

Ancient 165

Chapter 165 - 82: Traitor!

In the silence, a voice boomed with the majesty of a great bell.

"Huai Yin, you've crossed the line."

Tianzhou's voice was indifferent and cold, as if the entire long street were trembling. A ripple spread through the void: "You've violated the Heaven's Punishment clause of the Hei Mamani Soul Contract. Headquarters needs to hold you accountable and demands that you cease your actions immediately."

Xingye lifted his chin and spoke arrogantly: "Catastrophes may not govern, nor intervene in the internal affairs of the Ether Association. This is the ironclad rule set by the President. Headquarters demands a thorough investigation of the Black Cloud City incident and reserves the right to deal with former Night Watcher Mu Feng and others."

Huai Yin suddenly let out a dry chuckle.

Jing Ci swirled the red wine in his glass and smiled: "Is this the stance of Headquarters, or the Judgement Court?"

Such a disdainful attitude deeply offended the two Saints.

"There's no difference."

For a fleeting moment, the Sky Dome dimmed sharply; dark clouds roiled, blotting out the sun.

"You want to investigate the Black Cloud City incident? You want to probe into that child's secret, don't you?"

Huai Yin said flatly, "Go ahead then. I haven't stopped you, nor have I hidden the child here with me. As for Mu Feng and the others, you're free to arrest them. What's the point of coming to me and telling me this?"

Tianzhou and Xingye, the two Saints, both looked extremely uncomfortable. Their spirituality surged furiously from the depths of their consciousness.

Yes, why bother coming here to say it specifically?

If something needs doing, just do it.

There was only one reason why.

Because they didn't dare.

"Go back and tell Rhein not to test me here anymore."

Huai Yin smiled faintly and said, "You two newly ascended Saints aren't faring well in the Judgement Court, are you? Otherwise, someone would've warned you. The last person who dared to speak to me like this—grass is already growing wildly over their grave."

Jing Ci shook his head helplessly, as though lamenting the ineptitude of the pair.

The world dimmed further.

Tianzhou and Xingye suddenly realized they couldn't move.

Cold sweat trickled from their foreheads, their bodies quivering slightly.

"You're lucky today. I'm in a good mood and don't want to see blood."

Huai Yin stated earnestly, "Rhein thinks Heaven's Punishment can restrain me, but honestly, I don't care much. That child is a student I have high hopes for, and I will give him appropriate pressure to grow. But I don't wish to see too many wild dogs barking chaotically before him."

He raised his hand slightly.

Jing Ci pushed the wheelchair, moving him forward.

To be compared to wild dogs was a colossal humiliation for the two Saints.

Yet, they couldn't refute.

Because they realized they had lost the ability to speak!

Not only that!

They had even lost all control over their bodies!

"I don't care what happens to this world. I've long been a man near death—why worry about the floods that might follow my demise?"

Huai Yin said indifferently, "If possible, I'd like to redo what I couldn't finish two hundred years ago."

He raised his hand and lightly slapped it down!

Boom!

The two Saints from the Judgement Court were struck and flung into the distance, as though swept into a turbulent time stream. The street scenes alongside them retreated rapidly; the figures of Huai Yin and Jing Ci grew increasingly distant, accelerating to the verge of escaping the heavens themselves!

The world swirled and flipped like a kaleidoscope.

Darkness enveloped their vision!

Thud!

Xingye spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, dropping to her knees as she felt the cold, hard ground.

She raised her head, gazing at the boundless snowfall descending from the sky, and muttered, "Where is this?"

Tianzhou wiped the blood trickling from his lips, clutching his trembling chest. On his cold, indifferent face appeared a faint trace of shock.

He scanned the surroundings.

A desolate mountain covered in heavy snow, as though they had been exiled to the world's end.

All that, from just a casual push from the other side.

This was the might of a Catastrophe.

No, this was the might of humanity's strongest.

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At the entrance of a Starbucks along East Sea Road, Gu Jianlin turned on instinct.

Faintly, he seemed to hear an immense roaring sound.

But it felt like an illusion, vanishing almost instantly.

"Strange."

He muttered to himself.

Since meditating, he had been sent away by the grocery store's master and disciple—neither of them seemed particularly interested in seeing him.

He wasn't sure what he had done wrong to upset them.

But he could tell.

The King of Qing genuinely intended to teach him and took an approach rooted in freedom.

Offering occasional guidance, and letting him grow wildly the rest of the time.

That wasn't so bad.

Gu Jianlin sat at a wooden table, sipping coffee.

He bent down to nibble on a straw while fiddling with a newly purchased phone, logging into the Deep Space Official Website.

Throughout this process, he maintained a strangely transcendent breathing rhythm, his mind filled with the sound of tides rising and falling. He seemed connected to the natural world, his soul infused with spirituality as fluid as water.

His body still hadn't recovered, plagued by a ripping pain.

Yet his spirituality had returned to its peak state.

This was entirely thanks to the benefits of the Breathing Technique, which, through reflexive application, constantly helped him restore spirituality at a speed beyond imagination.

It served almost as a passive regeneration ability during battles.

Moreover, he had five bottles of Blue Blood in his possession.

With this, spirituality would no longer be an issue for him.

In battles among Ascenders, his passive advantage was unique.

