

## Big Shot 971

Chapter 971: Viral Across the Internet, Suppressing Zuzi!

In the assistant's view, all these artifacts belong to the state and can't be sold as business deals; there's no commercial value in them. He can't understand why netizens are so excited.

He thinks, given Nangong Mo's cold-blooded business tycoon persona, he must share this view.

But then.

From the backseat, a man's voice sneers coldly: "You don't know shit."

The assistant was stunned, and his face immediately turned red down to his neck.

Although the boss has a bad temper, it's rare for him to curse so directly and rudely. He suddenly realized the seriousness of the matter and cautiously asked, "Sir, is this tomb really that important?"

He watched the previous live stream, and it was all about quarreling back and forth. Later, the broadcast stopped. Some new girl on Weibo was posting live video clips in snippets, stirring up the heat again. Most likely, someone is manipulating this topic behind the scenes. Could it be that Sir can't see through this?

Nangong Mo looked over at the segments on Weibo, not entirely complete, blurry snippets captured by a phone. He looked at the figures of Bai Fei and Feng Tang within them, and finally, his gaze settled on that Jade Coffin...

As if he could see something through the Jade Coffin that others couldn't.

"It's not important."

He said indifferently.

The assistant didn't expect this answer and was even more confused: "Huh? Sir, if it's not important, then why are we rushing over now...?"

For a picnic?

Sightseeing?

Nangong Mo withdrew his gaze but gave an even more unrelated answer: "To get a medical report."

The assistant was utterly bewildered: "..."

Sir, didn't we just come from the hospital after getting the medical report?!

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In the main tomb chamber.

The debate between the two sides had reached a fever pitch.

In a remote, unremarkable side chamber, a group of students was diligently sketching the ancient fossil remnants in the wall crevices, trying to correlate them with the diagrams from Nangong Mo's medical report, hoping to identify the origin of that 'prehistoric animal' spine.

Among them, only Bian Xiaohong was discreetly covering with her sleeve, holding up her phone.

She had volunteered to pretend to look for fossil remnants at the entrance, but was actually trying to avoid the crowd, disregarding Feng Tang's warnings, secretly filming the astounding debate happening in the distant main tomb chamber with her phone.

Simultaneously uploading it to her newly created personal Weibo account.

She wanted to be famous.

She wanted to gain fame.

She wanted to become a Weibo sensation and earn a unique status among freshmen at school to win that top scholarship before military training ended.

She couldn't compete with Zuzi in training subject scores, so would she also lose out in these extracurricular practices?

This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and she must grasp it tightly.

She was the only one in the world who could capture this debate and stream it to all netizens. Just for that reason, she was sure to go viral today.

Hasn't Weibo already blown up, and aren't many people curious about the mysterious background of this blogger?

Ha, Zuzi, do you think flaunting a little in school makes you so great? Do you know that I'm about to go viral across the entire internet?

Do you know that the bigshot Mr. Bai you cling to now is with me, and I can capture his impeccably handsome face from every angle?

Argh, the signal is a bit weak, and the distance is a bit far.

She gritted her teeth and moved forward a few steps, almost out of the side chamber.

Only then did the camera clearly show Davis striding toward the coffin with Bai Fei anxiously chasing after him.

As Davis reached the coffin, he suddenly paused, stamped his foot, and scoffed coldly:

"Ha, is this your Empire Ancestor's tomb? An Empire Ancestor's tomb with carpets weaved by our craftsmen from Country M?"

His voice suddenly turned sharp!

Chapter 972: Empire's Honor, Indelible

Under Davis's feet, at the bottom of the coffin, was a round carpet.

Though old with time, it hadn't turned to dust but instead remained as vibrant and splendid as new.

However, the pattern of this carpet was warm and exuberant. Both its design and material were obviously... Western in style.

Even someone who wasn't a historian would, upon seeing this carpet, immediately think: How did a foreign carpet end up in the Imperial Tomb?

It was really eye-catching.

However, with the tomb filled with countless rare treasures and towering bronze Fusang trees along with lifelike Three-legged Golden Crows, all eyes were firmly attracted elsewhere, leaving no one to focus on what lay beneath their feet.

Now that Davis pointed it out, everyone belatedly realized the unusual aspect—

"Oh my, it really is... M country style."

"I just remembered, this carpet pattern is so classic; my wife went to M country for a trip and brought one back for her best friend, saying it would appreciate in value."

"Yeah, I remember the most famous church in the capital, the Holy Heart Church or something, has something this big inside..."

"Could it be that Davis, or whatever the Dean's name is, was right?"

