

## Big Shot 481

Chapter 481: His Boxer Shorts are Going Viral!

Although the little woman's tolerance for food made Bao Gucheng both happy and moved, he still reached out to stop her: "Stop eating, I'll go cook something for you to eat."

Zuzi blinked and held his hand: "No need to go through so much trouble, I think all these dishes are very delicious."

Ancestor really isn't picky, with you here, not picky at all, Xiao Cheng.

The so-called feast for the eyes, take a whiff of Xiao Cheng, then have a sip of the thousand-year peach blossom brew... ah, the life of an immortal is here again.

Bao Gucheng pursed his lips, looking at the spot where her small hand was tugging at his coat, his heart moved, and he couldn't help but sit back down: "Alright... then."

He poured a cup of hot water, picked up a sea cucumber, and swirled it in the hot water before feeding it into her little cherry mouth.

Maybe, tonight, the little woman would be willing to sleep with him?

This new ship, there was only one bedroom in the cabin that was tidied up, with all the beddings ready.

"Xiao Cheng, cheers, celebrating Xiao Sha's fan count surpassing twenty million!"

Zuzi raised her glass, smiling gently, pulling Bao Gucheng's thoughts back.

Gu Qiusha's artwork truly had strength, had appeal, had imagination, even passerby fans were easily drawn in, just because the Weibo sightseeing group came to check in, easily doubling the manga fan count after surpassing ten million.

A truly unprecedented platinum god debuted suddenly!

Bao Gucheng clinked glasses with her and drank it all in one go: "To celebrate Ms. Zuzi's creativity, it became a manga that took the internet by storm."

He knew that Gu Qiusha's drawing skills were indeed top-notch, but the core of this work's success was still due to the exquisite story provided by Zuzi.

It's an unconventional, non-cliché portrayal of Fu Xi and Nuwa.

It's a Fu Xi and Nuwa that are different from history books and folklore.

That's why it crushed Shen Ying's novel of the same theme and shot to fame.

He really didn't know how this little brain of hers could hold such interesting stories.

Zuzi filled up her glass again, drinking happily: "It's not a story, this really happened. If you don't believe me, look!"

She swiped open Bao Gucheng's phone to show him the fourth Chapter just released by Gu Qiusha.

The very first punchline that completely blew up the manga: "Nuwa stripped her nemesis Fu Xi, leaving only a pair of boxers"

In the picture.

At the gathering hosted by The Queen Mother of the West to entertain the gods, Fu Xi intended to publicly propose to Nuwa, using the peer pressure of the gods to ask Nuwa to marry him, to carry on the lineage of human elites.

"The clay figures I made are enough, I don't need you to meddle."

"Sister, the clay figures are just ordinary people, only the offspring born from the combination of you and me under the essence of heaven and earth are the elite lineage among humans, capable of ruling humans generation after generation and leading them in the right direction."

"Ha, no need. My clay children will find their own direction."

Fu Xi was rejected so badly, the veins on his forehead popped in the picture: "Sister, everyone here today supports our union..."

"Whoever supports can unite with you. And also, stop randomly claiming sister, I'm not your sis!"

"Nuwa, do you hate me so much?"

"Mhm, if you keep babbling, Ancestor will strip you naked and hang you at the South Heavenly Gate for display!"

And then, Gu Qiusha really illustrated Little Ancestor, in front of the Immortals, aggressively stripping Emperor Fu Xi layer by layer, until only a pair of boxers was left.

Nonetheless, Fu Xi lazily stretched his arms, not resisting at all, and with a teasing smile said: "Nuwa, keep going, don't, stop..."

That shameless audacity was captured vividly by Gu Qiusha!

Bao Gucheng stared at the boxers in the picture, then glanced at his own "gift"—the resemblance was uncanny.

And then he belatedly realized, were his boxers also going viral online tonight?

Chapter 482: Change the Way You Drink! The Terrifying Persuasion to Drink!

Gu Qiusha painted Emperor Fu Xi's "boxer shorts," which is exactly the same as the one Xi Zuzi gave to Bao Gucheng.

Bao Gucheng's lips twitched: "Zuzi girl, so this is what you mean by things that really happened?"

Xi Zuzi chuckled softly: "Well, sort of."

Although what she meant was that ten thousand years ago, she really stripped Fu Xi down to his boxer shorts.

But if Xiao Cheng understood it as this pair being the same as that pair, it's conceivable too.

Bao Gucheng couldn't help but touch the silky fabric of the shorts, thinking that these were the boxer shorts that went viral online, feeling both helpless and amused.

From now on, even when he goes to the bathroom, he should keep a low profile.

"Xiao Cheng, can you still drink?"

