

## Ancient 19

### Chapter 19 - 8 Gu Jianlin's Ferocity\_2

"It's just a minor issue."

Lu Zicheng waved his hand casually.

Suddenly, Zhou Ze's phone vibrated again.

He pressed the answer button, frowned, and said, "Hello, what's going on?"

Over the phone, Xiao Zhang spoke rapidly and anxiously, "Captain Zhou, something big happened! Surveillance shows Xiao Gu was taken away early this morning by someone dressed in a police uniform. But he's definitely not one of ours, I don't recognize that guy at all. They've been gone for over twenty minutes now!"

Zhou Ze's face darkened. He gritted his teeth and barked, "Damn it! Did you get the license plate number?"

"Yes, I got it."

Xiao Zhang swallowed nervously, "I've already asked the traffic police department to help track it."

"Good, follow the surveillance and trace them. I'm heading out right away."

Zhou Ze hung up and prepared to leave, snatching up his sidearm. His expression had turned exceedingly grim.

Years of investigative experience told him this was no simple matter.

There was a high likelihood that this was a deliberate act of revenge.

After all, that was Old Gu's child.

Over the years, Old Gu had helped the police solve countless major cases. It's impossible for him not to have made enemies. It was only thanks to the strict confidentiality surrounding their family that nothing had happened until now.

Logically speaking, the chances of Old Gu's family's information leaking were very slim, but there was always that slight possibility.

Especially now, with the child already abducted by someone posing as an officer. Who knows what could happen!

There was absolutely no room for wishful thinking.

"Chief Zhou, what's the matter?"

Lu Zicheng, noticing the gravity in his expression, asked curiously.

Zhou Ze hesitated briefly and then summed up the situation in the fewest words possible.

To his surprise, Officer Lu's expression grew serious upon hearing this.

"Professor Gu Ci'an's son?"

His brows furrowed as he uncharacteristically grew solemn. "Chief Zhou, perhaps we should handle this case instead?"

Under the shade beside the overpass, a white Volkswagen was parked by the roadside, its engine already off.

It was only 8:30 in the morning, on such a desolate stretch of road that saw nothing but the occasional roaring truck. Apart from the rumbling noise, there was absolute silence—no other soul in sight.

Li Changzhi sat in the driver's seat, handling a pistol in his hands, saying nothing.

"You're not a cop."

Gu Jianlin, sitting in the back seat, said quietly, "Who are you?"

Li Changzhi glanced at the teenager through the rearview mirror and chuckled softly. "How amusing. Who am I?"

He turned around, raised the pistol, and aimed it at the boy. "I am someone who can end your life any moment I choose."

Gu Jianlin stared silently at the pitch-black barrel, his expression unchanging.

The car doors had already been locked; escape was out of the question.

"Why aren't you scared?"

Li Changzhi tilted his head, intrigued.

A typical 17-year-old boy faced with a firearm would usually be paralyzed with fear.

Whether bursting into tears to beg for mercy or losing control of their bladder, such responses were hardly unusual.

Gu Jianlin had faced far too much in recent days. From surviving a car crash to the eerie encounter yesterday in the Qilin Immortal Palace, he found the sight of the barrel before him barely unsettling.

"You're not going to kill me for now."

He said calmly, "Otherwise, you wouldn't have gone to such lengths."

Li Changzhi raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

"You must've been watching me for quite a while. You know my personal information, knew the police would pick me up today to confirm some documents, so you acted early, disguising yourself as an officer to deceive me into lowering my guard and bringing me here to this deserted place."

Gu Jianlin glanced at his phone and said, "You've also installed a signal blocker in this car."

Li Changzhi was silent for a moment, then licked his lips, saying, "Hmm, as expected of Professor Gu's son. Smart. I've heard your grades were always the best in your class. Such a promising kid—it'd almost be a shame to hurt you."

Gu Jianlin narrowed his eyes and asked, "Do you know my father?"

"Heh, of course I do."

Li Changzhi smiled faintly. "Otherwise, why would I have brought you here?"

Just as Gu Jianlin was about to speak, the cold metal barrel pressed against his forehead.

"Shut up. Now I ask, and you answer."

Li Changzhi fixed his icy gaze on him, enunciating every word: "Before his death, did Professor Gu ever say anything to you?"

Gu Jianlin frowned. "No."

"Nothing at all?"

Li Changzhi's eyes widened, a shadow of viciousness flashing in his gaze. He snarled, "Impossible! Did he ever give you anything? Or hint at something? Tell me clearly, now!"

Gu Jianlin's pupils contracted as he clenched his fists quietly; indeed, as he'd expected, his father's death wasn't simple.

There was an overwhelming chance his father had stumbled upon something in his casework—something that had cost him his life.

The perpetrator might not even know.

Surprisingly, the revelation about his father hit him harder than the cold pistol barrel.

"No."

Gu Jianlin took a deep breath and steadied himself.

"You're lying!"

Li Changzhi bared his teeth, growling furiously, "He couldn't have left you empty-handed!"

Gu Jianlin couldn't fathom why the man was so certain.

Then, he suddenly thought of something his father might have left him.

The Qilin Mask!

"I said I don't have it, and I mean it. Even if you shoot me dead, I wouldn't have it."

Gu Jianlin drew a deep breath, focusing his gaze on him coldly. "But you probably won't shoot. We're still in the city; someone will hear it if you do."

Li Changzhi bore down on him, his gaze sharp as a blade, seemingly intent on piercing him through to the bone.

"You're right. I won't fire the gun, but there are other ways to make you talk."

Maintaining his aim with the pistol, he suddenly drew a dagger with his right hand and thrust it toward the boy's shoulder.

With a sickening crack!

The sharp blade stabbed into the backseat cushioning, letting out a chilling sound.

The attack missed its mark, as Gu Jianlin had seemingly anticipated it, slipping sideways while gripping the man's wrist.

"Go to hell."

In a flash, the teenager pulled a key from his pocket and stabbed it straight toward the man's eye!

For a 17-year-old, his quick precision and ferocity seemed far beyond his years.

From childhood, his father had taught him the best way to deal with bad people was to be fiercer than them!

And then, abruptly, Li Changzhi's pupils reddened like flowing crimson, rippling with an ominous black light akin to a murder of crows swirling in the air.

Gu Jianlin's heart clenched, and the hand holding the key trembled involuntarily.

Because at that moment, he suddenly profiled a terrifying image.

The man before him seemed to distort into an eerie, warped silhouette.

Wearing a black top hat, a crimson suit with a neatly tied bow tie, a pocket stuffed with playing cards, clutching a spinning pocket watch in his right hand, while his left carried a pitch-black cane, his feet adorned with well-polished leather shoes.

His tortoiseshell glasses framed red eyes that gleamed wickedly.

The moment Gu Jianlin took in this figure, a single thought shot through his mind.

The Magician!