

Big Shot 951

Chapter 951: Immortals Remain Unmoved by Mortal Affairs; The Immortal Artifact Sought by the Ancestor

Who said the Ancestor was going to flee?

Zuzi's casual words left the little crow stunned: "A-Ancestor, didn't we rush here overnight to hide, to evade that guy similar to the bones of the old thing from East Sea?"

Wasn't the Ancestor motivated by those bones after seeing them?

Fu Xiqin was watching and laughing heartily: "Brother Jin, even you guessed wrong about the Ancestor's thoughts, hahaha!"

Zuzi raised an eyebrow, her eyes lazy: "Indeed, the bones did make the Ancestor reconsider, but the Ancestor came here not to avoid, but to collect those bones, oh."

The little crow was curious: "Ancestor, are those bones really the remains of the one from East Sea?"

Zuzi: "They look like it, but the Ancestor needs to touch them to confirm."

The little crow's eyes widened: "If confirmed, Ancestor, will you handle it personally?"

Zuzi: "Mm hmm. Just lacking a handy Immortal Artifact."

"What Immortal Artifact? Xiao Jin will fetch it for you."

"No need. It's buried right under this grave."

"So that's it! Ancestor, you are truly farsighted, Xiao Jin admires you greatly!"

The little crow was in awe of Zuzi.

How can the Ancestor be so foresighted, predicting events from ten thousand years later and having already buried all the necessary tools for emergencies.

Even alcohol was prepared.

Absolutely brilliant.

Fu Xiqin beside suddenly couldn't laugh and with trembling strings asked Zuzi: "Ancestor, are you planning to use an Immortal Artifact to destroy the master's remains? Ancestor, the master is dead, and the remains cannot be resurrected, would you leave a mark of him in this world, and not let him completely vanish, alright? Ancestor, I beg you, I'll do anything, please show mercy..."

This time, the little crow enjoyed the spectacle without fear of trouble: "Chatterbox Qin, your master deserved to die, there's nothing sentimental worth keeping, just making our Ancestor annoyed by the sight!"

"No, Brother Jin, the master was indeed a bit autocratic in his actions and also... somewhat towards the Ancestor. But that was because he truly admired the Ancestor, he was obsessed out of love!"

"Pfft—you must have been watching too many cheesy dramas at the hotel lately. Gods aren't mortals, there's no such thing as love or not!"

The little crow said, wanting to laugh, as recently it watched a young boy deeply infatuated with the Ancestor, yet the Ancestor responded like a playboy with no substantial feedback; it realized that gods genuinely are indifferent to mortal feelings.

But Fu Xiqin disagreed, shaking its strings vigorously: "Brother Jin, Ancestor, what I'm saying is really true..."

Zuzi, disrupted, rubbed her temples: "No need to argue. Since it's irrecoverable remains, keeping them is useless. But if attached to a human spine, it would be harmful to that person, and since the Ancestor has seen it, it must be guarded against."

The little crow maintained the Ancestor in every way, immediately agreeing: "Yes, yes, yes, the Ancestor is merciful, that's precisely the reasoning. Besides, the Ancestor just emphasized earlier, didn't she, that she still needs to touch the person to know if those are indeed East Sea's old bones; and if not, chatterbox Qin is getting excited for nothing."

Fu Xiqin: "Xiao Qinqin is just affectionate towards the deceased master, what bad intentions could Xiao Qinqin have, why is everyone scolding Xiao Qinqin..."

"Hey, this melody is really pleasant..." Bai Fei jumped over, "It sounds so cheerful."

Fu Xiqin closed its mouth, feeling aggrieved: "..."

Bai Fei was unaware of all this, having been busy leaping around collecting branches to build a real 'bed' for Zuzi, at this moment spoke enthusiastically—

Chapter 952: Delicate Hands Knock on the Jade Coffin

"Little Fairy, why don't you try out the bed? I promise it's much more comfortable than the tree, really! Although I majored in medicine in college, my hobby was woodworking. Guess what my graduation project was?"

"Hmm?"

"It was a set of handcrafted wooden herbal shelves, hahaha..."

"Hmm, that's somewhat interesting."

"Isn't it? Little Fairy, don't you think I'm quite creative? Come and sleep on this peachwood bed. It's specially arranged for you. Look, it's by the spring, so you can even soak your feet while lying down..."

The two fairy pets: "... This brat might be a bit absent-minded, but he's quite good at pleasing women!

