

Ancient 136

Chapter 136 - 68: The True Anger of the Qilin

Today, a rare ray of sunlight fell upon the Black Cloud City.

The golden warm sun illuminated the rafts floating at the harbor, the sea sparkled, and the ocean breeze was invigorating.

This was the first time in years Wanwan had seen sunlight.

The bright light lit up her clear and vivid eyes and shone into the dusty corners of her inner world.

"Wanwan, hurry up!"

The people from the refuge had already boarded the rafts. Mu Qingge waved to her younger sister:
"Come quickly, we're just waiting for you and Dad now."

"Coming!"

Wanwan stepped briskly across the sunlight-dappled ground.

In her arms was a small wooden box filled with her treasures.

A matchbox, a carving knife, a butterfly hairpin, a compass, and a worn-out teddy bear.

When many children move, they often choose to carry their most cherished belongings themselves rather than placing them in a moving truck. Perhaps holding these precious items close makes them feel safer, as if out of sight means they might disappear forever.

Of course, there were two items even more important.

A violet crystal pendant hung around her neck.

And the foolish wooden carving—tucked into her pocket.

Although they were being forced to leave the underground refuge, no one showed signs of dismay. Every face was alight with joy and anticipation, as if assured that their next home would surely be better.

The kind second elder sister.

Uncle Sun, who had lost both his legs.

And Aunt Shanshan, who had lost an arm.

Holding the baby they'd picked up from the streets.

Wanwan looked at them, worrying once more about her father.

Judging by the time, they should be back by now.

The older boys would probably be hungry when they returned. Would the sight of the steaming buns in the kitchen make them happy?

Wanwan used to look forward to eating hot buns the most when she came home from scavenging for trash.

So before leaving, she made a point to warm up the buns for the older boys, hoping it would cheer them up a bit.

She didn't quite understand why the older boys, who lived under the sunlight, seemed so unhappy.

Although Wanwan was still young, she knew that once they left, it would be hard to meet again.

But Dad said that as long as they stayed alive, there was hope. If she behaved and grew up well, maybe one warm spring day, she would see Uncle Gu and the older boys standing under a tree, waving and greeting her.

By then, Wanwan could fulfill her promise and give the wooden carving away.

From a distance, the faint sound of a handcart being dragged came to her ears.

Uncle Mu, accompanied by two young men, pushed a shabby handcart and waved with a smile.

Wanwan instinctively turned around, and the wooden carving in her pocket fell to the ground with a "plop."

Wanwan picked it up, cradling it affectionately, and blew off the dust.

Just then, a shadow appeared before her, cloaking her face in darkness.

Smack.

In the distance, Uncle Mu's steps faltered.

The hand gripping the machete silently tensed, and the sound of cracking knuckles broke the silence.

If, a moment ago, he was just an ordinary father rushing toward his daughter,

now, he was a tiger sensing danger, standing defensively.

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At the edge of the coast, Lu Zicheng shook off his wet hair and slapped away the rainwater clinging to his clothes.

"Have I ever mentioned how much I hate diving into the Qilin Immortal Palace?"

He complained, "Every single time, I come out drenched."

Luckily, there was a parked RV nearby, where he could take a quick shower and change clothes.

Chen Qing was also soaked to the skin. Wrapped in a blanket that accentuated her curves, she suddenly said, "Young Master, something's off. I feel it. Wang Bolin and the other captains are still close by, but out of the twelve of us, three are missing. Li Chengtian, Zhao Zhi, and Zhang Shiheng are nowhere to be found?"

Lu Zicheng squinted, his pupils contracting slightly.

Zhang Shiheng was a Fourth-Rank Overlord Path user, a captain-level asset.

Li Chengtian and Zhao Zhi were Third-Rank Ancient Martial users, both deputy captain-level.

Throughout this covert mission involving the captains, Zhang Shiheng — a Fourth-Rank Void user — had been monitoring their every move using his Eagle Eye extraordinary ability.

The group knew all too well that Zhang and these individuals had ties to those Unclean beings.

Unmasked distrust lingered in the air.

If Lu Zicheng's speculation was correct, this was likely at Wang Bolin's behest.

But now, the shadowing Zhang Shiheng had vanished!

Bang!

In the distance, a deafening explosion boomed at the harbor.

Lu Zicheng's expression darkened. "Damn! Chen Qing, call my sister immediately and tell her something's wrong!"

For one fleeting moment, an intense unease flashed through him.

"Got it."

Chen Qing, her face vigilant, retrieved a phone and dialed a number.

Lu Zicheng's face shifted unpredictably. In an instant, he bolted, transforming into a blurry figure and vanishing from sight.

But at that moment, another shadow streaked toward him, blocking his path.

"Captain Lu."

Wang Bolin stood with his arms crossed, blocking him: "The Saint has ordered the cleansing operation to begin. Where are you headed?"

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The ambulance sirens echoed through Black Cloud City; the association's reinforcements had finally arrived.

The street outside the junkyard had been tightly cordoned off by the security department. Medics in white coats carried stretchers to the ambulance, administering injections to the injured.

Nie Xiangsi and Zhang Cheng both lay on stretchers and were taken inside.

"Thanks to Uncle Mu and his group."

Cheng Youyu, who had only mild poisoning and recovered quickly after taking the antidote, crouched on the roadside, sighing: "If not for Uncle Mu, I'd be dead by now, and Xiangsi and Brother Cheng too. Brother Lin, what do you think of this world? Why are bad people so bad, but good people so truly good?"