

Big Shot 191

Chapter 191: Grandpa Wants Your Every First Time [3]

The old professor was taken aback by the two living people in the tomb.

"An...ancestor?"

"Patrol...security?"

How come he didn't remember the graveyard hiring such a domineering...security guard?

The students were already in an uproar:

"Zuzi, how did you fall behind? Did you look through the materials in advance and know this is the most impressive secret room? Is it a breakthrough?"

"Zuzi, Zuzi, who is that man? What were you two doing just now? Did you bump into each other randomly?"

Wu Minghao and a few boys found Bao Gucheng somewhat familiar.

At this moment, by the candlelight, they suddenly remembered that wasn't he the man who burst into the office the other day, looking so incredibly cool?!

"Uncle Bao! No, Uncle Bo!"

Wu Minghao was enthusiastic and fervent, just short of kneeling to greet Bao Gucheng.

Bao Gucheng's lips twitched slightly. To avoid bringing too much trouble to Xi Zuzi, he neither admitted nor denied.

"So, it turns out he's one of Zuzi's elders!"

"Hello, Uncle Bo!"

"Uncle Bo, you came specially to protect us, right? I'm so touched!"

Bao Gucheng: "... You're overthinking, I have one and only one person to protect.

Professor Feng Tang hurriedly restored order in the class: "Everyone, pay attention to the lecture. This lesson might help with your college entrance exams. Look at the murals and artifacts, not just people!"

Saying this, he resentfully glanced at Bao Gucheng. This man almost disrupted his teaching order, and yet security...?

Wait, isn't the uniform supposed to look different from this? Why does it seem a bit military-like...

Professor Feng Tang didn't have time to look closely.

Bao Gucheng had already pulled Xi Zuzi to the back of the line and solemnly stood behind her, "Listen to the lesson carefully; I'm guarding the rear."

Ah!

Uncle is so kind! He specially came to the eerie cemetery to protect them!

The students obediently followed "Uncle's" words, continuing to observe the blurry murals and antiques with wide eyes, carefully pondering Feng Tang's explanation.

Only Wu Qianman, walking in the middle, felt a hint of suspicion cross her mind: "Wasn't 'Uncle' French kissing Zuzi that night? How come this 'wolf uncle' has sneakily come here again?"

Zuzi, if you're being kidnapped or threatened, just blink!

At this moment.

The two people at the back of the line.

Yet they whispered to each other as if there was no one else around—

"Xiao Cheng'er, weren't you supposed to go to the Imperial Capital? Why are you here?"

The ancestor could calculate anything, and never missed. But this time, surprisingly, he hadn't predicted he'd appear here!

"Because it's our first date, I didn't want to miss it. So I came early...to give you a preview."

"Heh. Xiao Cheng'er is so reliable. But won't you be running out of time this way?"

"No. It's on the way."

The man calmly said, without a hint of guilt.

As if the detour he had made to return was nothing at all.

He looked down, seeing the little woman's cheeks glowing like a caged, untamed beast, and felt an uncontrollable urge again.

In the dim candlelight, he pretended the earnest, listening little heads in front of them didn't exist. His big hand directly wrapped around her slender waist from behind, while the other tilted her little head toward him.

The little girl was indeed soft and pliable!

Such a difficult twisting action, she managed to make it look as effortless as water.

Her fair little face was once again covered by him as he bent his head to kiss her from behind!

For a moment, all the classmates and the professor in front of them turned into NPC backgrounds, which not only didn't restrain him but further stirred the man's ambition to challenge the taboo!

Under the public eye, at any moment they could be discovered.

Isn't that more exciting?

Chapter 192: Grandpa Wants Your Every First Time [4]

In the unfathomable Ancient Graveyard, flickering candlelight illuminated magnificent and grand murals, allowing everyone to finally see the scenes filled with countless incredible images.

Rare mythical birds with three legs spiraled in the sky, indescribable ship-like giant fish rose from the sea, and the vast land was lush with bountiful fruit and never-before-seen beautiful flowers, sprawling like silk to the horizon.

Truly, the sky is the cover, the earth is the bed, a divine feast flourishes!

And amid this heaven and earth, everywhere, a tall and mighty man embraced a petite and delicate woman with a dragon's tail, engaging in actions of union and harmony.

Even the most daring male students were left gaping in astonishment.

The female students blushed and were too embarrassed to observe closely.

It was too shocking.

This was the primal and most original form of humanity that no textbook would talk about.

Only Professor Feng Tang was excitedly spitting as he spoke—

"Art, this is all art!"

"Look at how vividly these ancient gods are painted, as if they could step out of the mural. Without this tomb of Nuwa, who could have imagined that Nuwa is a dragon and not a snake, much less a frog? And who would know that Gong Gong and Zhu Rong looked like this? Who could draw the fat legs of a Three-legged Golden Crow?"

