

Ancient 69

Chapter 69 - 32: Off-site Rescue

Gu Jianlin glanced at the woman, forming a rough first impression in his mind.

This was a woman who clearly believed herself to be very beautiful.

She also seemed to hold a significant status; the people standing outside vaguely appeared to be protecting her.

He could even hear the muffled sounds of firearms and collisions just beyond the room.

Gu Jianlin had no doubt that if he tried anything rash, those people would immediately rush in and turn him into a sieve.

Lin Wanqiu exuded the allure of a mature older sister, flashing a reserved and elegant smile. Her lips, painted a deep crimson like roses, parted to release a soft and sensual voice: "No need to be nervous, relax a little. This is just a routine physical examination. Those people outside are my bodyguards, here to ensure my safety."

She took a seat beside the hospital bed, deliberately brushing her long hair aside to reveal her fair neck and delicate collarbones.

"For a Zero-tier rookie to kill a Second Order Fallen wielding mutant abilities in a desperate situation—well, that's extraordinarily rare in the entire history of the Association."

She remarked, "You're impressive. I admire you."

Gu Jianlin responded politely, "Thank you."

Lin Wanqiu gazed at him with curiosity, a flicker of intrigue flashing through her exquisite eyes.

Indeed, he was Professor Gu's son.

Although that Professor Gu had ultimately succumbed to the Ancient God's mental corruption, transforming into a dangerous Fallen and instigating the Blood Moon Slaughter Incident, his prior talents were undeniable.

Now, his son seemed to be showcasing remarkable potential as well.

At the very least, this kind of poise was exceedingly rare.

Lin Wanqiu was undoubtedly a very beautiful woman, and she clearly knew how to enhance her appearance. Most teenage boys who saw her would find their eyes glued to her, particularly to certain parts—her chest, waist, hips, and legs.

As a medical professional, she understood.

Seventeen- or eighteen-year-old boys were bursting with youthful energy, and fantasizing about figures like the Wei Wen Emperor was quite normal.

But this young man had looked at her once and then calmly averted his gaze.

Of course, she couldn't completely rule out the possibility that he was merely shy or playing hard to get.

"Perhaps you've already noticed that your rookie assessment task is far more difficult than those given to other newcomers. Naturally, this is both a trial and a reward for the talented. You've proven yourself and earned a measure of honor."

Lin Wanqiu smiled and asked, "The two Mythical Weapons stolen by the Joker—are they on you?"

Gu Jianlin replied calmly, "Mythical Weapons? What are those?"

Lin Wanqiu didn't seem bothered and continued gently, "No need to be nervous. These are your rightful spoils of war. The Judgment Court has already issued the official documents transferring ownership of the two Mythical Weapons to you."

Gu Jianlin thought to himself, "Spoils of war? What nonsense—he took them fair and square, so they belonged to him already!"

"However, each Mythical Weapon has unique properties. If its traits are incompatible with yours, forcing containment could place a severe burden on your body. The Joker serves as a living example."

Lin Wanqiu suddenly added, "Those two Mythical Weapons likely aren't combat-oriented and inflicted substantial harm on the Joker's body. Were it not for that, killing him might have been impossible for you."

Gu Jianlin asked, "So what's your point?"

Lin Wanqiu patiently explained, "Many individuals like the Joker become overly greedy at lower ranks, recklessly attempting to wield Mythical Weapons, only to destroy themselves in the process. If those two Mythical Weapons don't suit you, I can report them for conversion into equivalent-value rewards."

Gu Jianlin thought, "Ah, so this was her aim. 'Even the son of a Fallen gets this kind of special treatment, huh?'"

"Of course. Although Mythical Weapons are rare, their cost-effectiveness might not be optimal for you at this stage—you could use them to exchange for significant Merit points. At the Extraordinary level—from Zero to Third Rank—resources are paramount."

Lin Wanqiu paused. "You haven't joined a squad yet, have you? I can apply to have you transferred to the Medical Division and included in my team. The Priest Path aligns well with this specialty. I'm a Fourth Rank Priest, and my deputy captain is a Second-order Alchemist. Do you know what this means? Among all the rookies in Peak City, you'd have unparalleled privi—"

Gu Jianlin replied firmly, "No need, thank you."

"Alright then—"

Lin Wanqiu began to speak but suddenly reacted, "Wait, what did you say?"

Her disbelief was palpable; she hadn't expected to be turned down.

A Priest paired with an Alchemist—how could anyone reject that?!

"I said, no need. I'm the son of a Fallen; dragging others into my mess wouldn't be fair."

Gu Jianlin repeated, "I'll be joining Lu Zicheng's squad."

He owed Lu Zicheng and Chen Qing for treating him decently, so he had no interest in considering alternatives.

"I understand you might have concerns about this mission's setup, but now isn't the time for stubbornness. Do you know what Priest and Alchemist roles signify?"

Lin Wanqiu's expression grew composed as she asked, "The Priest Path possesses the most powerful healing abilities and, under a Priest's guidance, claims one of the lowest risks of mental corruption within the Divine Path overall."

"As for Alchemists, their value needn't be overstated. After the Spiritual Secret Medicine variant CMJ113 was discontinued, Extraordinary-stage secret medicines have become incredibly scarce; there are few stable medicines entirely free of side effects."

She explained carefully, "Our Alchemist happens to be capable of producing such medicines."

Gu Jianlin remained silent.

"The Lu Family is strong, but to the best of my knowledge, they lack any Extraordinary-stage Alchemist."

