

Ancient 172

Chapter 172 - 86: Second Rank, Junior Fate Officer!

The black car drove along the street, the dim yellow lights flashing rapidly past the windows.

Scholar felt the oppressive atmosphere, driving in silence without daring to speak.

"Whew."

Gu Jianlin let out a long breath, leaning against the soft seat back, suddenly overwhelmed by unprecedented fatigue.

The deliveryman Lao Zhang never existed at all.

He had just visited the nearby shops in the neighborhood and talked to several neighbors he had interacted with before.

From their conversations, he learned that none of them knew any deliveryman named Lao Zhang.

From start to finish, the express station in this neighborhood had always been run by a mother and son duo. In five years, they had never changed staff, never hired anyone, and the business license was registered solely in their names.

"Who exactly sent me that mysterious delivery with the Qilin Mask? This is no coincidence; someone deliberately orchestrated this, creating Lao Zhang in my world and using a nonexistent person to deliver the Qilin Mask to me. No wonder the Ether Association has been monitoring me but found nothing."

"Because a more powerful force interfered with all of this. Taixu can monitor worldwide, yet it knows nothing of me receiving that delivery. The Ether Association's investigators know even less."

"As for what Lao Zhang truly was when I saw him, that's hard to say. For instance, Jing Ci's Yemengjade's Eyes can temporarily create a Lao Zhang, making me believe that the person who gave me the Qilin Mask was just an ordinary deliveryman. Such techniques aren't unheard of in the transcendent world."

Yet, Yemengjade's Eyes seemed not to possess such potent capabilities.

Back then, Gu Jianlin had already learned profiling, and the person he saw named Lao Zhang presented no sense of discord, as though they had genuinely been acquainted for many years.

So damn bizarre.

Gu Jianlin rubbed his forehead as the phone in his pocket suddenly vibrated.

Su Youzhu sent him a voice message: "There's thirty minutes left before class ends. Will you come to pick me up? I ordered groceries from the supermarket for home delivery. Tonight, I'll make your favorite roasted pork ribs and shredded fish—consider it a celebration for you."

Although Gu Jianlin was feeling weighed down, hearing her crisp and cool, melodious voice—as well as recalling her various comfortable sleepwear, black stockings, and white stockings—oddly eased his stress considerably.

Although he lacked any real desire, a beautiful girl could indeed lift one's mood.

Gu Jianlin replied, "Twenty minutes. See you at the school gate."

Su Youzhu said, "Mm, don't be late."

Gu Jianlin put away his phone and said flatly, "Speed up."

Scholar respectfully replied, "Understood."

Gu Jianlin closed his eyes, again contemplating the connection between the Breathing Technique and nature.

It was as if he were asleep, with only a slow, faint breath, barely audible.

The spirituality rushing through his mind was surging wildly, like a massive wave on the brink of soaring into the sky, restless and agitated.

As if ready to break through the constraints at any moment.

Second Order Young Master, within reach.

According to "The Self-Cultivation of the Divine," achieving Second Order Young Master would unlock a new ability: harnessing the dark matter and dark energy of the world's shadow to generate a Shock Burst.

Its name—Dark Shock.

This remained a highly dangerous skill. Although most Young Masters could already use it, it often required extensive practice to master fully.

Those like Li Xun and Li Yi, amateurs at the Second Rank, would likely injure themselves recklessly using it.

"Supreme, someone's tailing us."

Scholar glanced around vigilantly, suddenly speaking.

Through the rearview mirror, one could faintly see four cars trailing behind, following them into a secluded lane lined with old buildings slated for demolition. Torn plastic bags drifted in the wind.

Gu Jianlin didn't even lift his eyes and murmured indifferently, "Hm."

His Life Perception had already caught those trailing figures.

If nothing unexpected occurred, they were assassins sent by the Yan family.

"Seven behind us, three ahead,"

he said coolly. "Two on the rooftops."

Clearly, someone had calculated their driving route and set the ambush here in advance.

"I pity these people."

Scholar was entirely unperturbed. He himself was a Quasi-God Servant on the Evolution Path with formidable combat strength.

And in the back seat sat a bona fide Supreme!

With a squeak, the car stopped before a run-down old building, next to an abandoned newsstand.

Under the dim yellow streetlight ahead, three silhouettes stood silently, their eyes chillingly cold.

From behind came the sound of screeching brakes as four cars boxed them in, blocking the road.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

With each gunshot, the car sank a little more, four times in a row.

All four tires were blown out.

The attackers made no attempt to shoot at the people inside the car; they knew bullets would have no effect.

The wind outside was bleak, stirring up the dull haze on the ground, drifting under the yellow lamplight.

Peak City had this kind of weather—even in April, the lingering chill remained. At some point, a faint layer of condensation seemed to form on the car windows, blurring the view.

"Supreme."

Scholar spoke softly, seeking instructions.

Gu Jianlin opened his distinctly black-and-white eyes and said flatly, "Go ahead; you're permitted to evolve. Finish this quickly."

Scholar hesitated. "Aren't you worried about being discovered?"

Gu Jianlin replied expressionlessly, "Such concerns are unnecessary."

As his words fell, the silver-white Chains on his wrist began to vibrate, radiating brilliant light.