

Ancient 156

Chapter 156 - 77 Wanwan's Wish

Gu Jianlin fell silent again upon hearing that name.

Chen Bojun chuckled and explained, "Actually, the old man has been thinking about you for many years. It's just that we all suspected that the curse on your family might be avoided by living an ordinary life. That's why no one has come near you for a long time, fearing you might accidentally awaken."

"It's very difficult because, historically, your family has invariably become Ascenders. I heard from your father that your second great-uncle's cousin's brother also tried to avoid the curse this way, and didn't awaken until the age of thirty-nine. But on the night before his fortieth birthday, just while squatting over a pit, he accidentally crossed over."

He spread his hands, "The next day, he was taken to the crematorium."

Gu Jianlin's eye twitched slightly.

"You can also ask Mr. Huai more about the curse,"

Chen Bojun said, "He is the only person who can help you."

Gu Jianlin nodded.

"There's one more thing. Although Mr. Huai hopes you will stay in the association and join the Omega Sequence where I am, I think you might be disappointed with the association right now."

Chen Bojun asked, "Do you still want to stay in the association? I have to remind you, the Omega Sequence and the Judgement Court are two entirely different departments. We handle wars, while they handle... you know."

Gu Jianlin pondered for a moment, despite the terrible impression the Ether Association left on him.

He had to admit, there were still many good people in the association.

Gu Jianlin had the King of Qing's approval, so he could indeed just leave.

But he felt that would be running away.

Because, apart from Uncle Mu, there might be many such pitiable people.

Moreover, he now had power and could easily do something from within.

Some people have fallen, but their hearts haven't.

And some people haven't fallen, but their hearts have.

Gu Jianlin possessed the Ancient God's power.

And the Ancient God's Blood.

Now he's also learned Mind Control and can easily do many things he couldn't do before.

External attacks are far less efficient than internal collapse.

Moreover, he had just stepped into the transcendent world and had not yet seen many things.

Elementary school teachers always taught that one must be steady and pragmatic.

Learn more, see more, witness more.

If Gu Jianlin hadn't come to Black Cloud City, he wouldn't have understood the sufferings of the people in the shelter.

"I will stay in the association."

He said seriously, "There's no need to give up what I deserve because of some trash."

"Good, I like your fierceness."

Chen Bojun stood up and said, "In the meantime, learn as much as you can from Mr. Huai; your Rank is still too low, and you need to grow quickly. For example, the Thunder who's been guarding you—if nothing unexpected happens—she's about to advance to the Fourth Rank. Probably the strongest Fourth Rank in the past two hundred years."

Gu Jianlin was slightly taken aback, "Guarding me?"

"Yes, she called it repaying you. No one except those she approves of can enter."

Chen Bojun pointed out the window, "Look, she's gone."

Gu Jianlin turned his head to look out into the desolate night outside the window.

Accompanied by the helicopter's roar, the rotor blades sliced through the wind and rain, speeding away.

A glimpse of white hair blew in the cabin, casting a disdainful glance.

"This girl is interesting, has quite a background, but her life is tragic and she's a bit hard to get along with,"

Chen Bojun laughed, "Make the most of it."

Gu Jianlin felt that he might have misunderstood something.

"I should go. There's still some reorganization needed in the association, and I have to deal with the Judgement Court."

Chen Bojun's eyes turned calm, "By the way, I have something to ask you."

Gu Jianlin said calmly, "Please speak."

Chen Bojun looked at him deeply, "The total amount of good and evil in this world is always balanced. If you insist on walking this path, you will see more injustices, you can't stand up for everyone, nor can you eradicate all evil, so what's the point of doing this?"

Gu Jianlin thought for a moment, "Is a point needed?"

Chen Bojun was stunned.

"This time, I'm standing up for a father's dignity, for a little girl's kindness, for the perseverance and restraint of those in the shelter. Perhaps, it's not entirely for them."

Gu Jianlin said softly, "I just don't want to indulge that cowardly part of myself."

Chen Bojun sighed, "Truly arrogant."

"This is my own matter."

Gu Jianlin was silent for a long time, then suddenly said, "Actually, I have a question as well."

Chen Bojun raised an eyebrow, "Oh?"

Gu Jianlin seriously asked, "The thing in the Underwater Palace, is it really a Primordial?"