Zuzi graciously tried out the "reclining bed" crafted by Bai Fei.

However, she didn't soak her feet, just leaned sideways on it to rest.

Seeing Zuzi so leisurely and relaxed, the little crow became a bit unsettled: "Ancestor, since we're looking for the immortal artifact, where did you bury it back then? Give me instructions, and Xiao Jin will dig it up right away, lest those two loafers outside mess things up!"

"No need to dig, really. But as for the key, Ancestor still needs to test it." Zuzi spread out her palm, revealing a serene jade pendant.

"A boy's personal jade pendant?!" The little crow had a deep impression of this piece of jade.

Back then, Ancestor had taken it from the boy without helping him.

Though the little crow hadn't witnessed the scene, he could imagine the boy was undoubtedly furious at that time.

Zuzi corrected, "It's Ancestor's."

The little crow nodded swiftly, "Yes, yes, yes, the boy was just a keeper. It was an heirloom. Ancestor, is this the jade key?"

Zuzi caressed the jade in her hand, "There were so many items buried that year, even Ancestor can't remember clearly. It looks kind of like it. Never mind, let's try it first."

She gracefully sat up from the peachwood reclining bed and stepped across a small stone bridge over the underground spring, walking at a leisurely pace to the other side.

Bai Fei hurriedly followed, "Little Fairy, where are you going? Are you hungry? I can pick some peaches for you... ah wait for me!"

"Are you a monkey or something picking peaches!" The little turtle glared at this overly attentive fellow disdainfully, quickly following to secure his spot as the first attendant beside his Ancestor.

Zuzi walked lightly, seemingly at random, but upon passing through several stone walls, a more expansive and majestic underground space suddenly appeared before them.

Surrounded by jade trees and gemstone flowers, carved beams and painted rafters, enveloped in mist, it was like arriving at a fairyland, breathtakingly beautiful.

The most awe-inspiring part was a jade coffin lying in the center!

"Is this the burial place of the tomb's owner?!" Bai Fei said with a quivering voice.

It's beautiful, but it's still a place where the dead are buried, which sends chills down the spine.

"Little Fairy, find whatever you're looking for quickly, and let's leave. I'll cover for you! And don't touch that coffin. I've read a lot of tomb novels; there are always traps inside, and touching it would spell disaster!" Bai Fei was on high alert, tense beyond measure.

Zuzi smiled without speaking and walked straight towards the jade coffin in the center.

Then, with an air of nonchalance, she extended her snow-white delicate hands and tapped on the coffin lid a few times.

The personal jade pendant of Bao Gucheng in her hand rang out with a crisp, melodious rhythm on the coffin lid as she tapped.

Bai Fei held his breath!

He had a premonition that in the next second, the massive coffin might just flip open its lid, and a long-haired zombie would pop up to chase after them, wanting to bite, aaaaah!

Chapter 953: Mr. Bo, Your Privileges Are Extraordinary

"Little fairy, my little ancestor, please—don't!"

Bai Fei's attempt to stop it was already too late.

Zuzi not only tapped the stone coffin but also murmured to herself, "It's supposed to be inside, so why isn't it coming out..."

Bai Fei stretched out a hand, wanting to bravely protect Zuzi, while the other arm instinctively covered his face: "Ahhh! Zombie lord, please don't come out, please don't come out!"

Zuzi smiled slightly and slowly withdrew her delicate hand, glancing at the Jade Pendant in her palm.

It seemed she remembered wrong; the Jade Pendant of the little boy wasn't used to open the Jade Coffin.

If the boy's Jade Pendant wasn't the key, then whose hand holds the key corresponding to this Jade Coffin? Could it be the eldest of the Xi family?

Hmm, it's quite a hassle to have too many keys left by ancestors.

She pondered silently.

Meanwhile, Bai Fei finally calmed down from his fear, slapped his thigh: "So that's it!"

His look of sudden realization made the little crow and Fu Xiqin nervous. No way, did this mortal see through the secret of the ancestor's Jade Key?

The Immortal Artifact in the coffin isn't something just anyone can see. If this mortal knows too much, he might...

They worried.

Yet Bai Fei beamed, "Hey, who would have thought Bao Gucheng's Jade Pendant could ward off evil? Look, even the zombie in the coffin is too scared to come out. So that's it, that's it, hahaha!"

The two fairy pets: "... " Cough, cough, cough, never mind, they overestimated the mortal's thought process; this fool only has this pitiful bit of intelligence left.

