

## **Big Shot 961**

Chapter 961: Shameless to the Extreme, Shameless Enough for Your Mother to Open the Door!

Previously, due to concerns about the unfamiliar environment of the underground ancient tomb, the presence of irritating gases or unknown lights harming the eyes, Davis always wore protective sunglasses, seeing everything in dull black and white.

And he focused his attention on angrily reprimanding Gu Shiyin, having no leisure to notice the surrounding environment.

To him, this was just a decaying, ancient Eastern tomb, nothing worth noting.

However.

The moment the sunglasses were removed, the brilliant luxury before his eyes gave his worldview a tremendous shock.

This underground world-recreating ancient tomb truly exceeded normal imagination!

After all, Country M is famous for its religious landmarks, with countless magnificent historical buildings. Its palaces rank among the world's top ten, and just the angel engravings on the palace dome, the marble pillars supporting the grand halls, and even the king's woven throne, all hold a history of over a thousand years, long regarded as the splendid treasures of human cultural history by the people of M.

Yet at this moment, Davis felt that the unknown ancient tomb hall beneath the Empire was indeed numerous times more luxurious and dazzling than their own country's royal palace hall.

How could this be possible!

He was stunned for several seconds.

In his ears came the gentle voice of Gu Shiyin, with a smile: "Dean Davis, what do you think of this ancient tomb? Does it match up to the value of the medicine you sold to me?"

Davis snapped back to reality, with some remnants of an unpleasant look on his face: "Humph, you showing off your Empire's tomb has nothing to do with me!"

Gu Shiyin: "Dean, what if this isn't owned by the Empire? If, I mean if, it's our country's ancestors buried here?"

"What did you say?!"

"Dean, I invited you here to appraise this tomb, to confirm if its owner came from our country. What do you think of this deal?"

Upon Gu Shiyin's proposal, Bai Fei behind the coffin nearly jumped up in shock, barely holding back: "Damn, damn, damn, this shameless woman, her shamelessness knows no bounds, it's like shamelessness itself opened the door! I've been living in the Imperial Capital for over twenty years, and it's only today that I see her true nature?"

The people present didn't understand the language of M, so Gu Shiyin and Davis's conversation was incomprehensible to others.

But Bai Fei, who loved playing around since childhood, though not having taken on any serious occupation, was just adept in all kinds of languages.

Thus, he was among the first to understand the transaction between these two shameless individuals.

Of course, Little Crow and Fu Xiqin also understood.

Little Crow sneered coldly: "Giving away someone else's treasure as a favor, Gu Bailian is calculating indeed."

Fu Xiqin: "Tsk tsk, does that mortal even know who the tomb owner is, having the guts to make such a transaction? Beware of getting struck by lightning! Ancestor, what do you say?"

Engaged with a smartwatch, Zuzi lazily lifted her brow, lightly: "Mm, yes."

Earlier, a message from Bao Gucheng flashed on, possibly with a photo, but the screen went black due to low power before she could see it.

The original design of the watch was quite advanced, charging as long as there was sunlight.

Yet, the hall's illumination drew not from natural light but from long-burning lamps, so the watch couldn't charge immediately.

Zuzi longed for Bao Gucheng's message, especially pondering over the photo sent by the boy she missed dearly; she had no time for Gu Shiyin, since nothing in this world was beyond her sight, until today when her phone screen blackened, agitating her as if a feather tickled her heart.

The sensation was tingling.

Chapter 962: Byzantine-Style Luxury

Ah, not being able to see any information about the young boy, the ancestor was quite displeased.

And Gu Shiyin's voice was particularly like a fly buzzing incessantly by the ear —

"Dean, what do you think of this proposal?"

"Dean?"

The trade proposal that Gu Shiyin had just made left Davis utterly astonished.

If it could be proven that this meticulously crafted ancient tomb of the Empire was indeed built by his ancestors from country M, the two previous setbacks he encountered on this trip to the Empire would be insignificant, and the lost face could be completely regained.

The key is, this ancient tomb greatly interested him!

Claiming it for his country through authentication would be ideal.

Therefore, after being repeatedly pressed, he finally set aside his reservations, nodded and said, "It is possible."

Gu Shiyin successfully persuaded Davis, turning an opponent who had been brimming with anger moments ago into a trading partner, a hint of pride appeared in her eyes as she softly smiled and said, "Then let's have a pleasant cooperation, Dean. When the formal authentication begins, please pay close attention to evidences in these aspects..."

She then gave a few instructions in the M country's language.

