

## Ancient 185

Chapter 185 - 93: The Second Forbidden Zone

Parked by the roadside below was a white BYD car, with the Scholar trembling in the driver's seat.

From the building's entrance emerged a sharply dressed man walking side by side with a boy wearing a sun hat and sunglasses.

Gu Jianlin didn't see the need to exchange many words with someone fully under his control, like a Quasi-God Servant.

However, Jing Ci always seemed polite to everyone. The mysterious powerhouse, whose Rank remained unknown, walked past the car's window with his hands in his pockets, casually smiling, "Hello."

The Scholar felt his scalp tingle as he forced out a reply, "He-hello."

Gu Jianlin opened the car door and got in directly, nodding slightly at the man outside the window.

Jing Ci vanished instantly, leaving only a single sentence echoing in Gu Jianlin's mind, "Using Yemengjade's Eyes, that Mythical Weapon, as an excuse is clever. But if the association finds out, they'll still accuse you of exploiting the Fallen for your own gain, especially one with Controllable Deformation. Although, you should already know that."

Gu Jianlin stared in the direction Jing Ci had disappeared, realizing the words had clearly echoed directly in his mind.

No one else but him could have heard it.

What kind of master disciple was this, truly unfathomable.

Then, how powerful must the King of Qing be?

Gu Jianlin thought this was a question worth pondering.

Just then, the Scholar sat trembling up front, cold sweat dripping.

Gu Jianlin calmly asked, "What are you afraid of?"

The Scholar stammered in reply, "Supreme, that person... he's actually a... a Saint..."

Gu Jianlin raised an eyebrow, "Holy Land Level, so what?"

The Scholar was practically on the verge of a breakdown; this kind of pressure wasn't supposed to be part of his Rank's burden.

Sure, it was normal for a Supreme to have a Holy Land Level figure nearby.

But the problem was, wasn't it a bit out of place for a lowly like him to exist between beings so mighty?

In the Scholar's view, his earlier judgment had been correct.

The Qilin Venerable had indeed assimilated into modern society and begun expanding his influence!

The world was doomed!

Wait, thinking about it, he'd even helped become one of the agents of destruction!

Suddenly, he felt his sense of status had been elevated.

"Drive."

Gu Jianlin didn't care what the Scholar was thinking about and simply commanded.

The Scholar pressed down on the gas pedal and turned the steering wheel, "Supreme, you're heading to find the Butcher, right?"

Gu Jianlin synchronized his distinct breathing rhythm, entering meditation. He uttered a low affirmation.

"That guy's definitely hiding somewhere in West Port's underground black market."

Outwardly, the Scholar remained serious and respectful, but inwardly, a deranged grin had surfaced: "That man failed to recognize your Divine Seat yesterday and was foolish enough to offend you. Today, when I take you to get him, he's bound to be caught without escape!"

Gu Jianlin opened his eyes and said indifferently, "Didn't you tell me you didn't have private contact with him and were unaware of his specifics?"

The Scholar, unfazed, explained, "That's true for the Sea Demon and the Moon Princess. Those two have hidden themselves well. But the Butcher is different. Although he also masked his tracks, he isn't too bright. All you need to do is talk with him for a bit, and he'll expose everything."

He tapped the side of his head and sighed, "The funny part is that the Butcher actually thinks he disguised himself well. Out of pity, we all play along and don't expose him. Just look at his physique and hear his speaking tone—he's unmistakably the type of brute who thinks with his fists."

Gu Jianlin recalled the scene when he first encountered the maniac in the Ancient Tomb and thought it was accurate.

Only someone with a completely unhinged mind would dream of taking down an Ancient God and waiting to loot the spoils.

"That said, his battle strength isn't bad. He was the first to find me and the Teacher back then. If it weren't for him, we'd have been done for by those resurrected ancient corpses in the Immortal Palace."

The Scholar added, "He's a professional assassin—simply performs the task for money, with no hidden motives."

Gu Jianlin, hearing this, felt even more confused.

If he gets paid to complete jobs, then why all the pretentious theatrics?

"Based on my investigation, your identity in the real world likely threatened certain people's interests. That's why they placed a bounty in the black market and dispatched the Butcher to assassinate you. Last night, after returning, I leveraged the Teacher's connections to look into this. I've confirmed the Butcher is an active gray-level Ascender in West Port."

The Scholar patted a metal case sitting on the front passenger seat, "By the way, here's the secret medicine you requested."

At the mention of "secret medicine," Gu Jianlin barely held back his urge to lick his lips.

Under his sunglasses, his gaze lingered irresistibly on the case.

His thirst for power was overwhelming, especially given that below Third Rank, strength could be easily enhanced using spiritual secret medicine.

And he didn't even need to worry about losing control.

The allure of spiritual secret medicine was equally tempting to Gu Jianlin as Youzhu's roasted pork ribs.

"The spiritual secret medicine I brought last time was just the CMJ113 inventory. This time, I've brought the Teacher's newly developed Fallen Angel Blood. You wouldn't believe it, but the Teacher's expertise in the field of extraordinary-stage secret medicine is unmatched globally. Fallen Angel Blood's potency surpasses that of CMJ113 by a good thirty percent."

The Scholar respectfully explained, "The Teacher, that old rogue, lied about offering you his entire inventory last time. He was totally spouting nonsense! He worried you might consume too much at once and suddenly break through the barriers."

Upon hearing "ten bottles of Fallen Angel Blood," Gu Jianlin's gaze was magnetized to the case as if glued to it.

The last round of Fallen Angel Blood, alongside two crates of CMJ113 secret medicine, had propelled him from First Order to Second Rank in one go. Such enormous spirituality would have driven anyone else into mental collapse outright, mutating them into deranged Fallen.

