

## **Ancient 18**

### Chapter 18 - 8 Gu Jianlin's Ferocity

East Sea Road Police Station.

Captain Zhou heard the sudden screech of tires on the phone, as sharp and piercing as a beast's scream.

"Szzz, szzz szzz..."

An unexpected burst of static sounded, as if the signal had been cut off.

"Hello? Xiao Gu? Where are you?"

He fiddled with his phone, then hung up and made another call.

"Sorry, the number you dialed is currently unavailable."

All he got in return was the rhythmic busy tone. Scratching his head, he dialed several more times, but none of the calls went through. He suddenly felt puzzled: "This isn't right. What's going on here?"

A moment later, Xiao Zhang called him and asked, "Captain Zhou, what's going on? I waited downstairs for more than ten minutes and didn't see anyone. So I went straight in and rang the doorbell, but it was Xiao Gu's younger sister who answered. Xiao Gu isn't home at all. I asked the property guard, and he said someone picked Xiao Gu up early this morning."

Captain Zhou froze and quickly confirmed loudly, "What? Someone picked him up?"

Being a seasoned detective, his mind was meticulous. That kid had always been the type to follow through from a young age—if he promised something to someone, he would get it done, never flaking out.

Especially since this involved such a serious matter, there had to be a specific reason.

Recalling the screech of tires he heard on the phone earlier, he had a bad feeling.

Xiao Zhang replied, "Yeah, he was picked up."

"Xiao Zhang, check the surveillance cameras in their neighborhood, right away."

Captain Zhou said grimly.

On the line, Xiao Zhang was visibly stunned and realized something was off. "Oh, got it."

The call was swiftly disconnected.

Captain Zhou set aside his phone and leaned back in his chair wearily, his eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep.

He took a sip of coffee and let out a long breath.

For the past half month, Peak City had been anything but peaceful. For some reason, people all over the city were inexplicably going mad. Some came to report that they had traveled to another world, others claimed they'd been kidnapped into an Ancient Tomb and left lying among corpses, and even worse were those who swore they saw corpses coming back to life.

These people all exhibited varying degrees of insanity and aggression.

It was up to the detectives at the police station to address the chaos.

Especially in the last couple of days, these bizarre cases had been happening more frequently, seriously stretching police manpower thin.

Fortunately, a group of international police officers had recently passed through Peak City. After hearing about the trouble, they surprisingly offered unconditional assistance, stabilizing the near-collapse situation and preventing it from spiraling out of control.

At that moment, a black BMW pulled up in front of the police station.

A young man, spewing a stream of nonsensical ramblings, was escorted inside. He was shouting, "Let go of me, you bunch of big coffin fillers! Watch me whip out a Black donkey hoof and knock you all dead! Let me tell you, my family has been worshipping The Bodhisattva Guanyin for generations, keeping vile spirits like you in check. You dare mess with me? Watch me unleash a big slap... mmph mmph!"

Before he could finish, an apple was stuffed into his mouth.

A young man in a black trench coat pressed down firmly on his shoulder, smiling as he said, "Shut your mouth, or I might just knock you out cold. You'll have a splitting headache for ten days to half a month."

This man had sharp features and defined facial contours. His black hair contrasted against striking blue eyes—clearly a mixed-race individual. His attire was refined and high-end, exuding an air of elite sophistication.

What stood out most was the green parrot perched on his shoulder!

Driving the car was a coldly stunning woman wearing a black suit and white shirt. Her tightly fitted pencil skirt hugged her figure; her long legs were clad in black stockings and supported by a pair of high heels—she looked every bit like an assistant.

"Officer Lu, Miss Chen,"

Captain Zhou set down his coffee cup. "Another case of someone out of control?"

Lu Zicheng nodded slightly and said matter-of-factly, "Yes, this guy completely lost it. He's completely forgotten his family. Earlier at home, he even attacked his father—extremely aggressive. Lock him up for now and file a report. Once the psychologist wakes up, give him a therapy session, and he should be fine by then."

"Chen Qing, take him to the holding room."

He turned and instructed his assistant, "Be careful. When I went into the house to arrest him earlier, he was hiding behind the door with a rolling pin, planning to ambush me. If my reflexes weren't quick, he might have taken me down."

At that moment, the parrot on his shoulder quipped sarcastically, "Unbelievable, that Lao Liu!"

Lu Zicheng turned and scolded, "Shut up!"

The parrot immediately went quiet.

Chen Qing nodded slightly, grabbed the young man by his handcuffs, and hauled him away.

Captain Zhou couldn't help but glance at the parrot curiously. "Officer Lu's pet has quite the personality."

Lu Zicheng chuckled awkwardly. "You get attached after raising one. Otherwise, it would've been stew by now."

The parrot shouted boldly, "How dare you, scoundrel!"

Lu Zicheng's eye twitched slightly.

"These past few days have been tough. Without you all, this would've been a nightmare."

Captain Zhou had no choice but to acknowledge how much help the international police force had provided.

Especially their team of psychologists, each of whom seemed almost magical.

Even the ones who appeared thoroughly lost—lost in madness—would stabilize emotionally after just half an hour of therapy. With medication and a few days' rest at home, they'd bounce back as though nothing had ever happened.