

## Ancient 130

Chapter 130 - 65: He is, Number One!

The underground palace cracked amidst tremors, the bronze giant collapsed, and fine dust fell like a drizzle.

In the depths of darkness echoed the angry, resentful roar, as if a primordial beast was snarling, shaking the deep sea.

Inside the Immortal Palace, it seems that something has gone berserk!

Meanwhile, the flowing surface of the sea above the dome was pierced by a shadow, and monstrous waves erupted with thunderous booms. An invisible domain drew upon the tremendous power of tens of thousands of tons of seawater, converging into a massive bow, floating behind the figure.

Chen Bojun descended from the sky.

The ethereal bowstring tightened abruptly, like the cry of a dragon.

The seawater surged and gathered, howling like a dragon, condensing into a single line!

This earth-shattering arrow was released, trembling the entire Forbidden Zone with fear.

Ultimately, all the thunderous sounds were swallowed whole by the rolling blood mist, dissipating without a trace.

"Never expected that thing in the Immortal Palace to be this strong. Even Chen Bojun was alarmed and specifically came from the headquarters? The Seventh Rank Annihilation Arrow—Overlord Path really becomes formidable in the later stages."

Uncle Mu leaned on his massive blade, squatting on the ground with a worried look toward the depths of the blood mist. He closed his eyes and prayed: "Please, come out alive. Otherwise, I wouldn't even know how to face Old Gu."

By all accounts, he ought to have left by now.

The people in the shelter needed him; staying here was exceedingly dangerous.

Yet, he was too concerned to leave, hesitating endlessly.

Perhaps Heaven heard his prayer—footsteps faintly echoed from the depths of the mist.

Gu Jianlin emerged from the mist, drenched in blood from head to toe but otherwise unharmed.

However, that chair of his was completely broken, and he held a rope in his hand.

Behind him unexpectedly appeared a white-haired girl, carrying a massive black violin case and dragging a coarse, wild, giant sword. The blade, riddled with cracks, scraped against the ground, occasionally emitting tiny sparks.

Uncle Mu breathed a sigh of relief and immediately stood up to greet them.

"Uncle Mu?"

Gu Jianlin paused in surprise: "Why haven't you left?"

Tang Ling's resolute eyes flashed with a cold glint. She subtly tightened her grip on her sword hilt without saying a word.

Clearly, she sensed a dangerous aura, presumably that of a Fallen!

"This is my father's comrade, formerly a member of the association, serving the Nightwatch Department."

Gu Jianlin said calmly, "He's one of us."

He wasn't worried that this girl would lash out indiscriminately.

Firstly, Tang Ling was unlikely to be the irrational, obsessive type.

This was deduced from her personality profile.

Secondly, Tang Ling was currently heavily injured, with little combat ability left.

Tang Ling paused momentarily upon hearing "Nightwatch Department," her bangs fluttering before her bright eyes.

"The Night Watchers' code is to never abandon a companion."

Uncle Mu scrutinized the man and woman, his gaze finally landing on the coarse, wild giant sword, and commented in surprise: "Is this Extreme Thunder? So, you're from the Sword Tomb? Young lady, what's your relationship with Bai Simu?"

Tang Ling fell silent for a second: "Bai Simu is my senior sister. And you are?"

Uncle Mu chuckled warmly: "My name is Mu Feng."

At this moment, Gu Jianlin noticed the girl's expression had changed; the vigilance in her eyes gradually faded.

"So it's you. My senior sister has mentioned you before."

Tang Ling bowed slightly in greeting, speaking calmly: "I've heard that years ago, you were polluted by the Ancient God's aura and became an Unclean one, then faced association persecution. You've vanished for years. Unexpectedly, you're here. If my senior sister learns you're still alive, she'd be delighted."

Uncle Mu waved dismissively: "Old friends. Seems your senior sister is doing well. But after you return, don't bring me up with her. The current me is nothing like before, only a burden to others."

Tang Ling paused for a second, then nodded slightly to show she understood.

"You are a respectable person. My senior sister told me that even after being polluted by the Ancient God's aura, you chose to consume Heavenly Born Grass rather than harm others. Through years of association pursuit, you've never hurt an investigator. Thus, I won't strike at you nor reveal your whereabouts to anyone."

She hesitated briefly before continuing: "Upon leaving the Black Cloud City, I'll act as if I never saw you."

Uncle Mu grunted in acknowledgment: "Thank you. This place isn't suitable to linger. Let's get you out of here."

Gu Jianlin suddenly interrupted: "Wait."

He tugged at the rope, dragging a colossal bundle wrapped in various clothes out of the blood mist.

The bundle resembled an enormous package filled with all sorts of alchemy weapons, wallets and phones, fake IDs, barrels of Stone Statue Tree Oil, bundles of Faceless Flowers, and heaps of purple Heavenly Born Grass.

Some were stolen goods from the shelter, others personal belongings of Grave Digger members.

"On the run, money is always needed."

Gu Jianlin said calmly, "Uncle Mu, take it as a small token of goodwill."

After all, the Ancient Martial Path emphasizes physical strength—comparable to an overworked mule in production terms. This wasn't a big deal.

Tang Ling glanced at the boy, finally realizing his purpose for gathering these items.

Uncle Mu widened his eyes in disbelief: "Did you rob the entire Grave Digger organization?"

Gu Jianlin corrected him: "Robbery sounds uncouth. These were taken from corpses."

Tang Ling added: "More accurately, they're spoils of war."

