

Ancient 164

Chapter 164 - 81: The Saint of the Judgement Court_3

"Look at what the Yan family has become now. Our house is about to be reclaimed, no one is willing to associate with us, and we've been booted out of the association's Transcendent system! That's not even the worst of it—Chen Bojun hasn't come to settle the score with me yet! I'm out there begging anyone I can find for help, but no one will give me the time of day!"

He shouted angrily, "When you were at the top, everyone was sucking up to you. Now that you've fallen, people look at you like a pile of shit! You still think you're Mrs. Yan? You're not even worth a fart!"

Mrs. Yan's expression froze.

"Let me tell you, the Yan family is quickly heading for ruin, about to become just another wild Ascender clan. Even our driver has quit, and here you are screaming—what good will it do?"

Yan Wu scolded coldly, "I'm warning you, stop playing those little tricks behind my back. I still remember our son's grudge, but right now the priority is saving the Yan family! Get your family members under control, bring them back! There's a time and place to seek death, and this isn't it!"

With that, he stormed out in anger, "The Judgement Court won't let this go easily, so you better behave yourself."

On the sofa, Mrs. Yan's eyes were red, her hands trembling as they clutched her phone.

Her expression distorted inch by inch, twisting into something vicious.

"But that was my son, my son is dead, my son is dead..."

She muttered to herself, "My son was so noble. How is it fair that those filthy Unclean are still alive? This isn't fair, it's not fair. I want revenge. I don't care, I will definitely get revenge."

As though reaching some kind of resolve, Mrs. Yan opened WeChat and began scrolling through her friends' chat histories.

Though she and her circle called themselves Peak City's nobility, they indulged in various entertainments in private—such as visiting host clubs, where they once met someone very well-connected, a figure who frequented the black market.

This person was said to have ties with a group of Fallen and even knew a powerful assassin.

It was said the assassin had been active for half a year without a single failed job.

Mrs. Yan couldn't care less about her husband's nonsense.

Men's words—lying ghosts.

She was determined to avenge her son.

Whether it meant spending a fortune to hire the Fallen or tapping into her family's connections.

She found it.

Mrs. Yan stared at the name in the chat record and licked her lips.

—Butcher.

The twilight spilled into an old grocery store, where streams of people surged past the crosswalk outside, the traffic lights monotonously switching colors.

Huai Yin sat at the table, stirring pumpkin porridge with a spoon, silent.

Jing Ci stood by the cabinet, selecting red wine, equally silent.

The silence lasted for over half an hour. Neither said a word.

Because both teacher and student were, in their own way, rattled.

"Teacher."

Jing Ci finally broke the silence, uncorking a bottle of red wine, lowering his head to watch the deep crimson liquid ripple as it poured into the glass.

"It's all your fault for spilling our information to him early."

Huai Yin snapped irritably, "Now look, we're totally embarrassed."

Expressionless, Jing Ci replied, "How was I supposed to know?"

Huai Yin sighed heavily, "Perfect, now what do we do if we can't hold our position later?"

Jing Ci didn't answer—that was his teacher's concern, not his.

What did it have to do with him?

"What's for dinner tonight?"

Jing Ci asked idly.

Huai Yin murmured enigmatically, "Don't rush—we still have someone coming later."

Jing Ci turned his attention toward the bustling, car-clogged street outside, sensing something.
"Judgement Court people?"

Huai Yin chuckled lightly, "When the time comes, it always does."

"Go grab the phone and scroll through the contacts."

Suddenly, he seemed relaxed, smiling as he said, "In a few days, I'll be catching up with old friends, flaunting myself a little. After so many years, it's finally my turn to revel in satisfaction—it's the cycle of heaven and earth, the wheel of fortune turning. None of those old bastards will get away."

As for what he was flaunting, the idea was clear to both of them.

The Breathing Technique is a treasure of the human world. Rarely in all of history has it been mastered, and achieving meditation in just ten seconds—an unparalleled feat—is naturally something worth boasting about.

Sipping his wine, Jing Ci remarked subtly, "I thought you'd hide your disciple away."

"If someone were just a beam of light, of course I'd shield them carefully."

Huai Yin responded calmly, "But what if they were the Sun?"

Jing Ci raised an eyebrow, taken aback, "You're comparing him to the Sun?"

"That boy is now merely a beam of light. If he's not careful, he'll be devoured by darkness."

Huai Yin said earnestly, "But he met me, so he no longer needs to dim his brilliance for anyone—he'll shine until he becomes the Sun."

Jing Ci laughed lightly, "Because his choice in Black Cloud City mirrors your own, doesn't it?"

"Those who dare to tread on decay should be rewarded by destiny."

Huai Yin spoke softly, "And if destiny won't give it, then I will take its place."

Jing Ci pondered aloud, "Then what was your reward back then?"

"My reward?"

Huai Yin chuckled, "That boy himself, isn't he?"

Under the dim twilight, the street's bustling sounds vanished without warning, the roaring stream of cars frozen at the intersection. Inside the vehicles, faces wore varied expressions, the traffic lights suspended mid-transition, even the wind had ceased—a world sunk into total silence.

Two figures clad in moon-white Holy Robes emerged onto the street, soundlessly.

One was a white-haired youth with timeless beauty, emotionless eyes, like a living corpse.

The other was a raven-haired woman, innately poised and aloof, with star-like glimmers in her gaze and a lithe, elegant figure.

Their elongated shadows stretched under the twilight's glow, exuding an oppressive intensity in the stillness.

They were the two Saints of the Judgement Court.

Tianzhou.

Xingye.