"Rituals, these are all rituals!"

"Don't think of it as inappropriate; this man and woman are our Ancestors, Emperor Fu Xi and Nuwa, and what they are doing is the grand ceremony of birth and proliferation!"

"The greatest value of this tomb of Nuwa is in verifying the beautiful legend of the brother and sister union of Fu Xi and Nuwa in our ancient myths, verifying..."

Professor Feng Tang continued his lengthy discourse on his archaeological findings.

At the tail end of the group, Bao Gucheng unabashedly kissed the small woman in his arms again and again.

That posture, that entanglement, that fierce and powerful wildness surpassed even that depicted in the murals.

While Zuzi's delicate, graceful, and languid demeanor resembled the clear and charming woman in the murals by nine-tenths.

If at this moment Zuzi had a dragon's tail, their silhouettes cast on the stone wall would make it hard to distinguish between the mural and reality!

Zuzi couldn't help but murmur: "Hmm... Ancestor never imagined... to be in this palace, with someone like this..."

Intimate.

Bao Gucheng chuckled softly, gently releasing her lips, whispering by her ear: "So, this is the first time?"

Zuzi squinted her misty, languid eyes: "Hmm, the first time."

The man's pride was instantly fulfilled like never before.

His Adam's apple moved involuntarily as he held her slender waist, his voice hoarse and sensual: "In the future, there will be more first times."

"I want every one of your first times!"

Zuzi was kissed dizzy, finally catching her breath, just as she heard Professor Feng Tang eloquently speaking.

She couldn't help but furrow her brows slightly, pouting her slightly discontented red lips:

"The union of Fu Xi and Nuwa's siblings is not a beautiful legend at all, it's an absurd notion, don't pass on such errors and mislead the youngsters!"

"Also, in the mural, they aren't performing some great ceremony of birth and growth! They are fighting! Fighting, understand? Never seen gods fighting?"

Feng Tang was taken aback, craning his neck to look at the back of the group: "Who? Who's questioning my academic research! I've been studying Nuwa's history for forty years, no one understands Nuwa better than I do..."

Zuzi lightly pouted her small mouth: "Ancestor knows better than you."

Chapter 193: Big Brother's Hobby is Really Quite Bizarre!

"Ancestor knows better than you," instantly choked Professor Feng Tang.

When he saw clearly that the speaker was the pretty and fair-skinned female student at the end of the line, he grew even more flustered.

He put his hands on his old hips, full of defiance: "Stories of Fu Xi and Nuwa have been passed down for millennia, they can't just be made out of thin air, right? If they're merely rumors, why hasn't anyone corrected them?"

Zuzi propped her chin and thought: "Hmm. If a thousand years later, someone says you're deaf, blind, and a limping dead body, are you going to jump out of your grave to correct them?"

Damn, what a metaphor!

Feng Tang blew his little mustache, at a loss for words.

"But, but all historical records of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors state that Fu Xi and Nuwa transitioned from siblings to a married couple!"

"Are the records from your next-door neighbors about whether you and your wife's bedroom affairs are harmonious at night with the lights off reliable?"

Oh my god, what an even more brilliant analogy.

Feng Tang's little mustache was almost blown off!

He puffed his cheeks and pointed at the mural, "This precious record left behind for millennia couldn't possibly have been forged by neighbors or descendants! I've already studied with geologists; this mural is at least over a thousand years old, maybe even older!"

Zuzi raised an eyebrow, lazily, with a touch of disdain: "The mural is real. Your understanding is dumb. I've already said it's gods fighting, not having intercourse. Didn't you see Nuwa scratching his face?"

Feng Tang: "... Didnt see!

Everyone: "... Which part? Which part is Nuwa scratching Fu Xi, Nuwa being so adorable?

Finally, on the grand and magnificent mural, everyone found the scene Zuzi talked about, suspected to be Nuwa "fighting" Fu Xi.

To be honest, looking at this angle, it really does seem like they're fighting and not XX.

"Wow, Zuzi is really cultured!"

Seeing everyone leaning towards Zuzi's perspective—

"Wait! ... Doesn't the Empire's saying mean gods fighting is just a euphemism for couples XX?" Feng Tang stubbornly muttered,

"Besides, if Nuwa didn't want to marry Fu Xi, why would she carve so many murals of him in her own tomb? That's clearly longing day and night, even wanting to take love to rest in the tomb!"

Having studied Fu Xi and Nuwa for forty years, Feng Tang's passion was still a bit vivid.

Students suddenly felt, well, Professor Feng's points seem quite reasonable as well!

Zuzi squinted her eyes.

This stubborn old man, quite unwilling to lose.