Despite not wanting to admit it, a seed of doubt grew in everyone's hearts.

Gu Shiyin saw the situation gradually turning to her advantage and couldn't help but curve her lips upwards.

Everyone's gaze was on the carpet, naturally not noticing her expression

behind her.

Yet Yin Hu was intently watching her and had borrowed a bottle of drink from an archaeologist, carefully wiping it clean with a tissue, unscrewing the cap to offer it to her.

He didn't understand much about archaeology.

But he thought she must be thirsty after debating for so long.

Just as he was about to pass it over, he saw that enigmatic smile appear on Gu Shiyin's lips.

He shivered inexplicably.

A bit incredulously, he murmured, "Miss Gu, do you really hope... that this tomb is from M country?"

Gu Shiyin turned her head, her smile already gone, and said with a hint of seriousness: "Brother Hu, this is a serious academic issue. It's not something that can be swayed by whether I wish it or not. In the face

of archaeological science, everyone is equal, regardless of race or nationality. I believe that whatever the final evaluation concludes, all the professionals here will face it with a scientific spirit, don't you think so?"

Yin Hu was momentarily dazed.

Gu Shiyin's words made a lot of sense, and he found himself without a counterargument.

Besides, the conversation was getting a bit dizzying for him.

He only grasped one point: Miss Gu was such a rational person!

"You, you're right. It's all about the scientific spirit, and personal feelings shouldn't sway it. Here, have some water." He muttered softly and finally handed the water over.

Gu Shiyin then smiled brightly: "Thank you, Brother Hu. You're so kind."

Yin Hu gently rubbed his hands, nudging his toe against the sole of his shoe.

But why couldn't he shake off this lingering feeling of wistfulness in his heart?

He was willing to respect science, but deep down, he still hoped that this tomb was a legacy from the Empire's ancestors, truly.

The honor of the Empire is indelible.

Seeing Davis's desperate counterattack, astonishingly pointing out such a big bug, Bai Fei was momentarily stunned but unwilling to admit defeat:

"This, this thing... fine, even if it's a carpet from your M country, can't our ancestors have bought one from the market to pad the coffin bottom?"

Humph, it's just a lousy foot mat anyway.

Chapter 973: Ancestor, What Happened to Our Supposed Heart-to-Heart Connection?!

Stupid doormat, this young master wouldn't even care for it!

As soon as Bai Fei finished speaking, Davis responded as if he had rehearsed his lines:

"Ignorant Easterners. This isn't something you can just buy at a marketplace. It's woven with the ancient technique passed down by the Hera clan, and only our country's royal family and grand cathedral have the privilege to use carpets woven by the Hera clan."

Hera clan?

Bai Fei asked, somewhat incredulously, "Are you talking about Hera, the wife of Zeus in your country's myths, the one who oversees marriage?"

Davis, with haughty arrogance, lifted his chin: "Please refer to her as the Goddess Hera."

Bai Fei's lips twitched several times.

Damn, imitating our reverence for ancestors?

He was about to organize his retort when Gu Shiyin suddenly spoke up, her tone full of exaggerated delight:

"Hey, everyone, come look at this. There's a series of letters woven at one corner of this carpet: H, E, R, A. And what's more, this carpet hasn't decayed or been destroyed for years in a tomb, proving its extraordinary origins..."

Davis found such a perfect opening, so Gu Shiyin had to play along with it.

She had studied in the country, so she was very familiar with the legends of Hera.

The way Bai Fei and Feng Tang were boasting about the Empire's ancient gods earlier, she could just exaggerate the Goddess Hera a hundredfold.

Fight fire with fire!

Sure enough, everyone's attention was immediately drawn to the ancient Roman letters hidden in the carpet.

The letters were different from the modern country's alphabet, so everyone took out their phone dictionaries, squatted down, and debated for a while before recognizing that it truly meant Hera.

"Wow, what an unexpected turn of events!"

"This tomb really might be from that country."

"Learning something new—the nobility from that country actually built a tomb overseas, dying far from home. That's impressive!"

Amidst the voices of awe.

Feng Tang and Bai Fei never squatted down, instead standing straight with grim faces, glaring at Davis and Gu Shiyin.

Bai Fei wanted to fire back with a verbal snipe like before to leave the other side speechless. But suddenly, his mind inexplicably drained, and he couldn't find that guiding voice he relied on.

Without that guiding voice, he couldn't come up with a powerful rebuttal.

Oh, little ancestor, where are you? Please guide and team up with me!

We agreed to have mutual understanding!

