

Ancient 150

Chapter 150 - 73: King of Qing, Huai Yin

A grocery store shrouded in mist, dreamlike and surreal.

Torrential rain fell like a cascading waterfall from the rim of a black umbrella. The man in a tailored suit revealed eyes tinged with a smile, and in an instant, countless streaks of lightning slashed across the heavens, thunder rolling beyond the skies.

No, it didn't seem like mere lightning.

But rather countless horrifying and piercing rifts that crisscrossed, tearing through the void.

Even the oppressive aura belonging to the Saints was collapsing!

At the same time, the black sea surged with monstrous waves, and the colossal, aged face formed purely from seawater began to collapse inch by inch, foam exploding outward.

The world between sea and sky reverberated with a mournful sigh.

"Jing Ci..."

The sigh gradually faded, swallowed by the roar of the tides.

Jing Ci stood under the umbrella, facing the direction of the sea, with a faint smile: "Apologies, Senior Li Qingsong. As you know, my teacher has never liked you much. So now that he's here, I'm afraid it's time for you to leave."

The tides surged violently, towering waves roaring skyward, the sound resembling thunder.

It seemed desperate to reform that face, yet under the flickering glow of the lightning, it shattered time and again.

"Save your strength, Senior, you're on the brink of old age anyway."

Despite the overwhelming momentum before him, Jing Ci remained unshaken, his silent smile unmoving: "I'm merely here to say this—whatever happens within the Association, it's beyond me. But the arbitrary rules aimed toward the Unclean make me distinctly displeased. And my teacher's sentiment is... you need to reflect on yourselves."

He paused: "After all, it's rather unconvincing when you refuse to provide any evidence."

At this moment, the investigators from the Ether Association were stunned speechless.

Because this mysterious man from who-knows-where dared to challenge the Saint, even confront him.

That was one of the nine Saints of the Ether Association, a transcendent figure of Holy Land Level strength!

Yet it seemed the Saint was being suppressed.

Of course, this might be because the Saint had not descended in his true form.

Some unfamiliar individuals erupted in anger. Someone took aim with an anti-materiel sniper rifle from afar, while another nocked an arrow on a massive bow, the arrow quivering madly as if growling. Others activated their domains, chaotic Qi Force repelling the rain as killing intent filled the darkness.

Wang Bolin, the leader of this operation group, was the first to step forward, his Qi Force like invisible flames.

As the head of the Yan family, Yan Wu was eager to act, the realm rippling in all directions with tremors.

This was a rare opportunity to prove oneself in front of the Saint.

What's more, Minister Lu, a Sixth-Rank Heavenly Master, was also present.

Beneath the sea, the Holy Land-level Mr. Chen awaited.

No way anything could go wrong.

Nie, the Deacon, turned pale upon seeing them draw weapons. He hurriedly tried to stop them, but it was already too late.

"Who dares disrespect the Saint!"

Wang Bolin's gaze turned icy as he strode forward flanked by three Captain Level figures, ordering: "The Ether Association doesn't need your so-called evidence to do things! Seize him!"

Nie, the Deacon, panicked—this is bad!

Yan Wu caught sight of his expression but forcibly suppressed his urge to follow suit.

Only Wang Bolin remained fearless, even prepared to act.

In that instant, Jing Ci turned his gaze toward him, an expression deep with unspoken meaning.

Suddenly, a piercing sound of air slicing rang out, like the shrieks of ghosts.

With a loud bang, Wang Bolin's vision went dark, immense pressure pinning him against the car hood.

"Due to certain reasons, I am bound by my own moral code—things like bullying the weak and elderly are off-limits. But Senior Li Qingsong clearly doesn't qualify as a decent person, so I suppose this doesn't count as bullying the elderly."

Jing Ci held the umbrella steady, his right hand pressed against Wang Bolin's chest, immobilizing the Fourth-Order Mad King: "As for you... among those who conspired to slaughter Mu Feng's team, I suspect you had a hand as well."

"As for evidence, I have none."

His gaze mocked: "But as you just said, the Ether Association doesn't need evidence to act."

In the next moment, his right hand exerted a subtle force.

Wang Bolin arched his back in pain, releasing a silent, agonizing scream.

Because Jing Ci's right hand had torn into his chest, rummaging for something.

"Then I'll dispense with the need for evidence myself."

Jing Ci abruptly withdrew his hand, clutching a blood-drenched, still-beating heart in his palm!

As for Wang Bolin, his terrified expression froze in place, his death gruesome.

A Fourth-Order Mad King of the Ancient Martial Path, casually slaughtered.

