post-surgery, they hadn't dared to inform the family, afraid they might break down, and didn't know how to handle it.

At this moment, the playful little puppy Bai by Zuzi's side also quieted down, casting an apologetic glance at Bao Gucheng.

Although it was Bai Fei who was being blamed for the ineffectiveness of the medicine, ultimately, it was Bao Gucheng who would have to take the blame and responsibility.

This was also why he desperately begged Zuzi to save him.

Bai Fei had made a mistake and at worst wouldn't be a doctor anymore in this life.

But if Bao Gucheng had to bear the responsibility... the consequences would be unimaginable.

He began to feel a little uneasy, he who had always been confident about the family secret recipe didn't dare to boast about its efficacy this time, nervously peeking at Bao Gucheng and Zuzi.

Only to see Zuzi's expression calm, and Bao Gucheng similarly unperturbed: "Tell them one word, wait."

Bai Fei: "..."

Really two very composed tough people!

Chapter 918: Rather Than Suspecting Zuzi, He Might as Well Stay Jealous

In the current situation, indeed, waiting is the best approach.

Bai Fei watched the Old President's vital signs remain stable and didn't show any discomfort despite the increased medication, finally setting his mind at ease.

He finally had the chance to chat with Zuzi again: "Little Fairy, you're truly blessed, a bringer of good fortune. Just look at you holding the fort at the racetrack, my otherwise useless sister actually drove like a pro. She's never been so fierce before; it must be the luck you brought her!"

The old professors, who had relaxed by scrolling through their phones and reading the news, joined the conversation with interest: "Indeed, Miss Bai's performance has surged into the top three, and now she's all over the headlines. She's truly impressive!"

"Originally, I thought car racing was just a frivolous pursuit, but who knew excelling in it could actually bring glory to our nation? I suppose my mindset was too rigid."

"It's more than just national glory, my friend. You don't know that being a racing champion is something you can brag about for a lifetime. Haven't you seen that guy G what's his name? He's almost being hailed as a national hero..."

"Ah, the world of the young people, we're just falling behind, cough, cough..."

Zuzi smiled without saying a word.

Behind her, Bao Gucheng, listening to them praise Bai He and God, felt slightly uncomfortable, and interjected coldly: "A national hero? Couldn't even beat M Country, more like a coward."

He certainly didn't want Zuzi to be wooed away by those flashy racers.

No one caught the hint of jealousy in his words and instead seriously joined the discussion:

"Mr. Bo's got a point. The people from M Country seem like they've been juiced up, how do they have such explosive power on the track?"

"And they're so cunning too. In the second race, they almost crashed into Xiao Baihe!"

"I feel the situation isn't looking great. Our Imperial Team's total score is slightly behind M Country. If we can't make a decisive comeback in the third race, then, indeed... it's going to be a... cowardly defeat..."

Zuzi gently stroked her snow-white neck, unable to suppress a slight smile: "A cowardly bear? That sounds rather adorable."

Bai Fei burst out laughing: "Ancestor, I think you're the cutest, hahaha!"

How can there be a woman who speaks so interestingly, truly more lovable with each look!

Bao Gucheng: "...". He meant to steer the topic away from racing discussions, but who knew it would only make everyone more enthusiastic.

He glanced coolly at the operating table nearby, noticed some indicators, and suddenly furrowed his brows: "The auditory nerve is still in a disordered state?"

The Old President's senses showed no signs of recovery!

Everyone finally stopped talking and gathered around the operating table.

Bai Fei, as per Zuzi's instructions, had increased the medication, but while it did not cause any side effects to the Old President's body, it also showed no effect in recovering his senses.

Could it be that this medicine really is not right?

The old professors, who had previously been slightly concerned about Zuzi's medical skills, couldn't help but cast doubtful glances at her again.

Bao Gucheng pinched the bridge of his nose: "No need to panic, just continue waiting." Rather than doubting Zuzi, they might as well continue discussing racing. As for the jealousy, he could barely endure it.

But nobody had the heart to discuss anything else, as just beyond the glass window were the Old President's difficult family members. The uncertain drug efficacy only added to their anxiety, and the previously light-hearted atmosphere was now gone.

Bai Fei even gripped the railing of the operating table, almost down on his knees: "Old President, oh Old President, I, Bai Fei, bow to you, pleading for your quick recovery, please..."

Zuzi, however, remained as calm and composed as ever, glancing up leisurely at the window: "Xiao Bai, this time it's not your fault. Someone doesn't want him to wake up."

Chapter 919: Sacrificing Ten Years of Lifespan!

For some unknown reason, Zuzi spoke very little, cherishing her words like gold.

But when she finally said something, every word was deadly.

When everyone heard the phrase, "Someone doesn't want him to wake up," their hearts jumped: "Who?"

Bai Fei was the first to raise his hand: "It's definitely not me!"

The medical professors also shook their heads vigorously: "None of us want to ruin our reputation, how could we not hope for the Old President to wake up soon?"

Only Bao Gucheng spoke calmly: "Fools. It doesn't refer to you."

Everyone then followed Zuzi's line of sight, looking out the window at the anxious Feng Family members waiting outside.

"Could it be... Are you suggesting... them?" Bai Fei stretched his neck cautiously.

Zuzi smiled without saying a word.

Bai Fei couldn't hold it any longer. He tightened his white coat and pushed the door open: "Hey, aren't you all concerned about the Old President's surgery?"

Everyone rushed up: "Mr. Bai, how is the situation?"

Bai Fei looked at each face: "Are you here out of family concern, eager to inherit his estate, or are you plotting for some other benefit... waiting here so eagerly?"

Among the relatives from various branches of the Feng Family, their expressions varied as they awkwardly responded: "Mr. Bai, that's a bit too much... Of course it's because of family, it's family affection that keeps us here."

