

THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

Chapter 3 - 2 He's Mentally Ill

Of course, the profile Gu Jianlin developed was far more than just this.

For instance, when he completed the initial profiling and looked at the woman again, he actually saw a fiery, sexy pole dancer, accompanied by the dazzling lights of the nightclub, the excited cheers of the audience below the stage, and even the thrilling, explosive music echoing in the air.

Countless threads of clues wove together into the ghostly phantoms of the past.

He was like a ghostly spectator, silently infiltrating someone's past, peering into her life.

Seemingly illusory, yet somehow so real.

This was the woman's truest form.

A 24-year-old pole dancer.

She married well.

His father had once said that as long as someone exists, they are bound to leave behind traces.

Piecing together these traces forms another face of the person—their truest face, as naked as the day they were born.

If Gu Jianlin continued observing, he would be able to create an even more complete profile.

Unfortunately, he had no way of explaining to others the image he saw.

——Because it was a scene he imagined based on fragmented clues and the strength of his sixth sense, it would easily be dismissed as a hallucination.

If he spoke of it, no one would believe him; rather, they would think he was mentally ill.

"Xiao Gu, are you hallucinating again?"

Zhou Ze's words interrupted the boy's contemplation.

Gu Jianlin snapped back to reality, the wind and rain falling on him once more, bringing a chilling moisture.

The myriad lights of the nightclub vanished, along with the stage's pole and the woman, and the audience below—all disappearing into nothingness.

The woman in front of the tombstone was still crying, crying so dramatically, as if she deserved an award for her performance.

"No, I was just saying something random."

Gu Jianlin chuckled silently.

Unlike that hypocritical woman, the three agents in his eyes were genuinely showing traces of grief and sorrow.

Although they thought he might be mentally unstable, they were dedicated and reliable civil servants who, despite their busy schedules, managed to find time to pay respects—truly heartfelt of them.

"So it's not hallucinations?"

Zhou Ze gave him a skeptical glance and reminded him, "Listen to the doctor and take your medication on time. Post-traumatic stress disorder isn't something to ignore... Especially since the college entrance exams are just two months away."

"Don't worry, Uncle Zhou. I'm much better now."

Gu Jianlin didn't know how to explain, so he pulled out a wet wipe and began wiping the tombstone, attempting to change the subject.

The gap between people sometimes feels greater than the difference between humans and pigs.

Both his father's profile and his own were the same kind, yet the contrast couldn't be starker.

With his father, profiling was authoritative, an essential tool in solving crimes.

With the son, profiling was just post-traumatic stress, earning suggestions to see a doctor.

His father specialized in psychology, an honorary professor at Peak City University, and a profiler specifically hired by the police department. Perhaps the proudest achievement of his life was his expertise in this specialized domain.

Back in the day, he made his mark through profiling, helping solve several major cases right after graduating from university. Rumor had it that even crime scenes deliberately covered up could be reconstructed by him, allowing him to simulate the perpetrator's behavioral logic. Sometimes, he could even

deduce the cause of death and recent experiences of a victim just from a glance at the corpse, without forensic assistance.

The most outrageous rumor claimed that his father could converse with corpses, imagining himself as the deceased, thus drawing closer to the killer.

When Gu Jianlin was a child, he thought this was incredibly cool and begged his father to teach him, yet for some reason—perhaps his own stupidity—he never managed to learn profiling, even before his father passed away.

However, ever since the car accident four months ago, he inexplicably could do it.

The real world had become unmistakably vivid before his eyes.

Initially, Gu Jianlin believed this was due to brain damage during the accident, accidentally triggering some sort of evolution in his brain. However, when he shared this thought, the adults simply suggested he see a psychiatrist for his head.

Gu Jianlin didn't know whether his father experienced similar immersive, hallucination-like scenes while profiling.

He always felt that the car accident had caused some kind of mutation in his brain.

Along with it, it enhanced his profiling capabilities.

——He didn't know how to explain it to others or how to name this ability, so he called it "profiling" for now.

"Alright, I have a case to handle, so I have to head out first."

Zhou Ze paused for a moment and said, "Don't dwell too much on your dad's matter. I know you've done your best. But everyone needs to learn how to move forward. Tomorrow marks the conclusion of the case. Make sure to swing by the Department of Public Security to sign the papers."

Gu Jianlin paused his wiping of the tombstone, then resumed with even greater intensity. "Got it, Uncle Zhou."

Zhou Ze seemed a bit surprised, not expecting the boy to agree so readily, and asked, "Should I drive you home?"

"No need, thank you."

Gu Jianlin mustered a smile and said, "My home's not far; I'll just walk back and clear my head."

The polished tombstone reflected the boy's pale, wan side profile.

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A black Mercedes drove along the mist-covered highway.

"That kid's had it rough."

The younger agent sighed deeply while driving, "I feel like he's barely holding on, like a paper-thin figure... Are you sure he'll be okay going back like that?"

The other agent replied, "Don't worry, Xiao Zhang. That kid is tougher than you think. After he was discharged from the hospital back then, he kept showing up at our precinct every other day. I heard from his teachers at school that he even climbed over the wall—it's three and a half meters high, and I'd struggle to get over it myself."