Only then did she address the archaeologists nearby who were impatiently waiting, "I apologize, everyone, Dean Davis is accustomed to speaking the language of M country, I communicated with him a bit, and finally convinced him to try his best to communicate with us using the Empire's language. To save everyone's time, shall we begin?"

"Miss Gu is considerate." The archaeologists felt appeased and were even touched by Gu Shiyin's understanding nature.

"And journalists, you have worked hard too, can our filming be conducted simultaneously? The signal here is not very good, should we record the authentication process for the evening news broadcast?" Gu Shiyin did not forget to remind the journalists to capture this historic moment.

Journalists: "We brought a signal transmitter, and can achieve real-time broadcast."

Gu Shiyin felt a silent delight in her heart, perhaps this time, she could turn around her image, exhibit professional authentication style, and regain popularity.

When one is sufficiently professional in a specific field, the public often selectively forgets their mistakes in other fields.

For example, who cares if some rock king or boxing king has been divorced ten times or has had twenty affairs? People simply like their songs or their gold medals on the game field.

Thinking of this, Gu Shiyin quietly shifted to the position where the camera's angle and lighting were most flattering, and smiled as she began:

"Dean Davis, shall we officially start our live archaeological authentication today? Could you kindly analyze for everyone which dynasty or individual left behind this once-in-a-millennium ancient tomb?"

She was entirely placing herself in the position of an on-site host.

The captain leading the archaeological team was a person who worked diligently with a focus on technology, and didn't mind these fine details, nodding along: "Yes, yes, Dean Davis... could you share your insights? We've been studying this for days, but haven't drawn many conclusions; we just felt it is relatively close in historical era to the Fu Xi Palace..."

Before he could finish, Davis interrupted: "Who is Fu Xi? It has nothing to do with him. This tomb is very clearly in the Byzantine style."

Byzantine style?

The archaeologists, hearing this, were all taken aback.

Anyone who studies world history knows that the Byzantine style was an artistic style that flourished in the Ancient Roman Empire, inheriting from Ancient Greek and Ancient Indian cultures, reaching its peak, and to this day still strongly influences the artistic and architectural styles of Western countries like M country.

But this has absolutely nothing to do with the Empire.

The artistic styles of the East and West, are indeed two entirely different rivers.

This statement is too bold and incredible, isn't it?

Chapter 963: Bronze Divine Tree! Phoenix!

Gu Shiyin gave Davis a grateful smile from a distance.

She merely mentioned to Davis the exotic decorations in the hall, not expecting the suggestion of the Byzantine style to fit so well. Indeed, Davis still had a scholarly air about him, even when he was so brazenly staking a claim.

— Very good, Mr. Dean, continue with these surprising revelations.

— Our exchange is going rather smoothly, isn't it?

Seizing the chance, she emphasized to everyone with a slightly exaggerated tone, "So it's the Byzantine style, no wonder it's so luxurious!"

The archaeologists, caught off guard, took a moment before retorting, "Dean Davis, what supports your conclusion?"

Science demands evidence; archaeology demands even more evidence!

Davis stepped forward and pointed to the hall's surrounding columns: "The carvings on these are typical of Ancient Roman palace columns, featuring geometric and botanical patterns that are traditional in our Western culture."

The archaeologists furrowed their brows.

Davis then gestured to the crystal chandelier above the coffin: "This type of crystal glasswork is also a signature of the Byzantine period, not in line with your Eastern art style. As far as I know, you Easterners prefer porcelain."

The archaeologists opened their mouths, struggling to counterargue.

Yet a reporter asked, "These are just trivial details. Do you have more compelling evidence?"

Gu Shiyin's heart skipped a beat, a hint of nervousness emerging: Indeed, reporters were tough to handle; she should have invited more familiar media acquaintances to assist.

If Davis couldn't answer, her entire plan would collapse.

Davis said nothing, taking a few more steps forward.

He stopped to observe a towering bronze decoration, nearly reaching the ceiling, not far from the coffin.

It was a tree cast in bronze.

Its branches spread wide, exuding an imposing aura.

At the tree's top, a few fiery red birds perched, seemingly guarding the realm for the tomb's owner.

With a cold snort and in imperfect Empire language, he arrogantly declared, "This is irrefutable evidence—this tree is called the Bronze Divine Tree, and those birds are called Phoenixes, venerated totems handed down by our Western ancestors. In the treasures unearthed from our country's Imperial Mausoleums, the Bronze Divine Tree and Phoenix are common Magic Artifacts. You of the Empire lack deities and beliefs, so it's normal you don't comprehend the profound meanings of these artifacts."