Uncle Mu hesitated for a moment: "All dead?"

Gu Jianlin nodded: "Yes."

Uncle Mu stared at the pile of goods with mixed feelings.

He felt relieved, moved, and filled with reflection.

"Alright, you've got quite a heart, kid."

He sighed: "I can roughly guess—the captains are probably dealing with that thing in the Immortal Palace. Among the remaining rookies, are only you two alive?"

Gu Jianlin and Tang Ling exchanged glances.

"No idea."

Their responses were almost simultaneous: "We're an independent team—no comrades."

Uncle Mu froze, staring at the two lone wolves, unsure what to say for a moment.

Gu Jianlin turned, glancing at the white-haired girl beside him, curiously asking: "I've been ostracized because of my identity as the descendant of a Fallen, and they've schemed against me before, so I don't consider them comrades. But in that group, you didn't seem excluded? At the inn, I even saw someone bring you food."

Tang Ling side-eyed him, then donned her sun hat again, her clean, radiant face hidden by its shadow.

"I've never considered them my comrades; we're all competitors."

Although her tone was proud, it lacked any malice and was quite calm: "We're all adults. Driven by desire, we must take responsibility for our actions. I'm under no obligation to care about their lives."

Gu Jianlin found this reasoning sound.

"Oh, but you seem to be underage."



Whether by illusion or not, Tang Ling's gaze seemed to carry a slight mischievous glint as she looked at him.

Suddenly, her pallor turned ghostly white; she bent over sharply and spat out a mouthful of blood.

The crimson blood splashed across her fair skin, adding a touch of sorrow and allure.

Gu Jianlin instinctively held her up: "You alright?"

Tang Ling appeared in acute pain, trembling slightly and frowning.

"Don't tell anyone; let's say I owe you another favor."

She covered her bloodstained lips and whispered softly.

Uncle Mu silently observed, shaking his head helplessly, seemingly wanting to speak but holding back.

"Let's leave; this girl needs rest."

Gu Jianlin nodded, his gaze shifting to the depths of the blood mist.

The blood sacrifice had failed—time for payback.

That Kui creature better be killed or severely injured.

Otherwise, he wouldn't sleep soundly.

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At the top floor of the Deep Space Technology Building, the red light engulfing the office had already faded.

The holographic 3D projection was obscured by gray mist, with only Taixu, clad in a black lace maid outfit, suspended midair.

The darkness was illuminated by the light screens from the projection.

"Crisis resolved. High-risk deformation lifeform is no longer showing signs of life."

Taixu's gentle voice echoed in everyone's ears: "Now updating the latest battle standings."

"NO1: Gu Jianlin—current accumulated merit: 8574."

"NO2: Tang Ling—current accumulated merit: 4398."

"NO3: Yan Ye—current accumulated merit: 3788."

"NO4: Yan Feng—current accumulated merit: 3021."

"NO5: Mu Ziqing—current accumulated merit: 2700."

The office fell into dead silence.

Lu Zijin widened her beautiful eyes, staring at the name at the top of the rankings, thinking she was mistaken.

She rubbed her eyes, verifying she wasn't dreaming, then curled her lips in pleasure.

Clearly, the high-risk deformation lifeform had been dealt with.

Gu Jianlin shot to the top of the merit leaderboard, proving one thing.

This young man had single-handedly killed the high-risk deformation lifeform!

Bam!

"Impossible! Absolutely impossible!"

Nie, the Deacon, slammed the table, pointing at the top name on the leaderboard, his fingers trembling:  
"Cheating! This must be cheating! How could a Zero-tier Divine possibly have such combat power?  
Investigate thoroughly, this must be investigated!"

Cheng Youtian chuckled, mediating: "Deacon Nie, your thinking is too narrow. This isn't a competition—  
what's relevant about cheating or not? It's all based on capability, isn't it?"

Meanwhile, Bai Simu set down her phone and spoke gently: "I just spoke with my teacher. In a critical  
moment, my junior sister tried to summon the spiritual avatar of the teacher with Extreme Thunder but  
ultimately failed. The teacher said that we at Sword Tomb owe the Gu Family boy a favor."

This was essentially an implicit endorsement.

Yan Wu stood frozen in the doorway of the office, one foot halfway out.

"This cannot be... this is unreasonable! Minister Lu!"

Nie the Deacon turned to the petite girl behind the desk, speaking grimly: "I've said before—Gu Ci'an must have left something for his son. I emphasized this investigation multiple times. Now the facts prove my point, don't they? For a Zero-tier Fate to achieve this, does this not raise significant concerns?"

Lu Zijin rested her chin lazily in her hand, responding nonchalantly: "Indeed, but you didn't find anything."

Nie the Deacon's face froze.

"I didn't stop you, did I? You could investigate all you wanted."

Lu Zijin rolled her eyes, her beautiful ones gaining a flirtatious charm: "Besides, Gu Ci'an did indeed Fall—that's irrefutable proof. But why wouldn't he have left something for his son before that? If that's the case, even by association rules, you wouldn't have the authority to intervene."

She paused: "The Judgement Court is known for strict adherence to rules, isn't it?"

Nie the Deacon's face stiffened.

At this moment, Taixu's gentle voice echoed once again:

"Omega Sequence leader Chen Bojun reports via shorthand message: B-class investigator Tang Ling and D-class investigator Gu Jianlin have officially acquired Omega Sequence qualifications. Headquarters has approved the application, with permissions effective immediately."