She glanced coldly at the entire tomb chamber, the murals indeed covering all the walls, practically within sight.

Brother's hobbies are truly twisted.

When she visited back then, he didn't dare hang such paintings in front of her.

A hint of dissatisfaction flashed in her eyes, her red lips curled lightly: "This is not Nuwa's tomb. The murals weren't carved by Nuwa either!"

The sound fell, and everyone was shocked!

Feng Tang stammered: "N-not Nuwa's tomb? Then, what place is this?!"

Zuzi let a few words slip from her lips: "Fu Xi Palace."

Well, damn.

This viewpoint basically overturned all the conclusions of the archaeological experts.

The students were a bit dumbfounded: Zuzi, do you know how shocking your words are?

Feng Tang's remaining small tuft of mustache almost blew crooked: "This student, your view of history is problematic, if you take the college entrance history exam this way, you'll likely get a zero. I must give you individual lessons, come over, let me talk to you..."

The stubborn old scholar was about to pull Zuzi aside to explain clearly.

Who knew.

A gloomy male voice interrupted: "Hold on!"

Feng Tang looked up in astonishment, meeting Bao Gucheng's fierce gaze, and shivered: "Security..."

Bao Gucheng wasn't angered by this title; instead, he coldly glared at Feng Tang reaching for Zuzi's hand: "Get your filthy hands off."

"I-I was just explaining to the student..."

"You're endangering her safety!"

Bao Gucheng gave a snort, directly grabbing Zuzi's small hand and moving to the next viewpoint.

He hadn't had enough time with her, how could he let this old guy interrupt their "lessons"!

Chapter 194: Wanting to Unlock More... Ways with Her!

Interrupted by Bao Gucheng, Professor Feng Tang couldn't keep dragging Zuzi to "discuss the topic."

But he had a bit of a teacher's occupational habit, always worrying about correcting Zuzi's mistaken views.

The students continued to visit the next burial chamber.

While lecturing, Professor Feng couldn't help but search for Zuzi's figure in the crowd—wait, where did she go?

And the security guard? Where did the security guard go!

At this moment.

Bao Gucheng was holding Zuzi's slender waist, indulging in a deep "kiss" behind a jade screen.

The man, whose good moment had been interrupted, was particularly unsatisfied, as if doubling down on the sweetness of the girl's lips was the only compensation.

The not-so-distant sounds of discussion and laughter from the students faintly reached them, serving as the perfect background music, heightening the preciousness of their stolen and intimate moment,

and the thrill.

He remembered last time in the school hospital tent, he had kissed her lips swollen.

This time, he seems to have gone too far again without controlling his strength... He withdrew slightly, lowered his eyes, and gently brushed her lips with his long fingers.

The glistening wetness was as if a ripe cherry about to burst.

A little too much work again, and it might really...

Bao Gucheng held his breath for a moment, released her lips, and kissed his way along her cheek until he reached her ear.

Her small earlobes, like a pearl radiating moonlight, were more delicate than other girls', and he cherished them, kissing tenderly.

Zuzi chuckled softly.

Bao Gucheng: "Don't like it?"

Zuzi pursed her lips and said openly, "I like it... this is the first time. Cheng Er, don't stop!"

Bao Gucheng: "... Okay."

The little girl, the words "don't" and "stop" aren't used this way.

Just as they were about to continue.

A large head suddenly popped out from behind the jade screen, unkempt with gray hair, glaring with incredulous eyes as big as copper bells: "What are you... doing! You, the security guard, you are bullying..."

"Bang—!"

"Ow—!"

Bao Gucheng casually picked up something and threw it over.

The noise finally quieted.

He kissed Zuzi's earlobe again, and before everyone arrived, he straightened their clothes and leisurely strode out from behind the screen.

"Professor, Professor, what happened to you?"

"That security guard, he attacked me! Zuzi, are you alright?"

Zuzi gave him a serious glance: "The one who's not alright might be you."

Bao Gucheng calmly said, "Oh, it's Professor Feng, I thought it was a tomb raider acting so stealthily."

Professor Feng: "...!"

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The time left to Bao Gucheng was really not much.

He said he came to see Zuzi for a moment, but once he came, he couldn't resist accompanying her through the whole tour.

He said he just wanted to give a gentle kiss, but after kissing her lips, he couldn't resist kissing her earlobe, even... wanting to explore more...

He said goodbye to her outside the cemetery: "I'll definitely arrange a seaside meal when I return."

The sunset cast a faint golden glow over Zuzi, majestic and romantic: "Alright, I'll be waiting for you, Cheng Er."

She waved at him and, as if unintentionally, added: "Remember not to have dinner with other women."

Bao Gucheng was momentarily stunned.

Then, a faint smile formed on his lips: "Okay."

Every time they parted, long or short, she would always repeatedly remind him, but this time the content seemed particularly different.