"Ancestor, since that's the case, we need to find the matching Jade Key first, and then come back to open the coffin," the little crow eagerly suggested, "Coincidentally, the little boy just got out of prison. He's definitely in a hurry to see you. Why don't you go sniff him out, and we can gather our strength..."

Zuzi put away Bao Gucheng's Jade, resting her chin as she pondered, "Sniff him out..."

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At this moment.

In the Imperial City.

In the hospital's intensive care unit, the Old President had just started a series of complex morning physical examinations when his secretary reported, "Mr. Bo has come to visit you. It seems he's here for something important. The conversation might be taxing. Shall we wait until after your examination?"

"No need, let him in immediately," the old man decisively replied.

From last night until now, this highly respected elder had turned away countless social elites and government dignitaries.

Inviting someone in so straightforwardly was a first.

The secretary couldn't help but comment softly while leading Bao Gucheng in, "Mr. Bo, your reception is quite unusual."

Bao Gucheng's thin lips pressed tightly as he looked at the elder on the sickbed.

The old man laughed heartily, "Gucheng, it's not special treatment for you. In truth, it's because I want to avoid the endless checkups, haha. Frankly speaking, staying in the hospital is like being in prison. Although I've been in a coma, I feel like I'm being tortured every day in my haze. I just want to catch my breath, come and chat with me."

Bao Gucheng's serious expression relaxed slightly: "As you wish."

The staff and nurses smiled, tactfully leaving to provide the two with a quiet space.

"Gucheng, to be honest, you didn't just come to chat with me, did you?" After everyone left, the Old President's expression became more serious, "Did something big happen?"

Before coming, Bao Gucheng had prepared several conversational plans, hoping to learn the truth from the elder.

At this moment, he decided to abandon those plans, opting to be straightforward, and asked directly: "Do you remember my subordinates, such as Si She?"

The Old President nodded: "They are all loyal and capable officers."

Bao Gucheng slowly said: "They inexplicably died in the deep mountains of Qingcheng."

Chapter 954: The Heavy Pressure Mr. Bo Exerts on Others

Died in the deep mountains of Qingcheng?

The old president, lying on the sickbed, was stunned by the words: "Gucheng... Although I can't exactly match their names to their faces, I remember your subordinates were all strong and brave men. How could this misfortune happen? Are there any clues?"

Bao Gucheng stared intently into the pair of eyes that had slightly lost their shine due to illness: "Before you fell into a coma, they were sent abroad on a mission. That mission's paperwork was signed by you personally."

As he spoke, his long fingers pulled out an old approval slip.

This was an authentic piece that Chen Long had managed to obtain from the archives after much effort.

It was now the moment of witness and evidence confrontation!

The old president took the approval slip and frowned at the signature.

Bao Gucheng sat by the bedside, his arm resting on the wooden chair armrest, a big hand supporting one side of his forehead, a pair of cold eyes fixed on the old man: "Is the handwriting real?"

The old president pinched the bridge of his nose: "It is indeed my handwriting..."

The air froze for a moment.

Although the handwriting analysis had long been done, asking about it now was only a formality, yet hearing the old president admit it made Bao Gucheng's heart skip a beat.

Like a sharp knife slicing through.

"Why?"

The three short words carried a tone of desolation and heaviness.

The old president lifted his head, his dim eyes slowly turning as he tried to recall something: "Gucheng, although this is my handwriting, I have no recollection of the document's contents. For matters of this scale and rank, I would definitely seek your opinion first, not act alone..."

"But you still signed it."

"I..." The old president opened his mouth but then closed it again, a trace of pain crossing his brow.

Bao Gucheng took out a photograph and placed it on the sickbed: "Do you want to know what they looked like in the end?"

Six coffins, six sets of eerily white bones!

The old president's pupils shrank: "How could this happen... Why did I sign such a document... They were the backbone of the nation, how could, how could they end up like this?"

Bao Gucheng's gaze was cold and devoid of warmth, his sharp hand moving slowly across his forehead as if ready to kill at any moment: "This is exactly what I want to ask you. Remember, this surgery, I'm not here to save your life."

He was here to seek justice for his brothers!

Even someone as seasoned in politics as the old president now felt the crushing pressure in Bao Gucheng's presence.

He believed this man could be unimaginably ruthless towards his enemies.

And was he, at this moment, already counted among those enemies?

A splitting headache, a splitting headache!

