

## Ancient 202

### Chapter 202 - 101: The Butcher and the Moon Princess

Gu Jianlin silently glanced at the little boy trying to steal his phone, observing his features.

It hadn't been a day since he last saw this little rascal and it seemed like he'd been beaten up again. A bruise was evident at the corner of his eye, his long-neglected hair was filthy, and his clothes were torn and fluttered in the wind, looking somewhat comical.

But his gaze was stubborn, filled with intense vigilance.

Gu Jianlin calmly asked, "Recognized me?"

He was wearing a realistic Human Skin Mask, had changed his attire, and intentionally altered his voice.

Yet he was still recognized.

The little boy frowned, moved his lips, and whispered, "Good people don't last long in this ghost place, and if one appears, they're too conspicuous. Get me a box of red earth, just one box."

He stood on his tiptoes, gripping that black Curse Stone, passing the pollution check.

This kid was actually a rare exception, someone not polluted.

Gu Jianlin couldn't understand. Someone unpolluted shouldn't be living in the Forbidden Zone unless they committed a crime outside. But such a young brat, what kind of storm could he stir up?

Probably, this little boy turned to appraising treasures because he was at the end of his rope.

Gu Jianlin couldn't bear to see such a young child ruin his life for just a few hundred yuan. If he had grown up in the Forbidden Zone, struggling and fighting to survive, perhaps he would have been indifferent for self-preservation.

But he wasn't; he was only lurking here to kill someone and incidentally see the real Forbidden Zone.

He didn't have to submit to those so-called rules.

Therefore, he directly picked up a box of red earth and closed his eyes to feel for a moment.

The miniature camera turned to him, emitting a cold mechanical voice: "Spiritual fluctuation detected."

Gu Jianlin sensed a chaotic, evil aura, which vanished in an instant.

Then he pulled out five red banknotes from the cashier and slapped them on the counter: "Take it or leave it."

The little boy hesitated for a moment, took a deep look at him, and quickly grabbed the money and ran away.

Gu Jianlin watched the little boy run off, recalling the look in his eyes a moment ago.

That five hundred yuan was clenched tightly in his hand, as if gripping onto life itself.

But there was no joy in his eyes.

At this time, Zhong Guoqing strode over, raising his hand to smack his head.

In that moment, Scholar's face turned green, and he lunged over with the fastest speed of his life, taking the hit solidly on his own head!

Slap!

Zhong Guoqing frowned, "I was going to hit him, what are you doing here?"

Scholar was so angry he could kill someone, but he still spoke gently, "My younger brother is still young and ignorant, and he's still growing. Manager, please speak nicely and don't hit him on the head. Whatever the issue is, I'll bear it for him."

Gu Jianlin turned around, expressionless, looking at the store manager.

Zhong Guoqing glared at him, pulling him to the side and scolding, "Are you crazy, kid? Huh? Gambling with your life? For those irrelevant people? Do you think you're doing something good? Wrong! You're doing something stupid! Do you know what kind of people live here? How do you know if they're lying?"

Gu Jianlin pretended to obediently accept the scolding without speaking back.

He had many reasons for doing what he did.

One of those was to test the pollution level of these so-called pollutants.

"This time you were lucky, didn't identify pollutants? What about the next few times? There are so many people here; everyone wears a miserable expression. Can you help everyone? Even if they're not lying, do you think they will really appreciate you? The saying that 'a morsel of gratitude becomes a bucket of hatred'—do you understand?"

Zhong Guoqing scolded, "Use your brain. It's good enough to ensure you're alive. Really think you're a saint? Just this once, this can't happen again. Break the store rules again and you're out!"

At this time, Zhong Li came over, tugging at him and whispering, "Dad..."

"Dad what? Get to work!"

Zhong Guoqing walked away, swatting his hand, and before leaving, he turned back and cursed, "Tonight, Xiao Gu, you work another two hours of overtime! Everyone else clocks out for dinner. Xiao Li and I will watch the store."

After speaking, he dragged his daughter away.

Scholar coldly watched his back, as if looking at a dead man.

Gu Jianlin didn't care anyway; after all, he was here to lurk.

But the looks from those three stowaways were clearly gloating.

"Supreme."

Scholar leaned over, whispering, "Want to..."

Gu Jianlin waved his hand: "No need, go find that kid and see what he's up to."

Scholar quietly agreed and turned to leave.

Many people in the Forbidden Zone worked for Third Master, some worked as bartenders, some were sent to the docks as laborers, and others became miners, risking their lives to dig deep under the sea at Black Cloud City's fort. Some, because of their looks, were kept by so-called big shots.

When people become Ascenders, no longer bound by the real world, the contrast between good and evil in human nature becomes extremely vivid, especially for those in the Forbidden Zone.

Because they are people outside of the order.

And once the constraints of order are lost, the weak won't be protected.

The evil of capitalism will be infinitely magnified.

Like Gu Jianlin, who was keeping the store, he had to start work at six in the morning, working until midnight, often working overtime, and basically having no days off all year, with his life hanging by a thread.