

## Ancient 179

Chapter 179 - 90: Sorry, I Can't Get Close to You\_2

When a collective organization grows to a certain size, it naturally forms several factions within.

There is both open strife and covert struggle between them.

From ancient times to the present, whether it's nations or federations, it's always been the same.

"Although I don't support internal conflict, the truth is, the Ether Association has always been engaged in it. Do as you like."

Chen Bojun suddenly asked, "By the way, how's that kid's injury?"

Lu Zijin thought of this, and a faint curve appeared on her crimson lips: "He just advanced to the Second Order Young Master rank, killed twelve of the same rank, and scared off a Fourth Rank Mad King. No injuries—not even a single strand of hair lost."

Chen Bojun gasped sharply.

"Gu Jianlin's Inheritance Path is Divine, said to be the hardest path to master, but no one has ever seen him practice the First Order's Ghost Transformation or the Second Rank's Dark Shock. And it's only been a week since his awakening—he hasn't had the time to train for it."

Lu Zjin said proudly, "What's more, he doesn't have a family background or the inheritance of any Ascender faction. While Thunder users can achieve similar feats with Mythical Weapons, it's clear that... the chair-killer is even stronger."

Chen Bojun froze: "Goddamnit, chair-killer? How did our Omega Sequence end up with such a psychotic codename? We're supposed to be a legitimate faction; this is outright disgraceful..."

Lu Zjin smirked faintly: "That's what people on the forums are calling him. His reputation is already being assassinated."

Chen Bojun rubbed his temples: "No, this codename won't do. The association's codes have always been Light, Lin Dong, Thunder, and Sun. Suddenly popping up with something like chair-killer—what the hell is that? That thing isn't officially registered, is it? I'll have to go change it later... otherwise, if my brother sees it, I'll get scolded again."

"Up to you. In any case, this talent is Tier 0 level even within the Omega Sequence, isn't it?"

Lu Zjin spoke meaningfully: "He's the second Gu Ci'an."

Chen Bojun sighed into his insulated cup: "Indeed. This kid must be protected. The Yan family is courting death; though he wasn't hurt, you played your role well this time. Quickly clean them up."

He paused: "But let me remind you, the President's condition isn't well, and Rhein... has advanced again. We can fight them, but it must be within the rules, understand?"

Lu Zijin narrowed her beautiful eyes, a chill flashing within.

"Don't think I don't know what you've done. Although none of us believe Gu Ci'an would ever do such a thing, as a minister, you absolutely cannot act recklessly. If anyone catches hold of it, the entire game is lost."

Chen Bojun warned: "Your Lu Family owes Gu Ci'an; I can understand that."

Lu Zijin remained silent.

"That girl's file—it was you who deleted it, wasn't it? Gu Ci'an's youngest student. You didn't issue a warrant against her, claiming externally that she was already dead. Yet she's alive, staying in Peak City, always by Gu Jianlin's side."

Chen Bojun said gravely: "Last time at Black Cloud City, I sensed her presence. This is extremely dangerous. Back then, Gu Ci'an introduced her to many people—not just me recognize her. And her concealment isn't foolproof; Eagle Eye can see through it. Once she's exposed, it'll implicate you, the minister, and spark even bigger problems!"

Lu Zijin let out a light scoff and turned to leave: "Not listening, not listening, Old Wang reciting scriptures..."

At nine o'clock in the evening, Gu Jianlin ran breathlessly to the gates of Peak City Secondary School.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked around.

The vast campus was empty; the teaching buildings were shrouded in darkness, and the leaves of maple trees rustled in the wind. Only the security booth was lit, its monitor screen flickering faintly.

Across the street, the snack street was brightly lit. A stall owner selling grilled squid worked both hands on spatulas across a hot plate, while the smell of stinky tofu wafted from next door. The aroma of takoyaki and grilled oysters lingered in the air.

Couples stood hand-in-hand by stalls, picking and choosing, while a balloon vendor wandered by the roadside.

A few students who had just finished tutoring passed by, chatting and laughing.

Gu Jianlin thought to himself: I'm screwed.

Su Youzhu had agreed to meet him at six thirty.

But due to an attack he encountered on the way, he had to wait for someone to handle the bodies, causing him to be two hours late.

Moreover, his phone died right after he sent a message saying he was on his way.

He guessed that the girl had probably gone home a while ago.

Unable to contact her, Gu Jianlin could only come to the school to check.

Once he confirmed she wasn't there, he'd call a cab back home.

"Hey, someone go strike up a conversation and ask for her WeChat?"

"Forget it, Old Wang already got scolded earlier."

"Maybe it's just because Old Wang is ugly. Let someone else give it a try!"

A group of male high school students laughed and joked as they passed by, then ducked into the internet café across the street.

Gu Jianlin froze, and abruptly turned around.

On the stone steps by the school fence, a girl with light cyan hair sat quietly, holding her blue backpack and playing on her phone. The faint glow of the screen illuminated her flawless, snow-white face with a crystalline sheen.

Occasionally, someone walked past her, and her short hair and sleeves fluttered in the wind. She looked as beautiful as a painting.

Gu Jianlin couldn't believe it—two and a half hours had passed, yet she was still waiting there.

"Sorry."

He braced himself and walked over, saying: "I ran into some trouble and came late."

Su Youzhu silently lifted her head to glance at him, her gaze devoid of expression.

Gu Jianlin could only awkwardly hold her gaze.

