

Big Shot 991

Chapter 991: Nangong Mo's Interrogation, Invisible Blades Drawn!

Gu Shiyin stood frozen in place, her blood seemingly coagulated and unable to flow, her scalp tingling with numbness.

She was still meticulously plotting a minor scheme to sow discord between Zuzi and Bao Gucheng, but Zuzi had long been in complete control of the situation.

It was as if she were a proud bird on the ground that had just captured a worm with a minor trick, only to look up and find a divine dragon in the clouds lazily swiping its tail, glancing at the earth without a care for her existence.

A world of difference.

This feeling was utterly dreadful, the sense of helplessness, humiliation, and despair made her wish she could die at that moment!

It's not scary to lose a bet, failing once is not scary, what's scary is... being out of reach.

==

At this moment.

Beside the Jade Coffin.

Nangong Mo strode towards Zuzi.

His eyes deep: "Miss Xi, do you... have an older brother?"

Zuzi turned around, her gaze lazily swept past Gu Shiyin not far away, who was sneaking around, and sent over a faint pressure.

Then she smiled lightly, turning her eyes, not dodging or avoiding, staring straight at Nangong Mo:
"Yeah."

Nangong Mo's breath slightly tightened: "Do you... want to see your brother?"

Zuzi seemed lazy, propping her chin as if pondering for a moment: "Which brother are you referring to? I have three at home."

What were their names again, Xi Qingfeng, Xi Langyue, Xi Chansha.

Xiao Sha really knows how to name people.

Nangong Mo froze upon hearing this.

It turns out the brothers she mentioned are the Xi family's three brothers.

This was not the answer he wanted.

Unsure whether this woman was playing dumb or not.

He stared at Zuzi, forcing the question: "You haven't answered my question clearly just now, how did you know that lying in this coffin is definitely the Pangu Axe?"

Zuzi casually replied, "I just knew, didn't the coffin have it carved on it."

Nangong Mo paused for a moment.

His gaze swept over the Jade Coffin again, indeed, within the pale jade color, the patterns originally looking like cloud patterns, when viewed consecutively actually formed a long giant axe, clearly resembling the Pangu Axe.

But previously, no one had noticed this detail.

Is the truth really this simple?

Did she just happen to guess it?

Nangong Mo's eyes were complex, he asked solemnly again: "Then how did you open the coffin? This isn't something a mortal can do!"

The atmosphere instantly became tense and dangerous.

The words "mortal" slipped out, Nangong Mo was indeed entranced.

Zuzi's pair of ebony-like phoenix eyes stared at him for a moment.

Just as Nangong Mo felt that he finally hit the nail on the head, tearing off Zuzi's disguise, he heard the little woman across from him let out a faint laugh, her demeanor particularly lazy and playful: "Maybe it wanted to open the door itself? It was just a coincidence that I was here."

The heavy and dangerous atmosphere seemed to be invisibly shattered.

Nangong Mo didn't expect such a reply.

A coincidence?

The Pangu Axe wanted to come out on its own?

It's not impossible.

As far as he knew, opening such an ancient divine artifact requires the "key" left by the one who sealed the coffin, as for what this "key" is, mortals cannot know nor find it.

Even he was unaware of what kind of key the deities might leave.

Therefore, earlier he was willing to place a bet with Bai Fei.

But if the Pangu Axe itself wishes to open the coffin and showcase itself to the world...

Nangong Mo breathed slowly, casting a sidelong glance at the Jade Coffin.

"Why is the coffin closed?"

"Damn, I didn't have time to take more photos."

"This peerless treasure, seeing it once means seeing it less, I should have gazed intently just now..."

The archaeologists were pounding their chests in frustration, surrounding the Jade Coffin that had inexplicably shut tight once more.

"Miss Xi, can you open it again?" someone pleaded.

Zuzi slightly shook her head: "I can't. It was just a coincidence earlier."

Nangong Mo: "..."

His questions remain unanswered, instead growing increasingly enigmatic.

She, a mere mortal, can open the Divine Coffin, is it truly a coincidence?

Chapter 992: The Man Who Is Both Righteous and Evil—If He's Sick, He Needs Treatment!

Nangong Mo doesn't believe there are so many coincidences in the world.

He gazed at Zuzi's increasingly ethereal and beautiful face, his feelings growing ever more complicated.

Clearly a mere mortal, why does she bear such a similar aura and elegance to the one in his memories?

His sharp gaze scanned around Zuzi, deciding to observe more closely what this woman did rather than listen to what she said.

Words from a woman are not necessarily trustworthy.

While pondering, a voice reached his ears: "Mr. Nangong, your timing is perfect, our team has just surveyed the ancient tomb..."

"What report?" Nangong Mo asked absentmindedly, his eyes never leaving Zuzi.

