

# THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

## Chapter 15 - 6 Going Home\_2

Gu Jianlin pondered for a moment and said softly, "The key to me accessing this real world was all because of Dad. Whether it was the cases he investigated, or that car accident, or even that mysterious mask."

The key point is, he came into contact with things completely beyond his previous understanding.

This means that nothing is impossible.

Including the shadowy figure he vaguely saw four months ago when he was unconscious.

Dad's death was definitely not just a simple car accident.

Since there are Candle Dragons and Qilins in this world, then why shouldn't there also be Ghost Cars!

At this thought, Gu Jianlin suddenly covered his face and laughed in a low voice. Ever since his parents divorced, he had become somewhat withdrawn, rarely expressing laughter over the years, but this time he just couldn't hold it in.

As he laughed, his eyes started to feel a bit moist, and a rush of sourness filled his nose.

He's not crazy, he's not mentally ill, and he doesn't have PTSD.

He is right.

"There's a high possibility that Dad was an Ascender. So, what was he really doing running around all these years? Maybe I can continue investigating along this lead. But first, I need to become an Ascender myself."

After calming down, he started to plan for the future.

The Transcendent world is dangerous, and there might be many desperate characters he'd have to deal with.

Gu Jianlin isn't afraid of dying, but he couldn't drag others down with him.

Mom loves him very much. Uncle Su is also a very good and kind person. Even their two daughters have never shown any rejection or resistance toward him—they genuinely wanted him to become part of this family.

Gu Jianlin didn't want his business to cause them any more trouble.

Fortunately, he would be able to take the college entrance exam soon.

By then, he could directly test out of the province and focus on researching Ancient Gods and Ascenders, until he uncovered the truth.

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After making up his mind, Gu Jianlin stuffed the last piece of steak into his mouth.

With energy replenished, he finally felt a bit better.

He got up to tidy the dining table and planned to take a nap afterward.

At this moment, the sound of keys turning at the door rang out, and the door opened.

"I'm back."

A girl's cold voice echoed out, transparent and crisp like ice.

Standing at the entrance was a petite and slender girl wearing a black sunshade hat, a loose casual shirt with green base and white lettering, ultra-short denim shorts, and glaringly fair, refined long legs wrapped in white sneakers.

Her short hair was dyed light green, complementing her exquisitely delicate almond-shaped face, which framed her chin.

At first glance, she seemed like a well-pampered little girl, though it was a pity she was young and flat as an airport runway.

Su Youzhu, seventeen years old, also attending Peak City No. 2 High School, a fan of anime and photography.

Familiarly known as Gu Jianlin's sister—on paper—a bona fide problem child.

"You're back?"

Gu Jianlin continued to tidy up the dishes, nodding slightly: "Breakfast was good, thanks."

He didn't ask her where she'd gone.

Anyway, aside from fan conventions or shopping, this girl seemed to have little else to do outside.

After all, they weren't biological siblings; there was no need to ask too much.

Of course, he wished she wouldn't pry too much into his matters either.

"Hmm."

Su Youzhu removed her sunhat, flipped her light green short hair, expertly changed her shoes, walked into the room, slumped onto the sofa, glanced at him askance, and frowned: "Why are you eating breakfast now? Just got home?"

Though only living together for a few months, the siblings already knew each other's habits and quirks thoroughly.

Gu Jianlin was someone with an extremely disciplined lifestyle, a meticulous approach to everything, and even a touch of obsessive cleanliness.

In the living room, a luggage case was sprawled on the ground, clothes casually draped over a chair, and his hair was still soaked by the rain.

If he'd come home earlier, he would've showered first and tidied up everything.

Unsurprisingly, Gu Jianlin wouldn't spill the truth. He perfunctorily said, "Was gathering some things at my dad's place."

"Gathering things takes that long? You weren't at the precinct again, were you?"

Su Youzhu's sharp black-and-white eyes studied her brother skeptically: "Carrying on like this, when are you going to get your health in order? If Mom finds out, you're toast. She told me to keep an eye on you at all times."