Among them, the Vice President, dressed in an expensive suit and surrounded by four bodyguards, was particularly confident: "You are being petty and mean. We all sincerely pray for our uncle, wishing him a speedy recovery. You are unjustly accusing our filial piety!"

Bai Fei smirked: "You can know someone's face, but not their heart. Who knows what you really think? For example, do you really want the Old President to wake up and you to step down from the acting presidency?"

The Vice President straightened his back: "I walk upright and sit straight, not afraid of your random guesses! Even if some immature junior harbors different thoughts, it wouldn't matter... if thinking alone could make someone sick, the world would be in chaos!"

The Pang Family members behind him all nodded in agreement.

No matter their hidden thoughts, they didn't admit to Bai Fei's accusations. As the Vice President said, even if they had thoughts, it wouldn't have any real effect.

While everyone was surrounding Bai Fei, insisting he explain the situation inside.

The door to the operating room opened once again.

A figure in plain white clothes stepped out elegantly.

Everyone stopped arguing, as if this woman in white had an aura that commanded respect and caution, making any careless words seem disrespectful to her.

The room quieted down, and only then did Zuzi glance around, slowly opening her lips: "Having thoughts alone can't make people sick. However... if you pay the price of shortening your life by ten years for a curse, it might have some effect. After all, there is righteousness in this world, but also crooked paths."

Before the words were finished.

Everyone was shocked.

"Who would use ten years of their life to curse someone, isn't that mutual destruction?"

"Making me live ten years less? Oh my god, I wouldn't agree, who would be so foolish?"

"Young lady, is there any basis for your words? Is there really such a crooked path?"

"Mr. Vice President, what's wrong with you? Is the air conditioning too cold, are you shivering?"

Amidst the exclamations, someone noticed the change in the Vice President and asked with concern.

He quickly pretended to adjust his suit buttons, coughed, and laughed: "This young lady sure can joke, shortening life by ten years? Haha, shorten life... If it meant waking up my uncle immediately, I'd be willing..."

"Oh? Are you really willing?"

"Of course!"

"Would you dare swear to the Ancestor?"

"What's there to fear!"

Zuzi smirked at him: "Well. Xiao Feng, remember the wish you made."

Inexplicably, the Vice President felt a chilling sensation down his spine!

Chapter 920: My Wish Is Sincere to the Core!

Certainly, here is the translation of the text:

He's willing?

Willing my foot! Ten years of life, is he crazy or dumb enough to give it away to his uncle? He must be out of his mind or stupid.

This little girl is really...

The Vice President thought to himself, unable to stop glaring at Zuzi.

Upon a closer look, he inexplicably found her familiar.

Where have I seen her before? Oh right, the ceremony where Bao Gucheng brought that woman with an intimidating aura!

Cold sweat dripped more intensely down his back.

The Vice President felt a vague sense of foreboding.

Indeed.

The next moment, Bao Gucheng walked out from the operating room, standing beside Zuzi, his slender arm encircling her waist, and coldly swept his gaze across the people: "Don't make wishes carelessly to my woman. They will come true."

Bai Fei chimed in: "Yes, yes, whatever promise made to the little fairy will definitely happen, I advise you not to speak carelessly!"

Everyone: "... Just a little girl, she indeed carried a cold and unique aura, but not to the extent of being that supernatural, right?"

Though disregarding it inwardly, everyone courteously laughed and played along in Bao Gucheng's presence: "Oh, right, we didn't speak carelessly, we just hope the Old President can recover quickly..."

Zuzi's red lips curved slightly: "The ancestor heard, no need to worry, he will wake up. After all, someone is willing to sacrifice 20 years of life as a price."

Everyone listened, confused.

Only the Vice President felt his heart skip a beat.

Hey, hey, he clearly sacrificed 10 years, and it wasn't to make the person inside wake up... where did the 20 years come from?

"Ms. Zuzi, troubles you to make a trip, too hard on you, I'll handle the follow-up here." Bao Gucheng disliked people scrutinizing Zuzi and especially disliked Bai Fei hovering around her, not wanting her to waste energy dealing with idle people.

Zuzi nodded: "Yes, I'm going back. Xiao Chenger..."

"I know, I will dress warmly." Bao Gucheng gently completed her unsaid words, showing enormous understanding.

Zuzi lightly curved her lips, stepping toward the exit.

Bai Fei caught up, having somehow found an ugly umbrella from somewhere: "Little fairy, don't get wet in the rain, I'll escort you... Hey? How did the rain stop instantly?"

At the moment Zuzi stepped out the door, the rain ceased and clouds cleared.

The driver opened the car door for her, under the dazzling post-rain sun, she boarded the car and left.

Bai Fei turned back to glance at Bao Gucheng, sighing: "Wow, Mr. Bo, how did you let the little fairy leave, not escorting her personally to the car door? Did you foresee the rain stopping?"

Bao Gucheng, expression unchanged, glanced at him: "During a closed surgery, you and I cannot leave even a step, it's the rule."

Bai Fei: "... " Hmph, I don't believe a word of it!

Corner of the corridor.

The Vice President pressed his phone to his ear, speaking quietly:

"Master, the wish talisman you gave me, you said it will fulfill any wish if I'm willing to sacrifice ten years of life, I just want to verify if it truly works?"

"Yes yes, I understand, it requires sincerity. I was truly sincere, during the surgery earlier, I kept silently reciting for several hours, wholeheartedly sincere!"

"Observe how it unfolds, right? Okay, I'll wait..."

Hanging up, he exhaled a sigh of relief.

As long as the Old President doesn't wake up, allowing him to continue holding the acting president position, even the sacrifice of ten years is worth it.

That little girl mentioned 20 years, haha, wouldn't it also include the ten years in jest between him and her?