As Zuzi and Bai Fei walked out, he also began heading outside.

Feng Tang followed: "It's your medical report, the bone scan. We've discovered that a particular vertebra in the image has a physiological curvature very similar to a fossil in the tomb. My student has extracted the fossil, and once we return to campus, I will ask my colleagues in the Ancient Biology Department to study it thoroughly. Can you recall if you ever had a bone transplant or suffered any injury..."

Feng Tang was serious about his studies.

But Nangong Mo wore a sarcastic smile: "Troublemaker! This isn't my report; you've got it wrong. No need to continue the research."

Feng Tang: "... " Annoyed at an old man for being meddlesome? Ha, if it weren't for solving your problem, why would an old man like me crawl into an ancient tomb?

Nangong Mo's secretary: "... " Didn't you say you were here to collect the report?

Feng Tang thought Nangong Mo was in a bad mood for losing the bet on the recent coffin opening, so he didn't argue, handing the original CT scan image to Nangong Mo for a look:

"Mr. Nangong, if you're sick, you should get treated. Your vertebra has suddenly degenerated to resemble that of prehistoric creatures, which is unusual. It must be a genetic mutation; you should be cautious of rare genetic diseases..."

The persistent old scholar advised earnestly.

Who knew.

Nangong Mo simply chuckled coldly, withdrawing a lighter from his robe.

The next moment, his long fingers flicked.

"Whoosh!"

Flames shot up, and he set the CT scan on fire right in front of them!

"Ah! What are you doing... this is not right!" Feng Tang lamented, unable to save it in time, watching helplessly as the CT scan turned to ashes in seconds.

Bai Fei glanced back and sneered, "Hey, Nangong Mo, you are so unethical. Igniting a fire in the ancient tomb, you're harming the cultural heritage of the Empire!"

Nangong Mo glanced coldly back: "Just a pit in the ground."

The tone suggested that, in his eyes, the recently identified three-thousand-year-old Pangu Axe was nothing more than an ordinary household tool for chopping wood in his backyard.

Everyone present couldn't help but hold their breath.

Wanting to reprimand Nangong Mo for his disdain towards artifacts, but considering the credit he earned for suggesting the isotope test earlier, no one could find the words.

Sigh, this man is truly beyond good or evil, simply unable to be judged by normal human standards.

The archeological team had gained a great deal this time, but Feng Tang's team ended up with nothing to show for it, with the research findings destroyed before they could even begin.

Feng Tang, along with his students, left dejectedly, following the path out.

In the distance, at the entrance to the burial chamber, dust and leaves lifted as a silver-gray airplane slowly descended upon the open field, stirring the air around.

Zuzi and Bai Fei halted in their tracks.

Nangong Mo, however, pressed on without pause, standing beside Zuzi, completely ignoring the plane, his gaze fixated intently on the side of Zuzi's face.

The plane's steps were lowered, and a man draped in a dark green uniform overcoat descended with long strides, dark eyes profound, exuding an aura of battle-readiness.

Feng Tang sighed with a "Oh no":

"Miss Zuzi's bodyguard... has come again!"

Chapter 993: Flying Into the Man's Arms!

In the deserted wilderness, Bao Gucheng, dressed in a full uniform coat brimming with menace, strode down from the plane and headed straight toward the entrance of the ancient tomb.

The man's eyes bore into Zuzi and Nangong Mo, a murderous gaze unrestrained.

In Feng Tang's mind, the first image that flashed was when this formidable "bodyguard" and Zuzi were inseparable at the Qingcheng Fuxi Palace.

After blurting it out, he realized his mistake and awkwardly corrected himself: "Ahem... Mr. Bao is here..."

The surrounding archaeological team members and students were already stunned.

To land a plane in this deserted place and with a model unseen before, what kind of background does this man have!

Bao...

A prominent figure with the surname Bao from the imperial capital...

Could he be that master?

Is he here on behalf of the nation to take over this Pangu Tomb?

For a moment, everyone was overawed by the man's aura and unconsciously stepped back to make way for him.

Only Nangong Mo had his whole heart and mind focused on Zuzi, desperately wanting answers to his doubts.

He didn't care about the big plane or Bao Gucheng; he walked to Zuzi's side, his long eyes narrowed, his voice laid-back yet with the usual insistence: "Miss Xi, take my car, I think we need to continue our conversation."

"About what?" Zuzi absentmindedly replied, her gaze falling on the man who just disembarked, a slight curve on her lips.

Nangong Mo frowned: "Naturally about the Pangu Axe."

And where you came from, and what other secrets you know.

This charisma and elegance, are they related to that person?

Nangong Mo pressed on relentlessly, but Zuzi brushed it off lightly: "Oh, the axe is in the tomb, you can talk to it, I'm not familiar with it."

Saying this, with delicate steps, the white dress fluttered as she ran towards Bao Gucheng.

