

Ancient 200

Chapter 200 - 100 Glorifying the Ancestors_2

Jing Ci's calm voice drifted through the wind: "Friendly reminder, the Gu Master you came into contact with used to be part of the Ether Association, code-named Nightmare Master. His origins are not simple; those Gu Worms you saw in the underwater palace came from his hands."

Gu Jianlin froze. The name Nightmare Master sounded somewhat familiar.

Eight years ago, it seemed to have caused significant casualties.

Captain Lu was his student back then.

This Nightmare Master actually betrayed the human camp and defected to the Ancient God Clan!

Could it be that he too is a Divine Servant?

"Next, your teacher will give you the first lesson."

Jing Ci said indifferently: "Human nature."

Huai Yin and Jing Ci's silhouettes disappeared into the night as if they had never been there.

Human nature.

Gu Jianlin mulled over the term, falling into deep thought.

At this moment, Zhong Guoqing walked over, raising his hand to smack the back of his head.

The Scholar's face changed drastically and instantly dodged in place of the Supreme, taking the slap instead.

"What are you doing?"

Zhong Guoqing glared: "Another customer has arrived. Why aren't you attending to them?"

Seeing more people entering the shop, Gu Jianlin hurriedly put on a meek demeanor and moved to the counter.

Meanwhile, the Scholar lowered his head, eyes brimming with a sinister intent.

As if to say, "You old fool, if not for the Supreme's grand plan, I'd have slapped you to death!"

Zhong Guoqing remained blissfully unaware of his close brush with death at the ghost gate. Feeling he'd sufficiently displayed his authority as the shop owner, he smugly took his daughter to discipline three other stowaways.

The Treasure Appraisal Shop was spacious, accommodating five new employees, each responsible for a counter.

Zhong Guoqing and his daughter managed the accounts, occasionally casting an eye their way.

Gu Jianlin received three waves of customers.

The first was a couple, excitement etched across their brows. Likely close to saving enough money, they came here for one last haul, each appraising treasures five times, identifying four pollutants.

Their contamination levels were low, and they left cheerfully clutching their earnings.

That look on their faces is indescribable—a blend of joy with exhilaration, relief mingled with liberation.

Even their eyes glistened faintly with tears.

The second was a shabby old man. Luck was on his side as he appraised treasures three times in succession without uncovering pollutants. Though he only pocketed 1,500 yuan, it was clearly enough for him to survive a while longer.

Both groups asked the same question: What was today's stock?

When Gu Jianlin answered "red earth," their expressions lit up with delight.

The third visitor, however, caused a minor commotion.

He was a disheveled middle-aged man with bloodshot eyes and a grim expression that suggested his sanity was fraying. When he gripped the Curse Stone, a violent tremor resounded.

The miniature camera focused on him, and a cold mechanical voice rang out:

"Spiritual contamination exceeds the threshold!"

This meant he was no longer suitable for treasure appraisal.

If he were to fatefully draw a pollutant, there was a high risk of losing control on the spot.

"I'm begging you! Let me appraise a treasure! I promise nothing will go wrong. I'll take the money and leave immediately. I won 500 yuan playing cards today—luck's on my side! Today's stock is red earth, isn't it? Red earth is alchemy material, the least likely to be polluted. Could you make an exception?"

The middle-aged man, eyes red, abruptly knelt down, pleading desperately: "My son hasn't had his medication for three days. If I can't raise enough money for the medicine, he'll deform. Please, I beg you..."

An Ascender subjected to spiritual contamination can suppress it with Heavenly Born Grass if the level is mild.

But once the contamination reaches a moderate or severe level, Heavenly Born Grass is useless.

Only medication can temporarily stave off deformation, but when resistance builds, they'll lose control nonetheless and deform.

This man was clearly already at severe contamination.

And his son evidently seemed to be in the same situation.

The commotion naturally drew the attention of everyone in the shop.

Zhong Guoqing, without a word, grabbed an assault rifle from the shop, preparing to expel him.

"Quickly, over here!"

Zhong Li hastily motioned. "Let my dad handle it; he's on the Ancient Martial Path and very strong."

Evidently, father and daughter were accustomed to trouble from treasure appraisers and already had countermeasures prepared.

Gu Jianlin remained silent for a second before suddenly grabbing five boxes of red earth and beginning to meditate.

The miniature camera flickered, with a cold mechanical voice announcing:

"Spiritual fluctuation detected."

Gu Jianlin didn't react and instead pulled twenty-five red banknotes from the cash register, tossing them forward.

Though these five boxes of extraordinary resources appeared to have no effect on him, two of them were actually pollutants.

However, he himself was a source of pollution.

This degree of contamination could hardly affect him.

The sight left everyone stunned.

Including Zhong Guoqing, Zhong Li, and the three stowaways.

The Scholar, on the other hand, remained expressionless—it was impossible for him to fathom the Supreme's thoughts, as his whims were unpredictable.

The middle-aged man scooped up the money, profusely thanking them while kneeling, before hurriedly running away.

A little boy then approached, speaking softly: "You shouldn't have helped him like that."

Gu Jianlin looked down, realizing it was the young thief he had encountered earlier in the day.

"No one here is worth such kindness."

The boy said, expressionless: "I'd like to appraise treasures... no pity required, and I don't need your help."

The nights at Black Spade Bar were eternally lively, a celebration in Hell, unabashed and unruly.