

Ancient 17

Chapter 17 - 7 Danger is Close at Hand_2

"Well, then I'll come to your room tonight."

Su Youzhu turned around, her slender silhouette flashing into the bedroom next door, but then suddenly poked her head out again. Her snowflake-like delicate face revealed a questioning expression: "Which pajamas do you want to see me in tonight? Or should I cosplay instead?"

Gu Jianlin: "..."

If this was a joke or flirtation, it was seriously over the line.

And he knew that this girl really did have a wardrobe full of flamboyant clothes.

If it were those veteran classmates from school, they'd probably directly ask her to wear the bunny girl outfit.

"I heard from Mom that you'll be going to the police station tomorrow to sign the paperwork. If you need, I can go with you. Honestly, I thought you'd be very upset about it, but now it seems like you're much better than before."

Su Youzhu suddenly said, "Move on sooner, so Mom won't worry."

With that, she gently closed the door and went to do her homework.

Gu Jianlin remained silent for a second, then smiled with relief.

Looking back, sticking with Dad after the divorce instead of Mom really came at quite a loss...

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The next morning, Gu Jianlin awoke from his bed, remarkably refreshed compared to the prior days.

The headache and fatigue were completely gone, and that feeling of having his brain drained dry had vanished too.

But his first reaction upon waking was hunger—an unprecedented sensation of starvation.

He didn't rush to eat because he knew food would only temporarily alleviate his physical hunger. As for how to nourish that inexplicable Black Qilin, there was still no solution.

The door of the room next door was slightly ajar. On the pink bed, the girl was still fast asleep.

Last night, she'd been studying until three in the morning. Her foundation was truly terrible—essentially clueless about everything.

Gu Jianlin could basically guess the topics the school teachers would test on, so he pre-prepared answers to the questions and had her memorize them directly. How many she could actually remember was up to her.

The process was excruciating.

Luckily, Youzhu had come straight from a photoshoot to study, wearing the currently trendy Yor Forger costume—it was definitely refreshing.

Of course, the main reason Gu Jianlin helped her was their collaboration, coupled with his responsibility as an older brother.

It had nothing to do with the outfit she was wearing.

Gu Jianlin went to shower first, then changed into a clean white shirt and jeans, and ordered some breakfast delivery.

Right then, his phone suddenly rang.

"Hello, Uncle Zhou."

Gu Jianlin spoke through a mouthful of toothpaste as he brushed his teeth: "I'm listening."

On the other end, Zhou Ze yawned and said, "Xiao Gu, it's like this: the police station has been swamped with several unusual cases recently, and we're too stretched thin to spare anyone. Luckily, there's an agent near your home on duty, so I'll have him pick you up shortly and take you directly to the station to sign the papers. Is that alright?"

His tone was still consultative.

Ever since Gu Jianlin woke up, most people concerned about him would speak to him like this—with a careful, considerate tone.

Afraid of triggering him.

He felt a bit guilty. Since he'd already uncovered some clues on his end, he figured he couldn't keep troubling others.

"That's fine, no problem."

Quickly, he added, "Take care and rest well."

Sure enough, Zhou Ze sounded visibly relieved, his tone relaxing: "Alright, just wait at home for a bit."

After hanging up the call, Gu Jianlin sat in the living room and started reviewing again.

This time, he wasn't profiling any individual.

He was analyzing this world.

"If the Ancient God was indeed the original ruler of this world, then why is there no historical record of Them at all? No, wait—that's not correct. It's not that there's none, but rather that it's been deliberately hidden or erased. Those ancient myths and ghost stories might have traces to follow."

"As for the Ascenders, if we understand them as mutants or something similar, their ability to conceal themselves makes more sense. After all, there have always been countless legends of extraordinary individuals; distinguishing truth from fiction is nearly impossible."