Just when the old president was almost about to buckle under Bao Gucheng's questioning, suddenly, as his gaze swept over the document again, his breath caught: "Wait, Gucheng, the handwriting is real, but the ink is wrong!"

"The ink?"

"Yes, the ink. The ink I usually use to sign documents is a custom-made one from when I was assigned a leisurely post abroad, practicing calligraphy with your father. That ink is special; it starts black but, over time, turns deep blue with a hint of dark green, not pure black. You can ask your father if you don't believe me, I'm not lying."

Now, although the paper is slightly yellowed, the signature on it is stark black.

Completely different from the usual ink color the old president used for signing.

"This isn't my signature! I know how they forged it," the old man's voice trembled slightly, filled with uncontrollable fury—

Chapter 955: Mr. Bo's Killing Intent; Gentle Only to His Little Ancestor

"They must have slipped this piece of paper underneath the regular files I sign, covered it with a layer of rubbing paper. This way, when I signed the document on top, they could quietly obtain my signature on the one underneath. However, although the rubbing produces identical handwriting, it cannot replicate the exact ink marks! They can forge the handwriting but not the ink, as the ink is a rare edition, only available to me and your father!"

The Old President's excited voice echoed in the hospital room.

Bao Gucheng's gaze gradually calmed down.

So it was the ink.

He remembered the type of ink his father often used, indeed a rare edition, because the master who once mixed it had long passed away, and no one else could replicate it perfectly.

However, this ink color was subtle, and when identifying handwriting, people would not specifically pay attention to the color of the ink, so this detail had been overlooked for so long.

Bao Gucheng said nothing, his eyes flickering, and he quickly typed a command on his phone with his long fingers.

The Old President was heartbroken: "Those bastards actually used such despicable methods to forge my signature, arbitrarily relocating those children, like Si She, who have contributed so much to the country, leading to their tragic deaths... It was my poor judgment in choosing people, not realizing what kind of things were hidden by my side..."

As he spoke, something suddenly occurred to him: "Secretary Zhao! All the documents that needed my signature went through Secretary Zhao. He is very meticulous. If someone dared to tamper with them, he would definitely notice. If he didn't notice..."

The only possibility was that his most trusted secretary had been quietly bribed.

"Quick, Gucheng, have them bring Secretary Zhao here for confrontation! What kind of dirty money has this bastard accepted, to betray the country, betray me..."

Bao Gucheng expressionlessly raised his phone: "He is dead."

As soon as the ink was confirmed, he had immediately ordered Chen Long to control Secretary Zhao.

But he was still one step too late.

The secretary who had just escorted him into the hospital room had locked himself in the adjoining medicine preparation room and committed suicide by ingesting poison.

Perhaps he knew that falling into Bao Gucheng's hands would leave him wishing for death, so he took a very large dose of poison, resulting in a terribly horrific death, with eyes bulging out.

The Old President: "..."

This sudden dramatic change nearly overwhelmed the elderly man's fragile nerves. In a trembling voice, he asked, "Gucheng, what, what else can I do for you, for those children?"

The clues frustratingly ended with him, and if he could, he would offer his old bones in atonement.

Unexpectedly, Bao Gucheng rose coldly, leaving only two sentences:

"Live. Atone."

The Old President watched the man whose back was as straight as a pine, exuding a chilling air. His heart clenched tightly, knowing that with Bao Gucheng's temperament, he would never let this go. He would dig ten feet deep to unearth the instigator, whip the corpse, and avenge his unjustly killed subordinates.

This Imperial City was likely to be engulfed in a storm of blood and wind.

Today's suicide of Secretary Zhao was only a small beginning...

At this moment, Chen Long opened the door and entered, walking up to Bao Gucheng and whispering a few words to him.

He vaguely heard something about "Xi Xiao" and "a hundred kilometers out of the city"...

He didn't know who they were talking about, but he saw a slight thawing in Bao Gucheng's icy expression, emitting an incongruous warmth within the current atmosphere...

Warmth?!

The Old President was dumbfounded.

Whose news could make the murderous Bao Gucheng suddenly appear warm?!

Chapter 956: Two Untouchable Masters, Quarreling Like Kids!

"Then in that kind of place, Bai Fei couldn't stir up any trouble."

Bao Gucheng's eyes were filled with a faint warmth.

Thinking about how Zuzi actually let Bai Fei drive her to the ancient tombs on the outskirts of the Imperial City, he was probably going to scare Bai Fei out of his wits, and for a moment, he couldn't help but feel a bit amused.