"Yes, I'll drink with you."

It's rare for someone to accompany the Ancestor drinking Drunken Immortal Wine, so having a few more drinks, Xi Zuzi was inspired: "Xiao Cheng, want to try a different posture for drinking?"

Bao Gucheng almost spat out his drink unceremoniously.

Change... a posture?

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At this moment.

In the deep night on the sea, a massive cruise ship is slowly approaching Bao Gucheng's vessel from international waters.

The guest cabins of the cruise ship are even more boisterous and dazzling than the most luxurious casinos in the city.

Because on international waters, besides regular entertainment, they can play many borderline games.

For example, this group of wealthy people is currently surrounded by a dozen delicate models, playing "Russian Roulette."

Screams and gasps fill the brightly lit and boisterous cabin hall.

In an independent booth in the hall.

Nangong Mo reclined lazily on a chaise longue.

Fang Yumei, far away in the tea room, brewed tea and served, looking jealously at a perfectly shaped young model, respectfully kneeling on the ground to polish Nangong Mo's shoes.

He's somewhat of a clean freak; when he first boarded the ship, a bit of salty sea water stained his shoes.

Sitting upright on the sofa nearby were several middle-aged men, whose names were well-known as business tycoons in the Imperial Capital.

For instance, Ma Qie, whose established Penguin Reading is an unmissable big pie in the Empire's entertainment industry, developing films based on novels and comics, making it the Empire's largest IP resource pool.

But in front of Nangong Mo, they have no choice but to submit.

"Lao Ma, you're quite busy tonight, playing on my ship, yet you can't put down your phone, making calls right under my nose?" Nangong Mo remarked lightly while scrolling through his phone.

Ma Qie wiped his sweat: "Fourth Lord, isn't it because the company's illustrators and writers suddenly got into a fight? I, I'm in a difficult position too."

He just managed to appease both sides.

His head even got a bald spot.

Nangong Mo chuckled: "Do you know why I called you here today?"

"No, I don't know Fourth Lord. I've never had the chance to see international waters, thanks to you, tonight's my first time."

"Transfer that illustrator under you to me."

"Fo-Fourth Lord, which one are you talking about?"

"The one who won the fight tonight."

Ma Qie's heart skipped a beat.

Qianshan?

Damn, how did she catch the Fourth Lord's eye?

The cash cow he worked so hard to find, with fans just nearing fifty million tonight, becoming the top sister of Penguin overnight, how could he bear to hand her over?

As he hesitated.

Nangong Mo slightly raised his eyebrows and ordered the model polishing his shoes: "Go offer Mr. Ma a drink. If he agrees to my deal, he'll drink it. If he refuses the drink and rejects the deal... then..."

The atmosphere in the booth solidified for a moment.

Damn, this is outright coercion!

Chapter 483: Can't Bear to Hand Over the Little Ancestor!

What if Ma Qie doesn't agree to this forced sale?

None of the CEOs know what kind of perverse things Nangong Mo would do.

Is it like the legend, throwing people into the sea to feed the sharks?

Everyone held their breath, waiting for this terrifying man.

Then they heard Nangong Mo lazily saying, with a lift of his lips, "I'm a reasonable person. Rest assured, once on my ship, you won't be feeding the fish on the high seas."

The CEOs all breathed a sigh of relief.

However, in the next second.

Nangong Mo's tone shifted: "But, if you refuse this drink, it means you find this woman too ugly and useless at persuasion, and keeping her is a waste."

He picked up a fruit knife from the fruit plate, playing with it casually: "If she can't even persuade you to drink, then there's no point in keeping this arm."

The model who was just raising the wine glass to persuade trembled so hard she almost fell to her knees.

She nearly staggered forward, kneeling to Ma Qie: "Mr. Ma, please, drink this glass of wine!"

The woman's innocent and pitiable face was streaked with tears, which even the hardest of hearts could not resist.

Watching helplessly as a beautiful woman loses an arm because of you, a normal man just couldn't do it.

Moreover, Nangong Mo was offering a hefty sum for this deal.

He hadn't put Ma Qie at a disadvantage, the recruitment contract on the table offered 300 million!

All for a newly popular artist.

Ma Qie closed his eyes, locked in an internal struggle!

Just when Nangong Mo's knife was already at the model's shoulder, he suddenly opened his eyes, sweating profusely as he raised his hand to stop him: "Fourth Master! Wait, I'll drink!"

He took the glass and downed it in one gulp.

The model, who had been crying like raindrops on pear blossoms, relaxed her hand and collapsed limply onto the ground.

Not far away, Fang Yumei watched the whole scene, frightened and shocked, no longer daring to be jealous of the model, only thinking that her job of pouring tea was quite good enough.