What came as a surprise was that neither Minister Lu nor the Saint chose to intervene.

Or perhaps, they were incapable.

"Alright, who's next?"

Jing Ci gently rotated the umbrella, surveying the surrounding crowd, the crimson, pulsating heart in his hand.

It was as if he was showing it to everyone.

Every person who saw the heart felt a pang in their own chest.

None dared aim their weapons at him. Those who hadn't fled on the spot were already showing remarkable restraint.

Gulp.

Yan Wu's domain abruptly shattered, fear flashing in his eyes as he suddenly felt relieved at his choice!

Nie, the Deacon, sighed, then turned toward the girl in the cockpit: "Minister Lu, why aren't you stopping this?"

Lu Zijin smirked, rolling her eyes: "Stop him? With what? Wang Bolin was being idiotic. Why should I risk offending 'that one' to intervene for him? Forget Wang Bolin—if Senior Li Qingsong himself or Vice President Lai Yin were standing here, neither would cross him over such a fool."

Indeed, Wang Bolin was an A-grade investigator for the Ether Association, credited with great merit on behalf of humanity.

Under normal circumstances, should anyone kill him, they would almost certainly face repercussions.

The Ether Association always exacts justice, never letting its subordinates feel disheartened.

Yet there are exceptions.

Such as the man with the black umbrella and the tailored suit.

In an instant, countless piercing streaks of light tore through the darkness.

The roaring tides on the sea collapsed abruptly, leaving serenity in their wake, all sound vanishing.

The Saint's presence dissipated gradually into the shadows.

Only massive sighs lingered.

With a slap, the crimson, pulsating heart was thrown into the rain like trash.

The black umbrella floated autonomously in mid-air. Jing Ci drew a pristine handkerchief from his pocket, wiping away the blood on his hands with rainwater dripping from the umbrella's edge. He spoke softly: "Anyone else?"

Silence.

Every gaze fixed upon that heart carried trembling pupils, as though they themselves had been the ones disemboweled.

"Now, I must emphasize two matters."

Jing Ci spoke calmly: "First, regarding how Gu Jianlin managed to leap ranks and kill those fools—I hope this matter ends here... the reason is simple. He is someone my teacher values."

The group fell into silence.

Especially Nie, the Deacon, whose eyes twitched uncontrollably.

Jing Ci smiled faintly: "Second, Mu Feng and his two daughters, along with all their companions, deserve justice. Effective immediately, remove their names from the Association's wanted list. Heroes who shed blood for humanity and battled the Ancient Gods head-on should not fall to the status of fugitives."

"Whatever crimes Mu Feng and his team are accused of, show irrefutable evidence proving their guilt. But until then... you understand."

In the cockpit, Minister Lu simply smiled and said nothing as she observed everything unfold.

Nie, the Deacon, murmured, resigned: "Understood."

"Lastly."

Jing Ci turned, tossing away the bloodied handkerchief, his gaze landing on the boy amid the ruins.

Gu Jianlin stood in the rain, quietly meeting his gaze.

"What are you so nervous about?"

Jing Ci held the umbrella aloft, his other hand in his pocket, smiling: "Relax. It's nothing serious, just a few bugs squashed. Mu Feng's group will be fine, and your family won't be targeted. Once Chen Bojun finishes sealing that thing in the Immortal Palace, he'll report to the teacher and make arrangements for this matter."

Gu Jianlin paused in slight surprise.

"You did well this time."

Jing Ci approached him, smiling, holding the umbrella above him: "The teacher is pleased. The only minor flaw is that your combat style was too barbaric, leaving you in such a mess—it's not very elegant."

"When you slap a fly, you don't want its fluids splattered all over you, do you?"

His gaze was calm, devoid of the brutality that had just shredded a man's chest: "Go home, clean yourself up properly, and prepare. Next time we meet, the teacher will teach you how to kill as a Divine."

As the words fell, his figure moved like a ghost through the storm, a flickering, noble silhouette fading into the rain.

Gu Jianlin watched him retreat, already knowing the answer yet still asking: "Who is your teacher?"

Through the dense fog, the grocery store reopened, its lights swaying in the haze.

Jing Ci's silhouette grew taller, like a towering giant amidst the storm, gazing down at the earth.

His image—a blood-soaked deity, riddled with savage scars, pierced by innumerable blades, treading atop mountains of corpses—was soaked in visceral carnage.

Gu Jianlin had never profiled such a monumental transcendent aura, leaving him stunned and speechless.

Amid the storm, Jing Ci's voice echoed in the silence.

"—The King of Qing, Huai Yin."