Feng Tang, meanwhile, was racking his brain, trying to find any loopholes in the unfavorable evidence to argue against it.

Finally, he thought of a detail, raised an eyebrow, and blurted out: "The Hera carpet doesn't fit with the rest of the tomb, maybe it was added later. This foreign object can't prove the identity of the tomb owner."

Hey, that's a creative idea.

Bai Fei's eyes lit up, giving a thumbs up.

Before he could voice his praise, Davis sneered repeatedly:

"I was going to leave you some dignity. But since you're quibbling like this, don't blame me for being blunt—"

"Of course, this carpet is a foreign object. Our ancestors wouldn't sell such a noble piece of art to you."

"If you don't admit this is our ancestor's tomb, then you're admitting that your Empire's ancestors stole this carpet."

"I've traveled the world and am well-versed in the history and culture of various countries. Haha, your Empire is nothing but a fallen impoverished land in the East, and your much-boasted cultural origins are always so-called myths, without any existing deity."

"The sole origin of ancient world civilizations is our West. And you are merely descendants of a seed casually sown by our country's ancestors in the East."

"What Fusang Tree, what crow bird? If you examine them seriously, they are merely copied from our country's Divine Wood and Phoenix history!"

"Your history, just like this tomb, cannot withstand scrutiny and examination—admit defeat!"

Chapter 974: Driven Beyond Endurance, the Ancestor Takes Action!

Davis sneered, openly displaying his disdain and contempt for the Empire's culture as a citizen of Country M.

Mocking endlessly.

Seeing the astonishment yet speechlessness on the archaeologists' faces, and Feng Tang's face turning red with frustration, he increasingly felt that this ancient Eastern country was so dilapidated and outdated, unsalvageable.

Amidst a dead silence.

Suddenly a harsh rebuke rang out:

"Damn it, you're the one who plagiarized, your ancestors for eight generations plagiarized us. How dare you say that our Empire's civilization originated from your western world? You clearly have delusions of being my uncle, but today I'll damn well prove I'm your dad and correct this generational hierarchy! Let me tell you, the fact is—it is—it's—"

Bai Fei was so agitated that the veins on his forehead popped out.

But he just couldn't get the next lines out.

For a moment, a blankness seized his mind, and then a flood of complex information overwhelmed him, leaving him too bewildered to say a single word.

Oh dear, the information from the ancestors was so profound at this moment that this young master couldn't even remember the names of the gods, what to do!

At this moment, not only was Bai Fei at a loss for words.

Even the experienced archaeologists, including Feng Tang, couldn't muster a forceful rebuttal.

The prevailing view in world civilization history has always been that the East and West each originated individually, with multiple flourishing cultures.

Davis's academic argument was so overbearing, claiming that the Empire's civilization spread from the West, and his choice of words was so unpleasant, saying the Empire's mythology was plagiarized?

Yet standing on this peculiar imported carpet under their feet, they were speechless in defense, the carpet's origin was indeed too questionable, was it really stolen by the Empire's ancestors? Their proud five-thousand-year-old culture... was it... initially originated in the West?

Besides the carpet issue, Fusang and the Divine Wood were indeed very similar.

The Three-legged Golden Crow just had one more leg than the Phoenix!

Davis's trump card had stunned the entire scene.

At this moment, he assumed the posture of a victor and the tomb owner, raising his arm to direct: "Ensure the site is sealed properly, not a single item or wooden piece should be lost. Our Country M will soon send people to take over everything here."

As he spoke, he once again cast a contemptuous glance at Bai Fei and Feng Tang, pointedly adding: "Clear all irrelevant personnel immediately!"

Bai Fei: "..."

Irrelevant personnel?

Damn, this old bastard actually insulted him like this!

He felt a surge of blood choking at his heart, his eyes turning red, and dragged Yin Hu beside him, saying: "Big fool, this guy is insulting our people and our country, he's getting too cocky, let's take him down together!"

Since the verbal fight didn't work out, he couldn't help but want to resort to physical action, and wanted to pull in the strongest ally on site for the fight.

Yin Hu at this moment was also intensely stirred.

Loyalty to the nation and love for the country has always been Mr. Bo's teaching to them, and Davis's continuous belittling of the Empire's culture just now made him, a person ignorant of history and academics, feel extremely frustrated.

He couldn't argue with these cultured people, but like Bai Fei, he really wanted to speak with his fists at this moment.

Just about to step forward.

His sleeve suddenly caught by a delicate hand: "Brother Hu, no, don't fight, I'm scared."

Yin Hu's heroic spirit was instantly dissolved by Gu Shiyin's soft plea.

