

## Big Shot 981

Chapter 981: The Coffin Key Has Arrived! Mr. Bo Sacrifices Family for Justice!

Bian Xiaohong's phone camera relentlessly recorded and secretly uploaded the live video.

Especially after Zuzi appeared and said a few words, the online opinion reversed dramatically, and the man who suddenly appeared in the camera with an imposing presence made the viewers of the video boil over again.

—Who is this man?

—Who is the talking woman?

—What are they going to do?

—The woman just mentioned opening a museum for verification, can it really prove that the deity of our Empire is the ancestor of Westerners?

—If it can really be verified, then this mysterious woman who is heard but not seen is truly great, a heroic figure of the Empire...

—I'm a fan now! Love her, love her!

Bian Xiaohong saw the comment section bustling with activity, her Weibo followers soaring by millions in a short time and still rising, she was delighted to the point of dizziness.

Previously, Zuzi was blocked by the crowd, and she couldn't capture her face directly. In the video, it was always "heard but not seen," Gu Shiyin's introduction was too faint to hear clearly, she didn't recognize it was Zuzi, only felt the tone was strikingly familiar, especially since Bai Fei kept calling her ancestor, it seemed this had happened before.

Now as Zuzi stepped out of the crowd, she finally saw the "mysterious woman," nearly dropping her phone in shock.

This woman guiding the conversation, was it really Zuzi?

She had painstakingly filmed the video, originally to boost her own Weibo popularity, only to inadvertently help Zuzi gain followers? Zuzi was about to become famous?!

Bian Xiaohong felt like she was about to vomit blood, secretly gritting her teeth and preparing to turn off her phone screen, unwilling to serve as a stepping stone for Zuzi.

But then.

Something shocking happened.

Her hand, as if not belonging to her, couldn't move an inch.

What the hell! She regretted her secret filming deeply, now wanting to stop but there seemed to be a force stopping her.

And the phone, still filming the scene from the perfect angle—even though Zuzi was not in the frame, her voice was crystal clear, with a faint smile:

"The key is here."

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Base office.

Bao Gucheng was stern-faced, reviewing the information Chen Long had gathered overnight.

The secretary who forged the Old President's signature had committed suicide, leaving the investigation at a dead end, but while the dead can't speak, the items around them can leave traces.

Chen Long started with the secretary's financial transactions over the years and uncovered some anomalies.

This secretary, with a position not high and a moderate income, actually sustained over a dozen lovers!

The key point is, each lover had a property in the central area of the imperial capital, all bought outright.

"Mr. Bo, I've checked these properties individually, most were acquired through favors, illegal but unrelated to the case we're investigating. Only one is quite peculiar..."

"Speak."

"That property was... bought for him by your brother, Bo Huanxi."

Bao Gucheng's expression remained unchanged, he coldly said, "Investigate."

Chen Long felt a sense of relief.

The murder case had led back to the Bao Family itself, he was concerned about potential awkwardness or taboos, but he was surprised to find Mr. Bo was completely impartial, prioritizing justice over family, and he couldn't help but respect his boss even more.

To lighten the mood, he put away his heavy tone and chuckled:

"Yes! I'll continue to investigate. Oh, by the way, sir, you didn't sleep well last night, right? How about watching a live stream to relax before getting back to work, haha..."

Chapter 982: Bao Gucheng Really Loves Watching This Livestream

"Not interested."

Bao Gucheng glanced at Chen Long with a look that screamed "you're boring," closed the file and continued reviewing the next one.

Chen Long wasn't giving up, "Boss, this isn't just any stream, it's Miss Xi's live archaeological stream inside an ancient tomb. It's so exciting, such a thrill, she left those shameless foreigners dumbfounded, making our Empire proud. Others might not know, but the moment I heard that heavenly voice, I recognized it..."

Chen Long's flattery hadn't even finished yet.

When Bao Gucheng interrupted him in a deep voice, "Where is it, open it up."

Chen Long: "..."

Boss, weren't you "not interested"?

He quickly opened his phone and found the video that was trending first on social media.

"Sir, this is the latest clip, watch this first, we'll review the classics later. They're about to open the coffin, it's really thrilling..."

As Chen Long played the video.

The brightly lit tomb chamber showed a man walking boldly on the screen.

"You think seeing him is thrilling?" Bao Gucheng glanced at Chen Long with discontent.

Uh...

Chen Long awkwardly coughed, "Cough, cough, what's Nangong Mo doing joining the frenzy, sorry sir, I didn't see this part before. This isn't right, previously the camera was all on Bai Fei and Feng Tang... But sir, listen, listen closely to Miss Xi's voice! She's speaking! She said... something about 'coming'!"