Being with a prince is like being with a tiger, how terrifying!

Nangong Mo watched Ma Qie drink the wine with satisfaction, tapping the contract on the table with long fingers: "Sign it."

Ma Qie, with a mournful face, appeared very honest: "Fourth Master, listen to me, I can sign it, but... I'm afraid my signature won't be of use. Qianshan and Shen Ying are both platinum authors now, and whether they can transfer their scripts to you, the decision is in their hands, so..."

"So are you playing with me?" Nangong Mo's face instantly turned cold.

The knife in his hand seemed ready to pierce Ma Qie's skull the next second!

Under pressure, Ma Qie weakly continued to explain: "No, no, Fourth Master, there's an even more difficult issue, which is, Qianshan left her number, but it's not up to me to get through to her; it depends on whether she's willing to answer. So even if I want to help you persuade her to transfer the script or draw for you, I can't find her. How about I give you her number, and you contact her yourself? If you can persuade her, we at Penguin absolutely won't dare to stop her from transferring jobs!"

Only then did Nangong Mo's expression slightly clear.

After getting the number, Ma Qie indeed hadn't lied; the phone remained unanswered.

Nangong Mo threw the number to his subordinate to trace it.

Ma Qie felt a bit guilty.

What he gave Nangong Mo was a zombie number Qianshan had registered with on the Penguin website, not the number she later used to communicate with him.

There was still a hint of stubbornness in his heart, not wanting to hand over this little Ancestor to someone else.

While worrying whether his little trick would be seen through by Fourth Master and whether he would be fed to the sharks, he realized that Nangong Mo's attention was no longer on him.

A pair of blue eyes were fixed intently on the screen of the phone!

What... what is this perverted big boss looking at?

Chapter 484: Sky and Sea, the little ancestor is just so wilful!

The screen of Nangong Mo's phone displayed the just-opened fourth episode of Gu Qiusha's latest manga update!

The Nuwa she drew finally revealed her true face at the celestial banquet where all the Immortals gathered!

And not only did Emperor Fu Xi propose on the spot, he was tragically rejected, leaving him with nothing but his boxers.

This scene went viral across the internet overnight.

However, the way Nangong Mo felt when he looked at it was completely different from everyone else.

He stared intently at Nuwa's face and her plain white attire, muttering a few words under his breath: "Like, really alike..."

The subordinate behind him silently took out a small notebook, jotting down the name and Chapter of the manga, thinking, could it be that the woman in white whom Fourth Master is looking for resembles this manga character?

After all, Fourth Master once personally drew a picture of a woman in white from behind, capturing a spirit that truly resembled this manga image.

Now that the front is revealed, the difficulty of the search has greatly reduced.

Ma Qie had deceived this man, holding back Qianshan's real phone number, feeling utterly terrified inside.

Upon seeing Nangong Mo staring intently at the manga, he couldn't help but marvel, Qianshan is really damn impressive, conquering a vast crowd of young girls with her manga was one thing, but actually gaining a male BOSS fan?

He kept the number well! Not only must he not hand it over, he must report to Qianshan, letting her hide even deeper!

"Fourth Master, actually, sometimes the person you admire doesn't necessarily need to be tied to your side; sometimes a certain distance adds a unique flavor..."

Ma Qie subtly hinted, trying to soften Nangong Mo's determination to poach Qianshan.

Suddenly.

A "bang" sounded.

Nangong Mo slammed the table and stood up.

The glasses of wine on the coffee table toppled in a clattering row!

Done for, done for, we're doomed!

Ma Qie felt like a Shark was about to open its mouth wide to bite him.

Unexpectedly in the next second.

Nangong Mo didn't even glance at him, instead striding with his long legs, looking coldly, heading toward the floor-to-ceiling window.

Beyond the glass curtain-like floored window of the cruise ship.

The night was thick with darkness, waves of tempest rolled endlessly.

However.

Upon the crest of a wave, a massive White Shark surfaced slowly from the waters.

If one looked carefully, upon the White Shark's back stood a woman in white, gracefully holding a tall and robust man by one hand, a bottle of wine clutched in the other.

She tilted her head back toward the moon, drinking boldly!

Everyone rubbed their eyes, damn it, it must be an illusion, the banquet hall's scene reflecting off the glass window.

Nangong Mo's gaze only deepened, growing colder with each passing moment.

Human vision has its limits, in such a blackened night, the sight of things upon the sea is but a blur.

In the blink of an eye, the White Shark and the maiden disappeared amid the colossal waves.

As if nothing ever occurred at all.

He focused intently on the direction where the woman disappeared, not even bothering to look at the manga on his phone.

