

Ancient 153

Chapter 153 - 75: They Are Also Worthy?

4:30 AM.

Gu Jianlin lay on an exceedingly luxurious hospital bed. The filth covering his body had been completely washed away, and he was dressed in a blue-and-white striped hospital gown. Intravenous drips were inserted into the backs of both his hands, supplying healing medicine.

Since he fell unconscious, he hadn't woken up.

In the room, Tang Ling sat expressionlessly on the sofa, wearing a black sun hat. A massive violin case stood upright against the wall as she silently wiped the silver-white iron sword in her hand with tissues over and over.

Her other hand rested on the armrest of the sofa, also connected to an IV drip.

The reason these two were placed in the same hospital room wasn't because they had a good relationship.

Nor was it because they were mistaken as a couple.

It was simply because this was the exclusive privilege of the Omega Sequence.

Nominally, they were both investigators, but their actual authority was already above much of the association's management level. Thus, the medical treatment they received after being injured was the best, with priests assigned specifically to heal them.

They could also enjoy the highest-grade Life Secret Medicine to ensure no lingering issues remained.

At that moment, hurried footsteps echoed in the corridor.

Deacon Nie walked in with a grim expression, followed by his secretary. Everyone's faces looked unpleasant.

"Captain Lin, I entrust this matter to you."

He paused and complained, "I don't understand why—even after seven hours—the Unclean ones managed to pull through, yet he still hasn't regained consciousness. If Mr. Chen demands accountability, even with the Saint protecting me, I might lose my position. Sigh. What a mess. Tell me, didn't I just follow the Saint's orders? Who did I offend?"

Lin Wanqiu was walking leisurely beside him, hands in the pockets of her white coat, her high heels tapping rhythmically against the floor. "Don't worry, Deacon Nie, I'll do my best to check. I'm quite interested in that young guy too."

But just as they arrived at the hospital room's entrance, a fierce sword wind swept forth.

A silver-white iron sword barred them from entering.

"Stop."

Tang Ling, who had at some point removed her IV needle, was now looking down at her phone, seemingly engrossed in some sort of gacha game. With her other hand gripping the iron sword, she pointed it at them from afar. "Take one more step, and I'll kill you."

Deacon Nie's face hardened as he spoke in a low voice, "C-ranked investigator Tang Ling, put down your weapon. We are here under orders to check on the injured. If there's any delay, can you afford the consequences?"

Unfortunately, his warnings, though stern in appearance, were utterly ignored.

Compared to him, Lin Wanqiu was far more eloquent. With a soft smile, she said, "Miss, why the hostility? We mean no harm. We're simply here to check on the patient's condition without disturbing your rest."

Tang Ling continued focusing on her game, rejecting her without lifting her head: "I hate the Judgement Court. The guy lying in that bed hates them even more than I do. So, unless you want me to chop you up, make yourselves scarce."

Deacon Nie's blood pressure shot up, and he instinctively wanted to shout in anger.

But considering the girl's Sword Tomb lineage, he held back his temper in silence.

Lin Wanqiu maintained her charming smile and spoke softly, "Miss, but I'm not from the Judgement Court."

"I heard you like to buddy up with Judgement Court people. Same breed of scum."

Tang Ling, busy with her gacha pulls, waved the eerie blade. "Also, I hate green tea."

Now it wasn't only Deacon Nie whose blood pressure surged; even Lin Wanqiu was visibly angered, her chest rising and falling in steady breaths.

"The only people permitted to enter this room are his captain, Mr. Chen, or Minister Lu. You're far from qualified."

Tang Ling raised her sharp gaze, looking up with an icy arrogance gleaming in her eyes. Her crisp voice carried unmistakable condescension, "Don't make me repeat myself a second time. Understand?"

The top floor of Deep Space Building.

Lu Zijin's desk was piled high with fried chicken and hamburgers, the aroma of fries dipped heavily in ketchup wafting through the air.

She sucked on her slender, onion-white fingers, which glistened faintly with oil.

On the computer screen, a message from Chen Bojun was displayed.

"Zijin, I found some Gu Worms near the Qilin Immortal Palace. Likely the work of a high-level Gu Master. I'm not sure if this is good or bad news. This is the same location where you and Professor Gu hunted the Nightmare Master years ago – the Nightmare Master disappeared here."

"I suspect the Gu Master who unleashed the Death Spirit Gu against Peak City Second High School's rescue team back then might be this one. But until I can confirm, don't tell Zicheng yet—otherwise, given his temperament, he might act recklessly and cause irreparable damage."

"I'll update you later. End of message."

Lu Zijin stared at the text, a fleeting chill flashing through her beautiful eyes before her expression returned to normal.

"Sis, how do you still have the appetite to eat at a time like this?"

Lu Zicheng paced back and forth anxiously in front of the desk. "Can't you come up with something?"

Chen Qing, seated on the sofa, swiped through the heart rate graphs displayed on her tablet.

"Why wouldn't I have an appetite?"

Lu Zijin replied placidly, "Mu Feng has already pulled through death's door, hasn't he? His second daughter is fine too. As for that little girl, now that she's wearing the Nightmare Pendant again, the deformation has been suppressed once more. While the people in the shelter did lose over half their lives, it's still a fortunate outcome compared to total destruction."

She paused. "The ones who died—labeled Unclean—were all once my comrades. The best way to honor them is by recuperating and avenging their deaths."

"I understand."

Lu Zicheng frowned. "I'm talking about Xiao Gu. He still hasn't woken up. What's going on? He's already been healed by the priest and given Life Secret Medicine—it shouldn't be like this."

Chen Qing swiped the heart rate graphs to the last page.

It showed Gu Jianlin's real-time vitals.

