

Ancient 189

Chapter 189 - 95: Sunshine Boy_2

Gu Jianlin looked at them expressionlessly, as if he'd just heard nonsense.

The Scholar sneered coldly, his raised eyes revealing serpentine pupils, eerie and menacing.

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The sea tide surged and spread over the beach, its roar resonating in the sea wind.

On the rooftop terrace of the bar, a man dressed in black wore a silver fox-face mask. With a whisky glass in hand, he said indifferently, "Since the so-called invincible Butcher has taken action, the mission ought to be completed, right?"

Five bodyguards, also wearing masks, stood behind him, each gripping firearms, their expressions vigilant.

On the table, there was a metal case, clearly filled with cash.

Across the table sat a brawny, burly man covered in tattoos so grotesque and terrifying that they seemed to embody the Evil Spirits of Hell clambering over his body—a permanent curse symbolizing doomed fate.

His square face was concealed by sunglasses and a mask.

"Mission failed."

The Butcher spoke in a muffled voice.

The man in black straightened his back slowly, his eyes widening with disbelief. "Failed?"

The Butcher didn't bother with small talk; he slammed a dossier onto the table and grumbled, "As per our earlier agreement, your intelligence was flawed—pay up. The mission failed because of your misinformation—pay up. And I got injured because of it—pay up. Tally it all up: you owe me five million plus three compensations."

He paused: "The total is twenty million!"

What audacity!

The man in black immediately rebutted, "Impossible! Absolutely impossible! The intel we provided was accurate! It was the buyer's intel—he's definitely just a First Order Divine!"

The Butcher snorted disdainfully, "But you didn't tell me he has experience killing across ranks! The Joker from the Grave Digger Organization—he killed him, didn't he? And Hasegawa Shinichi—he killed him too! He also eliminated several of the Association's Fallen, including one Captain Level, two Deputy Captain Levels, and seven or eight Second Rank investigators."

The man in black furrowed his brow: "Those captains were severely injured. If it were you, you could've done it too."

The Butcher sneered again: "But he has two Mythical Weapons!"

The man in black grew impatient and retorted coldly, "Those Mythical Weapons were from the Joker—one is the Lock of Nonexistence, and the other is the Soul Comforting Bell. Both are purely auxiliary types; they pose no threat to you."

The Butcher squinted suddenly: "How do you know that?"

The man in black replied coldly, "That's none of your concern."

The Butcher slapped the table, the impact cracking its surface as he snarled viciously, "None of my concern? You clearly knew the intel and withheld it from me. I suspect you were sending me to die!"

No fool, he understood their scheme.

The employer withheld precise intel to ensure injuries during combat.

The greater the Butcher's damage, the easier it was to settle accounts later.

It's a common tactic in the Dark World when hiring assassins before silencing them afterward.

Their concern wasn't about failing the assassination due to flawed intel.

Because historically, a Fourth Rank has never lost to a First Order.

Gu Jianlin's past killings of Captain Levels didn't strictly count, as they were all gravely wounded.

If the mission truly failed, it would be because the target's actual strength far exceeded the assumed intel.

Using an assassin for a test run was pure profit.

"You're hoping I'd get injured so you can silence me, right? That way you wouldn't have to pay, and you could seize those two Mythical Weapons from me. You never intended to cooperate sincerely from the start."

The Butcher's gaze sharpened into a murderous glare: "According to Mr. Liu's rules, I'm allowed to take out the likes of you."

The man in black narrowed his eyes and said, "But you're unharmed."

"Who said I'm not injured?"

The Butcher grumbled, suddenly coughing up a mouthful of blood and convulsing in his seat.

He looked like he was moments away from kicking the bucket.

The man in black stared in shock, thinking, so your injuries come with a delay?

His expression shifted unpredictably, clearly unwilling to waste more time with this fool.

If the target was still alive, the Association would surely retaliate.

After all, Gu Jianlin had already joined the Omega Sequence.

