

Ancient 22

Chapter 22 - 10 Welcome to the Real World!

When Lu Zicheng drove up to the overpass, the first thing he heard was the sound of gunfire echoing through the sky.

At that moment, his face was as calm as water, already convinced he'd be retrieving the corpse of that young boy.

What he didn't expect was to witness an utterly unbelievable scene.

A white Volkswagen roared forward like a feral beast, flooring the accelerator and ramming straight ahead. A poor soul was sent flying, skidding more than ten meters away.

The thud of a body slamming into the car hood, accompanied by the crunch of shattering bones, was enough to make anyone's heart skip a beat.

Even more shocking was what happened when the car door opened—inside was a blood-soaked young man.

His appearance and stature were exactly the same as the profile provided by the East Sea Road Police Station!

The one who was sent flying turned out to be the out-of-control Fallen!

"God, what the hell did I just see?"

Lu Zicheng muttered in disbelief, "An Ascender attacking a regular human... only to get counter-killed?"

How the hell was that even possible?!

The parrot squawked mockingly, "What a payday!"

Chen Qing stood by the bridge, her beautiful eyes lifting to reveal an untainted pure white, piercing through everything below the bridge. "To be precise, it's a Fallen with the Magician's Inheritance Path. As for that boy named Gu Jianlin, Professor Gu Ci'an's son, he doesn't seem like an ordinary person either. He's a Self-Ascender on the verge of awakening."

Lu Zicheng raised an eyebrow in mild surprise. "Oh? A Self-Ascender?"

He squinted his eyes, finding this genuinely intriguing.

No wonder; he's Professor Gu's son, after all.

In Chen Qing's perception, the man who was sent flying radiated a vile, nauseating aura, like sludge.

As for the boy, his mental wavelengths were astonishingly unstable, boiling like molten lava.

"Yes, an extremely rare Self-Ascender,"

Chen Qing remarked calmly. "Such a talent hardly needs explanation. And the fact that he managed to counter-kill an out-of-control Fallen without even awakening yet... his overall capabilities are extraordinarily formidable."

"Of course, that specific Fallen likely only recently gained access to Transcendent abilities and wasn't proficient at using them."

She analyzed, "The Magician's Inheritance Path suffers significantly in combat effectiveness if one's abilities aren't fully honed."

Lu Zicheng nodded slightly, silently retrieving a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from his pocket. He lit one.

Overlooking the scene below the bridge, his gaze softened.

"In any case, as long as everyone's fine, that's all that matters."

He exhaled a puff of smoke and chuckled. "I bet that kid must be scared out of his wits. I remember when I first encountered the Transcendent world—I was just like that. Those old bastards in my family deliberately didn't warn me. A Fallen chased me for over ten kilometers, and I ended up diving into a police station, clinging to an officer's leg while bawling my eyes out..."

Chen Qing's lips curved into a faint smile. "As long as a normal person doesn't have a mental breakdown, they're doing well enough."

But in the next instant, the man and woman were both stunned.

"What does he think he's doing?"

Lu Zicheng was utterly baffled. "He wouldn't dare..."

Below the bridge, the boy was seen picking up a folding stool, staggering towards the Fallen lying prone on the ground.

It was a scene akin to the Thunder God raising his hammer and smashing it down with a thunderous crash.

Soon after, horrifying thudding sounds echoed from beneath the overpass.

One after another.

Utterly chilling.

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The blood seeped into the dirt, staining it crimson.

Li Changzhi lay sprawled on the ground, convulsing violently. His lower body was nearly twisted beyond recognition, blood pooling everywhere.

Even in this grievously injured state, guttural growls escaped his throat. He even tried, with a trembling right hand, to pick up the gun that had fallen nearby.

Thud!

With a sudden blow, his arm was smashed cleanly apart in a grotesque crack of bones.

Gu Jianlin, supporting his knees and panting heavily, picked up the folding stool again and swung it down forcefully!

The muffled thuds, the sound of bones shattering, and the accompanying screams were a horrifying cacophony.

Li Changzhi's limbs were completely broken, leaving him to emit nothing but bloodcurdling wails.

But Gu Jianlin wasn't done yet. He hefted the stool again and brought it down hard on Li Changzhi's lower back!

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

Li Changzhi took blow after blow, his screams abruptly cutting off, choking as if the sound had gotten stuck in his throat. Then he coughed violently.

Blood spurted out, drenching the yellowed weeds.

"Phew, it should be safe now."

Gu Jianlin unfolded the stool and sat down. He picked up the fallen handgun and fiddled with it briefly, quickly familiarizing himself with its structure. Then he casually ejected the magazine and inspected it.

Not too few and not too many—exactly one round left.

"Now, it's my turn to ask questions."

Gu Jianlin reloaded the gun, placed his foot on the barely alive man's back, and pressed the muzzle to the back of his head.

This wasn't about humiliation; it was caution.

After all, the other party possessed Transcendent powers. Who knows if he'd attempt a desperate counterattack at the brink of death?

In video games, villains often unleash their ultimate moves when they're down to a sliver of health.

"Did my father's death have anything to do with you? What do you know?"

His chest heaved, his bloodshot eyes glaring coldly. "Don't play dead. Those hits weren't enough to kill you. I'll give you thirty seconds to think it over. If you stay silent, I won't hesitate to pull the trigger."

Under normal circumstances, Gu Jianlin probably wouldn't be capable of firing a gun—at most, he'd use it to threaten someone. But now, a raging inferno of fury burned in his heart. The violent nature of the Black Qilin had tainted him, pushing him to the brink of losing control.