The room fell silent.

The crowd was stunned by this statement.

This bronze tree was one of the most sensational artifacts discovered with the ancient tomb, still a major subject of debate in academia.

In the absence of a clear historical origin, indeed, some scholars thought it resembled Western style, as such a plant form had never been seen in Empire's ancient tombs. Empire's nobles typically didn't use plants as burial objects, preferring gold, silver, jewels, and porcelain instead.

Thus, the provenance of the bronze tree, like the tomb's owner, was a mystery, leading the archaeological team to seek experts desperately, connecting even with Gu Shiyin for help in identifying artifacts.

No one expected the mystery to be so easily solved by a foreigner!

Bronze Divine Tree!

Phoenix!

Reflecting carefully on world history, it seemed to make some sense.

This was a tomb of Western style...

The tomb's master was a Westerner, explaining the exotic funeral objects...

This perfectly explained everyone's confusion.

Yet, as members of the Empire, it was hard not to feel a twinge of regret.

In the silence, Gu Shiyin's smile almost couldn't be contained.

She had succeeded.

Her deal was soon to materialize.

At this moment, hidden behind the Jade Coffin next to Zuzi, Bai Fei was growing increasingly furious, nearly clenching his fist to the point of breaking!

Chapter 964: Ancestor Teaches You How to Slap Faces, Word for Word

"Damn these birdbrains!"

Bai Fei couldn't express his anger, so he just muttered a curse under his breath.

Little Crow: "Dummy, don't insult birds."

Fu Xiqin: "Sigh, I think you humans are all pretty silly."

Zuzi moved her gaze away from the blacked-out screen of her smartwatch and said calmly to Bai Fei, "Want to teach them a lesson and show them how to be human again?"

Bai Fei was taken aback, his eyes were reddened with blood: "Little Fairy, you also think they're really over the line, right? Damn, that dead woman Gu Shiyin actually colluded with foreigners, giving away our Empire's treasures just like that. That woman is a traitor! I really want to, really want to..."

Go out and slap her twice!

Zuzi supported her chin lazily and said, "Then go ahead, Xiao Bai."

Bai Fei was stunned again: "I..."

He had never actually hit a woman, but he wanted to use solid evidence to counter Gu Shiyin and Davis, academically slap them in the face, making them too ashamed to show their faces! Unfortunately,

crossing disciplines is challenging; he's a medical student, how can he debate a bunch of history students?

Zuzi's lips curled slightly: "You just go ahead, there's Ancestor backing you up."

Ancestor will guide you word by word on how to slap them in the face, Xiao Bai.

"Or, Ancestor will find you a helper." Zuzi's gaze turned towards the direction of the tomb gate, as if she could see through the heavy bronze door, really seeing someone come from outside.

Bai Fei was dazed by Zuzi's lazy smile, his tense and angry muscles instantly relaxed.

Why was he so agitated while Little Fairy could stay so calm? Ah, never mind, never mind, Little Fairy asked him to charge, he could not back down!

"Alright, I'll go!"

With Zuzi's encouragement, Bai Fei resolutely stood up, stepped out of the coffin, and loudly declared:

"Everyone shut up! I won't allow you to distort history!"

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Outside the ancient tomb.

"Xiao Hong, can you do it or not, hurry up and keep up with the team!"

"Bian Xiaohong, you're from the Medical College, why did you insist on joining our History College's field practice class?"

"Look at your frail body, you can't even climb a grave mound, how can you follow Professor Feng to research and find archaeological materials!"

"Aren't you here just to earn more practical points and compete for the scholarship of being an excellent military training student?"

A group of History College students looked at the lagging Bian Xiaohong, with a bit of disdain.

Bian Xiaohong pursed her lips, pleading with a male student to pull her up the steep grave path.

That's right, she was indeed here to earn practical points and compete for the scholarship, otherwise, why on earth would she come to such an old grave to investigate?

These rustic fools from the History College, who cares to hang around with you? Isn't it more comfortable to intern in an air-conditioned surgical room?

But she heard from Instructor Yan that field practice scores are twice as much as those from the Medical College's surgical practice, so she begged Instructor Yan to place her in the History College's team.

At this moment, of course, she had to pretend to be innocent to the end: "You misunderstood, I didn't know anything about scores, I just heard this tomb is famous... has that, academic value, so I wanted to help Professor Feng and everyone..."