For Gu Jianlin, the only consideration was his resistance to the medicine.

Now, with ten more bottles of Fallen Angel Blood, he could almost touch the threshold of Third Rank.

It was exhilarating just to imagine.

"The Pharmacist didn't notice?"

Gu Jianlin asked in a detached tone.

The Scholar laughed, "Don't worry. The spiritual secret medicine inventory has always been managed by me. The Teacher is an obsessive alchemist, madly fixated on refining the finest extraordinary-stage medicine rather than advancing his Rank. So, he won't use the Fallen Angel Blood; he wouldn't even smell the swap."

"The Teacher once had a stroke of fortune while exploring Ancient Ruins, discovering a rare Ancient Document. With it, he concocted many interesting creations. Stamina boosters, beauty-enhancing formulas, hormones regulating internal secretion, slimming elixirs, cramps relievers, and even breast-enhancing treatments for women."

He listed them one by one, "Our research funding is practically fueled by these. Back in the day, the Teacher even secretly hosted auctions. A single bottle of beauty secret medicine could fetch millions from wealthy madams."

Gu Jianlin was stunned, astonished at how versatile secret medicine could be.

"You can't imagine how many of such formulas are currently stored in our warehouse. Though in front of you, the Teacher looks like mere dust, in the pharmacological field, he's revered. Even the Sea Demon and Moon Princess show him respect."

The Scholar explained, "In the human world, valuable people are esteemed wherever they go."

Gu Jianlin felt a subtle flicker of inspiration upon hearing this.

Some of those women-focused secret medicines could make good gifts for a certain girl.

"Next time, bring back as many female-oriented secret medicines as possible."

He said lightly, "The more, the better."

The Scholar froze momentarily, "Understood."

He didn't dare probe further into the Supreme's intentions.

It was said that in Ancient Times, the Supremes would select the most beautiful girls in the tribe, claiming their purity as part of their ceremonies. For humanity during the tribal era, this was the most revered honor.

"Supreme, we've reached West Port. This place is a small-scale Forbidden Zone, similar to Black Cloud City. Although far less dangerous than Black Cloud City, it's bustling with gray-level Ascenders."

The Scholar reminded.

Gu Jianlin raised his brow slightly.

The white BYD car turned a street corner, entering a coastline.

This place was all too familiar to him. Twenty years ago, it had been the city center of Peak City, adjacent to the Catholic Church and train station and home to a notable snack street known for scamming tourists.

The surrounding scenery rippled like water waves, as if the space were distorted, creating overlapping time and dimensions!

The car came to a halt.

Gu Jianlin turned his head and looked. The beach was strewn with scattered rocks, and the sea surface was covered in green algae like an endless green lawn stretching across the water.

The docks housed dilapidated boats, with staff members specifically there for receptions.

Around the docks were red-and-blue shipping containers emanating a rancid smell.

The air was damp with a sea breeze, mixed with the stench of decaying algae, nearly nauseating.

"With the existence of the Forbidden Zone, this place naturally became an ideal hub for smuggling activities. Because the Qilin Immortal Palace is about to emerge, countless gray-level Ascenders and Ascender organizations outside the association are sneaking in to get their cut. Often, even the Horus Eye Satellite struggles to monitor this area."

The Scholar explained, "Those coming by boat are either here for deliveries or transporting people. You'll see all types of people. If the association comes to crack down, they'll use the sewage system to escape. Once the heat dies, they return."

Gu Jianlin said, "Sounds like whack-a-mole."

"Precisely, whack-a-mole. The key issue is that the contamination risk from the Forbidden Zone discourages association members from setting up prolonged monitoring posts, effectively condoning this place's existence."

The Scholar added, "As long as people don't go overboard, the association won't initiate complete eradication."

Gu Jianlin understood, his gaze shifting to the other side.

The replication of reality within this Forbidden Zone seemed mostly accurate, resembling the outskirts of modern Peak City, with slightly older architecture. It reminded him of the red-light district in Ying Province, filled with bars, nightclubs, unnamed restaurants, and shady-looking clinics.

Broken newsstands lined the streets, an elderly man sharpening knives squatted nearby, and kids played ball in shabby courtyards.

The overcast sky made the chill of the sea breeze feel sharper. Hooded and masked individuals carrying cases darted through the neighborhood, avoiding greetings or conversations entirely.

Gu Jianlin observed briefly; everyone here seemed to wear a figurative mask over their true selves.

Camouflaging their identity.

While this Forbidden Zone wasn't large, the Butcher's Life Rhythm was distinct.

Finding him wouldn't pose much difficulty.

Gu Jianlin opened the car door and stepped outside, surveying his surroundings.

"You brat, get back here!"

"Hurry and catch him! Don't let him escape!"

"Smack him!"

A gang of young men chased a filthy kid down the street.

Gu Jianlin raised his brow slightly, noticing the child was as agile as a monkey and scurried past him.

Suddenly, he sensed something being snatched from his pocket.

His phone was gone.

Gu Jianlin's expression remained unchanged as he grabbed the child by the back of his collar and dragged him over.

Bam!

The Scholar got out of the driver's seat and scared off the group of young men with a menacing glare.

Turning back, he grabbed the child by his collar and sneered, "You little rascal, you've got guts to steal from anyone, don't you?"

Gu Jianlin ignored the child, as he instinctively noticed a strange sight on this particular street.

In the cracks of the pavement, under car wheels, and even across building walls.

Bugs—countless bugs crawling everywhere.

And that pervasive sensation of being watched.

He looked around instinctively but saw no visible observer.

Such an odd feeling.