Chen Long wanted to redeem himself by shifting the focus to the voice.

But it just happened that what Zuzi said was "XX's coming," which sounded like she was welcoming Nangong Mo, and wasn't that just adding fuel to the fire.

Chen Long, in a panic, quickly closed that video and opened another previous clip for Bao Gucheng to watch, "Sir, watch this, watch these, all of Miss Xi's brilliant words, truly eye-opening! That Western scoundrel wanted to boss us around, Miss Xi directly made us his ancestor!"

With the previous video playing, Bao Gucheng's slightly grim face finally eased a bit.

Her voice, like heavenly rain from the sky, made people feel relaxed, as if they were in a fairyland.

Especially hearing her talk with ease about ancient gods to shut Davis's mouth was extraordinarily satisfying and enjoyable.

"Debating in the ancient tomb, such a playful move..." Bao Gucheng's lips gradually curled up, folding his hands together, his gaze fixed on the screen.

After watching three or four videos, finally, they switched back to the latest video.

Chen Long specifically dragged the progress bar, intending to skip the part where Nangong Mo entered, to avoid displeasing the boss with that face.

But man proposes, God disposes.

After dragging the progress bar.

It just happened to be the moment Nangong Mo stepped into the crowd and approached Zuzi!

The camera didn't actually sweep to Zuzi; her face wasn't visible.

Only Nangong Mo seemed to be speaking to the air, "Miss Xi, we truly are destined to meet."

Chen Long was speechless.

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!

How could Nangong Mo say such cheesy and corny lines.

This is how they started courting girls a hundred years ago.

Little did he know, something even cheesier was yet to come.

Zuzi let out a light laugh without answering.

A few seconds later.

Nangong Mo's face visibly stiffened, his Adam's apple noticeably bobbing on camera as he hoarsely said, "Miss Xi welcoming me with such enthusiasm, embracing me as a greeting?"

Chapter 983: Did Nangong Goumo Get Flirted With by Zuzi?

Sure, here is the translation for the provided text:

Chen Long nearly fainted.

Damn, damn, damn, when did Miss Xi hug you? Nangong Goumo, there's clearly nothing like that on the video, are you having a delusional episode?

However.

Bao Gucheng, who was watching the video at the desk, suddenly had a face as dark as the night before a storm.

A hug?

Even though Xi Zuzi herself did not appear in the video, nor was there any hugging scene, there was only Nangong Mo's teasing remark.

But the man's mind had already simulated the scene a thousand times, the image of Nangong Goumo and Xi Zuzi passionately embracing!

"Bang—!"

The jade paperweight on the desk was smashed into pieces by Bao Gucheng's big hand.

Chen Long held his breath: "Mr. Bo, calm down, let's stay calm and not fall for Nangong Goumo's trick. I believe Miss Xi would never do that, she's very reserved..."

Reserved to the point that when she first met Mr. Bo, she touched him. The second time she met him, she tugged at his belt... Ah, something seems off, oh dear.

Bao Gucheng glanced at him, his breath long and deep: "I trust her. But, I don't trust that thing."

Chen Long: "..."

Almost forgot, Nangong Goumo's newest name is "that thing," what a mess, Nangong, you've maxed out your hatred value.

"Mr. Bo, when Miss Xi returns, I'll try to find out what exactly happened," Chen Long was formulating a plan, but then he noticed Bao Gucheng close the documents, get up from the desk, and walk out.

He found it odd; Bao Gucheng wasn't someone who would leave work unfinished. "Mr. Bo, what are you..."

"Don't want to wait. I want to see for myself."

Bao Gucheng's tone was cold and determined.

Chen Long was surprised: "But Mr. Bo, the ancient tomb is several hundred kilometers away in the suburbs, it's a three to four hour drive, even if we go..."

Although Mr. Bo's decisiveness terribly stunned him, realistically, we couldn't possibly stop it in time.

Bao Gucheng coolly raised his eyes: "Is the plane just for show? Just reported the development and production of high-speed models is fake?"

Chen Long felt his worldview shattered once more.

Flying a plane to catch the adulterer, Mr. Bo, you're truly one of a kind.

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In the ancient tomb.

Nangong Mo was deeply shocked by Xi Zuzi's "throwing herself into his arms."

He's always been the one to tease others, intimidating any woman who dared come close, and no woman had ever dared approach him like this.

So casual, so natural, simply disregarding gender boundaries.

Unfortunately, the woman didn't "hug" him for long; it was almost a touch-and-go, as graceful as a dragon, slipping away.