Before Nangong Mo could respond, he was caught off guard as he saw her actively running towards Bao Gucheng.

A pair of snow-white arms opened wide, flying into Bao Gucheng's arms, crashing into the man's chest, burying her forehead into him, taking a deep breath with a tone that was lazy yet satisfied, murmuring:

"Mmm... Xiao Cheng smells so good..."

The murderous aura in Bao Gucheng's eyes was instantly soothed by her gentle words.

The towering temper from seeing the video in the office moments ago was extinguished at once.

The onlookers were all taken aback.

Never would they have imagined that such a menacing figure could be tamed by a pounce from Zuzi!

Additionally, they hadn't noticed in the tomb how passionate Miss Xi was; all along, she appeared absent-minded, indifferent, and lazily nonchalant, not even excited when revealing the Pangu Axe.

Yet now she pounced on a man!

What kind of bold move is this?

Nangong Mo was even more taken aback, frozen in place.

Unbeknownst to him, this bold move wasn't over yet.

She bounced, seemingly satisfied, and lifted her small face to greet Bao Gucheng: "Xiao Cheng, why have you come?"

Bao Gucheng paused, pondered silently, tightened his long arms, clasping her neck closer, burying her little face even deeper into him.

With so many men of different ages present, it was best not to let these filthy guys see his little woman's fairy-like face that could ruin countries.

With her face buried, he twined her long hair, finally speaking slowly: "If it smells good, smell it a while longer."

Saying this, he cast a cool glance at Nangong Mo not far away, whose once provocative eyes were now bewildered and frowning.

Upgraded bold move!

Proclaiming, his, sovereignty!

Chapter 994: Did Bao Gucheng Rise to the Top with His Looks? Is He the Overlooked Underachiever?

Bao Gucheng's direct claim of dominion made the dark clouds swirl in Nangong Mo's eyes.

In an instant, it seemed as if a silent storm had risen in the several feet's distance between the two men.

Watching as the bloody drama of two men fighting over a woman was about to unfold, Bai Fei decisively pulled Feng Tang forward to stand in front of Nangong Mo:

"Hey hey, where's Yin Hu, brother? Lao Feng, did you see? His boss came in person, where the heck did he run off to? He's got no sense at all, not even rushing over to guide his boss's plane..."

His gaze swept over the crowd and stopped at Gu Shiyin, whose slightly evasive eyes quickly turned away, avoiding his.

Ah, seeing Mr. Bo ignoring her must sting a lot, huh?

Bai Fei didn't think much of it. He was only bringing up Yin Hu to break the deadlock, and since the guy didn't follow suit, he decided to quickly send this big Buddha, the walking cannonball Bao Gucheng, off.

"Mr. Bo, my car's out of gas, can I hitch a ride with your plane?" He rambled on while trying hard to keep Nangong Mo and Bao Gucheng's lines of sight apart, to prevent an escalation.

Bao Gucheng lifted his eyelids slightly and let out a low nasal "Hmm": "No space. Go on your own."

What?

That big plane has no seats? Are they bullying me because my surname means white and think I'm an idiot?

In his effort to alleviate the tension, Bai Fei felt his hard work shattered into pieces.

He was so sensible not to put on a scene of three men fighting over one woman, choosing instead to side with Bao Gucheng, first excluding Nangong Mo, yet this guy just discarded him once he was of no more use!

He turned to Zuzi, complaining: "Little Fairy, Bao Gucheng isn't being fair!"

Zuzi lifted her head from Bao Gucheng's shoulder nook, her watery eyes drowsy: "Mmm, Xiao Cheng, help him, will you?"

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple moved: "Alright."

Just as Bai Fei rejoiced at successfully complaining and having the Little Fairy pity and protect him, who would have thought, Bao Gucheng would blandly instruct Chen Long behind him: "Go refuel his car, send him and the professor back to the city."

Bai Fei was dumbfounded: "..."

What?

Just that?

"I helped you fend off love rivals, and you play me like a rival, throwing me away to the ends of the earth..." Bai Fei groaned.

However, Bao Gucheng had already wrapped his arm around Zuzi's slender waist, and stepped onto the plane.

Bai Fei decided to switch sides, turning to make way for Nangong Mo: "Hey, Fourth Master, aren't you going after Little Fairy? You should act when it's time to act!"

Nangong Mo's thin lips were tightly pursed, saying nothing.

Instead, it was the two people gradually walking away who murmured softly, with their words carried by the wind to the ears of the onlookers—

"Things over there were delayed, so I came late."

"Not at all, Xiao Cheng, you came just in time, bringing good luck, the coffin opened smoothly."

"Next time I'll accompany you throughout."

"Mm ah..."