Beside him, Chen Long couldn't help but grin, "Miss Xi really is one of a kind, her thoughts run wild. How did she come up with the idea of an outing to a tomb? Mr. Bai is really asking for trouble this time."

If it were some suburban resort hotel or hot spring inn, it would've been troublesome. Mr. Bo probably wouldn't have been able to focus on handling things here now.

Luckily, it was a tomb, yes, a tomb!

Chen Long was reassured as he continued the detailed report on Secretary Zhao's suicide: "Mr. Bo, that guy died so decisively, seems he was harboring guilt and was prepared. Although I sent someone to search his house immediately, it's unlikely we'll find any clues. But we might find something in his transaction accounts. I'll need you to grant me some special permissions..."

Before he could finish speaking, he noticed Bao Gucheng, who was listening to the report, had his gaze turned coldly to the other side of the corridor.

"Why is that thing here?" Bao Gucheng's voice, which had been warm just a few minutes ago, turned cold again.

"Huh? What thing?" Chen Long turned his head and awkwardly tugged at his lips, "Ah, you mean him, Sir..."

They looked over to see Nangong Mo, escorted by a group of bodyguards, making quite an entrance as he walked from the other end of the corridor.

Ever since the incident at the Imperial University's military training ground where Nangong Mo reportedly stared at Zuzi's lineup for half a day, his name had been replaced by "that thing" in Bao Gucheng's ears.

Thinking about Nangong Mo's spine X-ray resembling that of a prehistoric animal, Chen Long couldn't help but admire his master's genius for giving a rival such a fitting nickname.

That thing, tsk tsk!

Chen Long lowered his voice, "Mr. Bo, he's probably here for a hospital check-up. With strange growths on his bones, he's almost a beast, terminally ill. Of course, he'd be nervous. He'll likely make frequent visits to the hospital from now on, so there's no need to worry about him pestering Miss Xi again."

Bao Gucheng said nothing, coldly taking a step forward, "Permissions granted. Hurry and investigate the clues."

"Yes!"

The two groups met in the middle of the corridor, a narrow passage.

The two leading men had an aura that was out of the ordinary.

Clearly, neither was willing to yield to the other.

Their gazes met, silent flames and hostility clashed in mid-air, creating fissures.

Chen Long's heart pounded, thinking, Mr. Bo against Nangong Mo one-on-one should be no problem.

But if he had to go one against ten, dealing with Nangong Mo's group of bodyguards would be tricky... Ahem, in hindsight, he shouldn't have pitied his subordinates pulling night shifts and let them go home for a break. Especially Yin Hu, that fool, taking a break for no reason, can't be relied on in critical moments!

As Chen Long was gnashing his teeth in regret.

The glass door of the medical imaging room beside them opened from the inside, and a doctor was about to step out. Seeing the confrontation at the door, he was startled and stammered, "Everyone, uh, what's this..."

The two infamous figures in the Imperial City, were they really going to fight in the hospital?

The tense atmosphere cracked a little with the sound of the door opening.

Nangong Mo was the first to smirk, "I'm here for a check-up, not sure what Mr. Bo is doing at the hospital?"

Bao Gucheng replied coldly, "You're sick. I'm not."

Everyone: "..."

Turns out even men of high status can be so childish in arguments, playing with words, insinuating and sarcastic?!

Chapter 957: Narrow Encounter! Ancestor Doesn't Get It!

The ridiculed Nangong Mo wasn't angry, still maintaining his laid-back and carefree demeanor, glanced at Bao Gucheng: "People who come out of prison usually have psychological issues they're not aware of."

Chen Long bristled at these words to defend his master: "Nangong Mo, you're the one with psychological issues, your company's media outlets spread those rumors that got my master implicated and imprisoned, and you couldn't be more involved in leaking the Old President's surgery news, you've got a lot to answer for!"

The bodyguards swarmed forward: "What kind of status do you have that gives you the right to speak to Sire Four!"

Seeing the situation about to worsen.

The doctor at the doorway quickly and politely invited Nangong Mo inside, fearing the two groups might start a fight right there: "Sire Four, you're just in time, there was a small issue with the images from your check-up yesterday, it can't be explained over the phone, so please come take a look yourself, come on in..."

Nangong Mo frowned and began to walk inside: "What small issue?"

Chen Long took advantage and pushed aside Nangong Mo's bodyguard.

Bao Gucheng, eyes straightforward, walked away, tossing a remark: "If it's something inhuman, that's a major issue."