Gu Jianlin was momentarily speechless.

When he lived alone, he didn't have to explain himself to anyone.

But now, brought over by Mom, the situation was different.

Although Gu Jianlin hadn't lived with his mom for years, the shadows of his childhood lingered to this day.

Youzhu had a point.

That woman had all the unreasonable and domineering traits of a middle-aged mom. Though she seemed gentle and easygoing, when push came to shove, she could roll up her sleeves, grab a rolling pin, and swat his butt without hesitation.

No concern for rank or precedence.

"Don't worry, you'll cover for me after all."

Gu Jianlin said calmly, "Mom won't find out."



Su Youzhu kept a blank face and said coolly, "Easy for you to say. Do you know how hard it is to spar with Mom? Every time I handle her for you, I end up shaking with fear afterwards."

Sometimes, even Gu Jianlin admired Mom's abilities.

The Su Family sisters, both seemingly pampered princess types.

Yet Mom, as a stepmother, had completely won their hearts in just a few years.

Now, the sisters' attitude toward this stepmom seemed closer than with a biological mother.

Gu Jianlin said casually, "Mom might argue with you, but if it were your dad, you'd be annihilated."

Su Youzhu fell silent.

Because Gu Jianlin had hit precisely on one of her insecurities.

The siblings had been living together for four months, but they knew each other from even earlier, having attended the same high school—previously in neighboring classes.

Recently, as large classes were grouped together, they were now in the same class.

Su Youzhu was obsessed with anime and photography, and each cosplay photo she shared online resembled realistic figurines, making her somewhat famous.

Academically though, she was a disaster, consistently ranking at the very bottom, often being called in to meet her parents.

Last year, she reportedly couldn't even locate the exam hall—a story that even dogs would shake their heads over.

When the siblings met in the hospital for the first time, the shock was mutual.

Gu Jianlin originally thought that this kind of troublemaking girl would likely detest having a "tagalong."

After all, no one enjoys a stranger suddenly moving into their home uninvited.

However, at that time, profiling the emotions emanating from Youzhu revealed... exhilaration!

Yes, exhilaration.

Beneath her cold and charming exterior lay a hidden surge of... joy.

Initially, Gu Jianlin had no idea why.

Later, during their time together, this girl treated him unexpectedly well—preparing all three daily meals, serving tea, bringing medication, and even accompanying him to the hospital.

Sometimes, Gu Jianlin thought it might be that Dad's good looks passed down to influence people's perceptions.

Until one day, this girl snuck into his room in her pajamas to steal his homework did he finally figure it out.

Ah, that explains it!

"You wouldn't want Mom discovering you're not properly recovering and always sneaking off to the precinct, right?"

"Nor would you want your dad learning that you copy my homework daily and need me to help you pass exams, right?"

And so, the two joined forces, each getting what they wanted.

Though neither spoke much, their relationship inexplicably improved—after all, collaboration leads to mutual benefit.

Gu Jianlin wouldn't face Mom's wrath.

Su Youzhu wouldn't face doom from her dad.

Adding to that, both were easy on the eyes, so there really wasn't much reason for mutual dislike.

"Hmm... I won't tell Mom."

Su Youzhu cleared her throat, put on a solemn face, and said, "Wherever you went these past few days, I'll pretend I don't know."

Gu Jianlin nodded in satisfaction: "I've finished the Tomb-Sweeping Festival homework—it's in the luggage."

"Alright, if Mom asks, I'll just say I know nothing."

Su Youzhu seemed satisfied too. She grabbed a takeout bag from the table and said plainly: "Bought your favorite Cola Chicken Wings and Braised Beef with Potatoes. If I'd known you're eating breakfast this late, I wouldn't have bothered bringing takeout."

Smelling the aroma wafting from the takeout bag, Gu Jianlin's stomach growled again.

In the reflection of the plate, the Black Qilin was equally ravenous.

He did not decline his sister's kind gesture, instead saying quickly: "No, it's perfect timing."