Nangong Mo took a deep breath, his chest inexplicably stifled: Could Bao Gucheng, who hadn't appeared full-time, be compared to him for proposing the key idea of isotope measurement, for his contribution to opening the coffin?

That woman actually praised Bao Gucheng?

Come on, does Bao Gucheng rise to power just by looks?

He felt like an outstanding student who answered all questions correctly but was ignored by the teacher, losing to a slacker who only flattered the teacher.

Bai Fei, not understanding his mood, asked puzzled: "Fourth Master, could you be afraid of Bao Gucheng?"

Nangong Mo stood with his arms behind his back, staring at the small woman in Bao Gucheng's embrace until they both disappeared into the plane's cabin, then he said softly: "Not her."

"What?" Bai Fei didn't understand again.

Nangong Mo didn't explain either.

Even if he explained, no one in this world could understand.

The years apart from that person were too lengthy, his longing sunk deep into his bones. Seeing a mere mortal woman, they all seemed reminiscent of that person.

Zuzi, Zuzi, in the end, they only looked similar.

That person would never be so close to a man.

Would never be so foolish, unable to tell who contributed more, favoring solely based on looks, ha!

Chapter 995: Mr. Bo Attracts a Man's Attention; Retribution for Sins

Certainly, here's the translation:

Nangong Mo's purple eyes gradually extinguished their dazzling light, returning to indifference.

Beside him, Bai Fei hadn't yet realized the man's change, still trying hard to cajole him, "Fourth Young Master, if you're afraid of Bao Gucheng, just say it. He's snatching people right in front of you, taking food from the tiger's mouth, he..."

Especially since he didn't even bring him along on the plane, humph!

Nangong Mo interrupted Bai Fei, his tone cold and lazy, "I'm not interested in the people he lays hands on."

Bai Fei was shocked.

No way, Fourth Young Master, that wasn't your attitude in the tomb chamber earlier.

Damn, you were practically glued to my little Ancestor, following him step by step, and now you shamelessly claim you're not interested?

Who would've thought, that what shocked him even more was Nangong Mo not avoiding him at all, instructing his subordinates right in front of him, "Watch Bao Gucheng."

Bai Fei: "... " Watch who? Wait, could it be, Nangong Mo is actually interested in Mr. Bo??

So the little Ancestor is actually a love rival to Fourth Young Master Nangong?

Bai Fei was thoroughly confused.

With a face full of despair, he searched the crowd, "Yin Hu? Where the hell did Yin Hu go? Hurry and come gossip with me about how your master would attract men's attention..."

The figure of Yin Hu did not appear for a long time.

Instead, Gu Shiyin, as if being chased by ghosts, quickly paced towards Yin Hu's car.

Seeing that the archaeologists and students in the tomb chamber had mostly left, the last one out, Bian Xiaohong, was wandering about, supporting herself against the wall, her legs weak, crawling out. Still, Yin Hu and Davis were nowhere to be seen.

Bai Fei felt something was amiss, "Professor Feng, are they still inside doing research?"

Feng Tang shook his head, "No way. To prevent tomb robbers, the main tomb chamber's door was sealed before we came out. Everyone exited through the passageway."

Bai Fei: "So Yin Hu and the others vanished into thin air?"

The last one out, Bian Xiaohong, gasping for breath, fawningly said to Feng Tang, "Professor, I saw, those foreigners left from the other side of the passageway. They said there was an exit there..."

No sooner were the words out.

A distant "boom—" was heard.

In broad daylight, it was like thunder from a clear sky, exploding at the other end of the ancient tomb.

Feng Tang's face changed, "The tomb exit over there was dug by tomb robbers hundreds of years ago. The passageway must have collapsed!"

Bai Fei was actually quite pleased, "Serves them right, those foreigners blabbering nonsense in our Ancestor's tomb, desecrating our forebears, deserved to face divine retribution. It's best that they're crushed to death in the tomb passage, serving as sacrificial offerings to our Ancestors for their sins."

Everyone nodded one after another, not because they were gloating, but because Davis' ridiculous theories earlier had made them quite angry. Honestly, hearing the news of the tomb passage's collapse was very satisfying.

Beside them, Bian Xiaohong's legs grew even weaker.

She thought of how, in the tomb chamber, her hands were constantly filming the scene uncontrollably. Was it because she filmed the Ancestor's grave that angered the Ancestor, making her unable to stop filming?

Gu Shiyin, already by Yin Hu's car, staggered at the news, then more quickly scrambled, opening the car door, crawling into the driver's seat, her arm gripping the steering wheel trembling uncontrollably.

She took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down—

"Gu Shiyin, what are you afraid of? Don't be afraid, you should be glad."

"Yin Hu went to chase Davis. Although you instructed him to retrieve something, as long as he's also crushed to death, no one will know it's related to you."

"It's even more unlikely anyone will know you had already explored the other side of the tomb passage, aware of the collapse risk there."