He narrowed his violet eyes, his voice dangerous: "Miss Xi is so enthusiastic, using a hug to welcome me?"

Xi Zuzi smiled warmly: "Yes, welcome, you came at just the right time."

Nangong Mo closely observed the woman's breezy, spring-like smile, darkly saying: "If I remember correctly, Miss Xi used to avoid me constantly. Today... you actually took the initiative to provoke me?"

"Provoke you?" Xi Zuzi propped her chin and thought, "Can't chat now, once this is over, let's specifically talk about you."

Her palm slightly tightened as she rubbed it, somehow now holding a small jade button.

Later, she'll specifically flirt with him?

Nangong Mo couldn't help feeling a surge of excitement!

This human woman is truly bold, each meeting giving him a different impression.

In contrast to Nangong Mo's current keen appraisal, the bystanders' expressions were utterly stunned.

Whoa, this girl dares to flirt with Fourth Master?

The Fourth Master, whom the elite of the imperial capital fear and avoid like the demon... was flirted with?

This gossip blows up their hearts even more than Xi Zuzi and Davis's debate!

Immersed in the ambiance of this baffling couple, the onlookers nearly forgot their location.

However, Gu Shiyin was deeply displeased, seeing Xi Zuzi so easily swaying everyone's emotions, and decisively interjected:

"Zuzi, weren't you saying you were going to open the coffin? Where's the key?"

Chapter 984: A Bet with the Little Ancestor! Whose Remains Are Inside?

Gu Shiyin was certain that Zuzi was boasting.

Opening the coffin for verification sounded so easy and confident.

In reality, with such an ancient tomb, the coffin is definitely not ordinary. Whether it can be opened is a question, not to mention the tomb's owner would have set multiple traps to protect it from outsiders. How could it be easily opened by descendants?

Even professional archaeological teams only study the settings and offerings around the tomb chamber, not daring to rashly touch the coffin in the center.

Gu Shiyin was waiting to see a joke.

Next to her, Davis was originally communicating with the president of the International Archaeological Association to issue an authoritative certification. To his surprise, Zuzi didn't follow the usual conventions and suggested opening the coffin for verification, sparking the other party's curiosity.

The president requested a video connection to watch the coffin opening together and issue the certification based on the results.

Davis suppressed his anger, staring at Zuzi with eyes burning like fire: "If you're going to open it, do it quickly. Don't waste time flirting with men here!"

Zuzi glanced at him leisurely: "The Ancestor didn't just chat with boys, the Ancestor also chatted with girls."

Everyone: "...". This woman is bold! Flirting with both men and women, truly outstanding.

Under the burning curiosity of everyone, Zuzi gracefully stepped forward, pacing to the Jade Coffin.

Nangong Mo followed closely, a faint, playful curve on his charming lips: "You won't be able to open it."

He was serious, not just watching the excitement.

Bai Fei glared at Nangong Mo: "Fourth Master, crashing our event like this is a bit unkind, isn't it?"

Feng Tang also retorted angrily: "Sir, if you are not involved in archaeology, please do not give an opinion." Being a scholar, he only respected true knowledge, even though Nangong Mo had wealth and power, he meant nothing in Feng Tang's eyes.

Upon hearing this, Nangong Mo's cold gaze swept over them: "Dare to bet with me?"

He was even more certain than Gu Shiyin that Zuzi could not open this coffin.

On this tomb ground, was there anyone more familiar than him among those present?

Bai Fei: "Bet if you dare, would you let go of your Nangong Family's recently mined jade mine if you lose? I'll wager with our Bai Family pharmacy shares!"

Feng Tang: "Though I've never engaged in gambling, today I wouldn't mind betting with you. If I lose, I'll quit the field of archaeology, and my reputation will be shattered. If you lose, would you dare to leave the business world?"

Nangong Mo scoffed: "Who cares about your bad reputation."

Bai Fei immediately responded: "So you mean only betting with me!"

The debate made everyone present secretly amazed: These three are all people of status and influence, and they're willing to gamble their fortunes over this woman, Miss Xi—how bold!

As the three bickered like children, the main character, Zuzi, remained silent.

She walked directly to the Jade Coffin, raising her fair arm, gently knocking her slender hand on the Jade Coffin, and her beautiful eyes blinked lightly.

Those thick, long eyelashes fluttered like butterfly wings, captivating everyone who couldn't help but hold their breath: was it the tension of the coffin opening, or were they completely captivated by her incomparable beauty?

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds...

The coffin remained motionless.

In the crowd, Gu Shiyin couldn't hold back: "Zuzi, stop messing around, you can't open the coffin with just your hand, this isn't child's play..."

