

## Ancient 132

Chapter 132 - 66: The Last Chance\_2

Gu Jianlin raised an eyebrow: "So?"

"So, congratulations on entering the Omega Sequence."

Tang Ling gave him a deep look: "The next time we meet, we'll be competitors."

Gu Jianlin recalled this girl's Rank and the image of her summoning endless bolts of lightning and descending like a goddess.

Without using the Ancient God Power, being her opponent would be quite daunting.

"So, what exactly does the Omega Sequence mean?"

Gu Jianlin frowned and asked.

Tang Ling hesitated, her black and white eyes flickering as she said: "It's hard to explain in a short time. In any case, now that you've secured this slot, someone will come along to explain it to you."

She changed the subject and looked around: "Speaking of which, is this where Senior Mu and the others live?"

Gu Jianlin nodded: "Yes, it's quite shabby."

Shabby is putting it lightly—it was practically on par with a slum.

Most of the people in the refuge had evacuated early, and their belongings had already been moved out.

The basement was desolate, with only some dilapidated furniture scattered around.

At this moment, Uncle Mu emerged from the food storage room, carrying several steaming buns on newspaper.

Gu Jianlin paused.

"Wanwan left these for you. She was worried you'd come back hungry from deep within the forbidden zone, so she left the last few buns by the stove at just the right temperature. Although there are plenty of places to eat in Black Cloud City, you can never guarantee they're not poisonous."

Uncle Mu smiled warmly and placed the buns in front of them: "The buns may be average in taste, but at least they're safe. I hope you don't mind."

The supplies brought back from the forbidden zone were already packed into broken wooden crates.

Two young men holding the crates began moving them outside.

Gu Jianlin glanced at the stove on the verge of extinguishing, then at the steaming buns.

He could almost picture the young girl, clumsily squatting by the stove to warm the buns before leaving.

For a refuge like this, those buns might have been the best food she could get her hands on.

Yet, during an escape, she chose to leave them behind.

"Why would I mind? I actually think the buns taste pretty good."

Gu Jianlin picked up a bun and stuffed it into his mouth.

From the adjacent room, Cheng Youyu—having taken the antidote—was now feeling refreshed.

The aroma of the buns lured him out.

Gu Jianlin tore half a bun and handed it to him, and the chubby boy grinned widely.

Tang Ling glanced at them and then at the buns resting on newspaper.

She noticed the black specks on the buns and knew the newspaper probably wasn't very clean.

Yet she remained unpretentious, taking a bun and gently biting into it, savoring the taste as she politely remarked: "Thank you. Wanwan is Senior Mu's daughter, right?"

Uncle Mu shook his head with a smile and said: "It's fine; we're leaving soon anyway."

Gu Jianlin raised his head and asked: "Do you know where you'll go?"

Uncle Mu nodded and replied: "We built some rafts at the port and plan to live on an island in the East Sea for a few months to lay low. After that, we'll try to find a human-snake ship to leave the country. If possible, I want to take Wanwan to Northern Europe, find a secluded mountain, and raise her there."

Gu Jianlin was momentarily stunned; he hadn't expected they'd go so far.

Northern Europe, with its sparse population, had towns that were relatively original in lifestyle and slow in pace.

The natural ecological environment there was well-preserved. If someone were to retreat deep into the mountains and forests, build a shelter, live off hunting, they could go decades without encountering another soul.

For someone fleeing the attention of the Unclean, it seemed like a viable choice.

Still, he wasn't sure if he'd ever have the chance to see that little girl again.

Waves crashed against the rocks, the tide roaring.

The young investigators, narrowly escaping death, sprawled on the shore, gasping for air.

Yan Ye was soaked to the bone, his white suit stained with blood and filth, his hair disheveled—a pathetic sight.

He hung his head, silently staring at the tumultuous waves, his fists clenched tightly.

This time marked a monumental defeat for them.

If Chen Bojun hadn't spared some effort to save them during his intervention, they'd have been corpses by now.

"I'm deeply disappointed in your performance!"

Yan Feng slumped on the shore, holding a shattered cell phone, listening to the harsh voice emanating from it: "Your performance this time is a disgrace to the Yan family! Don't offer any excuses or reasons—losing is losing! Peak City had two Omega Sequence slots, yet neither went to the Yan family! I brought you into this world, raised you, educated you—was it all for nothing?"

The voice belonged to Yan Wu, cold and commanding.

Yan Ye and Yan Feng, the brothers who had just survived by the skin of their teeth, remained silent.

"As for your reports about Gu Jianlin colluding with the Unclean, I'll relay them to the association's higher-ups. But the Second Team is still alive, so your efforts remain insufficient!"

Yan Wu took a deep breath and said icily: "You brothers have abysmal Merit Value scores! Yan Feng, I'll set you aside for now! Yan Ye, you've painstakingly lingered at the peak of Second Rank for so long—where has your preserved strength gone? You broke through to Third Rank, but what good did it do?"

Yan Feng raised his head and looked at the white-suited figure by the shore.

Yan Ye grit his teeth, his face darkened.

His hands were tightly clenched, his knuckles slightly whitened from the force.

For brothers so prideful, accepting this outcome was unbearable.

The two Omega Sequence slots—neither went to them.

Even more intolerable was the fact that they'd let the son of a Fallen rise above them.

The lowliest, most contemptible son of a Fallen had defeated them.

Gu Jianlin, a man accused of conspiring with the Unclean and harming his comrades.

How could someone like him stand above them?

At this moment, the pride and dignity of Yan Ye and Yan Feng felt shattered.

"Don't worry; I know you've done your best."

Mu Ziqing patted Yan Ye's shoulder.

"Now, I can offer you an opportunity."

Yan Wu spoke coldly: "The mission isn't entirely over yet. At least, until the association reaches Black Cloud City to retrieve you failures, there's still room for redemption."

Yan Ye and Yan Feng were both slightly startled.

Mu Ziqing furrowed her brows, puzzled.

"The squad leaders' battle has concluded. Wang Bolin and Zhang Shouheng will soon return to the surface."

Yan Wu said gravely: "You still have one last chance to earn Merit..."