This time, it was Nangong Mo's bodyguards' turn to bristle in defense: "You're saying Sire Four is inhuman? Clarify your statement..."

Bao Gucheng couldn't have bothered to lower himself to argue with these bodyguards, sneered lightly, and walked away.

Instead, Nangong Mo seemed to take Bao Gucheng's sarcasm as nothing more than a breeze by his ear, completely unfazed by being called inhuman.

He stared at the medical images showcased on the screen, at the spine bone differing from ordinary humans, after a moment, he slowly remarked: "This film is wrong, it's not mine."

The doctor was dumbfounded: "Wrong? Was it wrong? But at the time, you were the only one who had a solo check-up, you are a VIP, errors are impossible..."

Nangong Mo's face was impassive, firm: "It's wrong."

The doctor, helpless, scratched his head saying: "Then, let me check again... Oh no, Professor Feng Tang has already taken the film for research, will this mislead them, I've heard he plans to conduct a field investigation with students around this skeletal topic..."

Nangong Mo frowned, angry: "Who gave you permission to give my film to someone else! Get it back for me!"

The doctor, terrified, weakly reminded: "Si... Sire Four, just now didn't you say, this wasn't your film..."

Nangong Mo: "..."

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In the ancient tomb on the outskirts.

Zuzi failed to open the coffin using Bao Gucheng's Jade Pendant.

A little crow quickly suggested, advising her to return to the city to find the key, and in the meantime smell Bao Gucheng, who just got out of prison, to comfort her frustration of temporarily being unable to activate the Immortal Artifact.

Zuzi carefully put away Bao Gucheng's Jade Pendant, leaning her chin, pondering: "Smell him... now that you mention it, Ancestor rather wants to."

"Ancestor, then shall we return home—" The little crow was just flapping its wings to fly underground to the spring.

Suddenly Bai Fei, with a mysterious air, tugged its tail down, crouching to hide, and with the other hand, took Zuzi's arm: "Little Fairy, shhh—"

The little crow shook off his hand, very angry: "Oi, you little brat..."

Bai Fei whispered to Zuzi: "Little Fairy, let's eavesdrop!"

Zuzi looked cluelessly at the corners of the main burial chamber: "You can hear what walls say? Anything worthwhile?"

Bai Fei was stunned, almost laughing: "Don't you get what eavesdropping means?"

"Nuh uh, Ancestor doesn't quite understand."

"It's... eavesdropping on gossip!"

"Oh." Zuzi recalled the gossip Bai He mentioned, "Got it."

So she cooperatively bent over, hiding with Bai Fei and the two fairy pets behind the coffin.

Just as they hid, a wave of footsteps came closer, judging by the sound, it wasn't just one or two people, many were coming.

The little crow sneaked a glance: Well, what a small world!

Chapter 958: This Looks Like a Goddess's Tomb

Entering from the other side of the main burial chamber, it was none other than Gu Shiyin and Yin Hu leading the way.

But besides these two, there was a whole group behind them.

Carrying large packages of excavation and exploration equipment, they seemed to be professional archaeologists; while others were carrying cameras, possibly reporters.

No wonder Gu Shiyin could enter this ancient tomb; it turns out someone introduced her here.

The little crow scoffed: "Tomb robbers!"

All these archaeologists and journalists were nothing but thieves destroying these millennia-old treasures in its eyes.

If only it had known earlier, it shouldn't have saved that Yin Hu, who is now hanging around with that venomous woman, truly courting death.

Bai Fei watched for a while and also figured something out, speaking in a low voice to Zuzi: "Little fairy, do you think these people are here to dig up the tomb and steal treasures? The coffin we couldn't open, could it be they want to take it away? That Gu Shiyin, she's always had such a large appetite; she never gets involved in anything without benefits."

Zuzi didn't even blink: "They don't have the ability to do that."

The little crow glanced at Bai Fei, showing some appreciation: the pale-faced one's assessment of Gu Shiyin was quite accurate, his brain wasn't scrambled.

It volunteered, "Ancestor, Xiao Jin will scare those robbers away! Make them too afraid to enter a grave ever again, having nightmares every night!"

Zuzi lazily waved a hand: "Mortals who break rules will have their own retribution; there's no need for you to be the bad guy."

The little crow shook its wings, suddenly realizing: "Oh, right, these fools, they don't even realize whose tomb this is, yet they dare to dig; that person's temper isn't something to be trifled with..."