Bai Fei interrupted her: "Are you going to bet or not? If not, then stop talking."

Gu Shiyin's face stiffened, forcing a smile as she thought of something, stepping towards Nangong Mo: "Then I'll bet with Fourth Master, that the coffin won't open, and I'll wager my university teaching position..."

Teaming up with Nangong Mo was a wise move.

Beside Davis, she needed more powerful allies.

Just as she was thinking this.

A crisp "crack" was heard, akin to giant petals unfolding, a sound from nature, amplified a thousandfold, echoing in the tomb chamber.

Then, the cries of surprise in the tomb room drowned out all her subsequent words.

"It opened!"

"It opened!"

"Heavens, quickly look inside to see whose remains these are!"

Chapter 985: Who Is She Really? An Unimaginable Discovery in the Coffin!

In the eyes filled with burning anticipation, the emerald and icy Jade Coffin slowly opened.

The coffin seemed to hold ten-thousand-year-old ice within, and upon contact with the warm air of the chamber, wisps of smoke began to emerge.

Zuzi stood closest to the Jade Coffin, her gauze skirt shrouded in icy mist, giving her an extraordinarily ethereal aura that was beyond worldly, making everyone freeze in astonishment.

How can a woman be this beautiful, this celestial?!

Nangong Mo dropped his usual playful and lazy expression, his gaze grew more grave and focused. His long fingers brushed his lips, and for a fleeting moment, he felt the urge to turn this woman's face and take a closer look.

Who exactly is she?

This woman, how did she have the ability to open the coffin, she actually did it.

This is absolutely not something humans can accomplish.

Could she be...

No, impossible, he has seen her many times, seen her face, it's not the face from his memories.

The person in memory was so proud, would never simply hide from him by changing faces.

Moreover, the Immortal Soul of that person had long vanished to unknown whereabouts...

Nangong Mo's eyes were complex, and his thoughts drifted far away, perhaps he was the only one in the field who was completely not curious about what lay inside the Jade Coffin.

Standing a bit farther away, Gu Shiyin behind Nangong Mo was tensely wound up, she clenched her fingers, her face was ashen pale, her teeth silently grinded.

She had decisively made a bet, claiming that Zuzi absolutely couldn't open the coffin, instantly getting a harsh slap in the face.

Without a second's delay.

Yin Hu, trying to squeeze through the crowd closer to her, inadvertently saw her clenching teeth and fists, and froze, rubbing his eyes, thinking he must have seen wrong.

Gentle and poised like Miss Gu, how could she possibly have such a petty side that couldn't accept defeat? He must have mistaken.

Just as he wanted to take a closer look, a burst of exclamations and chatter erupted on site after a momentary silence, immediately drowning out his attention—

"Do you see the remains?"

"With so much mist, where are the remains?"

"Could it be an empty coffin?"

"Hmph, I have long said this is the tomb of my Western Ancestor, it's their clothing and crown grave, not necessarily with a body."

"Don't give me that hindsight, Davis, until the last second Mr. Bai will never allow you to slander our Empire's history and smear our ancestors, foreign bastard, don't try to occupy the magpie's nest!"

"Mr. Bai, Dean Dai, everyone stop arguing, since Miss Zuzi has opened the coffin with her jade hand, I advise everyone to see the truth, no need for wasted words..."

As the mist gradually dissipated, the "remains" lying in the coffin finally revealed its true form.

However, what made everyone gasp was, it wasn't any "remains," but... a rather huge, cold emitting, block of iron.

Unimaginable!

"This isn't a coffin, it's a treasure chest, isn't it?"

"Shouldn't be ordinary iron, such a huge Jade Coffin is already worth a fortune, the iron inside... Could it be the legendary Mystic Iron?"

"Is this tomb built for the iron block? Is it... an iron tomb?"

In the fervent discussions, the most smug was Davis.

He sneered, "I have long said this is not the tomb of your Empire, nor are the remains inside from your Empire, now that the coffin has been opened and verified, what else can you say!"

His words dampened everyone's enthusiasm, each face showing frustration and dejection.

Originally thought opening the coffin would settle everything, at least from the form of the remains, it would be easy to judge whether they were Eastern Race or Western Race.

But now with a piece of iron...

Just as everyone was discouraged, Zuzi's gentle melodious voice rang through the air —

"It's an axe, don't you recognize it?"

Chapter 986: Nangong Mo's Deep Gaze: How Do You Know This Is the Pangu Axe?

Axe, an axe?

Everyone's expression changed upon hearing this, and they looked more closely into the smoke-filled Jade Coffin. Indeed, that piece of "iron" had one end that was thick and straight, and the other end heavy, resembling the shape of a sharp axe.

