

Ancient 201

Chapter 201 - 100: Glorify the Ancestors_3

Demon Cup Boxing Semi-Finals, Wild Dog versus Vulture, all eyes focused on the match.

Two ancient martial arts champions were tearing into each other on the ring, while the scantily clad Bunny Girls shook their bodies with abandon, holding signs high. The audience below went wild, dousing their soft skin with liquor, the scene decadent and debauched.

The bar lights flickered as if in rhythm with the chaos, and the alcohol-drenched crowd drowned in their desires.

It was impossible to tell if this was heaven or hell.

Butcher stood on the second-floor balcony, his hulking frame like a grizzly bear. He held a phone in one hand, responding impatiently, "Yeah, yeah, I got it. Stop rushing me. I've got things to deal with these two days, I'll pay in a couple of days, alright? What kind of person do you think I am? You think I owe you anything? Damn, I've got something important on my plate! We'll talk later!"

With a brusque tone, he hung up, glancing at the uninspiring match below before downing a bottle of cheap beer in one go.

"Pathetic," he muttered.

He spat, then casually hurled the empty bottle down, letting it shatter into pieces.

At this moment, a voice as cold as ice breaking sounded.

"You're getting more reckless recently."

It was a girl's voice, calm as still water: "Wanna go down and fight?"

Butcher didn't even turn his head and mumbled, "Nah, I'm afraid I might beat them to death with one punch."

The second-floor window faintly reflected a petite and graceful figure. Her tone was indifferent as she spoke: "Your own life is hanging by a thread, so why worry about others?"

Butcher snorted, "If I ever end up dying, you can bet I'd take a few assholes I can't stand down with me. Beating up these low-level punks, what's the point? Speaking of which, Vulture's actually not bad. He's got his principles—never kills anyone in underground matches. He's also a fun drinking partner. I heard he's trying to save up quickly to get his little brother and niece out of here. I actually bet on him to win today."

Suddenly, something came to his mind. He asked, "Boss, what's the word from Third Master's side?"

The girl replied calmly, "Third Master said, if someone breaks his rules, then they'll pay the price. The existence of that Gu Master unsettles him. After all, Miss Lan is here, and her safety must be ensured."

Butcher froze for a moment. "How do we find that Gu Master?"

The girl responded coldly, "The Ether Association will naturally track him down for us. Besides, it was the Yan family who found that informant and set up a connection with you. Use your brain. The Gu Master lost the Grave Digger Organization; he'll need new pawns for his plans. So, in this situation, who would he pick?"

Butcher thought hard for a good while, scratching his head. "Who?"

The girl lapsed into a brief silence.

"The Yan family."

She sighed lightly and explained patiently, "Third Master's already received word that the Yan family spent a fortune trying to rent a boat to leave this place."

Butcher's face lit up in realization. "You're sharp as hell, boss."

The girl replied with a hint of exasperation, "This is your last chance. Since you're saying that the Gu Master has set his sights on the Qilin Wedge, then he must have deep ties with the Qilin Immortal

Palace. If you can gather intelligence with enough value, the Supreme might even reward you with a drop of Ancient God's Blood."

Butcher smacked his lips. "What about you, boss? Aren't you in a hurry?"

The girl replied quietly, "Me? I'm not in a hurry."

Butcher grunted, "Alright then. But don't screw me over, alright? My mama always told me to repay kindness. If you ever get in trouble, don't hesitate to lean on me. This time, the credit's yours."

The girl's tone turned icy: "Don't need it."

Butcher changed the subject abruptly, slapping his thigh. "The key is, how do we connect with the Supreme? Do we honestly still have to rely on that old bastard Alchemist? Are we really screwed without him?"

The girl said mildly, "Didn't you used to call him 'teacher' every other sentence?"

Butcher sneered. "Back then, I needed his drugs to suppress the deformation. Of course, I had to lick his boots. But that sneaky fox is full of dirty tricks—has me do all the filthy and grueling tasks. When danger comes, we're the ones thrown into the fire first. Damn it, if I wasn't desperate to stay alive, I'd have already given him a good—alright, fine, he's just an Alchemist."

He growled fiercely, "I'd have locked him up in the basement ages ago, making him churn out potions to rake in cash for me."

"Hah."

The girl in the reflection glanced at him. "Try contacting the Supreme again with one of the ancient tokens, but don't forget my warning—watch your words when you face the Supreme. Theoretically, He shouldn't manifest, but He's still an entity from the Ancient Times. I can't shake the feeling something's off."

Butcher flinched. "What's off?"

The girl paused for a moment. "I keep feeling He doesn't seem worried about being trapped in the Immortal Palace."

Butcher drew in a sharp breath. "No way—seriously?"

"What are you scared of?"

She spoke softly. "We're dead either way. Might as well take the chance with the Supreme. After all, if you lose control in the end, it'll probably be me who finishes you off. But if you piss off the Supreme, then it'll be Him who ends you. Being killed by an ancient Supreme—that's an honor reserved for Holy Sanctuary Level Ascenders."

"Round it up, and you could say you died fighting the Supreme for humanity. A glorious sacrifice."

She finished indifferently, "You'd be famous in history, bringing honor to your family name."

Butcher stared blankly, his mind swimming with confusion.