Bai Fei: "...Damn, are you even a man, so soft! The boxing skills the little ancestor taught you were fed to the dogs..."

Utterly disappointed, he charged alone, with a determined heart and fists flying towards Davis.

The scene immediately fell into chaos.

Some blocked the fight, some tried to dissuade, some hurriedly protected Davis...

Davis snorted coldly: "Eastern Barbarians, cultural desert! I didn't see it wrong."

With that, he lifted his hand, a glint of cold light flashed beneath his sleeve, aimed straight at Bai Fei.

That cold light seemed to conceal a blade, and if the bare-handed Bai Fei confronted it, he feared his head would be sliced off.

The scene once again plunged into dead silence, as if everyone was immobilized, hearts on edge.

At this moment.

From behind the Jade Coffin, a lazy, soft female voice echoed: "This isn't the ancestor-molded clay figure, not resembling a human after all..."

Chapter 975: The Little Ancestor Flicks You Like Dust

The woman's voice, gentle and lazy, made everyone's spine tingle.

All eyes involuntarily looked toward the Jade Coffin and witnessed a shocking scene—the Jade Coffin slowly rose, and from it emerged a woman in white as though drifting out from smoke or mist, her steps graceful as she approached the crowd.

Terror! Horror!

It's haunted!

The first instinct was to scream in fright, but when everyone saw the woman's dignified and serene face, her skin so immaculate it seemed to glow with a holy light, the screams stuck in their throats were suddenly quelled by a mysterious force.

Rather than a ghost from the coffin, wasn't she more like a fairy descending to the mortal world?

Gu Shiyin saw Zuzi emerging gracefully, and her heart skipped a beat.

Why is this woman here!

Is she here to ruin my plan again?

She secretly clenched her fist: This time, she absolutely won't lose. This is her turf, and with Davis present, the evidence on the carpet was irrefutable, the outcome is settled.

In the field of archaeology, Zuzi has no place!

Though she thought so, seeing Zuzi in a simple, clean white dress, attracting countless gazes, she couldn't help feeling a tinge of envy and resentment.

Why does a ray of light from the tomb shine only on that girl, making her look even better?

"Miss Gu, you're, you're squeezing a bit hard..." Yin Hu suddenly said in a low voice.

Gu Shiyin relaxed her grip, realizing she'd been squeezing Yin Hu's hand, venting her frustration on his nails.

She swallowed nervously and smiled to mask it: "I was just happy to see Zuzi here. Zuzi, why didn't you tell me beforehand that you were coming to play? I could have arranged it for you, venturing in alone is so dangerous..."

Zuzi's gaze swept over her indifferently, showing no intention to engage in conversation, as she headed straight toward Bai Fei.

Bai Fei became excited: "Little Fairy, I-I can't argue with their twisted logic, and they won't let me fight. I'm so angry..."

He wanted to bend down and lift her skirt, having no thought to notice the Light Blade in Davis's hand poised to slash his head off.

Davis's eyes flickered darkly as he recognized Zuzi.

Old grievances and new piled up, his gestures became sharper, and amidst the crowd trying to mediate, he lunged for Bai Fei's head.

"Ding——!"

A crisp sound.

The Light Blade in Davis's hand seemed to hit some steel-hard barrier in the air, and it abruptly bounced back just an inch from Bai Fei's neck.

Caught off guard, the Light Blade recoiled.

Unable to dodge, Davis was in disarray, spraying blood in a sudden burst.

An unbearable pain attacked him, and he groaned.

Zuzi flicked her fingertips nonchalantly, as if shaking off some dust.

The archaeologists beside them exclaimed: "Dean Davis, your fingers... they're, they're broken!"

He was killed by his own weapon, his knife-wielding five fingers all severed, the cuts perfectly clean as if crafted by the world's greatest surgical master.

Bai Fei belatedly touched his neck: "Damn, you intended to ambush me? You shameless old thief!"

Others regained their senses, feeling a chill of fear as well: "... If it wasn't his fingers but Mr. Bai's neck that was severed.

Oh my, a proper archaeological academic session turned into a life-and-death struggle...

Davis was also ruthless, his hand bleeding profusely, yet he didn't bandage it or cry out in pain, and instead said ominously: "Consider it my blood sacrifice to honor my country's ancestor. Out of respect for the ancestors, I won't stoop to the level of you foolish Empire dwarves, so get out now!"

After issuing the order to leave, he quickly instructed Gu Shiyin: "Have the reporters immediately publish the news, announcing the authentication results to the world."