His heart had almost stopped beating. His breathing was dangerously shallow.

Even his mental fluctuations were weakening.

"Simple. His body is close to collapsing."

Lu Zijin's face lit up with a sweet smile. "The data makes it pretty clear, doesn't it?"

Lu Zicheng and Chen Qing were stunned.

"This kid must've used something he couldn't handle at his current Rank, pushing his body beyond its limits. Not even a priest or Life Secret Medicine can save him now."

Lu Zijin chuckled lightly, biting into a hamburger. "He'll have to crawl back on his own."

Lu Zicheng stared daggers at her, gritting his teeth.

Chen Qing, on the other hand, remained comparatively calm, asking flatly, "What if he doesn't make it?"

Lu Zijin feigned confusion, "What do you mean, doesn't make it?"

Lu Zicheng and Chen Qing exchanged uneasy glances.

"How ridiculous. That kid was personally chosen as a student by him. You think he'd let the kid just die like that?"

Lu Zijin rolled her eyes, snapping irritably, "Zicheng, all these years and you still haven't learned to think. And Chen Qing—how did you get so dumb too? Is it true what they say—that big chests mean no brains?"

Chen Qing hesitated, instinctively glancing down at the other woman's unimpressive figure.

Then she lowered her gaze to her own chest, which seemed about ready to burst through her blouse, and sank into a silent reverie.

"Seriously, you could've mentioned that earlier."

Lu Zicheng exhaled deeply in relief, his smile returning as he spoke in an ingratiating tone: "Alright, nothing to worry about. Carry on eating, sis. Anything else you need? Should I grab you a Coke?"

Lu Zijin gestured dismissively at the pile of chicken wings and burgers on the desk. "No need. I'm dieting."

Forget Sorrow Grocery Store.

Huai Yin smiled with satisfaction at the black chess pieces that had claimed absolute victory on the board.

"Excellent. Tonight's game was exhilarating, truly enjoyable!"

With great relish, he declared, "As expected, fishing may rely on luck, but when it comes to competition, I haven't lost to anyone in over a hundred years."

Jing Ci, polishing antiques nearby, let out a quiet sigh of resignation.

"What are you sighing for?"

Huai Yin turned his head and shot him a glance. "Got something to say?"

"Not really," Jing Ci replied evenly. "But you might want to check Chen Bojun's expression as he walked out—it seemed he had something to say."

Jing Ci wasn't interested in wrangling over irrelevant matters with the elderly man. He switched to another topic, asking casually, "Teacher, did you just have Chen Bojun take the Dragon Marrow Liquid? Was that for Junior Brother?"

Huai Yin admired his chess game and replied, "Who else would it be for?"

"I just find it odd. Ancient God power is supposed to be limited in the real world. So even if he underwent Divine Servant Transformation, his body shouldn't deteriorate this severely."

Jing Ci mused, "Unless it wasn't Divine Servant-level evolution, but rather something higher, more forbidden. That would trigger backlash from the laws and shatter his body."

Huai Yin nodded: "That sounds about right."

Jing Ci raised a brow in surprise. "So it isn't Divine Servant-level evolution?"

"The student I chose—how could his evolution be as trivial as Divine Servant-level? That's a joke fit for dogs."

Huai Yin scoffed dismissively, "The kid was smart enough to avoid sustained use of that power. Even without the Dragon Marrow Liquid, he'd eventually wake up—though it might take half a year. I'm too impatient for that, so I'm sending the Dragon Marrow Liquid to speed things up."

Jing Ci contemplated briefly, "We don't have much Dragon Marrow Liquid left. Should I go steal some again?"

"Don't bother. That Supreme is having issues right now, but they're still the pinnacle of this world. And their temper isn't good. Even if they're likely in the real world now, I wouldn't want to push them too far. Besides, the Ghost Slayer Path stems from their power—you wouldn't stand a chance in front of them. Could've told you sooner to change your damn profession."

Huai Yin shot him a sideways glance. "Pathetic."

Jing Ci countered with an earnest smile, "Strength is one thing; style is another. And personally, I think I'm strong."

"No matter how strong you are, against that Supreme, you have no chance."

Huai Yin slapped his leg and said, "I'm running out of patience. Once that kid wakes up, I'll teach him the Forbidden Spell and Breathing Technique so he doesn't over-rely on Ancient God Transformation. When he encounters the Heavenly Person Realm, he'd otherwise suffer dearly."

Jing Ci nodded in agreement before suddenly asking, "Teacher, during Junior Brother's Black Cloud City mission, someone shadowed and protected him the entire way. Should we inform him about this?"

Huai Yin mulled over it briefly and replied languidly, "No point. Let the arrogant brat learn the hard way that profiling isn't infallible. Plenty of methods can bypass his ability. What's that phrase you kids use? Right—'social suicide.' Let social suicide teach him a lesson."

After a moment's pause, he added: "Later, sneak over to his house and use Time Gap to mark everyone there. Can't have him complaining that I, his teacher, didn't bother doing anything."

Jing Ci nodded slightly:

"Understood. But I do feel the need to remind you. You actually don't do anything yourself—you leave everything for me to handle..."

Huai Yin glared, "So what's the difference?"

Jing Ci suddenly added, "Teacher, Chen Bojun thinks we taught Junior Brother the Breathing Technique, Forbidden Spell, and evolution methods, which caused his body to experience this massive strain. But in reality, we haven't taught those yet."

Huai Yin remarked indifferently, "Correct. And his father didn't teach him either."

"Which means he has secrets of his own."

Jing Ci paused. "We choose not to investigate—but the Judgement Court won't simply let this go."

The curling incense smoke obscured Huai Yin's aged features, making his expression unreadable.

"Let them try."

He smirked, "My chosen student—they're not worthy."