"Including the information I've gathered so far, it's possible that even ancient myths and historical records are falsified. For instance, Xu Fu—commonly believed to have gone missing during his journey

eastward, most likely arriving at what is now Neon, Ying Province, and leaving behind a legacy of civilization. But in reality, he was stationed at the Qilin Immortal Palace?"

"Ordinary people won't be aware of the Ancient Gods and Ascenders, which suggests their existence is made intentionally covert. It's possible they've walked right past me, and I couldn't distinguish them."

"Even the Ancient Gods, based on the pharmacist in the Ancient Tomb, might outwardly appear completely human. Or at least, They can seemingly take on human forms—unlike the Black Qilin I see."

"So, how do I find these Ascenders?"

Gu Jianlin currently had two primary goals.

First, to locate Ascenders.

Second, to find a way to satiate the hunger inside him.

This can't go on for much longer.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

"So fast?"

Gu Jianlin first went to the ice-cool beauty's room and gently closed her door, then opened the living room door.

"Hello, East Sea Road Police Station, Li Changzhi."

A man in his thirties flashed his ID and briefly glanced at the young man: "Are you Professor Gu Ci'an's son, Gu Jianlin?"

Gu Jianlin hadn't seen this agent before and frowned slightly: "Yes, that's me."

"Alright, please come with me."

Li Changzhi smiled slightly.

Gu Jianlin simply responded with an "Mm," not thinking much of it; there were plenty of agents affiliated with the station.

It wasn't unusual to meet unfamiliar faces.

He grabbed his keys and phone, locked the door, and followed him out of the building.

Outside the neighborhood, a white Volkswagen was parked.

Li Changzhi got into the driver's seat and started the engine: "Buckle up; we're heading to the station."

Gu Jianlin sat in the back, cooperating fully.

"Do you live here alone?"

Li Changzhi merged into traffic, casually asking.

Gu Jianlin raised an eyebrow: "No, why?"

"Oh, nothing. I noticed a few long hairs on your clothes earlier, and there's a hint of perfume. Considering how handsome you are, is that your girlfriend?"

"Nope, that's my sister."

Gu Jianlin shook his head, still not having dated anyone yet.

"Your sister? Blood-related?"

Li Changzhi asked again.

"No, my mom remarried. She's the daughter of her husband."

Gu Jianlin replied calmly, "I'm living with my mom and her current husband right now."

Li Changzhi nodded in understanding: "I see. That's not easy—living under someone else's roof. What's your plan for later, when you're older? I heard you used to live with Professor Gu Ci'an. Did he ever settle anything for you before he passed? Like a house or savings?"

Gu Jianlin shook his head again: "No, he didn't."

For some reason, he felt this agent was a little too chatty, so he tried profiling him. Yet, he couldn't get any substantial information.

Because the available data was insufficient, his personality sketch remained fuzzy—indicating a clerical worker, not an active field agent.

Compared to people he'd encountered at the cemetery, this one seemed more complex, less straightforward.

"I see."

Li Changzhi nodded, steering the car onto an overpass.

At this moment, Gu Jianlin suddenly realized this wasn't the route to East Sea Road Police Station. He frowned and asked, "Where are we going?"

Li Changzhi smiled: "Oh, there's been a string of peculiar cases recently, and the station is short-staffed. We're heading to another precinct to get your father's accident report. You just need to sign, and that's it."

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a moment but said nothing.

Then his phone vibrated again—the caller ID: Chief Zhou.

Lowering the volume, he answered silently.

"Hey, Xiao Gu. I've had Xiao Zhang park the car outside your building—just head down." Chief Zhou's voice came through.

Gu Jianlin's pupils shrank abruptly as he instinctively looked at the agent in the driver's seat, his spine turning icy cold.

In his vision, the agent's figure distorted, as if in a hallucination.

In the next instant, Li Changzhi's expression hardened, and he slammed on the accelerator. The car roared forward on the overpass at full throttle—

The tires screeched against the road in a deafening screech.

Gu Jianlin's pupils constricted.

In that moment, the agent's personality sketch abruptly became crystal clear.