"No one knows any of this, the people who should die have died perfectly!"

"Most perfect of all, the matter of Yin Hu leaking Mr. Bo's whereabouts will be forever buried in the grave..."

She now had the chance to rise again.

Chapter 996: King Bao of Vinegar: You're Not Allowed to Touch Another Man's Sheep!

Aircraft cockpit.

Bao Gucheng personally at the helm.

Zuzi, with her jade-like fingers supporting her snow-white cheek, leaned lazily on the co-pilot seat next to the man, watching the news on the onboard display screen.

Every news channel was frantically reporting on the latest archaeological discoveries of the "Pangu Tomb."

Especially the debate in the tomb chamber just now about the origins of Empire and Western history, full of twists and turns, was hailed by the media as the "debate of the century," and Zuzi's spirited yet calm arguments, heard but unseen, were praised as divine insights.

"The kids spread gossip quite fast indeed." Zuzi watched for a while and concluded.

It turned out international news was just a little gossip in her eyes.

Bao Gucheng's lips twitched slightly, glancing at the small, black metal piece Zuzi was playing with absent-mindedly: "Fossil from the tomb?"

"No." Zuzi pinched the palm-sized Pangu Axe, curled her lips into a shallow smile, "Does Xiao Cheng want to say the Ancestor took it easily?"

Bao Gucheng raised his eyebrows slightly, his tone slightly somber, as if he meant something else: "You can take anything from the tomb, Miss Zuzi. If need be, I'll buy them all for you. However..."

"However what?"

"No touching other men's possessions." The man's rarely assertive tone carried a hint of mild grievance.

"Hmm?" Zuzi looked at Bao Gucheng with interest, studied the man's solemn expression for a moment, then suddenly laughed lightly, "Xiao Cheng, how do you know I've touched someone else's possessions?"

When she took that jade button from Nangong Mo, she bet no one noticed.

Including Nangong Mo himself, who probably still doesn't know he's missing something.

The boy, who wasn't present, actually noticed?

Bao Gucheng's gaze darkened, the grievance growing stronger: "Because I have experience being touched by you."

Zuzi: "..."

Ah, the Ancestor was speechless for the first time, suddenly at a loss for words because of the child's words.

After a few seconds of silence, she laughed again, her voice breezed into Bao Gucheng's ear, "Xiao Cheng, Ancestor didn't touch him. He doesn't smell good, um... at least not as good as you."

Zuzi's serious explanation left Bao Gucheng blushing rapidly from ears to neck.

That phrase "didn't touch him" brought extreme comfort.

And "not as good as you" made his breath catch!

Instinct told him that Zuzi initiated the "hug" with Nangong Mo in the tomb chamber because he had something she needed.

After all, the first time she "touched" him was purely for his jade, completely different from today.

Bao Gucheng felt like he couldn't fly this plane anymore.

He really wanted... to pull her from the co-pilot seat and keep her in his arms for her to have enough scent.

Taking a deep breath, realizing they're alone in the plane with no other pilot available, Bao Gucheng could only suppress some overwhelming thoughts, quietly said, "Give me your hand."

Zuzi naturally placed her hand on his arm.

Bao Gucheng's breath tightened again.

She didn't even know what he was going to do with her hand, yet she gave it to him defenselessly. If he was even slightly ungentlemanly...

Bao Gucheng choked for a few seconds, holding her weightless hand with one hand, removed her smartwatch for charging, changed the topic hoarsely, "Next time when it's almost out of battery, expose it to sunlight... or I'll have the developers enhance the battery performance."

Zuzi, however, seemed thoughtful: "So it's not enough light that caused it to shut off... um, that's simple, I'll have Xiao Jin shine on it next time."

Xiao Jin.

Her pet bird.

Bao Gucheng: "..."

His little woman could talk nonsense with such seriousness, yet she was so adorable!

To suppress the occasional urges, the man could only try to change the topic again: "What are your plans tomorrow? I'll accompany you."

Chapter 997: Three-Person Date? One Person Monopolizes the Little Ancestor!

"Tomorrow's plans..." Zuzi propped her chin and thought for a while, then suddenly looked at Xiao Cheng with interest, "What do you want to plan? Tell me?"

"A date with me." Xiao Cheng naturally suggested without changing his expression.

Zuzi didn't really understand the deep meaning behind the word "date," and nodded casually, "Hmm, a date..."

Before she could finish, the watch that was charging played a pleasant ringtone for an incoming call.

Zuzi lifted her delicate finger and tapped the screen, "What's up, Xiao He?"

"Little Ancestor, I managed to get the invitation tickets to your school's military training report performance, I want to present you flowers, you're truly my forever idol, the moment I heard that celestial voice opening the Pangu Axe, I instantly knew it was you. I even bought two VIP movie tickets, how about we go watch a movie after the report performance? It's a newly released fantasy drama, reportedly super good. I've booked a couple's theater..."