Well, rest assured, Miss Zuzi, it's not just that I won't have dinner with other women, I won't even let a woman come within three meters of my sight!

As Bao Gucheng stepped away.

Suddenly.

Someone stumbled out of the cemetery: "You, the security guard, you can't leave!"

Chapter 195: A Kiss Worth a Hundred Million!

Security guard...

Bao Gucheng's thoughts were entirely focused on Zuzi and he didn't care about these titles, but that doesn't mean Lord Commander of the Empire, with his illustrious achievements, shouldn't be shown the respect befitting his status.

From the helicopter cockpit not far away, Wei Yang stuck his head out, shouting hoarsely, "Hey! You old man, how dare you call our master that?!"

The voice pierced through the air, leaving Professor Feng Tang momentarily dumbfounded.

What?

Is the security guard's colleague a helicopter pilot?

He had been buried in archaeological research at the university, running between the ancient tomb, library, and classroom every day, so he was somewhat oblivious to the ways of the world.

Even though in the sunset's lingering light, the man's uniform was fully visible, the deep green, finely tailored coat, and the faint golden epaulettes on his shoulders were subtly signaling his tremendously noble status.

But, old bookworm Feng Tang still couldn't recognize the rank represented by those epaulettes.

"Security guard or driver, I don't care who you are, you can't leave, you must compensate for my wine jar! It's a national first-class protected artifact, incredibly valuable!"

Feng Tang held the broken shards with a heartache.

Bao Gucheng casually picked something to throw at him and it turned out to be a billion-dollar antique! Nuwa's wine jar, an irreparable god-tier relic ah ah ah.

He wouldn't let the perpetrator leave no matter what he said.

Seeing that Bao Gucheng didn't have much time to spare, Zuzi slightly curled her lips and soothingly said to Feng Tang, like calming a crying child:

"Be good. Xiao Cheng is very busy. As for the wine jar, since you broke one, I'll compensate you with a pair."

Bao Gucheng's lips twitched slightly: "I'll handle this. I'll have someone send him a check later."

Since the wine jar is so valuable, there's even more reason for Miss Zuzi not to take on this burden for him.

He broke it; he'll compensate for it.

Feng Tang looked at the two of them speaking so lightly, it was really like they were swindlers: "You make it sound so easy, a security guard can come up with a billion? And you, a student kid, where do you get an antique wine jar from!"

Zuzi nonchalantly said: "My ancestors have plenty."

Beside them, Wu Minghao quickly chimed in: "Yes, yes, Zuzi's family is in the antique business!"

Who knew, just after helping out with a sentence, there would be someone undermining it from behind: "Hehe, Professor Feng, don't listen to Zuzi's nonsense. The Xis' business belongs to her parents and brother and has nothing to do with her. I advise you to just call the police directly!"

Fang Yumei sauntered over with a sarcastic tone from where the Nanshan Class was.

Now whenever she saw Zuzi, she would feel hatred; not only did she ruin her image as the most beautiful English teacher, but this village girl had also somehow become popular and turned into some kind of heiress, while she hadn't even secured her position as the lady of the Xi family, and Zuzi was trying to settle herself as the Xi family's heiress?

And she wanted to use Xi Yuanshan's money to clean up the mess she created?

No way!

Feng Tang listened to everyone's chatter, feeling somewhat hesitant: "Since your school's teacher said so, then let's call the police..."

Who knew.

Zuzi lightly raised her hand: "What's the rush. Ancestor said to compensate you with a pair, just wait a moment."

The little crow was sent off on an errand.

She then dialed another number: "Xiao Wu, have the wine jars from the backyard been dug out yet? Hmm, I'm sending someone to get them now."

Seeing Zuzi giving instructions so earnestly, as if she was actually arranging things.

But only a crow flew past her.

Fang Yumei sneered: "Taking unwanted broken wine jars from the Xi family and passing them off as antiques, how childish and ridiculous!"

Zuzi cast her an indifferent glance: "They're not from the Xi family. They're my ancestors'."

Fang Yumei, not wanting to appear weak in front of her classmates, put her hands on her hips, ready to seize this opportunity to regain face: "Hmph, if you can produce a valuable antique wine jar, I'll..."

Zuzi smirked: "What will you do?"

Fang Yumei, provoked, blurted out: "I'll stop using the surname Fang!"

Zuzi leisurely turned to Feng Tang: "And you? Want to join in?"

Feng Tang pursed his lips: "If you can indeed produce Nuwa's antique, then it means my brain is filled with water, and it would be better for me to remove the two dots from Professor Feng and be called Professor Ma."

Chapter 196: Mr. Bo, You Can Give Online Classes to Miss Zuzi!