The crowd: "... Truly ruthless, in the rush to release archaeological findings, he discarded even his hand. Davis is truly driven mad.

Just as everyone sighed, bowed their heads, and prepared to end the day's archaeological journey.

Zuzi spoke again, with a faint, mocking tone—

Chapter 976: Nothing Feels Better Than An Eye for an Eye!

"In the eyes of the Ancestor, after ten thousand years, these things on your western side haven't made any progress, not like human beings..."

Zuzi's tone was light and lazy, but in the ears of everyone, each word was alarming!

Which things on the western side?

Could it be referring to Dean Davis?

Ugh...

This girl's realm of insults is far beyond Bai Fei's by many levels, directly reducing the opponent to a lower species, cough cough.

Gu Shiyin saw all the gazes fastened on Zuzi and felt increasingly uneasy inside.

Although Zuzi ignored her, she couldn't help but say, "Zuzi, you're too young and haven't been in touch with the archeological elite circle. Let me introduce, this senior is Davis, the most powerful dean under the Pope's seat in M country. His professional identification is never wrong. With the ancient tomb gods above, you should respect your elders, Zuzi..."

Gu Shiyin's words, both explicitly and implicitly, were praising Davis while pulling hatred and disdain toward Zuzi.

Sure enough, Davis immediately said, "What respect for elders and worship of gods can a culturally barren country understand? Anger our country's gods, and she'll be plagued by doom, ending in a bad death!"

Saying this, he muttered words with his mouth, seemingly cursing Zuzi.

Seeing this, Gu Shiyin secretly rejoiced.

No need for Zuzi to pay attention to her; she just had to provoke Davis's hatred enough for him to deal with Zuzi.

The Empire's commoners were unaware that Davis practiced Western secrets and possessed extraordinary mana, otherwise, why was his broken hand just fine? This broken hand could probably regenerate, which is why Davis was indifferent.

As Davis muttered words, a faint black smoke gradually rose from his palm, drifting towards Zuzi.

Just as the Light Blade intended to kill Bai Fei earlier, the current black mist seemed poised to engulf Zuzi!

Bai Fei was startled and lunged forward, "Watch out, little Fairy!"

Everyone was even more terrified; why did this bigwig from M country intend to start killing by disagreeing with just a few words?

Unexpectedly.

The next second, Zuzi curved her lips with a faint smile, and with a slight flick of her delicate fingers, first flicked away Bai Fei, who foolishly jumped in to block.

Then, she gently flicked again.

In no time, the black smoke vanished into gray dust.

In its place was Davis's Westerner face, seemingly burned by the black smoke, instantly scorched black, and fragments of skin exploded as though an axe had slashed patterns across his face.

Bai Fei, having been flicked away, laughed, "Hey, tit-for-tat feels the best."

Davis vomited blood, disbelievingly, "What evil technique did you use? You'll be thrown into Hell by the Main God!"

Zuzi indifferently curled her lips as though hearing a child sulking with "I'm going to tell the teacher," and lightly mocked, "Your gods have no hierarchy nor rules. Ancestor I can't really see eye to eye with them."

Davis nearly vomited blood again.

Who didn't understand hierarchy and rules.

His generation could be her great-grandfather, yet this damned woman dared talk back, delaying his takeover of the ancient tomb?

Bai Fei, on the other hand, was curious, "Little Fairy, are Western gods that terrible?"

Coming from a family of medicine, he believed in science and cared little about religion and mythology.

Zuzi casually replied, "Hmm, yeah, those little things engage in sibling marriage, father-daughter, mother-son, aunt-nephew... No ethical norms, Ancestor finds it quite distasteful."

The words barely concealed a hint of disdain.

Bai Fei listened with wide eyes.

Swallowing his saliva, he "damned" quietly, hurriedly browsing his phone to quickly learn Western mythology.

Meanwhile, Davis, his face scarred, listened to such heart-rending words, his demeanor as gloomy as a ghost guarding a tomb, "No blasphemy! Losing to the carpet left by my ancestor in M country, you resort to filthy language, you shorties..."

Before he could finish, Zuzi crisply interrupted, "This is clearly the foot mat dedicated by little Hera."

Foot mat!

Little Hera!

Hold on, the esteemed Hera, in this woman's eyes, is a little girl?

Everyone gasped for breath...

Chapter 977: Do Even the Western Heavenly Gods Call Her Ancestor?

Everyone watched Zuzi with bated breath.

Although they didn't want to believe that this ancient tomb came from Western ancestors, they never expected that such a precious artifact, a carpet, could be called a "foot mat".

And the goddess Hera, revered by Western believers like Davis, was being referred to as "little girl"?

