

Ancient 198

Chapter 198 - 99 The Origin of the Moon Princess_3

Alright, after all, everyone here is an Ascender, so the labor force is a bit stronger.

Gu Jianlin lightly lifted his foot and stamped it down. A cluster of pale ghost fire spread from beneath his feet, radiating in all directions.

Within the range burned by the ghost fire, all flies, mosquitoes, and microorganisms had their lives completely stripped away.

Converted into natural energy, it was infused into his body.

The exhaustion on his face vanished instantly, returning him to his normal state.

At this moment, the Scholar walked in carrying two boxes of goods and said in a low voice: "Supreme, I've already scouted everything out."

Gu Jianlin glanced at him: "Speak."

The Scholar spoke softly: "Those three stowaways are also Hua Country people, but they came from Sha City, likely trying their luck at the Qilin Immortal Palace. No problem there. The shopkeeper and his daughter are both Unclean—one is a Second Rank Qi Refiner, the other is a Second Rank Perceiver. They both work for Mr. Liu."

He paused: "Just like us, they've been arranged to stay on the first floor of Building B. Our breakfast, lunch, and dinner will also be taken care of in Building B. Our daily wage is over 300, which comes out to a maximum of ten thousand yuan a month."

Gu Jianlin fell silent.

All of them Ascenders with extraordinary abilities, risking their lives, yet only able to earn a monthly salary of ten thousand.

It left a complex feeling in one's heart.

"But here, wages are only part of the equation. The majority are chasing opportunities."

The Scholar said, "Our luck isn't bad; we got assigned to the Treasure Appraisal Shop, where we'll have chances to interact with people from the boats daily. If anyone decides to rent a boat to leave, we'll undoubtedly grasp their movements. If we're willing to showcase some strength, the odds are high we'll get a shot at those opportunities."

"Opportunities?"

Gu Jianlin raised a brow.

"Yes, opportunities. Most people here are bottom-tier laborers."

The Scholar spoke in a low voice: "But a small handful catch Mr. Liu's eye due to their exceptional performance. For example, the Butcher—he became one of Mr. Liu's hitmen because of his immense power."

Gu Jianlin grew even more curious: "What kind of person is Mr. Liu anyway?"

The Scholar shook his head and said: "I can't say for sure. It's not the kind of thing you can uncover easily, but he's most likely from some mysterious fringe organization that arrived in West Port a year ago. It's said that at that time, many underworld groups were vying with him for control of the business at West Port, resorting to all sorts of means—countless large and small confrontations."

"They even hired assassins to kill Mr. Liu, but ultimately all attempts failed."

He paused: "Apparently, Mr. Liu spent a fortune hiring a highly skilled bodyguard, someone touted as unbeatable within Fourth Rank. This person single-handedly crushed all the underworld groups in West Port, leaving Mr. Liu with undivided dominance. Rumor has it that this bodyguard followed the Ghost Slayer Path, a Fourth-tier Xiu Luo. It made me suspect their identity..."

Gu Jianlin calmly looked at him: "Moon Princess?"

The Scholar said: "Yes."

Gu Jianlin had already guessed it. The Fourth-tier Xiu Luo they saw today was indeed the Moon Princess herself.

Coming to West Port had turned out to be quite fruitful.

The two strongest members of the group had already been pinpointed.

Gu Jianlin now wasn't the clueless newbie he had been when he first crossed over.

Now, he had broken free from some of the restraints of the Candle Dragon Venerable, seized partial control of the Immortal Palace, and even learned how to create Ancient God's Blood, capable of transforming the Fallen into his own Divine Servants.

Besides the Ether Association, he could establish his own force entirely.

That said, not everyone was qualified to be transformed into Divine Servants.

In Black Cloud City, for instance, even the Fourth Rank Captain Level and two Third Rank Deputy Captains couldn't withstand the baptism of Ancient God's Blood, degenerating into insect-like forms.

In such states, it's not an accomplished evolution, and their combat strength wasn't significantly enhanced.

In a real fight, they'd likely explode within a few seconds.

On the other hand, Yan Ye showed excellent talent, able to endure the baptism of Ancient God's Blood.

But in the end, even he was killed.

The Pharmacist and the Scholar managed to survive their first Ancient God's Blood baptism, though they probably used pharmaceutical assistance.

Whether they could withstand further evolution was still uncertain.

Gu Jianlin wasn't some deranged lunatic; the education instilled in him since childhood taught him that even with high-end abilities, you shouldn't casually take lives for experiments.

If he did go down that path, his father might be deeply disappointed in him.

This meant that while Ancient God's Blood could create Divine Servants, it had to follow strict ethical boundaries.

The Moon Princess aside, the Butcher's life was nearing its end...

Gu Jianlin fell into thought: "Currently, there's no word from the association since they captured Lin Yuan, but it's almost certain war is imminent. I need to arrange my move ahead of time to guard against that Gu Master..."

At that moment, the Black Qilin inside his consciousness suddenly grew restless, and a faint, distant call echoed.

In the depths of his awareness, a faint bit of starlight flickered.

Someone was trying to call to him through the Qilin Immortal Palace!

He didn't know who it was, but responding would pull him away instantly, disappearing from his current location.

Gu Jianlin chose to ignore the call for the time being.

As night descended, Zhong Li wiped the sweat from her brow and leaned against the shop's doorway, peering outside. Her clear eyes shimmered with curiosity: "Dad, these newcomers seem to be pretty efficient workers, huh?"

Zhong Guoqing counted the money in the cash register and sneered: "Efficient, my foot. Those three stowaways worked for an hour and then started slacking off. Pulling cheap tricks by rotating breaks—one rests while the other two work, then they switch later. That's old hat I've seen through a hundred times."

Zhong Li shook her head, her curiosity undeterred. "No, I meant the other two—they look so refined, like they've never been through hardship, but they indeed seem hardworking."

In the warehouse, Gu Jianlin was drenched in sweat, carrying two boxes of goods and stacking them together.

The Scholar followed behind him, tugging a cart piled with miscellaneous items.

"These two are alright. Call them over to take a break," Zhong Guoqing said.

Zhong Li nodded: "Gu Ting, Zhou Jianlin, you two, come rest for a bit!"

Gu Jianlin and the Scholar exchanged a glance. If they were going to disguise themselves here, they had to act convincingly.

They immediately showed delighted expressions, dusting off themselves as they prepared to walk over.

Unexpectedly, someone entered the shop at that moment and politely asked:

"Excuse me, do you need a treasure appraiser here?"

Zhong Guoqing and Zhong Li turned their heads, stunned.

A man in a tailored suit was pushing a wheelchair, wearing a polite and gentle smile.

In the wheelchair lay an elderly man, seemingly dozing.

Gu Jianlin froze on the spot when he saw the two strangers.

Elderly gentleman. Big brother.

For crying out loud, I'm supposed to be undercover here...