

Ancient 171

Chapter 171 - 85: The Disappearance of Lao Zhang_3

But when the Butcher saw those eyes that had entirely lost their light, he found himself unable to strike.

The Unclean had carried his dead daughter, killed the fraud in an unspeakably cruel way, and slaughtered the entire family in passing.

"What did we do wrong! We only wanted to survive, is that a sin?"

The father cradled his lifeless daughter, wailing amidst the raging flames, shedding tears of blood.

"Law Enforcer, please tell me, what exactly did we do wrong!"

The hysterical roar still echoes in his heart to this day.

Time slipped by in a blink; six years had already passed.

After experiencing that incident, the Butcher could no longer align himself with the values of the Ether Association.

He did not join the Association and instead chose to drift in the black market, searching for the meaning of living.

Eventually, he became an assassin, numbly killing again and again.

He had no family, living an utterly solitary life, unlike the others.

Even entering the Qilin Immortal Palace was merely at the Pharmacist's request; it was just paid work.

Snap.

A slip of paper was slapped onto the table.

"I hear you're the most formidable assassin in the black market."

Someone stood by the bar, speaking indifferently: "Someone wants you to kill a man. The bounty is five million."

The Butcher sipped his drink, not blinking, and snorted, "Who?"

The person replied, "A D-grade investigator from the Ether Association, Gu Jianlin."

The Butcher froze. "Who?"

"You've already heard. I don't want to repeat it."

The person said, "Will you take the job?"

"I have rules for killing."

The Butcher fell silent in thought, scratching his head, "You should know, that man defied the Association to save a group of Unclean. And his combat skill is formidable—he took out one Captain Level, two Deputy Team Level, and six or seven Second Ranks. You want me to kill him?"

The person replied, "A guy like you still cares about things like this?"

The Butcher paused for a moment and said, "What I mean is... you'll have to pay more."

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The black sedan glided over the crosswalk, slowing down gradually.

The Scholar was driving, perfectly playing the role of a chauffeur, his gaze fixed intently ahead.

He dared not glance toward the rearview mirror.

On the backseat, scattered empty drug vials filled the space—two whole boxes of Spiritual Secret Medicine, all used up.

Long, deep breaths resonated in the room's darkness.

The boy's breathing in the shadows seemed intricately synchronized with the rhythm of the world, digesting the immense spirituality within him.

Lowering his head respectfully, the Scholar asked, "Supreme, it's rush hour now. We could have taken another route to Peak City No. 2 High School. Why did you insist we stop by this old neighborhood?"

Gu Jianlin replied flatly, "Don't ask too many questions."

He pushed open the car door and stepped outside, walking once more under the locust tree to return to the worn-out neighborhood complex.

At the entrance of the courier station, a young man was busy organizing packages.

Gu Jianlin approached him and politely asked, "Hello, is Lao Zhang around?"

The young man looked up, puzzled, and asked, "Who's Lao Zhang?"

Gu Jianlin froze. "Isn't Lao Zhang the one who has always operated this delivery station?"

He assumed the young man had just been hired as a new employee.

"Who's Lao Zhang? Are you mistaken?"

The young man frowned and said, "This station has always been run by me and my mom for the past five years. The neighbors all know that. There's no Lao Zhang here. You must be looking for the wrong place."

A massive wave of terror exploded in Gu Jianlin's mind.

He stood frozen in place, speechless for a long time.