It obediently lay at Zuzi's feet, neither anxious nor impatient, simply watching the scene unfold.

Gu Shiyin stepped into the main burial chamber, and upon seeing the resplendence filling the room, first gasped before covering her mouth.

Even someone as experienced as her, who had viewed early archaeological photographs before arriving, and had seen some scattered priceless treasures near the tomb passage earlier, was still completely stunned and disoriented by the magnificent and towering treasury laid bare beneath the tomb.

The archaeologists behind her, in contrast, were a bit more composed, approaching with their tools: "Miss Gu, we had the same reaction as you initially, as if our souls were nearly frightened away. This ancient tomb is truly unparalleled; although it is from the same era as the Fu Xi Palace, its architectural style is extravagantly unique, making the Fu Xi Palace seem rather simple and scholarly by comparison."

Gu Shiyin took a moment to regain her composure, her chest heaving as she struggled to cover up her earlier lapse: "I really didn't expect the reality to be like this; it's completely different from all the Empire's tombs I've seen before... it's too luxurious... too dazzling... too... ostentatious..."

The shock of the Fu Xi Palace lies in a certain wild architectural aura and the exquisite mural art.

The shock of this ancient tomb, however, comes from the sheer piling of precious treasures... as if they cost nothing.

The archaeologists exchanged glances and smiled: "Exactly, that's why many scholars blindly guess this might be the true tomb of Nuwa, feeling this style fits what an ancient goddess would favor. After all, Fu Xi being a man, his tomb's style is more rugged; Nuwa's would understandably be more opulent..."

Before finishing the sentence.

Zuzi, who was lying behind the coffin listening to the gossip, slightly pouted her red lips, as if to say: what the ancestor liked, you little kids know nothing about; it's complete nonsense.

Chapter 959: Invited an International Archaeology Expert

Upon hearing the archaeologists speculate that this was Nuwa's tomb, Zuzi couldn't help but curl her lips in a mocking smile.

The little crow even covered its belly with its wings and rolled around: "Hehehe... I'm dying of laughter! Ancestor's tomb? What nonsense are you talking about? Your ancestor is still alive!"

Fu Xiqin also chimed in with a snarky comment: "Heh heh heh... If our ancestor were to build a tomb, it would definitely be a joint burial with our master, and ten times more grand than this..."

Before finishing, the little crow smacked its head hard: "Shut up! Your master didn't even marry our ancestor, what's the point of a joint burial! Besides, our ancestor is eternally youthful, with an everlasting immortal life, she doesn't need a tomb, so stop with the crow's mouth!"

Fu Xiqin shrank back with grievance, mumbling quietly: "... Brother Jin, I really don't have your way with words..."

The little crow: "You—get lost!"

While the two mythical creatures were bickering, Bai Fei, who was eagerly listening to the gossip, slapped her thigh and angrily muttered under her breath: "Good old Gu Shiyin, traitor!"

The two mythical creatures didn't care about Gu Shiyin; their attention was on the argument about the tomb. Hearing Bai Fei's words, they both smirked: "She was a traitor all along, that's no news."

Oh, of course, Bai Fei hadn't been to the racing scene and hadn't witnessed Gu Shiyin's feigned loss, dropping her alias, and selling the world champion title yet.

Bai Fei became increasingly agitated, talking to herself: "I can't believe she's this shameless..."

Clicking her tongue, is there anything more disgraceful than selling a world champion title?

The two mythical creatures perked up with interest and craned their necks to look ahead—

At the far end of the main tomb, where the archaeologists had just guessed it was Nuwa's tomb, Gu Shiyin immediately shook her head to refute:

"I don't think so. Every time an ancient tomb is found, someone guesses it's Nuwa's tomb, and each time they're proven wrong. I think this won't be an exception; it's probably someone else's tomb."

The archaeologists looked a bit sheepish: "We were just guessing, right, Teacher Gu? Didn't you say you invited a professor from Imperial University to help us with the identification? Is this person behind you the archaeology—professor?"

All eyes focused on Yin Hu.

Both sides felt a bit awkward.

The archaeologists couldn't quite picture the brawny Yin Hu as a scholarly professor; he looked more like a muscle-bound PE teacher.

Yin Hu felt even more awkward, waving his hands clumsily: "No, no, I'm, uh, I..."

But Gu Shiyin had brought him alone, and he wasn't sure why she mentioned a professor's identification. He didn't want to argue too much and embarrass Gu Shiyin without understanding the situation.