"Take the money and leave!"

The man in black ordered coldly before turning to walk away.

Five bodyguards moved collectively to seize the cash case.

The action seemed to provoke the Butcher, who abruptly halted his convulsion. His eyes flashed fiercely as he unleashed violent Qi with his hands, clapping them together forcefully!

Boom!

The wooden table exploded into countless shards and splinters, sending the five bodyguards flying into walls like discarded sacks, with the sound of bones on the verge of cracking echoing in the air.

The metal case blew apart as well.

The US dollars inside the case weren't shredded by the impact but scattered like fireworks in the wind—a testament to the precision behind his strength!

The Butcher lunged forward, his hands churning with turbulent Qi.

Remarkably, his pose resembled Tai Chi!

Its harmonious balance between hardness and softness, controlled with finesse.

The swirling Qi in the air forcibly collected the scattered money, which he scooped up in his arms before stuffing into the burlap sack he carried.

His moves were seamless, evidently executed countless times before.

After securing the money, he revealed a tiger-like bloodthirsty grin.

Meanwhile, the five bodyguards who had been hurled away somehow struggled to their feet. Golden light shimmered on their bodies, as though they wore armor.

Shield Warriors!

Hailing from the Western Inheritance Path, their hallmark: tough skin, resilient bodies!

"Shock Burst!"

The man in black raised his hand and shouted.

Boom!

The Butcher endured a mental blast as if a grenade had detonated inside his brain, leaving his mind buzzing.

Blood began to seep from his ears.

The man in black turned out to be no slouch either; he was a Third Rank Mind Master.

Yet such damage didn't mean much against Ancient Martial.

The Qi of the Ancient Martial Path flows through the entire body—not only as an offensive weapon but also as a defense mechanism.

It can even be used for self-healing!

"Support! Call for reinforcement!"

The man in black barked, "The Butcher wants to cross us!"

The five bodyguards opted against attacking since their firearms were useless against the Fourth Rank Mad King. Instead, they converged, forming a heavy golden Light Shield that resembled a thick wall.

The Butcher grinned viciously as he stepped forward, hurling a Beng Fist!

Boom!

The Light Shield shattered violently, the punch piercing straight through a guard's heart, spilling blood everywhere.

The remaining four guards were horrified, their eyes flashing with intensity.

Beneath their black suits, beeping sounds and blinking red lights suddenly appeared.

They charged forward in a group, holding the hulking man tightly.

The Butcher looked slightly confused. These bastards had installed micro bombs on their bodies!

Their leader, the man in black, turned to flee when the rooftop door was pushed open, and another masked bodyguard, wearing a cat-face mask, hurried in with two daggers in hand.

"Boss, I'm here!"

"Quick! Block the Butcher! Human bombs might not be enough to kill him!"

The man in black shouted.

"Got it!"

The cat-faced man's eyes sharpened as he approached and suddenly collided with him head-on.

Crack!

The sound of blades piercing flesh echoed.

The man in black grunted painfully, staggering backward, staring at the figure in disbelief.

Daggers were embedded in both sides of his abdomen, non-lethal but impeding movement.

Simultaneously, his mask was ripped away, exposing his terrified face.

The pain made him break out in cold sweat as he bit down on a capsule in his molar.

The secret medicine flowed out and was swallowed, healing his wounds.

The man in the cat mask remained indifferent, his gaze as still as deep water.

The sneak attack proved successful, leveraging the Lock of Nonexistence to conceal presence, making the strike nearly imperceptible—especially to those from the Heavenly Master Path lacking defensive capabilities.

The blade ought to have targeted his heart.

But if this person was indeed the liaison between the Yan family and the black market, he needed to be taken alive.

Capturing him alive was a must.

Gu Jianlin looked at the man's face, his eyes turning solemn.

Lin Yuan.

Then who was the target of the captain's preparations?

At that moment, Lin Yuan suddenly shouted, "Master, save me!"