Feng Tang wasn't as aggressive as Fang Yumei, however, he absolutely couldn't believe that a female student could casually bring out an antique worth 100 million.

Let alone, two!

He felt that the female student's defense of that security guard was rather illogical and unreasonable.

Isn't that security guard just a bit young, a bit handsome, a bit tall, and a bit muscular? At such a young age, she can't just look at a man's appearance.

Feng Tang was genuinely worried about Zuzi.

He thought he could use this incident to make the young girl see clearly that blindly taking responsibility for a man is unsustainable, and by doing so, rescue a girl falling into early love and affecting her college entrance exam, which would be a good deed.

But Fang Yumei was different.

She stood with her hands on her hips, just waiting for Zuzi to fail to produce the wine jar, so she could publicly slap Zuzi in the face!

As expected.

Not even a minute later, she impatiently shouted, "Zuzi, where did you take the wine jar? It's not still being made at the factory, is it? Haha! I advise you not to be stubborn. If you can't bring it out, just resign yourself to going to jail..."

Before she could finish, Bao Gucheng turned around, raised his eyes, and gave her a chilly look.

It was only then that Fang Yumei saw the man's face clearly and the words stuck in her throat.

Oh my, this man was too cool and handsome, simply breathtaking and scream-inducing, how could he be with someone as out of touch as Zuzi, a country bumpkin heiress?

This man was a million times more charming than Xi Yuanshan, the old businessman. If she could hook up with him...

Immediately, she coquettishly put on a smile and twisted her waist, "Oh, sir, you are..."

But who knew.

Bao Gucheng coldly interrupted her, "If you can't speak properly, shut your mouth."

When he finished, he raised his hand to cover his nose: "Stinks."

Fang Yumei was left open-mouthed in embarrassment, her face changing colors, utterly ashamed.

She had washed off the filth on her body countless times, even Xi Yuanshan didn't mind her smell last night in the hospital, eagerly kissing her all over, so how could this handsome guy say she smells? Impossible, argh argh argh.

In contrast, Zuzi didn't pay any attention to what Fang Yumei was saying; she just gazed at Bao Gucheng: "Xiao Cheng, if you're short on time, you should leave first. I'm here."

Bao Gucheng withdrew his gaze, focusing entirely on Zuzi, and his voice became gentle and tender: "Miss Zuzi, there's no rush. Let's wait for the wine jar to arrive."

Just in case something went wrong, he needed to be present to protect her from being bullied by those teachers.

"Oh, what if it delays Xiao Cheng's important work?"

"It's alright. Miss Zuzi, you are my most important task."

Classmates: "... Forcing us to eat dog food is illegal! Hey, wait a second, why is there dog food in the daily life between an uncle and niece, something seems off.

Wu Minghao licked his lips: "Wu Qianman, pinch my thigh, am I not awake and misheard, what did Zuzi call Uncle Bo???"

Wu Qianman: "I think it's... Xiao Jiu?"

Wu Minghao: "Oh, so Uncle Bo is Little Uncle, now I can rest easy. I almost heard it as Xiao Qing'er, it scared the heck out of me!"

Seeing that everyone still had the leisure to chat, Wei Yang in the airplane cockpit was anxious as a cat on hot bricks: "..."

Mr. Bo, there's not enough time, not enough time, how are you still so calm and composed?

If he had known earlier that the child Mr. Bo was coming to tutor was Miss Xi, he, he, he would have suggested Mr. Bo record an online class for Miss Xi on the plane.

Online classes are all the rage now, why must they meet in person?

Time was tight, passing by in seconds that felt like years.

Just as Wei Yang was on the verge of breaking down and jumping out of the plane.

Suddenly.

A gust of wind swept by.

A shadow swiftly cut through the air and landed steadily in front of everyone!

Chapter 197: The Consequences of Betting with the Little Ancestor!

The crowd had not yet clearly seen the black shadow before two rugged wine jars came rolling to a stop at Feng Tang's feet.

"What is this...?"

"Compensation from the Ancestor."

Zuzi said nonchalantly.

The antiques that Feng Tang treasured and regarded so highly, in her eyes, bore no difference from the usual items lying around.

Feng Tang was stunned for a moment, squatted down, and switched into scholar mode, closely examining the jars' material and patterns.

Admittedly, they really bore an uncanny resemblance to the millennia-old wine jars found in the burial site.

This counterfeit looks too much like the real deal!

Fang Yumei cast a disdainful glance at the jars, still covered in fresh soil as if freshly dug from a field, and could not help but mockingly laugh: "Just these broken jars, Zuzi, are you joking? Or did a crow bring them, such bad luck..."

Before she could finish.

She sensed a subtle icy glare coming from Bao Gucheng's direction!

Recalling the man's stern warning earlier, Fang Yumei immediately clammed up, not daring to speak recklessly.

