

## Ancient 139

Chapter 139 - 68: The True Anger of the Qilin\_4

"So, turns out she's a Fallen."

Yan Feng walked over, sneering at the girl lying on the ground. "Using alchemy tools to conceal her aura? No, wait—this isn't an alchemy tool. Looks more like an ancient token."

Wanwan struggled in pain, reaching out for something.

The Violet Crystal Pendant she had always worn was a tool used to suppress her corruption.

Without that object, she would become just like any other Fallen.

No, perhaps even worse.

She was too young to withstand the power of corruption.

But her tiny hands fumbled, skipping over the Violet Crystal Pendant.

Instead, they reached for the ugly wooden carving.

And just as she was about to touch it, crunch!

Yan Feng brought his foot down, smashing the wooden carving to pieces.

Splinters and fragments scattered everywhere.

Wanwan froze, her last shred of hope crushed underfoot. Tears gushed from her eyes.

With a heart-wrenching wail, she sobbed uncontrollably.

"A group of Fallen, and still quite dangerous."

Yan Feng turned, speaking, "Captain Zhang, are you alright?"

Zhang Shouheng leaned against the car, his torso pierced by a blade, bleeding profusely.

His complexion was ghastly pale, a picture of utter weakness. "That guy—something's off about him. If I'm not mistaken, he must've been someone from headquarters once. He's no ordinary character. Quickly, inject him with the paralysis potion and restrain him."

The other two Third Rank captains were also gravely wounded, hanging by a thread.

Uncle Mu had fought three of them alone, inflicting serious injuries.

Yet, it wasn't enough to turn the tide.

"Understood."

Yan Feng turned away and gave the order. "Leave the dead behind. Load the living onto the vehicle."

This was the harsh reality.

Like a knife, it stabbed heartbreakingly into the soul.

Gu Jianlin silently watched the scene unfold.

That single step crushing the wooden carving felt as though it had trampled straight onto his chest.

The pain left him gasping for breath.

She was just a six-year-old girl—how could she possibly pose any threat?

She had lost her pendant that suppressed her Fallen aura.

Yet the first thing she reached for was her wooden carving.

Even at that moment, she still remembered that promise.

A promise made to a man who would never return.

"Brother Lin, Brother Lin! Damn those bastards!"

Cheng Youyu seemed to have snapped, pounding the wall viciously as he fumbled for his phone. "I'm calling my dad! I'll murder those sons of bitches! I'll tear them apart limb by limb! Damn, damn, damn it!"

At that moment, Gu Jianlin's phone suddenly rang.

A call forced its way through before he could answer.

"Xiao Gu, it's me."

A breathless voice came through. "It's Lu Zicheng. I've tracked your location using the Horus Eye Satellite. Listen, no matter what you've seen, I need you to stay calm."

"There's a Saint in Peak City who ordered the indiscriminate slaughter of all Fallen and Unclean within Black Cloud City. Uncle Mu and the others are on that list too. Originally, they were supposed to evacuate early, but saving someone delayed them."

"What you're witnessing now is, in a way, fortunate. Because of you—or rather, because of targeting you—they weren't killed on the spot."

"This is a conspiracy. A trap laid for you. Uncle Mu won't die, his daughter won't either. Consider yourself lucky that Yan Ye and Yan Feng are still alive, because their survival means Uncle Mu and the others' testimonies are needed to incriminate you for colluding with the Unclean."

"I know Professor Gu may have left you with something that allows you to challenge ranks above yours. But this is bigger than you can handle alone."

"Follow my advice: leave here immediately. My sister and others are on their way to you. You absolutely must—"

Suddenly, a crisp sound of someone being slapped echoed from the long street.

Gu Jianlin turned silently to look.

The sound of wailing stopped abruptly.

Wanwan's left cheek visibly swelled, crimson from the force.

The slap was so heavy it knocked her unconscious.

For a brief moment, Uncle Mu let out a rage-filled, beast-like roar, charging forward.

But four chains pierced through his limbs, immobilizing him.

Bam!

Yan Feng delivered a brutal punch, causing him to spit blood.

Shattered teeth sprayed out.

That single punch shattered not only his teeth, but also his last vestiges of dignity as a father.

Reduced to dust and debris.

"Load them onto the vehicles!"

Yan Feng ordered, "Time to meet up with my brother."

The living members of the refuge were loaded into vehicles one by one.

Uncle Mu was placed in a metal cage and shoved into the trunk of the prisoner transport.

The engine roared to life.

The three captains climbed into their vehicles, injected treatment potions, closed their eyes, and awaited recovery.

Yan Feng watched with smug satisfaction as the events unfolded, then settled into the passenger seat.

The transport vehicle sped away, plunging into the darkness.

The vehicles were gone.

But the echo of that slap lingered in the boy's heart.

Loud.

Penetrating.

A sobering reality.

A spark of rage.

"Captain Lu."

Gu Jianlin spoke softly, "Did you see that?"

Silence descended between Lu Zicheng and him. Then Lu Zicheng finally responded, "Swallow your anger and let the storm pass. If you act now, it's all over. Don't forget you want to clear your father's



name. As someone in Omega Sequence, you're a rising star. You must remain calm and avoid their traps..."

Crunch.

His phone cracked.

"Captain."

Gu Jianlin said quietly, "I used to think the same. I wanted to exonerate my father, climb the ranks in the association, and use their resources to grow stronger quickly. Prove I was right. Prove my father wasn't a Fallen."

He paused.

"But today's events have nothing to do with ambition."

Gu Jianlin continued softly, "If I stand by and let this happen, what's the point of clearing my father's name?"

Images flashed through his mind.

The small shadow lifting the floorboards when cornered.

The old man with a broken leg, delivering herbs for injured teammates.

The one-armed woman handing over steaming hot buns.

The little girl watching him with nervous anticipation, wearing an innocent smile.

Uncle Mu's consoling hand on his shoulder, warm and steady.

And the promise to meet again.

Gu Jianlin's mind froze on the image of that old man lunging to protect his daughter.

His father had likely done the same during the car accident back then.

"Uncle Mu and the others were my father's saviors. If I don't step up today, am I worth it? Am I worth my father? And when I meet him on the other side, how can I even recount what happened today?"

He spoke gently. "No, who I'm truly failing is myself."

Because he couldn't forgive his own cowardice.

"Apologies, Captain, but I can't bear it anymore."

Gu Jianlin's voice was calm. "Uncle Mu and the others did nothing wrong. If the Judgement Court wants to annihilate both Fallen and Unclean, then today, I'll give them a gift. A... one-of-a-kind gift."

Boom.

With a sudden motion, he crushed his phone.

The sparking of electricity illuminated his knife-sharp profile.

—There's still time.

"Cheng Youyu, I need your help."

Gu Jianlin took out a business card and spoke softly. "Call this number for me later."

Cheng Youyu, his eyes bloodshot, trembled as he took the card.

The card carried five words:

Forget Sorrow Grocery Store.

When he raised his eyes again, the black-haired boy was gone.

The sunlight vanished, and dark clouds descended upon Black Cloud City.

Stormclouds rolled turbulently across the heavens, and flashes of lightning illuminated the gloom amid thunderclaps.

For some reason, the gathering clouds seemed to be enraged, crackling with electricity.

Their form resembled... a Qilin.