

## Ancient 137

Chapter 137 - 68 Qilin's True Fury\_2

Gu Jianlin leaned against the telephone pole and said faintly, "I don't know."

He had lived for seventeen years, entering the world of the Transcendent for the first time.

For the first time, he touched the dark side of the world.

And yet, he encountered such a group of people.

Living in poverty and despair themselves, yet still willing to help others.

"They only have a bit of luggage, just a handful of people, most of whom are disabled. Where can they go? Just thinking about them suffering in the wilderness makes my heart feel awful. Especially Wanwan, such a good girl, forced to hide and flee—what kind of world is this?"

Cheng Youyu sighed, "Brother Lin, is there really nothing we can do to help?"

Gu Jianlin shook his head; for now, there seemed to be nothing they could do.

But he knew there were actually two options.

The first method: find the solution his father spoke of, the method to eradicate the corruption.

As for the second method...

Gu Jianlin tilted his head back to look at the sky.

If the problem couldn't be solved, then maybe the people causing the problem could be dealt with.

"I'm just a rich kid; my monthly allowance is tens of thousands. Yet here in this shelter, I haven't helped them at all. They even had to give me the antidote, and I ate two of their buns."

Cheng Youyu said this and slapped himself hard.

Gu Jianlin glanced at him and softly comforted, "Don't think about it too much."

But in truth, he too felt uneasy inside.

Even now, he remembered the warmth of the old man's hand resting on his shoulder.

Meanwhile, Tang Ling had been taken to the medical vehicle for emergency treatment.

It was clear her injuries were serious.

Just then, the distant port suddenly erupted with an enormous explosion!

Boom!

Billowing thick smoke shot skyward, accompanied by a colossal mushroom cloud, its flaming light vivid as blood.

The eruption of flames reflected in the youth's pitch-black eyes.

Gu Jianlin suddenly raised his head and froze, staring toward the port.

"Brother Lin..."

Cheng Youyu instinctively stood up as well, his voice trembling.

Because they realized—that was the direction where the shelter's people had departed.

At that moment, a team leader of the security squad connected to the radio: "Number Thirteen, report the situation."

Amidst static interference, a light chuckle rang out:

"Number Thirteen reporting, all clear."

The person on the intercom said, "Relax, Team Leader, it was just a batch of Fallen trying to escape. A group of old, sick, and disabled folk—appears they also consumed Heavenly Born Grass. We've got a few rookie investigators on-site, as well as a captain and two deputies; our combat power is solid, no reinforcements needed."

The team leader's expression eased, but suddenly a massive roar echoed over the intercom.

"You sure? Why would something like this happen?"

He pressed for clarification.

From the intercom came a slightly hesitant voice: "Among this group of old and frail, there's one person who's actually quite strong—still putting up resistance. Captain Zhang Shiheng has already stepped in, accompanied by the two deputy captains. We aim to take him down within five minutes. Over."

Communication cut off.

Just that brief exchange.

With a thud.

Gu Jianlin's phone dropped to the ground as he froze in place.

"Impossible, right? Based on the timing... they should've already left by boat. Well, maybe a raft. But even if it's a raft, they ought to have gotten away by now. The association people just arrived; no way they'd have caught up with them so quickly. Brother Lin, don't you think?"

Cheng Youyu was stunned too, his round face illuminated by the firelight, his voice still trembling.

After a moment of silence, Gu Jianlin, visibly at a loss, turned without hesitation and unleashed Life Perception.

His formidable sensing ability enveloped the nearby streets.

In what was clearly a single second, it felt to him as though an eternity had passed.

He could not describe the sensation.

It was as if his chest were clogged with mud, his heart burdened, his breathing labored.

Yet, when he detected the faint rhythms of endangered lives, his face abruptly changed.

In that moment, the boy felt as though he had plunged into an icy abyss.

"Wait for me here; I'll check it out."

Boom!

Gu Jianlin transformed into a Ghost once more, pale ghostly fire flaring on his forehead, casting an eerie nobility over his warped visage.

In the next instant, he darted off like a black phantom.

"Brother Lin!"

Cheng Youyu's expression shifted, his face contorted under the fiery light, and he erupted with a burst of Qi Force, chasing after him: "Wait for me!"

At the outer entrance of the Qilin Immortal Palace, molten lava surged through cracks in the earth.

Lava bubbled and oozed, hot air surging wildly.

Jing Ci walked through the dim underground palace, pushing a wheelchair, admiring the two-thousand-year-old ruins, and softly exclaimed.

"Xu Fu's work, as expected."

He murmured to himself, "Even after more than two millennia, the ruins here remain so well-preserved. I wonder what alchemic methods he used to construct this domain—its stability continues even now."

From the wheelchair, the elderly man said indifferently, "Xu Fu was undoubtedly one of the greatest Alchemy Masters of all time. Naturally, the domains he created wouldn't fall short. And this is only the outer area of the Immortal Palace—the two upper layers above will be even more captivating."

Jing Ci nodded slightly. "Have you discovered anything?"

The elder paused briefly before speaking: "That young man's father definitely came here. I can still sense the traces he left behind; the deeper you go into the Immortal Palace, the stronger those marks and his aura become."

Jing Ci understood. "Then the true culprit behind the Blood Moon Slaughter incident is most likely not him."