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Bao Gucheng held Zuzi's hand tightly.

Beneath them was the smooth spine of the White Shark, a single misstep could plunge them into the deep abyss of the sea.

Yet.

The White Shark, as if a sentient steed, bore him and Zuzi stably over the ocean's surface.

"Xiao Cheng, are you okay?"

Zuzi took a hearty swig of the fragrant peach blossom brew, passing it to Bao Gucheng.

Bao Gucheng drank deeply from the spot her fragrant lips had touched, saying calmly, "Hmm. This way of drinking is truly... quite distinctive."

Just then, the little woman suggested a different posture for drinking, he never could have imagined she'd pull him onto the White Shark's back, drinking boldly amidst the raging waves.

Such a bold, convention-defying act, yet somehow, at this time and place, there's this vague, familiar sense.

Chapter 485: Pearl Sea, Wealthy Ravine, None Compare to Ancestor's Small Treasure Chest

Zuzi watched him remain so calm, and couldn't help but sigh inwardly, the little boy is truly the most exceptional little clay figure.

Indeed, extreme brilliance often leads to broken fortune, the strong tend to have short lifespans.

While she's alive, it'd be good to take him on more adventures.

"Xiao Cheng'er, would you like to see something even more thrilling?"

She smiled mischievously as they shared the last bottle of Drunken Immortal Brew.

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple bobbed.

The words of the little woman were surprising, even though he had gradually learned to deal with them calmly: "Sure."

But he still couldn't help his mind from wandering.

What kind of excitement would she bring him?

In the next moment.

The White Shark beneath them leaped into the air nearly touching the stars and moon, then dove sharply into the depths of the ocean.

"Cough, cough..."

Bao Gucheng instinctively coughed out.

Zuzi raised her eyebrows slightly: "Oh no, I almost forgot that Xiao Cheng'er can't dive this deep..."

Saying that, she flicked her jade fingers and made a spell.

The massive pressure at the seabed nearly squeezed all the air out of Bao Gucheng's lungs. In this moment, it finally eased, allowing him to steady himself and observe his surroundings.

Pitch black.

A hundred meters underwater, it was a dead silence of darkness, nothing was visible.

The White Shark continued to dive.

Traveling to a depth of over a thousand meters.

Finally, amidst a cluster of coral, a faint light flickered on and off, possibly a group of electric eels.

Continuing to dive.

Countless pearl oysters, some as small as fists, others as large as basins, scattered throughout the trench, spreading out endlessly into the deep sea, illuminating the surroundings as if it were daytime.

Bao Gucheng slightly held his breath.

Even though he was born in a very wealthy family and had seen many treasures in his lifetime, he had never seen such a freely strewn Pearl Sea like dust and ash.

Even though his vessel was the most advanced in the world, it had never reached such a secret realm.

What on earth was his little woman's background, a Fairy descended from the heavens?

Before Bao Gucheng could think further, the Great White Shark turned sideways, gently lowering the two of them.

He instinctively clasped the little woman's waist tightly, afraid of losing her in the vast deep sea.

The next second, the sensation of solid ground beneath his feet surprised him again: "We've arrived?"

Two thousand leagues under the sea, is this what it's like?

Underneath the dazzling light, a giant tree soared like an ascending dragon, forming a magnificent palace.

"Yes, we're here." Zuzi held his hand and stepped into the waiting Dragon Palace in the void.

Bao Gucheng watched the scene unfold with tree branches like silver flowers, and couldn't help but ask again: "Where is this...?"

Who built such a stunning palace beneath the deep sea?

Zuzi turned back, smiling at him: "A place quite similar to the Fu Xi Palace. But this is an Ancestor's resting spot."

Bao Gucheng tried to maintain his calm that was about to break: "So we're here to tomb raid?"

A thought crossed his mind for a moment: "Why aren't they choking on the water while talking underwater, why do they walk as if on solid ground, without even feeling the pressure of the current?"

Zuzi chuckled: "Yes. Xiao Cheng needs to help me dig."

She took a few steps, stepping on the seaweed-covered floor of the seabed.

Pointing to a spot: "Here, start digging!"

She casually picked up a coral shovel and handed it to Bao Gucheng.

Bao Gucheng rolled up his sleeves and actually started digging earnestly.

A man at work, focused and serious, his arm veins bulging with a natural masculine force.

Zuzi propped her chin on her hand, sitting on a piece of white coral, watching intently.

Once again, she couldn't help but sigh: The Ancestor-made little boy is just perfect, so handsome, never getting tired of watching him.

A little crow standing on a coral branch couldn't help but mutter silently: So Ancestor, you could've dug this thing out with a spell, but you made the little boy work for half an hour?