The dignified words hadn't been finished.

Just then, Professor Feng Tang, who was leading the team, frowned standing at the grave top: "Why can't we find the entrance at all? Clearly, there was a dirt hole dug open here yesterday, allowing entry and exit..."

He gripped the CT scan image of the "prehistoric creature" spine in his hand, feeling particularly unwilling: "Ancestor, I'm already at the grave, hoping to get inside to find some traces of prehistoric creatures to compare. Is this a sign from the Ancestor that I shouldn't disturb the ancient tomb, not allowing me to come up with some findings?"

Muttering to himself.

A sudden rumble of stones suddenly erupted.

From behind, the students burst out with exclamations of amazement: "The, the, the door's opening! Professor Feng, did you pray to the heavens? Heavenly Ancestor heard your plea? This is too effective!"

Chapter 965: It's Not Easy to Show Manliness in Front of the Little Ancestor

A stone door suddenly opened behind the crowd.

It was as if the Ancestors above had truly heard Professor Feng Tang's prayers and pleas, and decided to open a door specially for him.

A student rushed over: "Professor, over here!"

Bian Xiaohong, eager to earn extra credits, smartly sprinted forward and flattered: "Professor Feng, is this the tunnel you mentioned that the archaeology team previously excavated?"

Professor Feng shook his head seriously: "No, it isn't."

Bian Xiaohong felt a chill down her spine for reasons unknown, but dared not quit halfway, so she continued to follow along, her heart trembling.

In the narrow, dark passage, she constantly regretted bringing herself to come along. It was all that damn Zuzi's fault, threatening her position to win the military training scholarship, forcing her to endure this hardship. She would certainly settle this score with Zuzi.

Until they reached the main burial chamber and she saw an expansive, brilliant world, her eyes glued to the jade trees and blooming flowers, suddenly feeling that today was worth it.

This was practically a paradise on Earth, a grand scene mortals hardly ever see!

Unable to resist, she took out her phone, intending to secretly take photos to post on her microblog and gain some extraordinary popularity—

The flash had barely sparked.

When suddenly, someone leaped out from behind the coffin, disrupting the entire atmosphere.

The person's voice was loud and righteous: "Everyone shut up! I will not allow you to distort history!"

Bian Xiaohong's hand trembled slightly.

Professor Feng, upon hearing the sound of the camera flash, scolded angrily: "Who is so ignorant of the rules? No photography in the cemetery! These artifacts have been passed down for millions of years, and external light stimulation will accelerate their deterioration. Don't you even understand this basic knowledge?!"

Bian Xiaohong was left humiliated.

The reporters live streaming on the side quickly explained: "Professor, we are using professional lenses for the live broadcast, without any flash, please don't misunderstand."

Professor Feng glared unhappily: "This is a serious archaeological site. Why are you live streaming here? For entertainment, for money, do you also broadcast when you go to the toilet?"

The crowd: "..."

This old relic is pretty sharp-tongued!

The archaeological team, upon seeing Professor Feng arrive, seemed to see their savior: "Professor Feng, you finally arrived. Miss Gu just invited a professor from Country M who made a major discovery, please come and advise us together."

Professor Feng retorted: "I'm here to find paleontological remains, not to participate in archaeology today. Get to your tasks promptly as assigned, protect the artifacts well, and don't mess with anything here. Call me immediately if you find fossil traces."

He led his students toward the smaller burial chamber on the side.

The small burial chamber is more likely to yield fossil remains, aiding him in comparing the drawing of "prehistoric creatures' spines."

Gu Shiyin, originally concerned about the arrival of this expert, felt relieved hearing this, and smiled, saying: "Professor Feng has his research tasks, we better not disturb him and continue listening to Dean Davis's assessment. The live streaming effect just now was great; it's already trending. Netizens also highly recognize Dean Davis's archaeological theories. Indeed, this ancient tomb aligns more with Country M's history..."

Due to Professor Feng's arrival, these people chatted and laughed, completely ignoring Bai Fei who dashed out from behind the jade coffin.

Bai Fei, who had just thrown out a bold statement and then tripped over the Jade Ruyi on the ground, lay sprawled, lips twitching: Damn, why is it so hard to appear shockingly and stylishly?!

Chapter 966: The Little Ancestor Says the Lord's Calligraphy Is Too Ugly?!

Especially when she saw Gu Shiyin still engaging with the crowd confidently and diplomatically, Bai Fei became even angrier and shouted once more:

"I, I won't allow you to distort the hist..."

