

Ancient 176

Chapter 176 - 88 Hello, Aunt

In the dim hallway, Scholar was breathing heavily, uncertain whether it was out of fear or excitement.

"Butcher, that's actually the Butcher! He actually dares to attempt to assassinate the Supreme!"

He covered his mouth, trying his best to suppress his emotions, but still broke out into a maniacal grin.

Especially when he saw the Butcher leap forward with a clenched fist, only to land flat on his face in complete humiliation.

Scholar seemed to see a version of his past self!

"Yes, exactly like this! The Supreme is invincible! Hahahahaha!"

The next moment, the Butcher coughed up fresh blood and was blasted away with a loud boom.

Watching this, Scholar's blood boiled with excitement. He raised his arm in thrilled applause, shouting:
"Good! Do it again! Yes! Well done!"

He didn't even know why he was so happy himself.

To give an imperfect analogy, it's like being punished to stand in the hallway for being late to school, feeling miserable. But five minutes later, when you see your unlucky deskmate rushing in late with their backpack, your lips can't help but curl up in a smirk.

That was exactly the mood Scholar was in now.

From beginning to end, the black-haired youth didn't move an inch, yet the Butcher had already been utterly routed, scrambling to flee in a miserable state.

He even cursed Lao Liu while running away.

"Hahahaha, I can't believe there's someone in this world as idiotic as me! I'm not alone on this path!"

Scholar laughed so hard that he doubled over, until the doors on both sides of the hallway opened up.

Old men and women emerged, carrying kitchen knives, expressionless as they stared at him.

"Sorry to disturb you."

Scholar immediately suppressed his laugh, briskly walking away and slipping into a dark corner. He muttered to himself, "The Butcher made the same idiotic mistake as I did—using the Supreme's power to try and assassinate the Supreme? It's killing me! Guess I can't entirely blame myself for not recognizing a dragon disguised as a worm. Who would've thought the Supreme had already broken free?"

"Wait a second. The Butcher actually dared to call the Supreme 'Lao Liu' earlier—does he have a death wish? Wait, could it be that he hasn't realized who he's dealing with? Ha, seems I'm the smarter one after all."

He muttered further, "Now that I think about it, last time, the Supreme only bestowed a drop of Ancient God's Blood upon my teacher and me. When did the Butcher get transformed? Just the thought is spine-chilling. We don't know when It broke free, nor when It converted the Butcher... The Supreme is truly unfathomable."

At this thought, his face darkened again.

"Only an idiot like my teacher would believe that tomb could contain the Supreme and ended up dragging me into becoming Its slave. Bah! How does someone that stupid even qualify to be my teacher?"

He snorted coldly: "Stupid Pharmacist!"

Suddenly, the distant roar of engines echoed—it must be the Ether Association coming.

"I better get going before they catch me."

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An invisible force pushed aside the four cars blocking the street, erupting with dull thuds.

Five black Land Rovers pulled up by the roadside. Security team members armed with assault rifles and riot shields disembarked swiftly, setting up a tactical formation to seal off the scene and guard all perimeters.

On rooftops all around, Overlord Path snipers with Eagle Eye were already in position, closely monitoring the area.

Peak City was now on red alert. With the Qilin Immortal Palace about to emerge, opportunists from all over the world had flocked in to get their share, inevitably fracturing peace and order.

During this special period, nothing happening in Peak City was surprising.

But launching an attack in a bustling district, in a zone under the tight surveillance of the Eye of Horus—now that was downright audacious.

Bang.

The car door flew open, and Lu Zijin hopped out. Her long black hair fell loosely, and she wore a beige Lolita dress with lace trim, paired with sheer white stockings and black leather shoes.

On her head was a pink bow.

She looked like a delicate porcelain doll, an adorably playful hybrid of a "Sanhe" cosplay girl.

"Minister, there's only one Ascender left alive on this street."

Chen Qing also stepped out of the car, blood dripping from her lips. Dust clung to her flawlessly made-up face, her suit skirt was stained with blood, and the heel of one high heel was broken. She seemed gravely injured.

Yet her spirits were inexplicably high, as if nothing had happened.

"Chen Qing! Sell it better! You're heavily injured—how are you still using your powers?" Lu Zicheng stumbled out of the car, blood trickling from all seven orifices. His trench coat was riddled with bloodstains.

The parrot perched on his shoulder also looked listless.

Lu Zijin glanced at her brother, scolding him with irritation, "Do you think you're any better? Twitching like someone with Parkinson's. The Judgement Court personnel aren't even here yet; there's no need to overdo it. I've temporarily suppressed the Taixu field."

Lu Zicheng immediately returned to normal, pouting, "You could've said that earlier."

Chen Qing suddenly spoke: "Up ahead."

A dozen corpses were laid out neatly across the street, aligned like salted fish left to dry under the streetlights.

Among them, two bodies had even been decapitated and poorly stitched back together.

Gu Jianlin sat on the hood of a car with blown-out tires, quietly playing on his phone, unnervingly calm.

When the group approached, he finally looked up and said in an indifferent tone, "You're here."

He pointed at the corpses on the ground. "Clean these up. How much merit does this get me?"

The group stared at the twelve corpses lined up in perfect order. Though they knew the Ranks weren't high, the eerie symmetry of the arrangement still created an unsettling visual impact. For a moment, they were left speechless in shock.

The bald parrot flapped its wings, hovering mid-air: "Showoff! Someone's showing off! I'm not saying who!"

"Second Rank, Junior Fate Officer."

Chen Qing gazed at the youth, her eyes shimmering with mysterious white light, activating the Witch Path's unique mystical vision. She muttered, "He's advanced, just recently too."

Meanwhile, Lu Zicheng crouched down, examining the charred ground. He picked up some dust, carefully placing it near his lips to sniff: "Sis, it's Dark Shock, and something's off about this intensity."

His face shifted, murmuring, "These people... he probably killed them all on his own."

Everyone around him froze in shock, their expressions turning to disbelief.

A Second Rank, killing twelve of his equals!

The most alarming part—Gu Jianlin didn't even have a speck of blood on him.

Lu Zijin narrowed her alluring eyes, her lips curling into an intrigued smirk. She casually approached him.

"You're Gu Jianlin?"

Her face broke into a sweet smile, "Know who I am?"

At first glance, Gu Jianlin froze.

The outward characteristics were striking: a lolita appearance paired with an older sister's voice, an odd combination of adorable innocence and an authoritative aura of someone at the top of the hierarchy. Especially her gaze—that commanding presence made her feel like a walking paradox.

Her face bore a subtle resemblance to someone he knew.

Quickly, he assembled a personality profile in his mind.

Behind him, Chen Qing subtly mouthed three words: "Minister Lu."

Lu Zicheng gestured frantically, mouthing along: "That's my sister—choose your words carefully!"

Hesitating for a second, Gu Jianlin turned back to the petite lolita in front of him, piecing things together.

Lu Zicheng was already twenty-eight years old.

And Lu Zijin, as his elder sister who had long held a position in the Peak City District, must be significantly older.

So, he politely addressed her: "Hello, Auntie."

The scene instantly plunged into awkward silence as the investigators from the association turned pale.

Lu Zicheng pretended not to see anything, silently turning his face away.

Chen Qing covered her face, letting out a long, helpless sigh.

Lu Zijin's sweet smile froze, and her voice abruptly rose: "Aunt... Auntie?!"