

Ancient 138

Chapter 138 - 68: The True Anger of the Qilin_3

The old man smiled and said, "Actually, if you just look at the Judgement Court's investigation report, you'd know. Unfortunately, that thing was probably sealed away by Rhein."

Mentioning this person, Jing Ci's gaze turned cold.

"The thing that fought Chen Bojun is quite interesting, it might be a Primordial."

The old man paused: "A very weak Primordial."

A peculiar look flashed in Jing Ci's eyes, somewhat eager: "Shall we go take a look?"

The old man waved his hand: "Forget it, there are still many Ancient Ancestors asleep in there. Once they're fully awakened, it could cause dimensional instability, and Peak City might experience severe disasters that no one can save the ordinary people from."

Jing Ci said regretfully, "Alright then."

At this moment, he suddenly sensed something and looked up at the sky: "Teacher, something happened to Mu Feng's group."

The old man's eyes were deep, he sighed softly, "Yes, indeed."

Jing Ci asked, "Should we go and help?"

The old man thought for a moment: "It's too late now, it wouldn't make any difference going there. If I'm not mistaken, it's the Yan family that moved on them. They're not after Mu Feng and his group's death, but rather want witnesses to provide testimony."

Jing Ci said seriously, "I'm worried that with Gu Jianlin's personality, something might happen. You know, he has control over forbidden power and should be able to kill those few ants and rescue Mu Feng and the others before reinforcements arrive."

The old man chuckled and said, "Don't worry, that kid is clever. He might act impulsively, but he won't ignore the consequences."

Jing Ci raised an eyebrow: "Hmm?"

"If he's bold enough, then today he will stand up, enraged."

The old man paused: "Moreover... if he's smart enough, he'll seek your help, or at least give it a try."

Jing Ci frowned and asked, "But how would he know that we would be willing to help him?"

The old man smiled faintly: "That little guy's Life Perception isn't normal, it's very far-reaching."

Jing Ci was taken aback: "Are you saying he might actually find us?"

The old man smiled without saying a word.

"—If this child is willing to stand up for those people in the refuge and ignite this flame, then give him a hand, let the world see, he is my chosen student."

.

.

In life, things often don't go as planned.

No matter how Gu Jianlin and Cheng Youyu prayed in their hearts, they still couldn't change the fact that had already happened.

Actually, a person's sixth sense is very keen. Before many things happen, you've already had a bad premonition, but you still comfort yourself, telling yourself not to worry too much and that everything will get better.

However, in reality, your subconscious has long known that something bad is about to happen.

Just like those so-called Unclean, they have all hidden in the basement of Black Cloud City, but the pursuit still follows like a shadow.

Where else can they escape to?

Northern Europe? Africa? Antarctica? The Arctic?

Can you really escape for a lifetime?

Even if you truly can keep running, will life be any better?

The answer is no.

Because under the oppression of power, they have been deprived of all rights to live as an independent life in this world, like moles that can't see the light, only able to hide underground.

When they see the light, they aren't met with salvation, but disaster.

When Gu Jianlin walked out of the alley, seeing the burning port, he fell silent.

Heavy breathing echoed behind him.

Cheng Youyu followed behind him, witnessing everything as well.

Burning.

Flames were burning, swallowing the long street in a sea of fire.

In the ruins, scattered everywhere were broken walls.

Blood spread across the ground, like petals crumpled by the wind, resembling a withering flower.

And the people from the refuge.

The young ones sprawled on the ground.

The shattered guns and broken Alchemy Weapons were scattered everywhere.

The woman with the severed arm holding a baby lay in a pool of blood, her life or death unknown.

The baby cried loudly but was unharmed.

The legless Uncle Sun who once delivered them medicine now lay on the ground.

The last breath clinging on.

At this moment, as if noticing them in the alley.

The old man's eyes turned angry, bloodshot with a red streak.

As if commanding them — don't come over.

The wind suddenly picked up, blowing a bloody pink hoodie fluttering in the wind.

In the burning ruins, a sturdy figure knelt.

His limbs pierced by iron chains, bound like a beast to the ground, barely holding on.

The great machete had already shattered.

Together with his pride as a former Night Watcher, shattered to pieces.

Women were wailing, and the elderly were loudly cursing.

Mu Qingge was drenched in blood, dragged by short hair, limbs bound in Chains, ruthlessly shoved into a vehicle.

The young investigators mercilessly broke their limbs, loading them into a prison van one by one.

"Dad!"

A small figure, heedless of everything, charged into the sea of fire, running towards the kneeling figure.

But unexpectedly, was kicked to the ground.

The one who kicked him looked very familiar.

Li Xun.

Wanwan fell to the ground with a thud, and her treasured belongings scattered everywhere.

The Violet Crystal Necklace on her chest snapped and fell to the ground.

And that ugly wooden carving also rolled away.

With the loss of the Violet Crystal Pendant, she suddenly began to cough painfully.

The aura belonging to the Fallen quickly spread.