Ancestor, you really use public office for personal gain without batting an eye.

When the man, hot from work, loosened three buttons of his shirt, finally, with a "ding—" sound, the coral shovel struck a Jade Treasure Box.

Chapter 486: Countless Mysteries Surrounding Little Ancestor; Xiao Cheng'er, Feel Free to Choose

Bao Gucheng carefully excavated the Jade Treasure Box and held it with his own hands, placing it in front of Zuzi: "Is this the thing you wanted?"

The seawater did not drench the man entirely; instead, it was the sweat from his labor that dampened his forehead hair.

Coupled with the shirt sleeves rolled high up to his upper arms and the shirt buttons undone to below the third one, the entire person exuded an intense masculine aura.

Fu Xiqin watched, pouting silently: "Ancestors using public resources for personal gain, and the young kid isn't lacking either. Showing off muscles like this, my master also loves doing that! Brother Jin, do you think he's imitating my master? Hmph, thinking he can replace my master by just having the same

styled boxers? He's just a Spiritual Energy Warehouse for the ancestors, himself has no Spiritual Power, what's he showing off about..."

Little Crow: "Chatterbox, shut up. Look at the ancestor's treasure box!"

Fu Xiqin, feeling wronged, held the tourmaline beads in her mouth and closed it.

Zuzi took out a Jade button and handed it to Bao Gucheng: "Yeah, this toy box. Open it and see if there's anything you like, take it if you want."

Heh, the ancestor's been in a gift-giving mood tonight, Fu Xiqin watched, green with envy.

Bao Gucheng found the Jade button somewhat familiar: "Is this... the one given to you on the old master's birthday feast?"

Zuzi: "Yeah."

The Gu family actually has the key to open a seabed treasure box!

This thought, upon deeper contemplation, indeed is somewhat astounding.

Bao Gucheng opened the treasure box using the Jade button as instructed.

The moment the box was opened, the Jade button shattered with a response, turning into countless jade fragments, drifting and scattering at the seabed.

This expensive family heirloom, the young ones of the Gu family strive desperately to make a good impression before the old master, almost only heirs are eligible to receive such a Jade button... and it can open a box only once before it's rendered useless?

If Gu Pinting and Gu Shiyin knew, they might just spit blood.

Bao Gucheng slightly held his breath, involuntarily casting a glance at Zuzi's waist.

According to habit, she always carried his ancestral Jade Pendant with her, occasionally taking it out to sniff.

Could it be, his Jade Pendant could also open some "toy box"?

But how could the Bao family's generational family heirloom possibly open her toy box?

The mysteries surrounding this little woman are truly endless.

"Xiao Cheng, why are you looking at me? Look at the items in the box."

"Okay."

Bao Gucheng pressed down his puzzlement and looked towards the box.

The small jade-made box was exquisitely crafted, with only enough room to hold the size of a wine jar.

The first thing Bao Gucheng saw was a pen.

An antique-style fine wolf hair brush.

It seemed quite ordinary.

Very simple.

Zuzi "hmm"ed: "This doesn't quite suit you, better leave it for Xiao Sha."

Bao Gucheng looked further down, seeing a curved handle, seemingly made of agarwood.

Upon lifting the handle... good heavens, he directly pulled out an umbrella.

Even as he struggled to keep composed, the man couldn't help but suck in a breath — how could such a small treasure box fit a long-handled umbrella?

Made with agarwood as the handle, gold thread as the ribs, white hemp paper as the surface, with no patterns at all, only a hint of dragon tail pattern at one corner, it's considered a very simple white umbrella.

Zuzi smiled: "Xiao Cheng, do you like this? Put it in your car, you might just need it."

Bao Gucheng responded softly: "Okay."

Feeling truly satisfied inside — she has already given him two gifts, one to wear and secretly enjoy, another to place in the car and flaunt a bit.

Chapter 487: Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea Kiss; The Boy Learns Bad Habits!

Bao Gucheng finally felt he had a moment of glory among Xi Rubao, Mr. Gu, and the pets of the little woman.

His gift was doubled! Proud!

Gripping tightly onto the agarwood white umbrella, he continued helping her rummage through the treasure chest.

This continued excavation was truly astonishing, the treasure chest seemed like a bottomless pit, the more they searched, the more they found.

Finally, a pile of Heavenly Books with unreadable characters were dug out.

Zuzi casually fiddled with a couple of them: "Ah, it's recipes."

Though Bao Gucheng couldn't understand the ancient text above, he could vaguely discern that the fierce beasts illustrated were seemingly from the "Classic of Mountains and Seas."

"Are you sure they are recipes and not... a Divine Beast guide?"