Bai He's excited voice babbled from the watch, and it must be said that the Bai Family siblings are indeed descendants of the same clay figure, with unparalleled genetic similarity.

Zuzi hadn't responded yet.

Next to her, a certain man's face darkened by ten degrees, lips parted vaguely, rejecting on her behalf, "She's not available."

Having guarded against both male and female wolves, he hadn't even taken a bite of the meat, he's truly exhausted.

On the other end of the line, Bai He heard Xiao Cheng's voice and let out a frustrated howl, "Mr. Bo, you can't monopolize Little Ancestor all by yourself, anyway, Little Ancestor was originally going back to school to participate in activities tomorrow..."

Xiao Cheng coldly replied, "She's going on a date with me."

"Then, then I don't mind buying one more ticket for you..." Bai He compromised, thinking of an accommodating solution.

"I mind," the man unceremoniously rejected.

Bai He: "..."

Ahh, why can't this cold and annoying man be locked in prison a bit longer!

Listening to their argument, Zuzi asked Xiao Cheng puzzledly, "Can't we have a three-person date?"

Xiao Cheng's lips twitched slightly, but his face remained serious, "It's against ethics."

"Oh," Zuzi nodded, and said towards the other end of the phone, "Xiao He, go enjoy the performance yourself, the Ancestor will see you."

Bai He hung up the phone in full grievance.

Thinking about the Little Ancestor who was taken away by Xiao Cheng, the racing trophy she just received seemed less appealing.

Moreover, she slightly didn't understand Zuzi's last statement: Since Little Ancestor is going on a date with Xiao Cheng alone, how would she still see her? It must be for comfort, boohoo.

After dismissing Bai He, who was competing for date time, Xiao Cheng's expression improved a bit, and he pondered, consulting Zuzi's opinion, "Fancy a movie?"

Bai He did remind him, after all, about the couple's theater, such a private place.

Zuzi: "Is it like the script Xiao Sha writes?"

"Pretty much. The plot is more compact and suitable for two people to watch." Xiao Cheng thought and responded. For someone who rarely watches movies, this was the only evaluation he could think of.

Zuzi willingly agreed, "Then I'll let Xiao Cheng arrange it."

Fu Xiqin, who had been listening intently to the two's conversation from Zuzi's sleeve, excitedly muttered, "Great, I can follow the Ancestor to watch mini-movies, eat sunflower seeds and gossip again!"

The little crow sneered, "Look at you, as if you've never seen the world. What fun can mortal scripts have? I've seen them all."

Obediently resting in Zuzi's palm, the Pangu Axe cautiously lifted its head, "Brother Jin, Mr. Qin, is this boy beside the Ancestor a newly accepted disciple?"

A piano and a bird simultaneously found a sense of superiority, and disdainfully looked over, "You clueless blockhead!"

Chapter 998: For the Little Ancestor, Even the Gods Clash!

The Pangu Axe, actually over thirty thousand years old, in front of both the zither and the bird at this moment, seemed like a bumbling child just starting kindergarten, not daring to speak loudly at all:

"Ahem, I just find it strange why Ancestor would be so kind and accommodating to this young boy. Ancestor never used to care about men, if I remember correctly?"

The Pangu Axe had been buried for countless years in Pangu's tomb and knew nothing of the changes in the Divine Realm and the mortal world. Thus, when it was suddenly released, it faced the Fu Xiqin and Golden Crow, who had flourished for tens of thousands of years in the mortal world, feeling unconfident and worried it might say something wrong.

Both the zither and the bird spoke in unison: "You're not mistaken about that."

The Pangu Axe felt much relieved: "I remember my master once fought with Fu Xi for a joke, battling three hundred rounds, and was wounded by that cunning Fu Xi. When Ancestor came to do justice, my master was very moved, but who knew Ancestor would look at the injury and say that my master was diligent in creating heaven and earth but negligent in cultivating divine power, swinging this axe awkwardly, and seriously drew a few instructional diagrams for my master... Instead of gentle comfort, he was assigned homework, leaving my master frustrated and disappointed, from then on, he looked at me with disdain, blaming me for not chopping Fu Xi to death..."

Fu Xiqin bristled: "Hey, you can mention Pangu, but why bring up my master. Hey, but this reminds me, later Ancestor made my master apologize to Pangu, and with a grand gesture, my master directly built a luxurious tomb for Pangu. When Pangu heard about it, he was so furious that he tossed you away. I heard other divine artifacts gossiping, some said he drowned himself in the sea, some said he turned into mud, others said he scattered his spiritual energy leaving only a shell... hey, who asked him to fight my master over a word?"

The little crow, curious, with eyes shining with gossip: "Why fight, I don't know?"