Just as Bai Fei was about to gather his strength and assert his masculinity, ready to fiercely refute this White Lotus and make Zuzi behind the Jade Coffin admire him.

Feng Tang, who had just reached the entrance of the small tomb chamber, paused his steps and turned his head, frowning. In a strong voice, he raised his tone a few degrees and said, "What American history? This is clearly the tomb of our Empire's ancestors, how did it become America's?"

Poor Bai Fei's little voice was drowned out once again, and he swallowed his frustration: "Damn, that's what I was about to say too..."

Everyone's attention was immediately drawn back to Feng Tang.

Only Yin Hu noticed Bai Fei and was surprised: "Mr. Bai, what are you doing here?"

Bai Fei burst out with anger: "Darn it, I was just about to ask you why you're with these traitors."

Yin Hu was choked up: "Miss Gu didn't mean it that way, she... she's just discussing the matter objectively."

Even though he heard the assertion that "the owner of the ancient tomb was not from the Empire," which made him inexplicably uncomfortable, seeing the serious expression on Gu Shiyin's face convinced him that this was professional archaeological work, and as a martial artist, he wasn't qualified to comment randomly.

Bai Fei didn't want to pay him any attention and scurried over to Feng Tang, pulling the old man's arm as they walked back: "Hey, Lao Feng, let's you and I have a good debate with them!"

Make more friends, and reduce enemies.

He understood this principle!

Feng Tang glared at him: "You brat, aren't you a doctor? What do you know about archaeology!"

Bai Fei: "... These fairies and ancestors look down on me, huh.

Feng Tang's words were harsh, but his patriotic heart was genuine.

He stepped forward, full of energy, and addressed Gu Shiyin and Davis: "Although the tomb owner is still a mystery, his nationality is beyond doubt. You all stop the livestream right now and stop misleading the online viewers!"

Davis did not recognize Feng Tang, nor did he care about this short old man from the Empire: "Ignorant people are unworthy of discussing archaeology."

Seeing that Feng Tang's gaze was becoming murderous, Gu Shiyin hurriedly diffused the situation, personally reiterating Davis's major points one by one, advising: "Professor Feng, Dean Davis is an expert in world history, and the points he's made are indeed irrefutable."

"Who said they're irrefutable?!" Feng Tang replied firmly. "What nonsense about the great hall patterns being unique to Ancient Rome? The Empire's 'Nine Chapters on the Mathematical Art' had formulas for polygons, circles, and arches, as well as formulas for volumes of various solids, a thousand years before the Western world! Not to mention the geometric formulas in the 'Zhou Bi Suan Jing,' which predate the Western Pythagorean theorem by 800 generations! Geometric patterns aren't your Western invention. Our Empire is the ancestor!"

The crowd held their breath: "... Damn, archaeologists with a grasp of mathematics are really something; why didn't they think of this angle?"

Zuzi behind the Jade Coffin lazily raised a finger, gesturing towards the Fu Xiqin: "What books are they talking about? Didn't your master's math book survive? Why rely on these juniors to support the stage?"

Fu Xiqin swallowed: "Ancestor, the master's book, I suspect humans wouldn't understand it..."

Zuzi understood: "Oh, I see. Indeed, the characters Cang Jie made for him were rather ugly."

Initially uninterested in the noisy argument outside, she now found Feng Tang's indignation a bit intriguing, and couldn't help but continue to listen to him speak passionately—

Chapter 967: A Strong Counterattack! The Term "Scumbag" Existed 10,000 Years Ago

"What Crystal Glass Lamp is exclusively yours in the West?"

"Our Empire's ancestors have been making glass for a long time already. You began glassmaking 3,600 years ago, but we started as early as 4,000 years ago!"

"Moreover, our glass and yours are on completely different systems. Your glass is soda-lime glass, while ours is lead barium glass. In other words, our ancestors' glassmaking techniques were more complex and advanced; you wouldn't even know how to make it,"

"If you've got the guts, let's do a chemical experiment right here and see if the Crystal Glass Lamp in this tomb is soda-lime glass or lead barium glass!"

Feng Tang spoke forcefully and without hesitation.

Gu Shiyin's lips were agape in disbelief, while Davis's face grew increasingly unsightly.

Everyone else looked up to Feng Tang unanimously: "..."

Damn, not only do archaeologists have to understand math, but now they also need to be proficient in chemistry to get by?!

Kneeling.

Kneeling.

Everyone kneeled in awe of Feng Tang's vast knowledge!