The more they looked, the more it seemed like one!

The mysterious craftsmanship of nature is truly "axe" craftsmanship.

For a moment, all the people of the Empire present were filled with wonder and admiration, speechless.

However, Davis' eyes were full of sarcasm: "It's just an axe, what's so surprising about it? Since there are no bones in the coffin, you Eastern dwarfs should just admit that you are the descendants of us Westerners and properly worship at our Western ancestors' tomb..."

The arrogant words stopped on his tongue.

It was as if half his tongue had been cut off, and he was unable to speak these wanton mocking words.

His eyes were almost popping out of their sockets as he instinctively stared at Zuzi: "Squeak... uh..."  
What witchcraft did you use, witch!

Zuzi raised her eyes calmly, her delicate hand swept over the smoke above the giant axe in the coffin, and she said leisurely: "The Pangu Axe that created heaven and earth, how can you, a rat, desecrate it?"

Davis' pupils contracted.

Pangu Axe?

Even though he was not familiar with the ancient history of the Empire, names like the Fu Xiqin, Pangu Axe, and Nuwa Stone were vaguely familiar and instantly poured into his mind.

The Pangu Axe, that dates back at least tens of thousands of years.

It exists in myths and cannot be verified.

Could it be that an actual object has been unearthed?

Being a historian and religious person, he understood even more what kind of terrible mystery this implied.

If it could be proven that this was the Pangu Axe, then this tomb would almost certainly be the Pangu Tomb, and it would have nothing to do with Westerners anymore.

He was both shocked and astonished, yet his mouth still couldn't make a sound, and his previously damaged face looked black and red, extremely ugly and embarrassed. He could only glare at Gu Shiyin, signaling for Gu Shiyin to speak on his behalf.

"My dear ancestor, is this really the Immortal Artifact of Emperor Pangu?" Bai Fei's tongue was almost tied, but compared to the person beside him, Feng Tang, he was considered calm. Feng Tang was gasping for breath, his tongue tied, unable to express the astonishment in his heart.

Zuzi slowly nodded: "Yes."

With her affirmative response.

Nangong Mo, who had been silent, squinted his eyes and suddenly spoke: "Miss Zuzi, how do you know this is definitely the Pangu Axe, what did you use to judge? After all, no one in the world has seen the Pangu Axe, what does it actually look like?"

Zuzi lightly traced the dragon pattern on the axe handle from a distance and casually said: "No need to judge, just know it."

Nangong Mo's eyes darkened, about to continue questioning, when Bai Fei blocked the space between him and Zuzi and began to chide him:

"Hey, Nangong Lao Si, others may fear you, but I, Bai Fei, do not. Stop pestering our dear ancestor with these meaningless questions. Didn't you attend elementary school? Any person from the Empire should know by kindergarten that Pangu used an axe to create the heavens and earth, does our dear ancestor need any evidence? Why don't you ask which emperors throughout history were buried with axes? Or ask which Western gods use an axe as a divine artifact? Only our Emperor Pangu!"

Bai Fei went on a rant.

A rant that had everyone nodding in agreement.

Indeed, there hasn't been a single Western god using an axe as a divine artifact. My goodness, I didn't expect such a simple piece of evidence would destroy Davis' theory of civilization originating from the West.

The opening of the coffin was done splendidly!

Gu Shiyin, seeing the situation going south, met Davis' eyes and quickly spoke for him: "Dean Davis' throat isn't well and can't argue with you, but Mr. Bai, these are legends, how can they really be used to prove the tomb owner's origin? What if... this axe was placed inside by later generations?"

Bai Fei: "... Is this woman's brain rusted, why is she always siding with outsiders?"

Chapter 987: In Cahoots with Nangong Mo, Both Are Zuzi's Enemies!

Bai Fei always knew that Gu Shiyin was not a respectable woman, but he never thought she'd be shameless to this extent.

Clear evidence was right there, yet she was still speaking for Davis; either stupid or bad, she was simply rushing to flatter Westerners.

"Put there by later generations? Why don't you say it was carried in by a crow? Gu Shiyin, you sure have a knack for it, getting addicted to betraying your country!" Bai Fei was fuming with anger.

Gu Shiyin remained calm: "Mr. Bai, don't joke, such a large Iron Axe, a crow wouldn't be able to carry it in. I think it's more likely put in by later generations. After all, you also said, the axe is a common tool used by our Empire's people; everyone has one."

Bai Fei: "Who has nothing better to do than come to put an axe here? Are you brainless?"