But even though she clammed up, she still felt a chill run up her spine.

Turning back to look, a pitch-black crow was eerily staring at her, with its beak wide open as if it was going to peck her eyes out and ruin her face.

She was so frightened her face turned pale, screaming, "Ah...!"

With her commotion, everyone belatedly realized that it was indeed a crow that had flown in with two wine jars.

"The little crow is so cute, so amazing!"

"The little crow's feathers are so beautiful, just like the Three-legged Golden Crow in the murals!"

"I've never seen such an efficient and adorable pet! Right? This is Zuzi's pet, isn't it?"

Wu Qianman and others gazed at the little crow in awe and fondness.

The little crow, both proud and reserved, was grooming its feathers.

Only Fang Yumei felt apprehensive: What's cute about it! This damned two-faced bird, acting all sweet now, yet was so fierce towards me just now!

Squatting on the ground, Feng Tang suddenly stood up, his voice shaking: "Student Xi, where are these two wine jars from? How come they... they actually..."

resemble the ones from the tomb so much, so very much.

Zuzi indifferently said, "They're from the Ancestor's house. There are plenty, no need to make a fuss."

Feng Tang held his breath.

What kind of family background is this!!!

Zuzi smiled, "So can Xiao Cheng leave now?"

Feng Tang nodded, "Preliminarily judging, the wine jars and the ones this gentleman broke are relics from the same period, but tonight I'll return to the workshop for further authentication."

"Alright. Xiao Feng, do your research well."

Zuzi casually advised, not caring much.

Feng Tang: "..."

This young ancestor treats two-billion-worth of artifacts too casually!

Seeing Feng Tang let Zuzi off so easily, Fang Yumei was anxious, wanting to protest—how could Zuzi pass unscathed? Shouldn't she be escorted to the police station!

But before she could speak.

An urgent staff member came running from behind: "Teacher Fang, why are you still here? Hurry back to town, there's big trouble at your home!"

"What could possibly happen at my home, stop blabbering." Fang Yumei was fixated on bashing Zuzi, not in the mood to listen to nonsense.

The staff member was a bit displeased and didn't care about airing her family's dirty laundry: "Haha, Teacher Fang, your dad just went to the school to get your ID changed, cutting ties as father and daughter, forbidding you from using the last name Fang anymore!"

"You're lying, how could that be?!"

"What's impossible about it, considering your mom's been away for years, falsely claiming to be working but actually working as a prostitute, which your dad found out. Then he traced it back and discovered you're illegitimate, didn't want to raise a kid for your mom's clients, alright. Oh, and since even your

mom doesn't know who your biological dad is, your new last name can only match your mom's last name."

"You're... you're talking nonsense!"

"Teacher Fang, you'll know when you go back and see? You're no longer Fang Yumei, you're Cao Yumei now. Your mom's last name is... Cao, right?"

The crowd burst into laughter around them!

"Teacher Fang... your wish came true, your last name changed!"

Chapter 198: After Drinking the Wedding Cup Wine, Sleeping for Ten Thousand Years

The surname Cao is quite normal and rather nice, and there are classmates with this surname.

But when associated with the name Fang Yumei, it becomes subtly awkward and changes its taste.

Cao Yumei!

Everyone looked at Cao Yumei, who liked to flirt and would suddenly twist her hips, and couldn't help but laugh out loud:

"Teacher Fang, oh no, Teacher Cao... Yumei, swears can't be taken lightly, and bets shouldn't be placed easily, hahaha!"

"Teacher Cao Yumei, you've certainly inherited your family's legacy..."

"Historical experience tells us, our little Ancestor's words are as precious as gold and true! Can't admit it? Then you'll have to kneel and admit it, hahaha!"

Fang Yumei was so embarrassed by the group's teasing that her face turned almost green.

How could she dare to repeat anything about taking Zuzi to the police station now, she just wished to find a hole to crawl into and have no one notice her.

After some commotion, Bao Gucheng finally boarded the plane back to the Imperial Capital.

Zuzi waved farewell to him.

"Xiao Jin, he's in a hurry, accompany him halfway."

"Alright, Ancestor!" The little raven stirred up a gust, and as the plane took off, its speed skyrocketed, scaring Wei Yang, who was piloting, half to death, thinking there was an engine failure.

Seeing the white plane about to disappear into the clouds, Zuzi couldn't help but laugh softly: "Not... so fast."

She wanted to gaze a bit longer at the young boy.

The little raven's claws twitched, and it quickly stopped.

The plane finally flew, neither fast nor slow, across the sky...

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Qingcheng Hospital.

Gu Jingyan, after being in a coma for several days, finally awoke gently.

Everything else was fine; only his head hurt terribly, and his forehead was inexplicably bruised. Although not serious, it looked particularly unsightly on his handsome face.