Pangu Axe: "My master said Ancestor's smile is like a spring breeze, like the rising sun."

Fu Xiqin: "My master said, ahem, said all things in heaven and earth are but straw dogs, unworthy of comparing to a single hair of Ancestor."

Pangu Axe: "My master then said, you know nothing, I am the man who stood shoulder to shoulder with her to create the world."

Fu Xiqin: "My master directly made a move, saying my sister would have only one man, and that must be me, so then he wanted to cut off Pangu's hand, disliking what he said about fighting alongside..."

The little crow's claw twitched, almost hitting the plane windshield: "Wow, I missed such a fantastic scene, no wonder Emperor Pangu was disheartened, after getting beaten by Ancestor's brother, Ancestor even seriously critiqued his axe-swinging, hurting his pride, what a blow to a man's self-esteem!"

"Brother Jin, does Ancestor now really miss my master?"

"You're overthinking it. Just like ten thousand years ago, Ancestor's romantic feelings are not awakened, not missing any man... god."

"But Brother Jin, then why did Ancestor painstakingly dig me up, isn't it to see something and reminisce?"

"Haha, you're overthinking it again. It's just to have you around, for a chance to chop some person she's not happy seeing."

"Is it that simple?"

"It's just that simple!"

The Pangu Axe slumped in Zuzi's palm, with a truly simple child's heartbroken expression.

Millennia passed in a blink of an eye, seeing the light of day again, yet Ancestor hasn't changed at all.

While the three gossiping little ones were reminiscing, over here, Bao Gucheng heard Zuzi agree to a movie date, feeling a stir in his heart. He seized the opportunity, controlling the plane with one hand and pre-selecting movies on the screen.

It was late autumn, vacation had passed, the cinema transitioned from dominating animated, family, and pure love films to a fresh lineup of stirring, action-packed films, the type adults like to watch.

The movie titles alone were enough to make a man's Adam's apple tighten—

Chapter 999: Seeing Through Karma For You Will Shorten Your Lifespan

Bao Gucheng looked at those captivating and seductive movie titles, his brow furrowing:

"The Devil is Above, I am Below", "The Chief Husband is Too Flirtatious", "The Deadly Poison Doctor: The Patron's Secret Lover"...

They're too indecorous. Nowadays, people who make movies have no sense of style in naming them. Which man would take his girlfriend to see them?

His gaze swept past a row of explosive movie titles when suddenly a few words caught his eye, "My Lady is Pretending to be a Slacker Again"...

For some reason, these plain and warm words were rather pleasing to the eye. He clicked to open, and the film synopsis seemed quite normal, like a positive story about a disabled male lead persevering to protect the growth of the female lead, ultimately achieving happiness.

With long fingers sweeping across the screen, the man sought Zuzi's opinion: "Miss Zuzi, what do you think of this one? Morning show, just in time for lunch afterward."

Zuzi wasn't very experienced with watching movies and glanced at the screen: "Hmm, Xiao Cheng can arrange it as he pleases."

Bao Gucheng didn't delegate the task to others but personally booked the tickets, controlling the plane's joystick with one hand while the other selected the time and picked couple's seating.

Although booking a private theater was simpler, it lacked the flavor of a date.

He wanted to experience the charm of ordinary life with her and also wished to be the first man to accompany her in trying the couple's seating.

"Has Xiao Cheng'er's matter been settled?" Zuzi remembered to ask him.

Bao Gucheng knew she was referring to the investigation of the bones' culprit, and he nodded slightly, seriously: "Thanks to Miss Zuzi's guidance, the Old President has confirmed it wasn't his hand-signed order. Unfortunately, Secretary Zhao, who forged the signature, committed suicide on the spot. To prevent the clues from being completely cut off, we are now investigating account transactions and communication records."

What was originally a highly confidential work arrangement, he openly shared with her.

Zuzi did not seem surprised, looking out at the eye-shading clouds outside the plane's window, she slowly spoke: "Xiao Cheng'er, sometimes the truth can make the heart more painful. If that's the case, will you still pursue it to the end?"

Bao Gucheng pressed his thin lips tightly, replying in a deep voice: "If I don't get to the bottom of it, I won't feel at peace in this life. I will accept any result."

Zuzi extended her jade-like wrist, brushing over his shoulder, nodding in understanding: "As long as Xiao Cheng'er is mentally prepared."

She just couldn't help but offer him some comfort.

Actually, with his limited lifespan, why add more pain?

Bao Gucheng felt the soft, boneless touch of her jade wrist and then faced Zuzi's lips, which seemed to want to speak but hesitated. His heart leaped, unable to resist, he asked in curiosity: "Miss Zuzi, have you guessed something? Can you give me a hint?"

Her premonitions were always super accurate, as everyone could see.