Little Crow rolled its eyes: "...". Xiao Bai, your arguing skills are weak, trapped by this woman, entangled in who put the axe there, you completely missed the point.

Fu Xiqin was staring fixedly at the Jade Coffin, muttering incessantly: "Did Brother Axe die? Did it die? With Emperor Pangu fallen, did it accompany him in burial? Oh, at least it has a tomb, dying comfortably. My master, however, perished beautifully, without leaving a word... sob..."

Thinking of Fu Xi, it fell into sadness.

Not only Bai Fei, but many people present couldn't help being misled by Gu Shiyin's logic:

"Put there by later generations? What does putting an axe mean?"

"What about the original bones? Were they grave-robbed?"

"So now, we can't rule out the possibility that the original tomb owner was a Westerner?"

"Ah, this is hard, honestly I really hope it's Emperor Pangu's tomb, but speaking academically and scientifically, we can't ignore this possibility..."

Gu Shiyin firmly captured the mindset of these archaeologists, breaking through their defenses from a small loophole and possibility.

Seeing this tactic working, her mood lifted again, and the fingers she had clenched earlier relaxed, lightly swaying beside her leg, as she smiled:

"That's archaeology, truth becomes clearer through debate, and academia knows no borders. Although I am from the Empire, I am willing to stand on the side of truth... Zuzi, do you agree? I hope you can let go of your prejudices and accept the truth too."

One must constantly adjust and repair their persona, she wouldn't forget that.

Seizing the opportunity to jab at Xi Zuzi, she would definitely not forget it, heh.

Xi Zuzi cast her a cool glance: "Of course not. Truth is with the Ancestor."

Gu Shiyin, looking earnest yet helpless, said: "Zuzi, you're so stubborn, I think you might need to read more books. Only after graduating from university will you touch upon the basics of archaeology. Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot, what you studied isn't archaeology; it's the lowest-scoring paleontology. Your lack of understanding in archaeology is understandable..."

Just as Gu Shiyin was speaking eloquently, Nangong Mo suddenly spoke: "Isotope analysis."

Gu Shiyin paused for a moment, then realized: "Fourth Master, you mean... by analyzing the isotope of this axe, we can deduce its era? That's great, Fourth Master, you've reminded us of the most important verification method."

She had a gleaming look in her eyes, thinking indeed Nangong Mo, who had bet that Xi Zuzi couldn't open the coffin, was originally on the same team as her and Davis, both enemies of Xi Zuzi.

Of course, this idea was meant to help find back evidence and regain the lost wager and face.

Thus, she discussed with Davis and the archaeologists for a moment, and they seized the archaeological tools handy to analyze the isotope of the Iron Axe in the Jade Coffin.

For authoritative results, data was simultaneously sent to the president of the International Archaeological Association, asking him to help with sequencing online.

As long as they could prove the axe's era was indeed set later, Xi Zuzi would be instantly crushed today!

Chapter 988: Mixed Up the Generations!

In order to instantly outshine Zuzi on the spot, Gu Shiyin was particularly diligent in her arrangements, personally contacting everyone, almost forgetting that she was only here today to serve as a liaison between Davis and the archaeology team.

Standing beside her, Yin Hu looked increasingly bewildered: "Miss Gu, do we really need to help Davis to such an extent?"

Gu Shiyin's eyes immediately brimmed with unshed tears: "Brother Hu, are you, like Zuzi and Bai Fei, starting to maliciously speculate about me? Using national sentiment to morally coerce me?"

Seeing Yin Hu shake his head vigorously, looking utterly flustered as if she had seen through his thoughts, she chuckled lightly without revealing her emotions:

"Brother Hu, patriotism is important, but adherence to science and truth is even more so. Look, even a businessman like Nangong Mo, a big CEO, can remain clear-headed and rational, proposing a scientific method like isotope testing in the face of archaeological academia, instead of insisting like Zuzi and the others, who claim whose tomb it is with unverifiable, mysterious statements. Do you think Nangong Mo is also helping Dean Davis?"

Yin Hu had a splitting headache.

A person like Nangong Mo certainly didn't care to pick sides, and couldn't be bothered to even exchange glances with Davis.

It didn't matter whether he was patriotic or not.

He genuinely seemed to be standing from a third-party position, objectively suggesting a method of testing.

So, Miss Gu, like Nangong Mo, isn't unpatriotic, just rational and objective, right?

His mind was already convinced by Gu Shiyin.

But somewhere in his heart, for some reason, he still felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Yin Hu awkwardly stood there, forcing himself to focus on the test results.

At this moment.