At this moment.

Behind the Jade Coffin.

Zuzi finally couldn't resist asking the little crow again.

"Xiao Jin, what are they talking about, 'calcium' and 'barium'? How is it that Crystal Glass is only 4,000 years old?"

"Ancestor, that's just humans being inaccurate with their records; you shouldn't worry about these kids."

"Hmm, that's right. I remember 20,000 years ago when Ancestor used the earth's core fire to make glass beads as toys for the Queen Mother of the West. She treasured them and begged Ancestor every day to play marbles with her. Later, she even learned from Ancestor and made a batch of Crystal Glass Cups to hold Drunken Immortal Wine, but they were never as warm and delicious as the Jade Cup."

"Yes, yes, yes, Xiao Jin remembers! In the end, she threw away a pile of glass shards, complaining that broken glass was just like a heartbreaker - only nice to look at, useless, and hurtful. Haha, wow, so the term 'heartbreaker' existed tens of thousands of years ago..."

The little crow suddenly went silent, its small eyes rolling around.

Oh no, why, when it heard 'heartbreaker', did it immediately think of that Ancestor, who only "sniffed" but never took responsibility or gave the little boy a status?

What a sin, what a sin.

It turns out the Queen Mother of the West coined this term, and it was eventually for Ancestor's use.

"Hey Ancestor, look, Old Feng is making another shocking statement!"

To avoid Ancestor discovering its awkward thoughts, the little crow hurriedly shouted to shift attention.

Only to hear Feng Tang's refutation grow stronger: "You foreigners say that no ancient emperors of the Empire used plants in their burials? Ridiculous! When Shennong tasted hundreds of herbs, the peony he tasted was buried with him!"

Everyone: "... Damn, there's such a story? We only knew about dying under the peony flower, but never knew Shennong and the peony had such a connection. So historians also need to be well-versed in mythology.

The frowning Davis finally couldn't hold back and spoke: "Shennong? Just a peasant's grave, not an Emperor's Mausoleum. The burial items are worthless with no reference value."

Feng Tang sneered: "Shennong is Emperor Yan. An ignoramus who doesn't even understand this, yet claims to be an expert in world history?"

Davis's lips moved slightly, his face flushed with anger.

Of course, he knew Emperor Yan and the Yellow Emperor, but how could he have known that Emperor Yan and Shennong were the same person? Damn Empire's historical figures, why are their identities so complex?

Gu Shiyin quickly attempted to smooth things over: "Professor Feng, although legends say Shennong and the peony were buried together, proving our Empire once used plants in burials, this is not Shennong's Tomb we're facing. The burials in this tomb aren't peonies but Bronze Divine Wood and the Phoenix. These indeed are Totem Artifacts found only in Western legends. You can't deny that, right?"

The crucial evidence again fell on the Bronze Divine Wood and the Phoenix.

Even though Feng Tang had been eloquent and persistent, he eventually got stuck at this point and fell silent.

Bai Fei, who hadn't been able to chime in all along, was even more anxious at this moment.

In a moment.

An inexplicable force suddenly injected into his head.

He couldn't help but speak aloud—

Chapter 968: The Ancestor's Tree, the Ancestor's Bird!

"What Bronze Divine Wood? Ha, this is clearly the Fusang planted by our Ancestors long ago."

Bai Fei spoke aloud, suddenly startled.

Whoa, the voice was definitely his, but the words seemed to appear out of nowhere, injected into his mind and blurted out without thought.

Fusang, what's that?

He didn't recognize this tree!

At that moment, everyone in the tomb was stunned, this statement was even more shocking than Feng Tang's series of rebuttals just now.

The mathematics and chemistry knowledge that Feng Tang just mentioned could be unraveled after some thought or a quick search, but Bai Fei's "Fusang Tree," come on, no one has ever seen it.

After a while, someone hesitantly spoke:

"Fusang? The Fusang Tree recorded in the Shan Hai Jing? Wasn't it planted by the goddess Xi He?"

"That's just a legendary tree, it doesn't exist in the world."

"Who has seen it?"

Bai Fei's lips curled up, and he involuntarily blurted out again: "The Ancestors have seen it, you know. At the time, the Ancestors helped Xi He plant it. How could the world know she wasn't good at planting, couldn't even keep a chrysanthemum alive."

Everyone: "... Shock! There's such a story?"

Suddenly, some started flipping through books, while others searched on their phones.

Gu Shiyin immediately sensed the situation going awry, oh no, they were still livestreaming, thousands of viewers watching online.