"Xiao Cheng, you're really funny. Of course, they are recipes. Look at this 'Stir-fried Male and Female,' it's perfect for treating Gu Pinting's envy-induced red-eye; then there's 'Old Fire Pouch Soup,' for fearless lightning consumption—if Gu Jingyan drinks it, he won't be afraid of being struck by lightning during his next tomb raid; hmm, this 'Chilled Yao Herbal Salad' can help Wu Qianman attract peach blossom luck... And 'Steamed Kui Bird,' eat it and feel no fatigue, a perfect dish for when you're working late nights, Xiao Chenger..."

Bao Gucheng looked at the monstrously ugly beast "Kui Bird" in the Heavenly Book and felt he never needed a midnight snack again.

The little woman's recipes are truly too sophisticated for mere mortals to handle!

As they were speaking, suddenly, a violent tremor came from afar, as if the entire seabed was about to split open, the rumbling sound came swiftly in sequence from a distance.

The surrounding schools of fish were startled and fled in all directions, causing a momentary chaos in the seabed.

Bao Gucheng closed the treasure chest and guardedly protected Zuzi.

Zuzi poked her head out from under his arm: "Ah, the sea fire is going to erupt again."

Bao Gucheng was taken aback, realizing this might be an underwater volcanic eruption?

Would they have time to escape now?

In a flash of lightning, with no time to react further, he, without thinking, scooped up her slender waist, pried open the nearest giant shell, and dove inside with her.

The shell closed.

The two of them were tightly pressed together in the dim space.

Outside the shell, the sea fire swept past the gates of the Dragon Palace, making the two halves of the shell tremble slightly.

But inside the shell, the two only felt a gentle sway, even the scorching heat was completely isolated.

Zuzi chuckled lightly: "Xiao Cheng, you're so clever."

To think of hiding from the fire inside a shell, as if he had been to this Dragon Palace before.

The shell was also a favorite sleeping spot for Ancestor, not inferior to the clouds above.

In the darkness, Bao Gucheng took a deep, silent breath.

With just a slight move, he could touch the soft, soft parts of the girl's body, causing him to hardly dare to move.

Holding his breath for a few seconds.

The man's voice was slightly hoarse and restrained: "Zuzi, don't you feel that the air here is... insufficient?"

Zuzi: "Ah? No..."

Honestly, the Spiritual Energy here was quite adequate, after all, it was the home of a millennium-old Clam Spirit.

Bao Gucheng leaned in, his tone now certain: "Being underwater for so long, I think you should take a breath."

What??

The little crow that sneaked in right before the shell closed couldn't help but howl internally: The young boy seems to have turned bad, learning to coax the Ancestor, to demand, that kiss!

Zuzi was still unaware, still seriously pondering for a moment: "It's still fine for now, no need just yet... mm!"

"No, you need it."

Before Zuzi could finish speaking, Bao Gucheng held the back of her neck and kissed her.

Even in the darkness, he accurately captured her lips!

Chapter 488: Waking Up to Stand at the Pinnacle of the Entire Network

Alright, the Ancestor is in great need.

Zuzi nestled in Bao Gucheng's embrace, calmly receiving his wave-like passionate kisses. She felt like this thousand-year-old Clam Spirit had never been so comfortably lying down like tonight.

Suddenly, she wished the sea fire outside would burn a little longer.

Nourished by the Spiritual Energy, Zuzi's cheeks turned pink, and in the corner of the shell, a big pearl was just about to roll out to pay homage to the Ancestor, but upon seeing this fiery scene...

Oh dear.

Shy!

The Big Pearl quickly and quietly rolled back and hid away.

Who knows how much time had passed.

Bao Gucheng suddenly propped himself up, his long legs feeling a bit awkward not knowing where to place them. When he raised his head, his back bumped into the top of the shell, his face slightly embarrassed: "How about... we go back to the ship and continue?"

Zuzi lightly cleared her throat: "Uh-huh."

Though the shell was comfortable, being both a Clam Spirit and a Pearl Monster, Xiao Cheng made her feel a bit guilty absorbing Spiritual Energy like this.

Outside, the sea fire gradually calmed down.

Zuzi held Bao Gucheng's hand and stepped out of the Dragon Palace. The Great White Shark was already quietly waiting at the door.

Bao Gucheng calmly boarded the shark's back first.

As he reached out to hold Zuzi's small hand, a light flashed before his eyes, and he suddenly lost focus for a moment...

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Early the next morning.

When Gu Qiusha woke up, she discovered that "Long Immortal Road" had over ninety million fans.

She gasped, thinking she had miscounted, pulled Gu Yuzhi over and read the number of fans one by one: "Brother, it's really ninety million? Did I not see wrong? Just woke up and..."

