

## **Ancient 154**

Chapter 154 - 76 Awakening after Sleep

Late night in the hospital room.

Gu Jianlin still showed no signs of waking up, and none of the medical personnel from the association had been allowed inside.

Tang Ling was still clutching her iron sword, leaning against the sofa, nearly falling asleep.

Knock knock.

Chen Bojun knocked on the door: "Excuse me, may I come in?"

Tang Ling lifted her gaze, her long, curled lashes catching the light and casting a shadow on her pale face.

"You're here."

She rose from the sofa and nodded slightly.

A sign of respect, albeit modest.

"Hmm, impressive. I didn't expect you to recover so quickly after using Extreme Thunder, even healing your injuries. If nothing unexpected happens, you'll likely advance to Fourth Rank within a week, won't you?"

Chen Bojun revealed an appreciative expression and praised, "Very good. Since you're a successor of the Sword Tomb, naturally, you should carry that pride—it doesn't need to be said. Twenty years old, Fourth Rank. You hold great promise. If possible, I hope you can secure the title of strongest in this generation's Omega Sequence."

Tang Ling hummed softly and stored the iron sword into a violin case: "Then I'll be heading off now."

Chen Bojun glanced at the unconscious boy on the bed and smiled: "Honestly, I thought you'd have left long ago. I didn't expect you'd guard him for this long, not letting anyone else come in."

Tang Ling was silent for a moment before calmly saying, "Because he helped me, that's all."

"I never really trusted people from the Judgement Court to begin with."

Suddenly, she added, "What happened tonight has only made me more disappointed in the association."

Chen Bojun nodded: "Honestly, who hasn't been? Ever since Light passed away, everything has changed."

"I understand. I just hope you all can accomplish something—at least change a little."

Tang Ling slung the violin case over her back and turned to leave: "By the way, tell him I've repaid the favor I owed him."

As the door to the room closed gently, silence spread like water.

Chen Bojun thought for a moment and chuckled: "This young lady is rather interesting. The secret weapon of the Sword Tomb?"

He walked over to the bedside and gazed at the unconscious boy, overcome with emotion.

"In a certain sense, this is truly our first face-to-face meeting. You resemble your father quite a bit, but your personality is worlds apart. Your father was a good-natured man. I knew him for over twenty years and never saw him show any aggression. I assumed that if he had a son, that child would likely take after him."

Chen Bojun sighed, muttering, "But who would've thought? You seem like a polite child, but once you lose control, you're like a mad demon. This really plays into Mr. Huai's expectations, haha."

He fished a delicate porcelain bottle from his pocket and held it to the boy's lips.

"This is Dragon Marrow Liquid—a rare treasure, one drop fewer every time it's used. Ten years ago, Jing Ci snatched it from an ancient Divine Servant atop Buzhou Mountain and almost angered that Supreme being."

Though called Dragon Marrow Liquid, it resembled a droplet of pure scarlet blood, which slowly trickled into the boy's mouth.

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Gu Jianlin had a dream.

In the dream, he saw the port of Black Cloud City, engulfed in roaring flames and filled with the cries of despair.

Amid the burning fire.

Wanwan was kicked to the ground, and Uncle Mu roared as he lunged forward to protect her, but he was bound by chains.

Total devastation illuminated the tragic father and daughter.

So few meters apart, yet it felt like an abyss of despair.

Gu Jianlin was merely an observer, yet he could deeply feel the anguish and fury—like a storm roaring in his soul, dragging him into the abyss of memories as the past flooded back.

At that moment, he seemed to return to that rainy night, where a massive truck roared down the opposing road. Terrifyingly, the driver's seat was empty, yet the vehicle sped faster and faster.

Behind the truck loomed an all-encompassing mist.

Within the mist lurked sinister and menacing ghost shadows—a monstrous bird with nine heads.

Nine heads twisted wildly in the depths of the fog, revealing nine grotesque faces.

Gu Jianlin heard a familiar voice calling out to him and the warmth of a comforting embrace.

Amidst the roar of the truck, the boy's world shattered once again.

Pain.

His entire body hurt—pain that reached deep into his soul.

The dream collapsed with a deafening crash, and Gu Jianlin opened his eyes, dazed and bereft.

"Awake?"

Chen Bojun's voice sounded beside him.

Gu Jianlin realized he was lying in what could only be described as a luxurious intensive care unit, surrounded by advanced machinery he'd never seen before. His body was connected to various cables, with IV drips in both hands.

His body felt torn apart—painful to the point of absurdity, as though he'd just been pulverized.

The toll taken by his Ancient God Transformation had been immense this time.

Especially after using the Ancient Divine Language.

Now he finally understood—that his father's findings were accurate. The power of the Ancient God Clan was fundamentally rejected in the physical world. Forcefully wielding it would lead to significant physical strain.

It wouldn't be surprising for a fighter to break down halfway—before even killing their enemy.

Indeed, the saying "to bear the weight of the crown" might not fully apply here, but it was almost fitting.

This explained why humanity had managed to preserve the physical realm against the overwhelming might of the Ancient God Clan.

Otherwise, mankind might have lost its footing long ago.

"I truly don't understand you young people—why go to such lengths?"

Chen Bojun sat beside him and said, "Though sometimes, I envy you all—with the fire that still burns inside."