Better yet, the Breathing Technique also assisted in advancing ranks.

When one's spirituality reached saturation at a current stage, meditation could help accumulate further growth. Eventually, a qualitative leap would occur, breaking through to the next Rank.

The only issue was that this meditation method was excruciatingly slow, nearly negligible.

Which highlighted the significance of Spiritual Secret Medicine.

"Hold on. I suddenly understand why Jing Ci said spirituality is key. My body contains Ancient God Power, yet apart from Spiritual Secret Medicine, I still have no other means of accumulating spirituality. This suggests that when members of the Ancient God Clan arrived on Earth, their ability to acquire spirituality was limited."

"They couldn't use the Breathing Technique, and gaining spirituality through meditation was absurdly slow. Otherwise, there'd be no need for them to fall into slumber or self-sealing. Hence, the pharmacist path became exceptionally vital. Pharmacists believe they have leverage to bargain with an Ancient God."

"But this pharmacist path is peculiar. Aside from refining medicine, it lacks any Extraordinary Ability, whereas the Priest path, while non-combative, at least offers self-defense."

"It feels like the pharmacist path was deliberately designed by the Ancient Gods..."

Gu Jianlin now understood that Spiritual Secret Medicine was not something to be overused.

For two primary reasons.

First, excessive consecutive consumption could lead to losing control and falling into corruption.

He wasn't concerned about this, as his Ancient God Power inherently resisted corruption.

Second, the human body would build resistance to the medicine.

Repeated consumption of the same Spiritual Secret Medicine—even with intervals to avoid losing control—would make it increasingly ineffective over time until completely futile.

Gu Jianlin wasn't sure if he could circumvent this issue; only trial and error could confirm.

"At present, I can be human or Ancient God. Being human allows me to learn the Breathing Technique, while being Ancient God comes with obvious benefits. So far, I haven't discovered any drawbacks to combining the two power systems."

Gu Jianlin pondered silently, "For now, it's all advantages. If I could restore the Qilin Venerable's power to its peak, then even against a same-level Supreme..."

It was said that advanced Breathing Techniques could counter Ancient Divine Language!

This was an unimaginable edge.

Gu Jianlin logged into the Deep Space Official Website, planning to research some materials.

As soon as he logged in, he clicked onto the forum section.

A pinned, highlighted post appeared at the very top.

"Peak City District's Supernova, Omega Sequence Candidate, the Chair-Killer—Gu Jianlin!"

Gu Jianlin stared at the title, dumbfounded.

What the hell, Chair-Killer?

He checked the author of the post and immediately facepalmed.

No wonder—Cheng Youyu.

Now he understood why Lu Zicheng had looked at him so cryptically when mentioning nicknames before leaving.

Talk about a ruined reputation.

Gu Jianlin wasn't fond of socializing, so he didn't bother reading the content of the post. Instead, he focused on his accumulated Merit Value, which had reached nearly 14,000—dominating the rookie leaderboard.

He even surpassed Thunder.

Thinking back to how she had defied the Judgement Court to side with him during the Black Cloud City incident, he pulled out his phone, found her cat avatar, and sent a message.

"Thanks for your support last time. If you need anything in the future, let me know."

Gu Jianlin wasn't a clueless rookie anymore.

Whether the King of Qing or the Supreme power he wielded, he had excellent cards at hand.

Unexpectedly, Tang Ling responded quickly, sending a voice message: "Awake?"

Gu Jianlin replied: "Yes. I heard you kept watch for me—thanks."

Tang Ling paused briefly before sending another voice message: "No problem. I was sharing a room with you. I don't like people from the Judgement Court, that's all. By the way, the Fourth Rank Priest Lin Wanqiu seems very interested in you. Be careful. She's a snake."

Gu Jianlin froze, unsure why this girl would warn him.

Tang Ling seemed to anticipate his thoughts and sent another message: "You strike me as someone who'd fall for bad women, so take care of yourself. That woman moves deftly within the Association, using various networks to elevate her position or find protection."

Gu Jianlin replied: "Understood."

Tang Ling sent another message: "Since you've joined the Omega Sequence, with her personality, she'll try her best to pull you into her circle, squeeze you dry, then discard you. You're strong; I look forward to competing with you on the battlefield. Don't let a piece of trash I disdain manipulate you."

Gu Jianlin found her forthrightness refreshing.

"Battlefield?"

He asked again.

Tang Ling replied: "You'll find out soon... I'm going to shower. Bye."

Gu Jianlin had heard that when a girl says she's going to shower, it's code for ending a conversation.

So, he wisely said no more.

Just then, a shadow flickered outside the window, followed by the Starbucks door opening.

Someone entered, carrying two heavy briefcases which were placed on the table.

The man adjusted the hem of his trench coat, then bent his knees as if to kneel.

"Get up."

Gu Jianlin said calmly, "Don't make us look like bizarre idiots in public."

Hearing his voice, Scholar trembled slightly, as if hearing an ancient oracle, and straightened up.

"Sit."

Gu Jianlin said evenly.

Scholar kept his head lowered, avoiding his gaze, his expression filled with fear, terror etched in every line of his face.

"Relax."

Gu Jianlin asked, "Why bring so much secret medicine at once? The pharmacist doesn't know?"

He glanced at the two metal cases on the table, raising a brow slightly.