Lin Wanqiu lifted her chin and declared, "In the world of Ascenders, resources and logistics matter most."

Gu Jianlin rejected her outright: "Thanks, but no."

Silence.

Lin Wanqiu took a deep breath, straightened a lock of hair, her ample chest subtly heaving.

Since this boy didn't understand her offer, there was no need to push further.

"Fine, I respect your choice."

Lin Wanqiu said coolly, "Now, I'll carry out your physical examination."

She stood, and her pupils suddenly illuminated with radiant golden light.

In Gu Jianlin's perception, the woman's presence underwent a drastic transformation.

She became entirely bathed in golden Holy Light, draped in a moon-white Divine Robe, with a golden cross adorning her chest, her hands pressed together in front of it. Her pupils emanated Holy Light, seemingly capable of seeing through everything.

Priest Path.

Fourth Rank, Holy Mother.

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Outside the hospital room, four bodyguards in black trench coats stood silently by the door.

Since the Priest Path lacked significant combat capabilities, high-level Priests generally required bodyguards.

Even though the Ether Association's investigators had sealed off the hospital building, considering how rare high-ranking Priests were, four Third-tier Ancient Martial practitioners stood guard to counter unexpected incidents.

After all, the forces behind the Joker had not yet been identified, and Peak City was no place for complacency.

The Ancient Martial Path harnessed the peculiar energy known as Qi.

First-tier Qi Masters, Second-order Qi Refiners, Third-tier Qi Masters.

The next rank was the Mad King.

Third-tier Qi Masters had the ability to perfectly control their Qi for functions like sensing.

When the four Qi Masters joined forces to release their Qi fields, even a mosquito approaching would trigger immediate detection.

Each of the bodyguards also carried a tablet showing live surveillance of the hospital building.

The Horus Eye Satellite ensured constant monitoring of the premises.

Safety seemed assured.

Suddenly, a cool night breeze swept through the hallway, displacing dust under the harsh white lighting.

Amid the silence, the sound of measured footsteps emerged, the crisp taps of heels striking the floor.

Four Qi Masters snapped their heads up in surprise, their pupils contracting sharply.

In the shadows beyond the reach of light, a figure had appeared—like a ghost.

The intruder was a sharp-suited man with a crimson tie draped across his chest. A steaming cup of latte rested in his right hand, while his left casually slipped into his trouser pocket. His polished black leather shoes gleamed under the dim light.

At first glance, he resembled an elegant gentleman of British refinement or perhaps a classic aristocrat from the medieval era.

"Good evening,"

the man greeted with a composed smile.

The Qi Masters were instantly alarmed, realizing their tablets had begun emitting static noise; the displayed footage had distorted into a snowy blur as if their signal had been jammed.

The ceiling lights flickered erratically, sparks erupting as the corridor oscillated between brilliance and shadows.

Their rising dread made them instinctively reach for their firearms, nearly shouting aloud.

The man raised a single finger and instructed, "Quiet."

Upon hearing that word, the Qi Masters froze all movement, their faces locked in a strange stillness.

"Stand still, forget you've seen me or recall anything that happened here."

The man smiled faintly, "Thank you for your cooperation."

He strode with elegance past the bodyguards, lightly brushing past them as he pushed open the door to the hospital room.

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The moment Lin Wanqiu's eyes began to glow with golden Holy Light, the door was softly knocked.

She frowned, displeased, wondering why her instructions to avoid disturbance had been disregarded.

Before she could respond, the door swung open unceremoniously.

Lin Wanqiu turned in astonishment, only to see a man in a well-tailored suit leaning nonchalantly against the doorway, his smile brimming with confidence.

"Hello, beautiful lady,"

the man greeted before glancing down at the golden watch on his wrist. He then lifted his gaze again, his tone cordial: "It's getting late. Staying in a young man's hospital room at this hour doesn't seem appropriate—you should head home."

His pupils shimmered enigmatically, resembling bottomless abysses that demanded not to be stared into but exuded an undeniable authority.

In an instant, the golden hue in Lin Wanqiu's pupils dissipated entirely. Bewildered, she turned and exited the room.

As she passed him, the man's voice sounded again:

"Tonight, you came here but didn't see me."

He paused briefly before adding, "Gu Jianlin's physical condition is perfectly normal."

Lin Wanqiu murmured to herself as clarity returned to her eyes: "I came here... that unruly boy is perfectly fine, without any weaknesses or flaws."

The man nodded with satisfaction: "Good, excellent—report it that way. Goodbye."

Lin Wanqiu slipped her hands into the pockets of her lab coat and strode out of the hospital room.

The crisp sound of her high heels striking the floor reverberated through the tranquil air.

The four bodyguards followed her, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The silence was suffocating.

Outside in the night, only the wind's howl and the occasional car engine disturbed the stillness.

Gu Jianlin lay in his hospital bed, utterly stunned.

"We meet again,"

Jing Ci closed the door softly, sipping his hot latte with an easy smile.

Gu Jianlin was beside himself with shock: "What kind of ability is this? Hypnosis? Illusion Technique?"

Jing Ci corrected him: "To be precise, it's cognitive modification. Nothing worth the fuss."

"I apologize for my limited experience, but with abilities as overpowered as yours, the only comparisons I've seen are from questionable material in my roommate's hard drive. I'm honestly just shocked." Gu Jianlin's amazement was grounded in reasonable context.

The surreal scene he had just witnessed could only remind him of certain hypnosis-themed adult animations produced by island-country studios.