

Ancient 58

Chapter 58 - 26: Overwhelming!

Gu Jianlin's words could be described as a kill that strikes the heart.

"Fear? That emotion has long disappeared."

The Joker sneered, "I will return the pain your father brought me a thousandfold, ten thousandfold, to you and your family."

A deafening crash.

The Joker was struck on the head by a chair hurled sideways, blood streaming down and his vision swimming.

"Don't act like you're the victim here. Before my father killed you, you'd already killed people. You are far from innocent."

Gu Jianlin grabbed a chair in each hand and said coldly, "Too bad he didn't manage to kill you. Now I have to clean up his mess."

Without giving his enemy a chance to breathe, the young man picked up a chair and charged forward.

He swung up, then smashed down!

A loud cracking sound echoed as the two chairs shattered on the ground.

Even though the Joker was smashed senseless, he still used Instant Teleportation Technique to vanish into a cloud of smoke and dodge.

Left side!

Gu Jianlin had already predicted his move, grabbed the broken half of the chair leg, and swung it to the left!

In that instant, a biting cold gleam sliced the air like a blade, making his heart jolt.

Accompanying a shrill slicing sound, a spinning card as sharp as a knife flew toward him, slicing through the chair leg in his hand as if it were tofu. It brushed dangerously past his cheek.

Finally, it embedded itself in the wall behind him with a sharp stab.

Paper Card Knife!

A Second Rank Magician, deftly wielding the Extraordinary Ability to draw paper into blades.

If Gu Jianlin hadn't preemptively guessed the move, his throat would likely have been slit just moments ago.

"Profiles are really useful. You're just like your father."

From the darkness came the Joker's breathy voice, venomous with hatred: "But you won't die as painlessly as he did."

Despite his harsh words, this fight had been stiflingly frustrating.

He knew well that the opponent was just a rookie kid, yet even basic hypnotism wasn't working.

Most of the Magician's pathway abilities were effectively neutralized.

And in terms of hand-to-hand combat, this kid didn't follow any conventional rules.

Using his profile predictions, Gu Jianlin would simply grab a chair and unleash a chaotic beating, fighting like a street thug without form or pattern.

The Joker moved through the darkness, his voice cold: "I'll take my time torturing you, just like I did to your dead father."

A Magician, when fighting, must taunt their opponent, as this creates psychological pressure.

The moment the enemy exposes a flaw in their mental state is the perfect opportunity to apply hypnotism.

But Gu Jianlin had already studied how Magicians utilize their powers. Once again, he grabbed a chair and charged forward, retorting, "Since you miss him so much, I'll send you down to join him."

The Joker, instead of dodging, let out an eerie laugh.

Scarlet light erupted in his pupils—hypnotism!

Gu Jianlin suddenly felt the world spinning around him and saw cards spinning rapidly before his eyes, making him drowsy.

He realized something was wrong; even the card that flew past earlier carried psychological suggestions!

On top of that, the Joker's voice triggered the hypnotism again!

This time the hypnotism was far from ordinary—it plunged Gu Jianlin into a dream. In the dream, he returned to that terrifying highway, where a massive truck broke through the storm and roared toward him.

It seemed as though it would shatter his life into fragments.

At the critical moment, someone turned around and held him tightly.

"Dad..."

Gu Jianlin felt a burst of disorientation, staring blankly at that familiar face.

"Don't be scared."

His father comforted him softly, "Just get some sleep, and it'll be fine."

Gu Jianlin seemed to be overcome by the warmth of that voice, standing dejectedly in place, abandoning any resistance.

"Yes, that's it, just sleep—it's not so scary. Death is just a nightmare."

The Joker's voice mimicked the tone of coaxing a child to sleep, but his expression twisted with venomous malice as he slowly approached.

During hypnotism, he couldn't also use Instant Teleportation Technique or the Paper Card Knife.

So his only option was to approach slowly and finish it with a fatal blow.

The Joker had suspected before that this youth possessed remarkable mental resilience, which was why simple hypnotism didn't work.

But he refused to accept that outcome and was determined to try again.

This time, he went all-out, wielding hypnotism to exploit the boy's deepest Nightmare—attacking his psyche first!

As expected, the results were excellent.

Gu Jianlin had completely given up resistance.

The next moment, the Joker closed in on the motionless boy and drew a dagger with his right hand.

At that exact moment, Gu Jianlin suddenly lifted his gaze, and his eyes surged with Ancient divine might!

He erupted into action, slamming the broken chair leg with its jagged wooden spikes forward. It tore through the air with a piercing screech!

Crack! Blood splattered.

The Joker stumbled back, clutching his abdomen where the broken chair leg had stabbed two centimeters deep.

Whether from pain or rage, his face contorted grotesquely as if an Evil Spirit inside him was ready to burst free.

His hoarse cry conveyed only one meaning.

Lao Liu!

"Sorry, but my dad never talked to me like that!"

Gu Jianlin's eyes burned crimson with fury as he picked up two more chairs and smashed them down with thunderous force!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

The Joker was pummeled to the ground, trying to shield his head but ultimately dissolving into another cloud of smoke.

When he reappeared, he was already at the window. His wrist now bore a silver-white chain that extended into the darkness, suspended in midair, encircling his form.

Mythical Weapon, Lock of Nonexistence!

Gu Jianlin realized he was staring directly at the Joker, yet he was gradually losing any sense of his presence.