Feeling just as awkward and conflicted as Yin Hu was Bian Xiaohong, who was covertly filming with a phone in the side tomb chamber.

Her hands were entirely out of her control, wanting to stop filming and uploading yet entirely unable.

As if cursed, she continued filming with cold sweat breaking out.

When she saw the comments section buzzing with astonishment at the "goddess" opening the coffin, she felt like dying.

It was by her own hands that she sent the person she disliked the most trending, placing them on a sacred pedestal in the eyes of netizens!

But when Nangong Mo proposed isotope testing, occasional doubts about the "goddess" emerged in the comments section, finally easing her mood a bit.

She stared at the isotope test results intently, praying a thousand times in her heart: Heavens, all spirits, quickly prove that Zuzi is talking nonsense, quickly let her be embarrassed in public. Whatever it takes to make this wish come true, I promise you anything!

While praying, she was suddenly startled by what seemed like a cold glimmer from Zuzi's direction, then heard someone shouting loudly: "The isotope test results are out, synchronized domestically and abroad!"

Bai Fei shouted excitedly, like a proud wild swan with its neck outstretched: "See, the isotope test shows this iron axe is over thirty thousand years old!"

"Thirty thousand years," Feng Tang continued with a trembling voice, "Do you know what thirty thousand years means? The origin date of Ancient Greek mythology is less than ten thousand years ago! And you Westerners still dare to claim supremacy over the Empire?"

The archaeology team members were even more excited: "This means the iron axe completely matches the mythological era of Pangu. Pangu, Fu Xi, Nuwa, they were all gods from ten thousand years ago, and the artifacts they used should indeed date back tens of thousands of years."

"Western archaeological history has yet to unearth such ancient tombs; the Ancient Egyptian Pyramids date back 4,500 years and Ancient Greek tombs date back 3,500 years... And yet, just now, Davis had the cheek to call our tens of thousands of years old Fusang Tree a few thousand years old Western Bronze Divine Wood? Saying our Ancestor's chariot, the Golden Crow, is your tiny Phoenix?"

"You're messing up the generations, hey!"

Chapter 989: Zuzi Is Very Beautiful, Like His Sister

The heated discussions almost seemed to lift the colorful glazed roof of the burial chamber.

The 30,000-year-old Pangu Axe instantly obliterated Davis's fallacy that civilization originated in the West.

And all of this is thanks to the man who just proposed isotope testing to deduce the age—Nangong Mo.

Zuzi glanced casually at the man. Amidst the archaeologists' revelry, she lazily and quietly closed the Jade Coffin with a flick of her hand.

Still unwilling to concede defeat, Davis was arguing with the president of the International Archaeological Association, resisting desperately: "President, I demand a retest. The isotope results are absolutely abnormal. How could there possibly be a tomb that dates back thousands of years? If it's been this long, everything in the tomb should have carbonized to ashes, not be in the current state!"

Gu Shiyin kept muttering, "This is not scientific, this does not comply with science..."

On the phone, the president of the International Archaeological Association was stroking his beard and shaking his head, the wrinkles from smiling evident on his elderly face: "Archaeology is all about breaking the boundaries of science to explore and discover what science cannot reach. If archaeological results are always as expected, what fun and allure is there in this field? Davis, Miss Gu, your biases run deep; it's you who need to change your mindset."

The president of the International Archaeological Association, a genuine M-country person, was willing to uphold justice by personally verifying the isotope test results, thoroughly eliminating Davis's hopes of overturning the findings.

Gu Shiyin was still attempting to persuade the president, but Bai Fei teasingly interrupted her, proudly with her swan-like neck raised, "Miss Gu, still interested in meddling in foreign affairs? Have you paid off the bet you owe me?"

Gu Shiyin's pretty face almost couldn't maintain her usual graceful composure.

What had she just bet with Bai Fei?

Oh, yes, she followed Nangong Mo's lead in betting, wagering her teaching position at Imperial University, betting that Zuzi couldn't open the coffin.

It was like walking right into a face slap.

Just when everyone had almost forgotten about it, Bai Fei insisted on bringing it up loudly, slapping her once more.

Wait, didn't Nangong Mo lose too, losing a large mine worth billions on the spot?

Shouldn't he be hating Zuzi intensely?

Yet, despite proposing isotope testing, which seemed to make things difficult for Zuzi, he was actually helping her strike a final, perfect blow.

Nangong Mo was clearly not on her and Davis's side!

Realizing this, Gu Shiyin felt like she had been stabbed heavily in the chest, unable to respond to Bai Fei's mockery, only muttering to Nangong Mo, "Fourth Master, why, why would you help Zuzi?"