"I thought I was dead..." he rasped, recalling what he had seen and heard in Nuwa's tomb, feeling a sense of rebirth.

For seven years he had strange dreams, and now they were becoming clearer and clearer.

Especially when he saw a grand mural in Nuwa's tomb depicting a playful scene between Nuwa and Fu Xi, those breathtaking murals flashed vividly in his mind.

As if being there in person!

A celestial woman in a white emerald robe lay on the clouds, reaching out with her tender white arms, sweetly calling "Brother..."

In the other hand, she held a wine jar, raising her neck to drink boldly!

So soft and yet so fierce, so beautiful and yet so charming.

He couldn't help but feel parched!

He couldn't help but step closer to the mural, one step at a time.

Even if it meant eternal doom, or walking into another world, it was a risk he was willing to take.

However.

Just as he almost touched the celestial woman's face, her expression suddenly changed, scolding, "Brother, what are you doing!"

With a wave of her delicate hand, she brazenly scratched a mark across his face.

Gu Jingyan was about to explain.

The celestial woman laughed again: "Brother, if you want to marry me, first drink this glass of wine with me; it's called 'cross-cupped wine'."

This woman is truly a demon!

Every frown, every pout, every smile, seized a man's heart completely.

Gu Jingyan's Adam's apple moved, wanting to agree "Yes".

Then he saw the celestial woman drink a glass heartily, a smile clearly at the corners of her lips... but in the next second, suddenly, blood trickled out from her lip!

"Brother, did you really think forcing me would make me marry you? Haha, even if my Divine Soul perishes, I won't marry you; even if all the Spiritual Energy in the world vanishes, I won't marry you! Unless, you dare to drink this glass of Immortal Execution Wine with me!"

Gu Jingyan's heart pounded wildly!

Is this demon-like celestial woman Nuwa?

So, is he Fu Xi who drank the Immortal Execution Wine?

What exactly is Immortal Execution Wine?

Chapter 199: Nuwa Regrets? She Couldn't Bear to Let Me Die?

Gu Jingyan had been having strange dreams, but never as vivid and tense as this one!

Nuwa and Fu Xi were supposed to be lovers, right? Why did Nuwa look at him as though he was a mortal enemy, ready to fight to the bitter end?

She even said... Fu Xi forced himself on her?

Forced?!

As a man, if you can't win a woman's heart with charm and instead resort to force, isn't that a terrible humiliation, worse than a beast?

Even he, a mere mortal, felt ashamed. Emperor Fu Xi, a god, would bully his own woman with such methods?

More importantly, the cup of Immortal Execution Wine that Nuwa gave him, was it meant to poison him?

Did he drink it or not?

Gu Jingyan didn't know.

Because in the next moment, thunder and lightning descended upon him.

The tomb had collapsed.

His vision went black! He fell into chaos!

Whether Fu Xi died or not was unknown, but it seemed that Gu Jingyan was about to be crushed inside.

When he opened his eyes again.

He was in a hospital.

Gu Jingyan rubbed his throbbing forehead, staring at the face in the mirror marred with disfiguring bruises, somewhat dazed:

"I actually didn't die... Did Nuwa regret it, not wanting me to die?"

The nurse auntie beside him, taking his blood pressure and temperature, twitched her lips at his words: "Young man, still dreaming? I've heard you mumbling about Fu Xi and Nuwa non-stop these past few days, your dream seems a bit ancient and tasteful?"

Gu Jingyan coughed awkwardly.

"Wasn't the tomb collapsed? May I ask who saved me?"

"Oh, only that small section where you were treasure hunting collapsed. Most of the tomb is just fine, your senior classmates even visited today, it's totally safe."

"Auntie, I wasn't treasure hunting!"

"Bah, if you weren't treasure hunting, how did you end up here?" The nurse's tone was clearly sour, and she pressed the thermometer harder against his forehead, making Gu Jingyan feel a bit of pain.

"Auntie, my forehead is injured, could you be gentler?"

"No! This isn't an injury, it's left from treatment. By the way, the young girl who saved you is your classmate, what's her name... Xi Baobao! She woke you up by pounding on your head three times."

"Three times!" Gu Jingyan felt a little upset.

What was Xi Rubao doing, hitting so hard?

But what he was more concerned about was—

"Auntie, since Nuwa's tomb collapsed, did anything mystical happen?"

"No! Why do you have so many silly questions?" The nurse walked out of the room, her face cold, leaving with a parting shot, "Young man, you're really terrible at talking, I am a young lady, not an old auntie!"

Gu Jingyan: "..."

He had always thought calling an older woman "auntie" was respectful.

Was he wrong?

He rubbed his forehead and turned on the TV in the hospital room.