If the other party kept on disputing like this, the online opinion would reverse.

What would happen to the deal she promised Davis if things turned around?

"Don't livestream for now, wait until everyone has debated clearly before continuing, otherwise it would easily mislead viewers, saying our report is unprofessional." She immediately went to stop the journalists.

The journalists were also captivated by the current mystery, their minds in chaos, all waiting for the final definite conclusion, and upon hearing this, they thought Gu Shiyin made some sense, so they temporarily shut off the machines.

Gu Shiyin breathed a sigh of relief, thinking to herself, it doesn't matter if they argue behind closed doors, anyway, there's always a way to guide the conclusion to Davis's assertion in the end.

After all, didn't she know Bai Fei's level?

His medical skills were merely half-baked, what could archaeology offer? Just some attention-seeking remarks.

She exchanged a glance with Davis, then smiled and said to Bai Fei: "Mr. Bai, you as a doctor also enjoy reading mythological stories? At least Emperor Yan and Xi He have historical records, but this Xi He and Fusang, are purely mythical fantasies, can't be taken seriously..."

Bai Fei glanced back.

The usually indifferent young master now had a piercing and intimidating look in his eyes, making the words in Gu Shiyin's mouth stuck, unable to be swallowed or spit out.

Bai Fei snorted coldly and said, "Ignorant. If the Ancestor hadn't created humans, you wouldn't exist in the world today. You, this unshaped lump of clay, dare to deny the existence of gods?"

Gu Shiyin's face turned pale.

Everyone: "... " Why was it a bit funny despite the shock?

Mr. Bai's ability to retort is so high!

Did he just bring up that Creator God Ancestor?

That one... Nuwa?

To be honest, this retort was really sharp and on point.

A mortal denying gods and things they haven't seen, thinking not seeing is not existing, is indeed arrogant.

Even the top scientists of the era cannot deny the existence of some unexplained phenomena in this world.

Amidst a flurry of thoughts, an excited glow gradually spread across Feng Tang's previously silent old face:

"Mr. Bai, are you suggesting that this bronze tree is not some Western Bronze Divine Wood, but actually the totem of Eastern Fusang, passed down by our Ancestor Nuwa?"

Chapter 969: In Perfect Harmony with the Little Ancestor

"In the totems worshipped by our Empire's citizens, the Dragon Totem holds an absolute position, so ancient yet low-key totems like the Fusang Tree are not known to the common people. Even scholars rarely study it, but it doesn't mean that foreigners can replace the legacy left by our Ancestors! Mr. Bai, isn't that right?" Feng Tang asked excitedly.

Bai Fei's mind suddenly cleared up a bit, becoming a little brighter, and finally managed to blurt out his own words: "Yeah, damn, finally someone who understands after all this talk!"

After uttering this comment, driven by his own will, he suddenly had a moment of enlightenment.

His eyes, filled with both surprise and reverence, swept over the giant Jade Coffin.

He silently marveled, "Wow, little Fairy Ancestor, you're incredible. How can you know astronomy up above and geography down below, knowing everything? The point is, I can actually hear your voice remotely and repeat your words, slapping these idiots in the face so refreshingly! We're truly—two hearts beating as one!"

Divine, my heart, of, hearts.

The little crow, sticking its head out beside the coffin to investigate the situation, looked speechlessly at Bai Fei: "The gods surely know you mortals' thoughts. Does this count as two hearts beating as one? Do you seriously think that just because you see the sun every day, it rises just for you?"

A strange question popped into Bai Fei's mind, and he casually answered: "Yeah, isn't the sun there to warm me, this young master?"

Little Crow: "Get lost! The sun says it dislikes you!!!"

Zuzi chuckled softly, gently smoothing the ruffled feathers of the little crow: "Why bicker with a child."

Only then did the little crow behave: "Ancestor, I just see these humans arguing over common sense and think they're so dumb."

Zuzi smiled without speaking.

Your common sense might be someone else's lifetime blind spot.

At this moment in the tomb chamber, everyone was struck dumb by Bai Fei's simple two sentences and Feng Tang's lengthy question, causing widespread discussion.

Gu Shiyin, however, felt increasingly uneasy in her heart. Fortunately, she had already stopped the reporters from recording, and the confrontation in the tomb chamber couldn't be transmitted outside. She and Davis still had a chance to turn things around!

She anxiously shot another glance at Davis, hinting for him to think of a solution.