Chen Bojun thought for a moment, "Since you're King of Qing's favored student, there's no harm in telling you. Although its identity can't be confirmed yet, it's the Primordial of the Candle Dragon Clan, just very weak. But even so, it still inflicted serious injuries on me."

Gu Jianlin felt a wave of apprehension, so that's how it is.

"Its existence is to guard the Qilin Venerable and prevent its revival,"

Chen Bojun said, "But it's already heavily injured by someone, it no longer has that power, and is desperately trying to regain strength. If I'm not mistaken, it should have converted a few Divine Servants to do its bidding, much to do yet."

Not dead, huh.

Gu Jianlin thought it's truly a pity and said, "I also saw a lot of Gu Worms in the underground palace."

Chen Bojun's eyes narrowed slightly, "Got it."

He laughed, "Anything else you need help with?"

Gu Jianlin hesitated, "If possible... there actually is."

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At dawn, the storm-washed sky was as pure and clear as the sea.

The misty shadow of clouds reflecting on the hospital room's glass window, a ray of sunlight fell on the flowing curtains, casting a shadow on the pristine hospital bed, a harmony of light and dark, serene.

Gu Jianlin stood in the ward, his face pale like a ghost.

The room was divided by a white curtain between the two hospital beds.

Uncle Mu lay wrapped in bandages like a mummy, connected to various cables, and the readings on the instruments showed stable data indicating he had passed the danger period, though very weak.

Wanwan curled up on the hospital bed, wrapped up completely in a quilt, only a tender, cute face exposed, along with a violet crystal pendant hanging around her neck.

Like a little cat, she shivered unknowingly in her sleep.

Perhaps today's events had frightened her, leading to nightmares.

At this moment, Wanwan suddenly moved, revealing her scarred little hand.

Gu Jianlin was stunned.

"What is that?"

Chen Bojun standing next to him was also surprised.

Gu Jianlin didn't speak, unsure of what to say.

In Wanwan's hand, she was clutching a broken wooden carving as if it were a treasure pressed against her chest.

She still remembered her promise, waiting for the man who would never return.

One can't help but wonder how she managed to retrieve that broken woodcarving under those circumstances.

Gu Jianlin could avenge her, vent her anger, kill those who bullied her.

Even seek revenge eye-for-eye and crush the dog's head like it crushed that little woodcarving.

But the hurt the little girl suffered, along with her heart's efforts, her dignity, and kindness were trampled.

She had harmed no one, yet witnessed the ugliest side of human nature.

This injury is beyond repair.

Gu Jianlin examined the woodcarving closely, entirely hand-made by her with no one else's involvement because she promised to gift it herself.

Being so young, she didn't understand carving, with clumsy hands.

Who knows how many she bungled before creating one that barely resembled a person.

Gu Jianlin could even imagine her in a dark basement, working on the wood carving in the cooking firelight, fumbling clumsily with a carving knife, often injuring herself.

Why only carve the wood during cooking times? Because firelight was a scarce resource in that shelter, her matchsticks were already running low.

"My father meant a lot to her, didn't he?"

Gu Jianlin said softly.

"Perhaps,"

Chen Bojun rubbed his temples, sighed, "I'll find a way to apply for a Mythical Weapon..."

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When Wanwan awoke from her sleep, she sat up in a panic.

She thought she was still in Black Cloud City, consumed by the blazing inferno, witnessing her family persecuted and killed.

Especially the scene of her father, bloodied, chained to the ground.

It enveloped her like a nightmare.

However, when the sunlight fell on her face, she froze.

This was the post-rain sunshine, warm as it touched her little face.

The exquisite ward bathed in sunlight was painted a beautiful golden hue.

In her life, for six years, within all her memories, it was the second time she had seen sunlight.

Mu Feng lay on the bed beside her, wrapped like a mummy, breathing steadily.

What had happened?

Wanwan blinked her lively eyes, then suddenly stopped short.

On the headboard, her wooden box had been found.

Matchbox, carving knife, butterfly hairpin, compass, and a tattered teddy bear.

Additionally, there was a brand-new pink sweater placed by the side.

She had never seen such new clothes before.

Wanwan suddenly looked down at her palm.

The wooden carving that had been crushed was now restored to its original state, with sunlight falling on its ugly face.

It seemed to be smiling at her.