

Ancient 20

Chapter 20 - 9 Remember to Last Hit

The black BMW cut through the turbulent traffic like a sharp blade.

Despite it being the early morning rush hour, the car deftly weaved through the congested highway, like a fish navigating through crevices between rocks. When the road ahead suddenly cleared, it accelerated like a shark surging forward!

Roar!

The engine growled low and deep.

The scenery outside the window blurred and twisted as it flew by in retreat.

"The speed limit ahead is 80. You are exceeding the limit..."

Lu Zicheng ignored the navigation's warning and floored the gas pedal, charging forward rapidly.

"Originally, I planned on visiting Professor Gu's son after the Qilin Immortal Palace's spiritual contamination incident was resolved. But I didn't expect something like this to happen. If nothing unexpected occurs, that kid has been targeted by the Fallen."

The parrot perched on his shoulder let out a sharp, eunuch-like screech: "Unlucky kid, doomed for sure!"

Lu Zicheng coldly snapped, "Shut up! Say what you need to say!"

The parrot's eyes swiveled with an uncanny spirituality and said, "Chen Qing, connect to Deep Space!"

Chen Qing, seated in the passenger seat, somehow hadn't even bothered to buckle her seatbelt. She pulled out a tablet and logged into a certain website.

"Ding, identity verification complete."

"Ether Association, B-grade investigator Chen Qing."

"Welcome to Deep Space, AI Taixu-01 at your service."

Lu Zicheng, still driving, issued an order: "Activate Emergency Rescue Plan 1. Deploy the Horus Eye Satellite to track the trip record of license plate LB6589 on April 6, 2022, in Southern District, Peak City, East Sea Province."

The tablet emitted a mechanical voice from Taixu: "Please hold."

In less than a second, the tablet screen rippled like seawater, revealing a map.

The map of Peak City.

On the map, a red line wound and twisted like a snake, stretching towards a specific destination.

The police bureau's response was too slow. If we waited for them to uncover anything, we might as well prepare for a funeral with eight people seated at one table.

"Xijing Road Overpass."

Chen Qing glanced at the map and arrived at a conclusion instantly: "It's already been ten minutes!"

"Damn it, we should've brought a supercar."

Lu Zicheng's face was grim as he spat lightly: "Unfortunately, neither of us specializes in speed-related Inheritance Paths. All we can do now is hope that kid is blessed with extraordinary luck. Chen Qing, unlock my equipment box."

Chen Qing hesitated for a moment: "Young master, is this really necessary? Your family strictly forbids reckless action in the city..."

Lu Zicheng raised his hand and said indifferently, "I don't care what my family thinks, nor do I care about what Professor Gu did. All I know is that Professor Gu helped me when I needed it. If his son dies at the hands of a Fallen, then I'll carve that Fallen into pieces—eight, to be exact. That's all there is to it. Got it?"

The coldly elegant female assistant lowered her head and said, "Understood."

The green-feathered parrot let out a shrill cry: "Carve them into pieces! Blood pays for blood!"

Silence filled the car as nobody said another word on the journey ahead.

Until a towering overpass came into view. Lu Zicheng urgently shifted gears and slowed down, issuing an order:

"Chen Qing, sense the surrounding spiritual waves!"

Chen Qing closed her beautiful eyes, but suddenly, a gunshot rang out.

Bang!

Flocks of startled birds took flight from the woods flanking the highway.

"Looks like that's not necessary..."

Lu Zicheng opened the car door and stepped out, following the direction of the gunshot. He froze in place.

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Time rewinds five minutes earlier.

Scarlet pupils shimmered, swirling with an eerie black hue.

Gu Jianlin felt like a flock of crows was descending upon him. His consciousness blurred instantly, slipping into a dazed, sleep-like state.

He'd been hypnotized!

This was the doing of an Ascender—or possibly a Fallen.

Either way, the opponent possessed Extraordinary Abilities!

Gu Jianlin had encountered an elderly man in the Ancient Tomb before, who claimed his Inheritance Path was that of an Alchemist. However, that man had been wrapped up tightly from head to toe, showing no sign of special abilities, making it impossible to profile him.

And at this moment, the Magician behind Li Changzhi was likely something similar.

Alchemists, Magicians—they belonged to the same Inheritance Path.

Bang! The butt of a handgun slammed heavily against Gu Jianlin's temple, delivering a fiery bolt of pain. Warm blood flowed in rivulets, carrying the metallic stench of iron, streaming down to his nose.

Gu Jianlin was knocked into the back seat of the car, gritting his teeth against the searing headache. Some clarity returned to his mind.

If the assailant wasn't deliberately holding back earlier, then his strength was roughly equivalent to that of a normal adult male. Excluding the pistol and any other Extraordinary Abilities in play, he wasn't completely unmanageable.

In the next moment, Li Changzhi's face twisted with fury like an Evil Spirit as he unsheathed a dagger lodged in the rear seat and thrust it forward again.

This time, Gu Jianlin didn't dodge. Instead, he reached out for the handle on the driver's side seat!

He didn't pull the parking brake—he pulled the lever for adjusting the seat!

With a creak, under the combined weight and forward lunge of Li Changzhi, the driver's seat reclined flat, throwing Li Changzhi off balance and sending him sprawling awkwardly.

It was the opening Gu Jianlin needed. He gripped the key fob and delivered a punch to Li Changzhi's face before leaping onto him. His priority was to press the button to unlock the car doors. With a click, the locks disengaged.

He pulled the car's door handle and rammed the door open with his shoulder, tumbling out.

The gravel scraped painfully against his back as the abandoned construction site beneath the overpass spun in his vision. Patchy grass and shards of stone filled his surroundings, framed by the azure sky and drifting clouds.

It was an abandoned worksite beneath an overpass. Besides the chaotic weeds and rubble, there wasn't another soul in sight. There was no hope of soliciting help—only the possibility of escaping.