She always prided herself on reading people's minds accurately and exploiting their weaknesses without fail, yet this time she failed to see through Nangong Mo's attitude toward Zuzi.

Nangong Mo, coldly and without a glance at her, focused all his attention on Zuzi's figure: "She is very beautiful, like my sister."

Gu Shiyin was caught off guard, stunned silent!

Nangong Mo's reason was truly... a blatant preference for beauty.

Here she was, a great beauty standing before him, yet Nangong Mo didn't even look at her, his mind full of praises for Zuzi's beauty?

The key point is, the Nangong family does not have any daughters in this generation, where would he have a sister?

Clearly, he was flirting with Zuzi.

Wait, if this scene could be witnessed by Bao Gucheng, if Bao Gucheng could see Zuzi charming men outside...

Today, she lost so miserably in the archaeological field against Davis; if she couldn't redeem herself in another area, she couldn't rest easy.

"Brother Hu, where's your phone?"

Glancing at Zuzi's flowing figure as she smoothed the Jade Coffin and Nangong Mo's tall figure walking towards Zuzi, she spoke softly.

Chapter 990: She Has an Unspeakable Secret

"The phone... I just borrowed the archaeological team's power to charge it. Let me see if it's charged."

Yin Hu responded and quickly retrieved the phone.

Finally, it powered on. Before he had a chance to check the messages, he handed the phone to Gu Shiyin, "Do you need the phone, Miss Gu?"

He truly wasn't trying to curry favor. He was simply accustomed to answering Miss Gu's requests; it was a genuine respect and admiration, difficult to change even with doubts in his heart.

Gu Shiyin smiled, "It's not that I need it. I just suddenly realized, this ancient tomb has received international expert certification, marking a great achievement for the Empire's archaeology. Though I lost the bet personally, I'm genuinely happy for the Empire's archaeological community. Do you want to take photos and share this honor with Mr. Bo and Brother Long?"

Yin Hu was stunned, his heart stirred.

Unexpectedly, Miss Gu remained as gracious and composed as ever.

Even after losing, she still remembered to share the joy.

The last traces of doubt and awkwardness in his heart vanished, leaving only full admiration, even feeling a bit ashamed for having doubted Miss Gu's patriotism.

How could he have doubted Miss Gu?

Yin Hu busied himself taking photos and posting them in the "Open Heaven Twelve Ancestors" group chat.

In photo after photo, the entire glazed dome, the splendid Fusang Bronze Tree, Golden Crow, the gigantic Jade Coffin, and, of course, the figure standing beside the Jade Coffin.

Gu Shiyin smiled faintly.

These photos would quietly capture the intimate interactions between Zuzi and Nangong Mo.

Once the photos reached Bao Gucheng's group, Bao Gucheng himself would soon find out.

How particular is Bao Gucheng about cleanliness? He would never like a woman who's flamboyant outside, getting intimate with other men.

Gu Shiyin watched Yin Hu upload the photos with her own eyes.

"Alright, Miss Gu, Mr. Bo and the others will surely be very happy to see this. It's a proud moment that highlights our Empire's prestige!" Yin Hu said with pride.

"Brother Hu, I'm happy too... Wait, did you crop the photos?" Gu Shiyin felt something was amiss as she looked at the pictures.

"I didn't crop anything."

"Then why, why is it like this?"

In the images, there was only Nangong Mo and no Zuzi!

She had clearly guided Yin Hu to take photos in Zuzi's direction.

How could Zuzi not appear in the photos?

Suddenly she thought of something, grabbed Yin Hu's phone, and opened Weibo, checking the top trending videos, each portraying the earlier debate over the ancient tomb's ownership.

Not a single video captured Zuzi.

Her anxiety grew, lips trembling slightly, "Brother Hu, can we take another one?" Now it wasn't about using intimate photos to drive a wedge between Zuzi and Bao Gucheng. The question was why Zuzi seemed invisible in the photos.

Yin Hu was puzzled, "Huh? Where do I take a photo now?"

Gu Shiyin was about to raise her hand to point toward Zuzi's direction.

The next moment, Zuzi turned back with a sweet yet ambiguous smile, glancing at her.

A lazy, mocking voice seemed to whisper in her ear, "Do you think you're worthy of capturing the Ancestor's appearance? You haven't lived long enough for that."

"Who? Who's talking to me?! Brother Hu!"

"I didn't hear anything."

"No, someone was talking to me!"

The smile at the corner of Gu Shiyin's mouth gradually froze, a boundless fear uncontrollably filled her eyes.

This woman, whom she had always considered a rival, what inexplicable secret did she hold?

Who exactly is Zuzi?!