

Ancient 170

Chapter 170 - 85 Disappearing Lao Zhang _2

"I need to become strong quickly and complete the transformation into a Divine Servant. After all, I deceived the people of Dusk, using their power to steal Xu Fu's Record, and afterward, I abandoned them and ventured alone into the Immortal Palace seeking treasure. If they find me, I'll be dead without a burial place."

After all, it was the most mysterious and terrifying heretical organization that even the Ether Association was helpless against.

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The Sea Demon woke up on a soft, large bed, in a suite of a five-star hotel.

She was breathing heavily, with cold sweat on her forehead.

The wretched state of the Pharmacist's punishment made even her, a mere spectator, feel deep fear and trembling.

"This is the power of the Supreme. I didn't even notice what He did, yet the Pharmacist has already fallen. No wonder so many people throughout the ages have pursued this great power."

She softly said, "And I am the person closest to this divine power."

Yet, after entering the Qilin Immortal Palace three times, she still hadn't obtained any Ancient God's Blood.

This gave her a slight sense of anxiety.

"The Pharmacist means not to let the Supreme know about external news; otherwise, it will be of no benefit to any of us. But currently, we have only obtained one drop of Ancient God's Blood, which was divided between the Pharmacist and the Scholar. Especially that damned Scholar, who actually betrayed me by leaking the information to others!"

Thinking of this, the Sea Demon gritted her silver teeth and whispered, "Now I'm in great danger within the Association and must find a new backing to continue staying safely within it. The Omega Sequence, as long as I become a Guardian of the Omega Sequence, then I will most likely be safe..."

She couldn't be discovered and had to remain in the Ether Association.

Otherwise, she would completely lose her value.

"I can't put all my hope on the Pharmacist; the value he can create is simply not enough. I have not even obtained a drop of Ancient God's Blood by now and have little time left."

Sea Demon softly said, "But how can I contact the Supreme alone?"

However, at this moment, the space around her distorted, and countless scarlet light beams poured from the cracks.

Accompanied by faint whispers, echoing in her ears.

"Continue to stay in the Ether Association and find a way to steal relevant information from the Judgement Court."

The Sea Demon's pupils slightly trembled.

This was the Supreme's voice!

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In the underground black market of Peak City, the Butcher woke up from the secret chamber, his burly body resembling a giant. He pushed open the door and swaggered into the bar.

There are many secret gathering places for wild Ascenders in Peak City, mostly built underground.

This place was a mix of all sorts, some were unlicensed wild Ascenders, others were Fallen wanted by the Association, and some were the Unclean struggling to survive in the cracks.

Of course, although there are secret gatherings, their days are not easy.

Today you just met a like-minded friend, and maybe the next day you hear about his death.

Half an hour ago, you were at the top of the Association's wanted list, but two minutes later your name was gone because someone was already claiming the high bounty for your head.

This is the life people live in the Dark World.

"Today they're all still new faces."

The Butcher sat at the bar, pouring himself a cheap cocktail, feeling a bit melancholy.

He works in this bar and looks forward the most each day to seeing familiar faces.

Because it proves that his friends are still alive.

But recently, for a whole month, everyone who appears in the bar has been strangers.

That means, one by one, all his friends are dead.

The Butcher was very depressed, but there was nothing he could do.

Fifteen years ago, he was a professional athlete on a basketball team, but later left the team in anger because he was dissatisfied with the capital's arrangements, went abroad to become a mercenary, and coincidentally awakened, after years of struggle, becoming a Fourth Rank Mad King.

He followed the Ancient Martial Path.

Originally, he also planned to join the Association and become a warrior safeguarding the Human World.

Back then, like everyone else, he completed the official examination tasks of the Association.

Because of his high rank, the task difficulty also correspondingly increased.

The specific content was to kill thirteen out-of-control Fallen.

The first twelve were very smooth.

He wasn't even injured; all those Fallen died under his hands.

But the last one, rumored to be a Third Rank Great Fate Master, was very strong.

For the Butcher, being a Mad King, this task was not a big deal. He found clues in the black market by spending some money and tracked the person down, only to find that person was not a Fallen.

But an Unclean.

That person's daughter had a rare soul disease and needed to buy an extremely rare secret medicine to save her, with a price so high it was frightening, as much as three million US dollars, and yet rare even at that price.

That Unclean found someone claiming to have connections, who could sell him the medicine for four million US dollars.

But that price was too high. The Unclean's family was fairly affluent, but it took him five years and taking up various high-risk tasks in the black market, even risking himself for human experimentation, barely scraping together enough money for the medicine.

And then, unsurprisingly, the Unclean was swindled.

This story is very cliché, but there is nothing new under the sun.