Was this woman a deity in her past life to dare speak like this?

Their perspectives seemed to have been turned completely upside down, and they had to tilt their heads to look at Zuzi.

"You, you're talking nonsense! Do you think ignorant and foolish words like these can sway serious archaeological identification?!" Davis was so angry that steam seemed to rise off his head, and his face, previously darkened by smoke, turned even darker.

Gu Shiyin, in a soft and gentle voice, half-advised and half-provoked, said beside him, "Dean Davis, Zuzi is just a student. Don't argue with juniors. Of course, your assessment is the most authoritative. Maybe you could connect with the International Archaeological Association on site and sign off on the assessment results..."

She was pushing Davis to quickly sign off responsibility for the assessment results, bringing in authoritative witnesses, to publicly disgrace Zuzi.

She couldn't believe that with so many professionals present, they could be outmatched by a mere freshman?

Moreover, without Bao Gucheng around, what storm could Zuzi, lacking a backbone, possibly stir up?

Zuzi, you've jumped out today without thinking and will only become a joke!

Enduring his anger, Davis nodded, "Alright."

He knew how to prioritize, and at this moment, it was most important to finalize the fate of the ancient tomb, not waste time arguing.

Taking the signal booster brought by reporters, he dialed an international video call: "..."

Meanwhile, Zuzi, unhurriedly, raised her hand and instructed, "Xiao Feng, lift up this foot mat."

Xiao Feng?

Which Xiao Feng?

The archaeologists exchanged glances; none of them was named Feng.

Then they saw the elderly Feng Tang huffing and puffing as he ran over to Zuzi with utmost respect:

"Little Ancestor, have you forgotten, Xiao Feng lost a bet with you last time and now has changed his surname to Ma, just call me Xiao Ma."

Everyone: "... My goodness, their worldview was shaken again, what kind of situation was this!

Zuzi's red lips curved slightly as she chuckled, "Forget it, Xiao Feng sounds better. Let's get to work."

"Aye!" Feng Tang enthusiastically agreed and immediately followed Zuzi's instruction, lifting a corner of the carpet.

The crowd, dumbfounded by this string of outrageous actions, was left speechless.

But when they finally saw the line of ancient Roman letters woven in colorful threads on the back of the carpet, they couldn't help but gasp: "This..."

Everyone quickly buried their heads in dictionaries.

These obscure ancient Roman letters were painstakingly translated to form a simple yet earth-shaking phrase—

"Respectfully offered to the Ancestor, may you have eternal blessings and peace. From Hera."

Heavens.

This carpet was offered by the goddess Hera to some Ancestor.

Who else could Hera call Ancestor?

Hera, already the wife of Zeus, a top-tier goddess in Western mythology, who else could she respectfully call Ancestor and personally weave a carpet to offer?

Someone with sharp eyes noticed a small golden illustration above the line of colorful ancient Roman letters.

Nine Phoenix-like birds soared in the clouds, pulling a golden glazed carriage, exuding a breathtaking aura.

Chapter 978: So Whose Tomb Is It, Really?

The crowd couldn't help but exclaim—

"This is... the Golden Crow pulling the Sun Chariot!"

"So the tribute Hera wrote for the ancestor, was it meant for the Golden Crow?"

"This tomb is the crow's tomb!"

Once Zuzi revealed the secret texts and images behind the carpet, the minds of the archaeologists opened up instantly, deducing and inferring, each convinced this was the tomb of the Golden Crow.

Zuzi smiled sweetly.

Fu Xiqin laughed hysterically, almost out of breath: "Ah hahaha, hic!"

The little crow, however, was ruffled: "Oh dear, are these foolish clay-brained people missing a screw or something? Your great Golden Crow isn't dead, isn't dead, this isn't my coffin!"

Amidst the discussions, Feng Tang looked serious and suddenly waved his hand: "No, you're wrong. Although it's a picture of the Golden Crow pulling the Sun Chariot, have you ever thought about who the god sitting in the chariot is?"

Everyone was stunned.

Gradually, they reacted: "Nuwa?"

Feng Tang nodded solemnly: "The only one worthy of Hera calling her ancestor, is her."

Everyone sighed with emotion: "Makes sense..."

Subsequently, they couldn't contain their excitement:

"So, our ancestor is also the ancestor of the Western Gods, and Western culture is fundamentally not the world's origin."

"If you think about it, maybe the ancestor of our Empire is the real origin of world culture!"

"So this is truly Nuwa's tomb! Our initial assumption was correct, it pairs naturally with Fu Xi Palace."