"Just woke up and you're standing at the pinnacle of the internet, my platinum great god." Gu Yuzhi smiled.

Seeing her delights like a young girl, earning money was secondary. It was the sense of fulfillment and satisfaction from reviving her career that couldn't be bought with any amount of money.

It's still Zuzi who has the way, bringing back the happy and positive Sha Sha.

"Brother, I can't believe it, I haven't drawn in twenty years, thought my hands were wasted, sob sob, the fans are so adorable, they don't mind an old granny like me."

"What old granny, you're always a little girl to me. Want to go out and celebrate?"

"No, I want to properly repay my ninety million fans, give them more updates!"

Gu Yuzhi's lips twitched: "..."

Suddenly, he felt that if Sha Sha had too much of a career focus, what if she had less time to pay attention to him or notice his feelings?

Is Sha Sha becoming too famous really a good thing?

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Ninety million fans, directly broke Penguin Reading's historical record.

No comic or book had ever reached such astounding hot sales.

Ma Qie came down alive from Nangong Mo's yacht, feeling a kind of excitement as if a disaster had passed.

This gamble was worth it!

Qianshan is definitely a treasure artist.

However, this joy didn't last even half an hour.

A letter of complaint was delivered to his desk.

"Mr. Ma, Shen Ying's fans collectively reported Qianshan for plagiarizing their great author's novel."

"Oh dear, wasn't this matter settled last night? It even made it onto the Weibo hot search, just a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding. I have already appeased both great authors. When you change the recommendation slot tonight, quickly arrange the latest pop-up recommendation for Shen Ying, make her feel a bit better."

"No, Mr. Ma, this time it's not the usual Weibo quarrel, this time they have a color palette, one recommendation might not appease her."

"What? They've resorted to using a color palette?"

A color palette, is a relatively common evidence method for identifying whether an article or artwork is suspected of plagiarism.

Unlike the back-and-forth arguing on Weibo, it has a certain level of professionalism.

It seems Shen Ying's fans are quite strong in battle.

The question is, has Qianshan really been caught with evidence of wrongdoing?

Chapter 489: Spending an Unforgettable Night with the Little Woman

On the complaint letter.

The lines from Shen Ying's novel and Qianshan's comic were compared in a tightly packed Word document with two columns.

Identical sentences were highlighted and bolded in different colors.

Reading through it, the colorful presentation of the evidence became known as a "palette."

From start to finish, it's quite shocking to see.

Because it covered almost all the content of the first four Chapters of Qianshan's comic!

Although the plot direction isn't quite the same, there are still many overlapping dialogues!

The website editor-in-chief was troubled: "Mr. Ma, how do you think we should handle this?"

Ma Qie was bewildered.

Must the most profitable writer and artist on his team never have a moment of peace?

Last night on the grand ship of Master Si, he had a brush with death, a narrow escape! Can't he enjoy a good day before dealing with these headaches?

After pondering for a moment, he decided: "Let's hold off for now."

The website editor-in-chief was a person of strong principles: "But Mr. Ma, plagiarism is intolerable, it goes against our principles. How can we cover up the truth?"

Ma Qie glanced at him irritably, rolled up the newspaper at hand, and gave him a knock on the head: "Principles, my foot. That's just your self-righteous sense of justice, a one-sided opinion, understand? Naive young people, believing one-sided opinions will cost you! Trust me, let it be for now and wait to see."

Website editor-in-chief: "..."

He was somewhat unconvinced, thinking that this palette is definitive evidence of plagiarism, what is the boss waiting for?

What good can come out of waiting?

The boss isn't planning to gloss over things or muddy the waters, is he?

Actually, he guessed half of it. At this moment, Ma Qie was indeed confused, but there was an inexplicable feeling within him that he absolutely couldn't just convict Qianshan and let her go.

Ma Qie didn't know what he was waiting for either, but he knew not to act recklessly.

The editor-in-chief left Ma Qie's office.

Still couldn't figure it out.

His sense of justice felt hurt, and he couldn't help contacting Shen Ying: "Shen Ying, I'm truly sorry, the higher-ups at the website still haven't reached a consensus on your fans' complaint. If you're eager to defend your rights, perhaps you could try other avenues? You might consider suing in court or continuing to voice out on Weibo."

Shen Ying didn't respond to his message.

Instead, she changed her author page introduction to four words: "Times of serenity."

Ah, Shen Ying is really too indifferent to worldly matters.

It's such a disadvantage!

The editor-in-chief felt increasingly sympathetic and emotional, and after some thought, he directly contacted the fans who wrote the complaint letter, passing the same suggestions on to them.

The fans were not as "serene" as Shen Ying.

