

Ancient 145

Chapter 145 - 71 Now, They Are Thoroughly Dead (5500)_2

He said indifferently, "You can try to take me down with a remote attack instantly, or if you're interested, try a psychic attack. I don't mind."

After speaking, he lifted his foot and stepped on the head of the waste beneath him with slight force: "But the premise is, the stakes are these three people's lives."

Crack!

That was the sound of a skull on the brink of shattering!

For a moment, all the investigators' expressions froze.

Yan Wu's roar rang out: "Stop it!"

But Gu Jianlin seemed as if he hadn't heard.

As if the hundreds of guns or the bone-chilling arrows weren't aimed at him!

Bam!

He showed no mercy, stomping down!

Yan Feng twitched, letting out a desperate cry, his head brutally crushed.

A cracking sound came from his forehead, blood spreading out.

"No!"

In the wind and rain, Yan Wu's desperate scream resounded.

Yan Wu's eyes were wide open with bloodshot eyes, nearly popping out of his sockets.

Violent Qi Force surged, shaking the wind and rain.

Ancient Martial Path, Fifth-Order Realm King!

Nie, the Deacon, gestured for everyone to stop.

Because of the Yan family's head, no one dared to act recklessly.

"Look, you have a son too, and when your son gets hurt, you feel pain. This means you have humanity, right? So why can't your humanity empathize with others?"

Gu Jianlin looked at him coldly, asking in a chill tone: "What did the people in the sanctuary do wrong? Uncle Mu just wanted to survive. He was like my father, once a member of the Nightwatch Department, a hero protecting this world in the dark. What crime did he commit?"

The words the boy spoke reverberated clearly in the wind and rain: "He fell, but did he harm anyone? He even used the Heavenly Born Grass at the cost of his own life, unwilling to hurt others. Why is such a person wanted and hunted?"

"And Uncle Sun, and this woman with a severed arm, and those dead people, they were once part of the association, discarded because they were tainted by the Ancient God."

He paused: "Even if they use Heavenly Born Grass to suppress the Deformation, you still won't let them go, why?"

Bam!

Gu Jianlin lifted his foot and stomped hard!

Yan Feng's head, like a watermelon, was smashed by him, blood splattering everywhere!

Dead.

This bloody and brutal scene was like a nightmare, hanging heavy over everyone's heart.

Especially Yan Wu, who stood frozen, eyes empty and hopeless, letting out a roar of impotent rage.

Heart-wrenching.

"Their only mistake was joining the association."

Gu Jianlin breathed in the fragrance of blood, speaking softly: "Especially Uncle Mu, who was tainted by the Ancient God during a mission, then lost his memory. He was defined at light speed as a Fallen harming allies, hunted down. Even my father couldn't find out why when he was alive. Who did he harm? Where's the evidence of the crime?"

"Why not present it? What about the trial process? Who can prove it?"

He looked around coldly at everyone, mocking: "Just like my father's case, why was there such a rush to conclude it? Was someone afraid of something?"

Deathly silence.

"This is the association's secret."

Nie, the Deacon, gritted his teeth, speaking coldly: "Not for low-level investigators like you to access!"

Bam!

Yan Feng's corpse was kicked in front of him.

Nie, the Deacon, shivered with fright, quickly retreating.

"What you love is your life."

Gu Jianlin's words pierced the heart, his gaze indifferent: "Arresting people without evidence? Too bad you're not in this prison car today, otherwise I'd send you down to see my father, let you two good friends catch up below."

Bam!

Yan Ye was slammed onto the ground, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

Gu Jianlin stepped on the back of his neck, speaking coldly: "Now, put down your weapons, don't make me look like some kind of demon."

He said: "I'm only giving you three seconds."

The people were silent.

Are you not a demon?

Yan Wu flinched at seeing his beloved eldest son also stepped down, his whole body twitching.

As if he could already see, his eldest son's head also being smashed.

"Three, two, one..."

Like the demon's verdict, casting him into an icy abyss.

"Put down the weapons!"

Under immense psychological pressure, Yan Wu let out a collapsing shout.

Clatter.

Firearms dropped, arrows left the bowstring.

These investigators stood like statues, letting the wind and rain sweep in, spreading coldness.

"Get me a chair, too."

Gu Jianlin said softly: "I'm a bit tired."

A chair slid along the slippery road to his back.

Gu Jianlin sat in the chair, still holding the girl in his hand, stepping on the struggling young man.

"The people in the sanctuary have done no wrong, nor harmed anyone, so why is there not even a trial process? Why not even a chance to go to prison? Or, produce their criminal evidence."

Gu Jianlin faced everyone, speaking indifferently: "Or, pay with lives."

In the silent stillness, Uncle Mu leaned against the carriage, his blood-red eyes flashing with sorrow and desolation.

"Xiao Gu, let it go..."

Yet the voice that rang out in the storm was cold and resolute,

"Why let it go?"

Gu Jianlin coldly said: "It's not our fault, so why admit?"