Davis, exuding arrogance, looked disdainfully at Bai Fei: "Since you love debating about plants, speaking of this Shennong Emperor and that Empress, as an outsider, I can't tell what's true or not, whatever. I just want you to answer one thing: this Phoenix is unique to our M Country, known worldwide, and I want to see how you'll twist our Phoenix into being something else!"

Bai Fei's carefree demeanor suddenly changed.

In an instant, his entire aura became calm and determined, exuding a touch of authority: "This bird, well, it is indeed immortal, but... the name you gave it sounds rather unpleasant. First, open your eyes wide, and tell the Ancestor how many legs it has."

To dislike the name "Phoenix," this must be a first in the world!

Davis glared at Bai Fei with slight anger, feeling he had desecrated M Country's sacred doctrine. Answering such a question would make him look foolish: "A bird naturally has two legs, why even ask? Are you stupid..."

Before he finished speaking, a chorus of exclamations rose behind him: "Holy crap, it has three legs, one of them hidden under the wing. This, this is the Three-legged Golden Crow!"

Chapter 970: Don't Make the Little Fairy Upset

Three-legged Golden Crow!

Sun Spirit in Empire mythology.

Whenever it appears on a totem, there are definitely nine appearing together.

This is the unique totem symbol of the Eastern Empire.

Everyone started counting like elementary school students: "One, two, three... nine! My gosh, it really is nine, this is definitely the Three-legged Golden Crow!"

On the bronze Fusang wood, nine Three-legged Golden Crows are scattered among the branches and leaves, seemingly guarding the tomb with a dignified and majestic presence.

Davis's anger gradually turned into shock and disbelief: "A bird with three legs... How is this possible... This must be a craftsman's mistake, adding unnecessary details to our Phoenix..."

Bai Fei sneered: "Give it up, don't try to mimic our Empire's idioms like a parrot, our Three-legged Golden Crow is the ancestor of your Phoenix, your bird missing a leg is—cut the foot to fit the shoe!"

Everyone who was seriously counting the bird legs couldn't help but burst out laughing.

Mr. Bai is truly skilled at taking jabs.

Such a serious archaeological appraisal occasion has been turned into an idiom teaching session by him.

Even Feng Tang couldn't help but praise: "Indeed, knowledge is interconnected, Mr. Bai, you as a top medical student, have your own perspective on historical research too, I shouldn't have underestimated you before."

Reporters also exclaimed: "Mr. Bai's argument is reliable. Now netizens are all shifting their stance, whether domestic or international, most start supporting that this tomb belongs to the ancestors of our Empire, the news comment section is bustling..."

Gu Shiyin suddenly realized and warned in a low voice: "Weren't you told not to live-stream!"

Reporters looked at each other: "We didn't live-stream, the signal was long cut. Maybe netizens figured it out from the earlier on-site photos..."

Gu Shiyin was still a bit uneasy, scanning around but seeing no one secretly taking photos with their phone, she temporarily suppressed her doubts.

Thinking that Davis's side was constantly losing, if the goal isn't achieved today, her entire plan would fail.

She gritted her teeth and reminded Davis: "Dean, is there really no other evidence? You, as a world-class archaeology expert, can't lose to a common neurologist who only knows pharmacology."

Bai Fei glared at her: "Hmph, can't you speak normally? I am obviously the most knowledgeable in pharmacology among doctors, and the best in medical skills among pharmacists!"

Gu Shiyin: "..."

Without bothering to bicker with Bai Fei, she anxiously gave Davis a frantic eye signal: Make your move, make your move now.

Davis's brow furrowed tightly.

The biggest evidence was already destroyed by the opposition, what decisive evidence could there be?

His gaze swept across the main coffin in the tomb...

Suddenly, his eyes sparkled, striding forward.

Bai Fei's heart sank, thinking of Zuzi still hiding behind the coffin, unwilling to come out, and if discovered by Davis, the little Fairy would definitely be unhappy.

He rushed over shouting, "Don't touch our Ancestor's coffin, keep your grubby hands off!"

Davis, however, ignored him, taking big strides towards the coffin—

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On the deserted country road.

A sapphire blue off-road vehicle sped by.

Nangong Mo sat in the back seat, engrossed in watching the screen.

The assistant sat in the front row, also watching the images appearing on the front seat screen, revealing a bit of surprise:

"Sir, the news nowadays is getting stranger, this tomb-digging business has made it to trending topics a few times, and today the entire internet is buzzing over an unnamed ancient tomb, domestic and international netizens are arguing. Is everyone too idle with nothing to do?"