

# THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

## Chapter 1 - 1 Profile

April 5th, Tomb-Sweeping Festival.

Puddles on the road reflected the sign for Tai Bei Road Funing Garden, ripples spreading as raindrops fell pitter-patter, occasionally splashed apart by passing vehicles.

It's a Friday, just past 7:30 a.m., and the streets were already bustling with activity, as small roadside shops opened for business one after another.

Beside the guardrail by the street, a teenager stood under a tree, yawning.

At most seventeen years old, his black hair fell messily and partially obscured his eyes. His features were sharp and sculpted, his face angular and handsome.

"Thirty years old, lawyer."

"Forty-two years old, coal mine owner."

"Fifty-seven years old, surgeon."

"Twenty-five years old, dance streamer."

"Twenty-one years old... gigolo!"

Gu Jianlin was lost in his own thoughts, his peripheral vision scanning the pedestrians passing by to kill time.

These phrases seemed nonsensical, but they drew strange looks from the passersby.

Some appeared puzzled, while others displayed expressions as if they'd encountered a madman. A few had faces full of suspicion, especially the flamboyantly dressed young man who looked both surprised and angry, muttered a curse under his breath, and stormed off.

"Lunatic."

Gu Jianlin remained unbothered, as if the insult was never aimed at him.

He glanced at the time; the cemetery was about to open soon. Picking up his bags, he prepared to leave.

Just then, his phone buzzed with a WeChat message.

"Xiao Lin, today I'm heading back to Jiao Xi's old house with Uncle Su. I've transferred you one thousand yuan via WeChat. Don't forget to visit your dad's grave. Don't buy flowers in the cemetery—they're ridiculously expensive. Alright, Mom's getting on the train now. You just got discharged from the hospital; make sure to rest at home early."

A woman's voice played from the voice message, abruptly cutting off with a soft thud.

"Didn't expect Mom to still remember,"

Gu Jianlin murmured softly.

He pocketed his phone, nodding and smiling at the security guard at the entrance before entering the cemetery.

The old security guard watched the boy, noticing his Peak City Second High School uniform. He carried a large backpack, a suitcase in his left hand, and several big bags of ceremonial offerings in his right, clearly a boarding student.

A typhoon had swept through the city last night, disrupting all transport. For safety, the school would surely have kept students inside.

Peak City Second High was the best high school in the city, its educational standards top-notch, but it was over thirty kilometers away from here. For the boy to arrive so early, he must have left the school at dawn.

The security guard sighed in reflection.

He had worked as a guard at this cemetery for over ten years and witnessed the changing times.

The more advanced the era became, the colder human connections grew.

Nowadays, it was increasingly rare to see young people visiting cemeteries to honor their deceased relatives. Of course, you couldn't entirely blame them; life was tough enough as it was. People were either stuck in a "996" or "007" schedule, leaving early and returning late daily. When they finally got a day off, resting at home or playing video games was far more appealing.

In all these years, this was the first time he saw a kid coming by himself to pay respects. Truly unusual.

Gu Jianlin had no idea what the security guard was thinking; he was merely accustomed to completing every task properly.

Many years ago, his father used to bring him here to pay respects to family during Tomb-Sweeping Festival. It was always at this exact time. Any later, and the streets would be completely congested, with people packed tightly at the cemetery gates, inching forward like insects.

Because of this, his dad would always wake him up before six o'clock, though he hadn't liked it at all back then.

Now, his father was gone, his mother had remarried, and he was the only one left in the family.

Years ago, his parents' divorce had been acrimonious.

He thought that after his father's accident, his mother would move on quickly and forget about her ex-husband entirely in her new life.

Yet, surprisingly, she still reminded him to visit the grave.

Gu Jianlin shook his head, chuckling. Following the path in his memory, he climbed up the hill. This cemetery had many grave sites; his father's tomb was located in Section 13 of the Western Zone near a small fountain, an easy landmark.

A black Mercedes was parked at the cemetery's entrance, its driver's side window rolled down, revealing a face adorned with dark circles.

The man appeared to be in his forties, wearing a police uniform. In the car, he silently smoked a cigarette, before waving out and yawning, "Xiao Gu, over here."

Gu Jianlin froze. "Chief Zhou? Why are you here?"

The car's back seat had two younger detectives seated, holding bouquets of flowers in their hands.

His father had been a profiler specially hired by the department. Besides work, he hardly had any other social circles. Practically the only people who cared to visit him after his passing were his detective colleagues.

Profiling was essentially a method of inferring a criminal's psychology through analyzing their methods, scene arrangements, and behavioral traits.

It allowed investigators to sketch out details like race, gender, age, professional background, physical appearance, psychological traits, and even predict future actions.

Profilers were extremely helpful in solving cases, and his father had been highly respected at the department.

"How many times do I have to tell you? Just call me Uncle Zhou,"

Zhou Ze said, exhaling smoke and leaning against the car window. "I've known your dad for twenty-something years. We cracked quite a number of cases thanks to his profiling skills. Besides, every time we get a holiday, you're bound to come hang around the precinct, so I figured I might as well show up myself."