If there were any anomalies with Nuwa's tomb, the news would have reported it.

Yet, the TV broadcast was serene and peaceful, with no disturbances reported.

The most frequent news was about the upcoming national ceremony, which the Empire would hold to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the nation's founding.

The event catching everyone's eye was the awarding ceremony during the national celebration.

It was said that only a hundred people in the whole Empire qualified for an award at the national celebration, and this awarding carried a special meaning that would be recorded in the Empire's history.

Unlike other boys, Gu Jingyan was not a military enthusiast. His only interest was in archaeology.

So he skimmed through this news, single-mindedly looking for any information regarding Nuwa's tomb.

Nothing on TV.

He grabbed his phone to search the news.

Nuwa's news wasn't found, but he immediately saw the hot topic trending at number one: the true and false heiress story.

Gu Jingyan was taken aback.

After a moment, his hand froze, and the phone slipped from his hospital bed, crashing onto the floor.

"She, she... Xi Zuzi, she's my cousin?"

The girl sitting next to him every day driving him crazy, was his sister? With real blood ties?!

Gu Jingyan's brain, just awakened, felt like it had taken a mysterious hit, and he fainted back onto the bed.

Chapter 200: Jinli Becomes the Die-Hard Fan of the Little Ancestor

The high school's rural practice day ended without incident, full of rumors and gossip.

On the return bus.

Xi Rubao made a point of squeezing into the East Sea Class's bus, and although she didn't dare to take a seat right next to Zuzi, she couldn't help but sit very close to her.

She carefully took out a rather expensive bottle of "freshly squeezed coconut milk" she had bought, "Zuzi, would you like some milk?"

Zuzi hadn't replied yet.

Wu Minghao teased, "Bao Bao, shouldn't you call your little ancestor by her real name? Did you watch the grand fight for nothing today?"

Xi Rubao's face turned red. She hesitated for a moment, bit her lip, and almost whispering like a mosquito, said, "Sis, do, you, want, some, milk?"

Ah, so embarrassing.

What if Zuzi doesn't agree and won't let her call her sis?

Her remaining bits of dignity would be crushed.

From the moment she heard that the Xi family found Zuzi half a year ago, she started acting out, threatening to jump off buildings every day. How could she have been so brainless?

And before that, not believing in superstition, she foolishly tried to use her own Jinli luck to curse Zuzi to fail exams, inciting classmates to write a collective letter trying to force Zuzi to drop out... All sorts of brainless behaviors, like she'd been brainwashed.

What did Zuzi ever do to her to deserve this from her own biological sister?

Not to mention she was the immortal sister who saved Mr. Gu in just three punches!

Wouldn't it be great to have such an awesome sister doting on her?

Xi Rubao looked eagerly.

Zuzi's eyes were calm; she didn't open her mouth to agree.

Wu Qianman, seeing this, remembered something, "Xi Rubao, when Zuzi came to our class to report, you clearly knew she was your real sister. Why did you go around saying Zuzi was a poor relative from your countryside? Could it be now that you see Zuzi recognized as a young lady by the Gu Family, you're trying to cozy up to her out of interest?"

Xi Rubao froze.

She really didn't think that far, but it's really unjust.

"No, I didn't say Zuzi was my poor relative. I just... didn't deny it when others were coaxing... Ugh, I realize now, I should have been honest and spoken the truth!"

With Xi Rubao's candid confession.

Everyone suddenly remembered.

The initial claim that Zuzi was a country bumpkin wasn't made by Xi Rubao, but rather... it was Xi Ruzhu's suggestion.

It was Xi Ruzhu who came over to their East Sea Class during break and careless but deliberately mentioned it.

Everyone instantly felt a hint of meaningfulness, "Xi Rubao, that little piggy raised by your family truly is no easy character!"

Labeling Zuzi as a poor relative and orchestrating the real vs. fake young lady drama, Xi Ruzhu's scheming could make her the lead in "The True Piggy of the Harem."

In her deep regret, Xi Rubao anxiously peeked at Zuzi.

Thinking of Fang Yumei and Xi Ruzhu, she felt that the stupid things she did weren't much better, even though some of the mistakes were made out of her own foolishness and inadvertently, wrong is wrong. What if Zuzi revisits the past and doesn't forgive her?

"Sis, I, will, do, ten, good, deeds, a, day... try, hard, to, be, a, good, person..."

Xi Rubao continued to timidly murmur like a mosquito.

Suddenly.

A gentle laugh by her ear, like clouds parting to reveal the sun, warm as a breeze embraced her, "Mm-hmm."

Zuzi agreed!

Xi Rubao immediately straightened her back, tears welling up, almost crying, "Sis!"

Zuzi said, "Alright, Ancestor heard you."

With a slight smile, it was as if the entire dark sky was suddenly lit up.