Upon hearing that the website higher-ups were being inactive, wasn't that covering up for that little witch Qianshan?

Their beloved was suffering so much!

They needed to fight for her!

The defeat in yesterday's battle, the humiliation of being suppressed on Weibo's hot search, only made them more eager to turn the tables and win once. Quickly, they organized a lengthy accusation and palette and posted it online, then bought traffic and mercenaries to hype it up!

They just couldn't believe they would be suppressed by Qianshan a second time?

This time justice was clearly on their side!

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When Bao Gucheng woke up, the midday sun was casting over his chest.

For a moment, he was in a daze.

The ship was docked by the shore, the bedroom's large bed was neat and tidy, he lay on one side, without even a crumple on the sheets.

If he remembered correctly, last night he had planned to spend an unforgettable night with the little woman in this room... At the very least, he should have done something?

Chapter 490: The Little Ancestor's Casual Remark is Way Too Accurate!

But why couldn't he remember what happened last night at all?

Bao Gucheng rubbed his forehead, memories lingering at the moment he and Zuzi had their last glass of wine together... Could it be that after that drink, he just passed out drunk?

His drinking capacity... wasn't that bad, right?

Standing up, he stepped out of the cabin to look for Zuzi and found her on the mast of the deck, leisurely swinging!

Just like how she liked lying comfortably on her favorite peach tree.

"Xiao Cheng, you're awake?" The little woman smiled sweetly, looking refreshed and satisfied.

Bao Gucheng pinched the bridge of his nose: "Mm."

So he really was a gentleman last night and didn't cross any boundaries?

But why did the little woman look at him as if she had known him for a long time?

"Xiao Cheng, the sun is so strong, why aren't you using the umbrella Ancestor gave you?"

"What umbrella?" Bao Gucheng was a bit puzzled.

Zuzi lightly covered her red lips, realizing she had let something slip, she couldn't help but sigh: "This memory-erasing Immortal Law is really too effective."

"What is Miss Zuzi talking about?"

"Ahem, that white umbrella, to protect you from wind and rain in the car."

"Alright."

Bao Gucheng carefully caressed the dragon-tail white umbrella in front of him again and again, as if seeing this gift for the first time, earnestly and joyfully.

Zuzi inexplicably felt a strange, slightly rough sensation in her throat, a feeling she had never experienced before!

"Xiao Cheng, we need to return now."

"We can eat lunch before we go."

Maybe even take a nap or something.

Bao Gucheng's voice was a bit hoarse, completely revealing a man's certain unfulfilled emptiness and loneliness.

Zuzi chuckled softly: "Ancestor doesn't mind, but Xiao Cheng, you might not have the time."

"No, I've already canceled all arrangements." Bao Gucheng had already instructed Chen Long and Wei Yang, no one would bother him at this time.

Zuzi just smiled without saying anything.

Her body was light as she jumped down from the mast.

Bao Gucheng was just about to open his arms to catch her when his phone rang.

The corners of the man's lips twitched slightly.

At this time, his phone shouldn't have been ringing, which idiot was so tactless!

He hung up speechlessly.

But the remote communicator in the cabin started ringing.

Due to security clearance settings, when a subordinate makes an emergency report, the captain's communicator will automatically play the voice message.

Bao Gucheng then heard Chen Long's anxious voice coming from the cabin: "Mr. Bo, the Old President seems to have signs of waking up, do you want to come over?"

The case he had been exhausting all his efforts investigating, involving the burial of bodies in the deep mountains by Si She and others, had its clues break off with the Old President — because the old man had been in a coma due to illness for half a year, practically a vegetative state.

At this moment, signs of the Old President waking up, how could he not be present?

"Got it." Bao Gucheng turned off the communicator and looked back somewhat apologetically at Zuzi, "I promised to stay for lunch, but I have to leave myself, breaking the promise."

Zuzi smiled lightly, showing no sign of blame, instead comforting him: "It's okay, just reschedule with Ancestor next time."

Bao Gucheng paused.

Suddenly realizing, just a minute ago, Zuzi seemed to have said "Xiao Cheng, you might not have the time."

She said it casually, yet it was so accurate!

The girl's sixth sense is amazing.

Back to the city, it was Wei Yang driving to pick him up.

Zuzi suggested that he drop her off at the hotel.

Bao Gucheng's lips pressed into a line, and he suddenly reached out to grab her small hand: "Miss Zuzi, I'll come to pick you up tonight..."

"Um, no need, you handle your things. There's a socialite party tonight; Ancestor has to attend."

"I can go with you."

"No need, Xiao Cheng, Xiao Yueyue will accompany Ancestor."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

The brother-in-law secretly trying to steal her again?