

Ancient 162

Chapter 162 - 81: The Saint of the Judgement Court

On the highway near dusk, Gu Jianlin sat by the railing, gazing at the distant sunset.

The highway was so desolate, much like the barrenness of his own heart. After a long while, a car finally roared past him, the wind lifting the stray locks of hair on his forehead, revealing his eyes that were strikingly clear in black and white.

In his eyes, the twilight reflected like a shimmering sea of light.

So, this is how it is.

Gu Jianlin silently chuckled to himself.

He knew that in the minds of many, he was seen as indifferent—stoic, expressionless.

But he understood perfectly how sensitive and delicate he had been as a child.

Gu Jianlin's happiest times were before he turned six, back when his parents' relationship was still harmonious. They would take him to swim at the beach on weekends, though he stopped entering the water after once seeing someone doing their business in the sea. Yet watching his parents floundering around in the water still brought him joy.

Those were the days when the three of them sat on the sandy shore, soaking in the sea breeze under the warm sun.

It seemed like all troubles were carried away by the sound of the waves.

But then, his father got increasingly busy, and his mother's complaints grew louder and more frequent.

Most of the time, he found himself alone in their hollow, empty house, watching the hours slip by.

Occasionally, he'd hope to hear the turn of a key in the lock, before eventually falling asleep.

And later still came that torrential downpour at the civil affairs office, where the once-married couple finally went their separate ways.

Gu Jianlin didn't cry, didn't make a scene, for he had always known this day would come.

Afterward, he remained alone, refusing to associate with anyone. His only pastime was surfing the internet.

Going outdoors meant riding his bike, pedaling hard into the wind and through the night.

He didn't know where he was headed, only pushed toward a destination unknown—a place as far away as possible.

Few knew that he was merely four months shy of turning eighteen, yet he had never set foot in a cinema or a KTV. Nobody to take him, and he didn't care enough to go himself.

But now, looking back, perhaps his life was not as he had once imagined.

At the very least, his mother, even after the divorce, still cared deeply for him.

Daily texts on his phone, waiting outside the school gate after class.

His mother loved attending parent-teacher meetings because his grades were always excellent.

For a parent, that brought a lot of pride.

And in those shadowed corners he couldn't see.

His father always watched him from afar, perhaps with a smile, but never approaching.

Whether he was at home gaming.

Whether he was biking along the shoreline.

Whether he was soaking alone under torrential rain.

The man was always at a distance, observing his son grow day by day.

Then turned and walked into the darkness to battle against fate.

A man in his forties—couldn't he be lonely too?

Before Gu Jianlin entered the Extraordinary World, when he thought of his father, it was mostly resentment.

But now, if he could meet him just once more, he'd say he was sorry.

And another thing... thank you.

"Ghost Car Ancestor, so what if you're so mighty?"

Gu Jianlin gently clenched his fist, gazing at the sky, and said softly, "You're just... an Ancestor, after all."

He closed his eyes, his breathing seemingly melding with heaven and earth, attuned to the rhythm of nature.

His exhausted spirit felt as if it were rejuvenating, like a barren tree coming back to life.

Deep within his consciousness, waves seemed to crash, surging as if to unleash overwhelming tides.

In his mind's eye, the Priest boy opened his pupils.

From the depths of darkness, the Black Qilin lifted its golden slitted pupils.

Withered spirituality spread like tidal waves, nourishing the parched earth.

Under the dim sunset, the solitary shadow stretched long, reaching all the way to the toll station in the distance.

The toll station's shop transformed into a grocery store, where an elderly man still lay in a wooden chair sunning himself, his breath steady and deep.

"No wonder you wanted me to bring him here—to let him experience the breathing technique during this opportunity."

With his hands in his pockets, Jing Ci watched the boy's back. "At his age, his life has just begun. It's natural that he can't calm his heart. That's why grief makes the best agent, letting him lose himself completely."

Lying reclined in the wooden chair, Huai Yin didn't lift his eyes and said, "Teaching different people requires different methods."

Jing Ci suddenly remarked, "For someone as arrogant as him, isn't this blow too much? Gu Ci'an could have survived, yet he died because of him. How much guilt will he bear from now on?"

Huai Yin remained unperturbed, speaking faintly, "Anything that doesn't crush him will only make him stronger."

Jing Ci gazed at the boy's back. "Should I ask him?"

Huai Yin gave a hum in response.

Jing Ci approached the boy's back and asked with a smile, "How does it feel? You've already grasped the rhythm of the breathing technique quite well, much faster than I did back then, even close to our teacher's pace."

With a meaningful tone, he added, "The greatest effect of the breathing technique lies in spirituality. This leads to an ancient secret—the reason why the Ancient God Clan migrated to Earth, and why they spared no effort turning Earth into an environment resembling the Ancient God Realm. Aside from the Ancient God's Breath needed for Ancient God Transformation... spirituality is the key."

Gu Jianlin closed his eyes, sensing the intricate rhythm of his breaths, as if the skies and earth were pulsating along with him. He felt the ever-renewing vitality of the universe, ready to merge into the natural world at any moment.

"Like our teacher, who bears the title of catastrophe imbued with a king's name—the reason he can battle Ancient Gods in the real world, and even wrestle with them within the Ancient God Realm—is thanks to the breathing technique."