

Ancient 151

Chapter 151 - 74: That Is My Student

The late-night grocery store, with torrential rain pouring outside.

"No wonder I just drove off that thing from the Immortal Palace, and then saw your shop appear before me."

Chen Bojun's face was pale; he coughed heavily and said, with a faint tone, "For you to come in person, I thought it must be some Supreme being manifested. I never would have guessed—it was for Professor Gu's son."

He picked up a white chess piece from the box and placed it firmly on the empty chessboard: "I should've known. Back in the day, you were deeply resentful of Professor Gu's decision to pursue the Heavenly Master Path, even going so far as to clash with the Light forces outright. Now that Professor Gu is no longer here, yet his son has become Divine—you wouldn't leave him alone, would you?"

Huai Yin smiled without replying, pinching a black chess piece and placing it on the board.

Chen Bojun didn't even look, promptly making his next move: "What a pity. After finally finding a good prospect, you snatched him from under everyone's nose. Foolish, absolutely foolish. When did you arrive in Peak City?"

"Four months ago."

Huai Yin stared at the chessboard and placed another piece: "When Gu Ci'an had just died."

Chen Bojun narrowed his eyes. The hand holding the white piece hesitated slightly: "Your thoughts on this?"

Huai Yin replied flatly: "Same as the findings from your investigation. I merely sensed the aura left by a Primordial, but couldn't confirm which one. The boy later claimed he saw a nine-headed monstrous bird, each bird head bearing a terrifying human face. If there are no surprises, it's most likely Ghost Car."

Chen Bojun's expression grew serious: "The Vermilion Bird Clan... Ghost Car Ancestor. Are you certain the boy was correct?"

Huai Yin smiled faintly: "If the whole world were mistaken, he still wouldn't be wrong."

Chen Bojun was taken aback, dropping a white piece as he said, "You truly trust him?"

"Ha, that I cannot tell you."

Huai Yin picked up a cup of hot tea and said faintly, "I can only say, for the moment... The one thing he might struggle to see clearly is the human heart. Extraordinary creatures, those he'll never mistake."

Chen Bojun hesitated for a second, feeling compelled to savor these words carefully.

"For you to regard him so highly, the boy must be something special. Besides, he's hiding some secrets. A First Order Fate who can, in such a short time, instantly kill a Fourth Rank, two Third Rank, and a large number of Second Rank individuals. Even though those captains were already gravely wounded by Mu Feng, the speed was still astonishing."

He couldn't help but ask, "Did you teach him Forbidden Spell and Breathing Technique?"

Huai Yin waved him off: "Not so fast. I haven't even mentioned taking him in as a student yet."

Chen Bojun fell silent for a second.

"Then you must have taught him Controllable Deformation."

He paused: "Just so you know, I won't let my brother get wind of this."

Huai Yin chuckled: "Ha, you two brothers are quite amusing—one is so rigid he won't budge even on reasonable matters, while the other is overly smooth. If anyone else dared to deduce such a secret in my presence, they would've been dead by now."

Chen Bojun sighed and said, "You know my heart is with another faction, despite my position."

"For the sake of those words, the boy can remain in the Omega Sequence under your guidance for a while."

Huai Yin set down the teacup and gazed at the chessboard, seemingly lost in a dilemma.

Chen Bojun raised an eyebrow and asked, "And you're still willing to keep him in the association?"

Huai Yin sneered: "What else? To be honest, I have no complaint against the association. The only thing humanity has learned from history is that humanity never learns from history. Across the ages, there's truly nothing new under the sun. Even a civilization as mighty as the Ancient God Clan will one day rot away, and yet, within the decaying soil, new flowers will inevitably bloom."

"Such is the order of all things, the inevitability of history, which is why I choose not to interfere."

He paused: "Also because of the constraints of the Heaven's Punishment Treaty. That meteor overhead hasn't gone away yet. I'm too busy dealing with those Ancient Gods to spare time for these little matters."

Chen Bojun pondered briefly: "Then why did you prevent me from leaving, forcing me to stay here?"

"Because, by the time you arrived, it was already too late. Mu Feng and the others had already been captured—whether you act now or not makes little difference."

Huai Yin replied indifferently: "Of course, it's not your fault. If you hadn't gone to deal with that thing in the Immortal Palace, they would all be dead."

Chen Bojun fixed his gaze on him, questioning: "Why didn't you step in, then?"

Huai Yin smiled: "I could have stepped in. Jing Ci could have acted as well. We could storm the Immortal Palace this very instant and fight that ghastly thing. I could disregard the Heaven's Punishment Treaty, send Jing Ci to kill Li Qingsong, eradicate the Yan family in Peak City, and then kill our way upwards; gods will fall before us, and Buddhas will crumble underfoot."

"But, Bojun, tell me—what would be the point of doing all this?"

He continued, "Would we be able to save everyone in the world? Would such actions make the world any better? What happens after I'm dead? You know perfectly well what kind of person I am. In this life, I've mastered only one thing: killing."

Chen Bojun said nothing.

"Yet killing solves nothing. Otherwise, on that Christmas night two centuries ago, the Ether Association's history should have ended there. And it was from that moment on that I realized my own limits. Because every move I make unleashes untold thunderous force upon the world—how many innocent lives would be lost because of me?"

Huai Yin toyed with the chess pieces, the wrinkle above his brows slightly lifting in wisdom: "So I chose to be a good teacher."

Chen Bojun was at a loss for words: "Being a good teacher means letting your students face danger, embark on missions to kill, and then stand alone facing the association's reckoning? Have you considered the pressures he would endure? Watching as his father's old friends, those who have helped him, are slaughtered and imprisoned?"