Could the real culprit have a significant connection to him?

Is that why she had always encouraged his investigation and now suddenly advises him to think carefully?

Who knew, Zuzi shook her head: "The entanglements of cause and effect in this world are very complex. Ancestor just feels that you're close to reaching what you want, but the result may not be as you wish, and I'm afraid you'll be disappointed and in pain. Ancestor can help you see the result clearly, but it would come at the cost of your lifespan, so it's better not to look, let nature take its course."

If she could use her immortal power to directly help Xiao Cheng'er find the real culprit, it would undoubtedly be more convenient. But for him, losing even more of his already limited lifespan would be too cruel.

She couldn't bear to do that.

Bao Gucheng understood the meaning behind her words and stopped asking: "Alright, let it be. I'll do my best to investigate."

He wasn't afraid of death, or of a short life, but he didn't want to lose the precious time being with her.

If he were destined to die tomorrow, then tonight he would stay by her side without leaving.

How could he choose to know the truth prematurely and be separated from her?

Chapter 1000: The Spotlight Center of the Showcase—None Other Than Her

Bao Gucheng escorted Zuzi back to the dorm.

The plane was too conspicuous, so considering Zuzi's situation, he switched to a car after entering the city and drove it subtly into the school.

Despite this, some sharp-eyed classmates noticed that Zuzi was brought back by a tall and handsome man, and the gossip quickly spread.

"Wow, the girl from the Ancient Biology Department has switched to another man for pick-ups!"

"Zuzi, right? I heard she hasn't been participating in the girls' parade training these past few days, she's such a big shot!"

"We're working hard under the sun and wind every day preparing for the performance report, while she goes off gallivanting with men from outside. Doesn't she have any sense of discipline? Does she even look like a university student?"

"Shh, I also heard she went to participate in a tomb excavation. They said that the Pangu Axe unearthed from today's Weibo hot search, is actually Zuzi's find!"

The other girls were astonished.

Someone doubted, "That's impossible! Even Professor Feng Tang couldn't identify the tomb, how could a first-year student like her understand? Besides, is just anyone allowed to enter an ancient tomb?"

"As far as I know, those who were allowed to enter the tomb with Professor Feng Tang today were all top-performing senior students!"

"No, you all forgot, there's Xiao Hong. Xiao Hong, did you see Zuzi at the tomb?"

Everyone's gaze turned toward Bian Xiaohong, who had just returned with the main group, looking utterly dejected.

Bian Xiaohong pressed her lips together; she had been absorbed in the impact of Zuzi's every word at the Pangu Tomb site and struggled to move past it.

It's over, she made a wedding dress for Zuzi, personally launched Zuzi to become popular on the hot search.

Only hearing everyone's discussions now did she suddenly realize that those hot search videos didn't capture Zuzi's face at all; it just transmitted a few snippets of sound.

She worried for nothing!

Zuzi won't be able to get famous!

Of course, she's even more of a down-to-earth rustic than Bian Xiaohong herself, without a shred of camera sense. Even with the phone right in front of her, she didn't manage to capture a single bit of herself in the shot. Zuzi deserves to remain unknown.

The hope in her heart gradually rose, her cheeks flushed with color, her mood improved, and she innocently responded to everyone's inquiries:

"I honestly didn't see her at all. On-site, there were only the professor and the senior students. Maybe the video wasn't recorded clearly, you heard wrong. Besides, she can't even do simple parade training well, how could she possibly participate in archaeology?"

After all, Zuzi missed so many parade training sessions.

Even if her martial arts are decent, and her shooting is decent, in a parade performance, a collective report event like this, she could only hold everyone back. By extension, she'd be unfit for archaeology requiring teamwork.

Thinking this, everyone nodded along: "Makes sense..."

The gossip direction turned into asking Bian Xiaohong for details about the ancient tomb site.

For a while, Bian Xiaohong, the only freshman who had been to the site, became a person who had seen the big world, becoming highly sought after.

Someone couldn't help but praise: "Xiao Hong, your military training points were already high, participating in archaeology added extra points, and you're the leader of the report performance. I think tomorrow's C position is definitely yours."

"Not only C position, I think this year's military training crown might be historically awarded to a girl!"

"What crown?"

"Don't you know? The freshman with the highest training points and who performs the best on the report stage will be awarded a Crown Medal; it's the highest honor for Imperial University freshmen."

"Then isn't Xiao Hong a sure win?"

Amid everyone's chatter, Bian Xiaohong was thrilled and her fighting spirit rekindled.

Yeah, why should she be afraid of Zuzi?

This year's C position and crown are hers.

Not only does she have scores backing her up, with a coach quietly supporting her, but she also has an ace still up her sleeve.

Quietly retreating from the crowd, she dialed a man's number: "...Five Master, tomorrow's performance is really important, do you have time to come see me?"