Fortunately, Gu Shiyin quickly smoothed things over, smiling gently: "This is Brother Hu, who specially escorted me here. I originally wanted to invite a professor from Imperial University to help you, but couldn't find a suitable candidate..."

"Miss Gu, you can't go back on your word; it's not easy for us to apply for this trip!"

"Listen to me. This tomb's background is too complex, an ordinary professor might not understand it. So, I asked my mentor from when I studied abroad, a world history senior professor, to recommend an international archaeology expert. He's knowledgeable and has traveled almost all ancient sites around the world, including ancient tombs. I'm sure he can help you solve the mystery of who's buried here. What do you think?"

"An international archaeology expert?" Everyone's interest piqued, "That's great, where is he?"

"I've arranged to meet him around this time, could you please meet him at the entrance?"

"How should we address him?"

"Just call him... Dean Davis, he's American."

Chapter 960: I Can Make You World-Famous!

"Huh? Dean Davis, such a strange name..."

The archaeology team members were all homebodies who never paid attention to car races. They didn't know about Gu Shiyin's identity revelation at the racetrack and didn't think much of it, only finding the foreign professor's title quite odd—not called a professor, but a dean.

Behind the coffin, Bai Fei was already infuriated by what he heard.

Bringing someone from M country to assess our Empire's ancient tomb?

And claiming foreign professors are better than those from Imperial University?

Pah, shameless!

As a visiting lecturer at Imperial University Medical College, although Bai Fei didn't know much about archaeology, the pride he felt for his institution was undeniable. He couldn't tolerate Gu Shiyin's disgraceful behavior of belittling one to praise another.

If it weren't for the presence of his treasured goddess, Zuzi, by his side, he would have long lost control and rushed out to scold Gu Shiyin.

The archaeology team member who went to pick up Dean Davis soon led a few foreigners inside.

At the forefront, a black-robed, green-eyed elder, was none other than Davis.

The little raven and Fu Xiqin were also on alert: the foreigner, who had once "cast spells" for M country players in both the martial arts and racetrack, has come to the Empire's ancient tomb again, truly a lingering ghost!

Davis wore a pair of antique Western sunglasses, lifted his chin, and walked in with an air of arrogance as if none of the people present were even worthy of his attention.

His gaze paused in front of Gu Shiyin, however, filled with rage: "You little brat, you took my M country's medicine yet handed over the championship, disgracing M country before the world. And you still have the face to invite me to meet in this dark place? If you don't give me double the compensation for the medicine, today I'll make sure you leave no bones behind!"

His tone was angry, yet he spoke in M country's language, making it difficult for others to understand.

Everyone just found it odd, why does the helper Gu Shiyin invited seem like an enemy upon meeting? This greeting style is too strange.

Gu Shiyin's heart raced, yet her face remained quite calm, thinking to herself that Nangong Mo had snatched away the medicine in front of everyone, so what could she use to compensate doubly?

Luckily, she had a plan in place, ensuring today she could kill two birds with one stone and resolve the crisis before her!

She put on a smile and replied in M country's language: "Dean Davis, please calm down. I invited you here sincerely to apologize. Would you please take off your sunglasses and enjoy the view of the tomb? This ancient tomb is the most luxurious one our Empire has unearthed..."

"You little brat, I have no time to waste on your graves!"

"Dear Dean, please let me finish. I feel very guilty about the racing incident and have been thinking all night about how to compensate you. This tomb is the best compensation, and you will surely be satisfied."

"What are you talking about?"

Who wants a tomb as compensation?

Is your brain rusted?

Davis looked disdainful. If it weren't for forcing Gu Shiyin to cough up the medicine and compensate for his losses on this trip, he wouldn't linger in this haunting place for even a second more.

However.

Gu Shiyin continued to persuade relentlessly: "Dear Dean, the face you lost at the racetrack can be compensated a hundredfold, a thousandfold by this tomb. Doesn't that offer more allure than any medicine money can buy?"

"What do you mean?"

"I can make you, in this tomb's expert evaluation, stun the world in one fell swoop, and achieve an unprecedented archaeological feat for M country!"

Davis furrowed his brow at her words: "I don't need a little girl like you to teach me how to do archaeology..."

Before his words were finished, caught off guard, Gu Shiyin suddenly reached out and took off his sunglasses.

Just when he was about to get angry, brilliance filled the room, instantly captivating his eyes.

Davis was momentarily distracted!