"Lady Nuwa, please accept our bow!"

The archaeologists were exhilarated, convinced by the new evidence pointed out by Zuzi.

Yet the little crow's mouth twitched even more: "Oh dear! The ancestor is still alive, why are you blindly bowing? That's not the ancestor's coffin! Damn, maybe these humans really do have heads full of clay."

Feng Tang saw Zuzi still standing leisurely and silently amidst the enthusiastic worship, feeling something was amiss, he thought for a moment and tentatively consulted: "Little Ancestor, was there some flaw in my academic deduction earlier?"

Zuzi propped her chin, speaking in a lazy and light manner: "Hmm, although this mat was gifted by young Hera to the ancestor, the ancestor didn't really use it. It was casually used for cushioning a coffin, quite fitting, given the hard work of creating the heavens and the earth."

He? He? Who is he?

Feng Tang's mind buzzed.

For a moment, a thousand thoughts flooded over him, leaving him gaping and frozen on the spot.

Bai Fei saw Feng Tang's dumbfounded look and laughed: "Hahaha, even Professor Feng finally got confused by the Little Ancestor—now you get how I felt just now, when my head was about to explode and I couldn't articulate a single word, don't you?"

After laughing, he eagerly approached Zuzi: "Little Ancestor, who is this 'he who created the heavens and the earth'? Can you give me a little hint?"

The archaeologists were still celebrating the surprise of discovering Nuwa's tomb, yet overhearing Bai Fei's sneaky request, they all gathered around: "Isn't this Lady Nuwa's tomb? Whose is it? What other deity could be buried here?"

No matter which deity it was, this tomb was significant enough to be a world-class protected relic.

Everyone's hearts were pounding, waiting for Zuzi's answer.

For a moment, the chamber was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

"Beep—Beep Beep—hello?"

Davis finally managed to connect with the president of the International Archaeological Association, just about to relay his appraisal, yet, unexpectedly, the tomb suddenly fell eerily silent.

He looked back.

And saw the woman in the white dress, casually and leisurely knocking on the coffin.

Then she spoke a sentence that almost drove him to the point of exasperation—

Chapter 979: Ancestor: Then Open the Coffin and Verify!

"You kids, don't you read books? Who else but him opened the heavens and the earth for this world?"

Zuzi gently tapped the coffin, speaking softly, "Whether East or West, if it weren't for him pouring all his effort into creating the world, even if your ancestors molded you from clay, how would you find a place to settle and live?"

Zuzi did not mention any names.

But with just a few words, spoken elegantly, she made everyone around her stiffen, unable to help but feel a sense of reverence.

Anyone who received a traditional Empire education knows which ancestor opened the heavens for this chaotic world.

Legend has it that he exhausted his Divine Power to create a bright and clear abode for humanity between heaven and earth, but his body fell with a roar into the wilderness, transforming into mountains, rivers, and seas.

Just as the poet says, "His head became the four sacred mountains, his eyes the sun and moon, his fat the rivers and seas, his hair the plants and trees."

How tragic and magnificent!

If this ancient tomb were his burial mound, then all the Empire's people should come to admire and worship it, expressing gratitude and remembrance.

The surroundings became silent and solemn.

Davis, who was making a phone call, was already fuming with anger.

He couldn't care about conversing with the person on the phone, almost spitting as he ranted, "Eastern pygmies, failed evolution specimens, how dare they spout such madness?!"

Just now the Empire people, hearing Davis firmly claim that Eastern civilization originated from the West, felt a heaviness in their hearts.

Now the situation had reversed, and Davis realized what it's like to have one's ancestors disrespected and erased.

He absolutely couldn't tolerate Zuzi saying that the Eastern Creator God created the whole world.

Absolutely impossible!

"Ignorant Eastern dwarfs, let me tell you, Gaia created Zeus, Zeus created the gods, and God created the world in seven days. On the first day, He said 'Let there be light,' and there was light, on the second day he said..."

Davis passionately started preaching on the spot.

But he was interrupted after just a few words by Zuzi's gentle voice.

She didn't glance at Davis but instead looked at Bai Fei with a smile in her eyes: "Xiao Bai, read what you found to the kids."

Davis' serious preaching was entirely undercut by Zuzi's one word—"kids."

Especially the way Zuzi looked at Bai Fei, it was so... affectionate.

Everyone felt like laughing and thought the girl before them, like a fairy, was absolutely unconventional and incredibly interesting.

Bai Fei, basking in the gaze of "great affection from the elder," didn't feel offended at all but rather enjoyed it immensely. She happily raised her phone and reported:

"Little Ancestor, I've found it, no wonder you said that the Western gods have no decorum or ethics, leading to their Western humanity evolving for millions of years yet still looking inhuman. I now really can't stand them!"

"The primal Creator Gaia was entwined day and night with her eldest son Uranos, slashed by her youngest son who couldn't stand it anymore!"

"Zeus, the first chaotic god in history, didn't even spare his own sisters, and almost all his cousins were doomed, oh yes, his wife, Goddess Hera, was his sister. Most outrageously, he even violated his great-granddaughter Alcmye, with an X that lasted for three whole days, shading the sky and earth..."

"Zeus' brothers are even more outrageous, Hades marrying Zeus' daughter, who is his own niece; Brother Poseidon married his own aunt, transformed into a horse to assault his own sister Demeter; then this Demeter also bore the god of wealth Plutos with Zeus' illegitimate son, who is her own nephew..."

Though many present were somewhat familiar with Western mythology, hearing Bai Fei summarize it so densely made their skin crawl.

Chaos.

Such utter chaos, damn.

Davis' face turned dark, his eyes red: "The workings of the gods are inscrutable, so what if they do things that mortals can't understand? What you said doesn't change the fact that the owner of this tomb is my Western ancestor!"

Zuzi's expression remained indifferent, her tone cool: "If you insist on being so stubborn, then let's open the tomb and verify it."

Chapter 980: That Man Walks Toward the Ancestor!

Opening the coffin for verification?!

The tomb chamber fell silent instantly.

The archaeologists looked at Zuzi in shock and suspicion, wondering how this woman could, with just a few words, unravel everyone's rationality.

This Jade Coffin is the most valuable artifact in the ancient tomb. Ever since the chamber was discovered, strict orders were given not to make any rash moves to avoid damage, allowing only a limited team of professionals to conduct academic research inside.

Moreover, they wanted to open the coffin, but the problem was that it couldn't be opened. It was made from a single piece of natural jade several yards long. Despite having a lock, there was neither a keyhole nor a key, and there wasn't even a seam around it. They had no idea where the mechanism to open it was. They couldn't just smash it open.

Bai Fei coughed to break the silence, "Little Fairy, Little Ancestor, this coffin is really strange; it can't be opened..."

Previously, they came to the chamber to open the coffin, and he personally saw Zuzi tapping her slender fingers on it a few times.

In the end, it couldn't be opened.

A crow even cried a few times.

Did the Little Ancestor forget?

On the other side, Davis sneered, "Wishful thinking! Little girl, don't embarrass yourself here. In the archaeology circle, who doesn't know that opening the main coffin is the most challenging task, long and drawn out? You think it's as easy as opening your front door?"

He couldn't believe he lost his temper with Zuzi earlier, trying to preach to a countryside girl, attempting to correct her worldview and convert her to God.

Her ignorance exceeded his imagination. He shouldn't have paid her any attention.

Davis gave Zuzi a fierce stare, then said to the president on the other end of the International Archaeological Association's line, "There's a tomb here in the Empire. I'll send you the appraisal results. Please quickly issue an internationally recognized certificate so our people can take over the development of the site..."

Seizing this tomb, he wouldn't have come in vain.

Previous failures could be written off, and Gu Shiyin's idea wasn't bad.

Davis was keen on affirming the tomb's rightful ownership.

Meanwhile, Zuzi raised her eyebrows casually, her eyes twinkling like stars: "Yeah, it's pretty simple. Although it's not my Ancestor's house, it's almost like a neighbor's, right?"

Neighbor?

Heh, why not say the Heavenly God lives next door to you?

Davis chuckled coldly at Zuzi's wild words while talking on the phone.

But Zuzi remained completely unfazed by the sarcasm and sneers, and began to walk gracefully towards the door of the tomb chamber.

"Little Ancestor, where are you going?"

"Wait for me, hey, Ancestor, wait for me..."

"Huh? Why are you here?"

Bai Fei and the others followed closely behind.

Zuzi took a few steps and then stopped.

A man in a black long robe appeared near the door, gazing steadily at Zuzi.

When he saw her pause, he smirked and walked towards her with a lazy but playful step. As he moved, an invisible aura seemed to radiate from him, causing bystanders to step aside and clear a path.

A path solely leading to her.

He walked directly towards Zuzi, arms slowly spreading out, as if welcoming a lover home.

The brightly lit hall seemed to cast a powerful spotlight on the two of them, and as the distance shortened, the beams almost merged into one.

At this moment.

A phone beside the side chamber door was secretly recording everything...