

## Ancient 205

Chapter 205 - 102 This Is Human Nature

After Gu Jianlin made his promise, the Moon Princess and the Butcher appeared as if they'd been granted amnesty.

"Supreme one."

The Butcher asked respectfully, "Will we still be able to contact you alone like this in the future?"

The Moon Princess supplemented, "The Pharmacist holds the key to the tomb, which can directly lead to this place. However, we now understand that as long as we have your permission, we can still enter here alone."

Gu Jianlin said to himself that this was because he had advanced further, his control over the Qilin Immortal Palace becoming even stronger.

"At your rank, you don't necessarily have to serve the Pharmacist blindly."

He said indifferently, "Especially when you've developed drug resistance."

Among the two, the Butcher's life rhythm was extremely chaotic, while the Moon Princess's was completely static—like that of a dead person.

Neither was normal.

The Moon Princess and the Butcher exchanged a glance before kneeling on the ground: "We bow to your wisdom, Supreme."

"As long as we live, we will attempt to eliminate anyone with designs on the Qilin Immortal Palace. Especially since our organization also possesses the ability to enter the Immortal Palace when it fully opens. At that time, we will do our utmost to help you break the seal and leave this place."

The Moon Princess spoke calmly, "This is our promise."

The Butcher added, "The old... I mean, the Moon Princess is right. This is our promise."

Upon hearing this, Gu Jianlin felt somewhat surprised. It seemed the background of the West Port Forbidden Zone was indeed complicated.

To think they possessed such capabilities to enter the Qilin Immortal Palace.

"I see."

Gu Jianlin said lightly, "Well then, do not disappoint me."

"Of course, we'll do everything to create value for you."

The Moon Princess and the Butcher knelt on the ground; their forms rippled like water, gradually dissipating into the darkness.

Gu Jianlin watched as they were transported back to reality, leaving the tomb once again in silence.

Not bad.

With this, he had two additional forces to eliminate the Yan family couple.

A Fourth-Rank Ghost Slayer and a Fourth-Rank Ancient Martial practitioner.

Even if that Nightmare Master sabotaged again, the Yan family couple would undoubtedly meet their demise.

Gu Jianlin would wait for them in West Port.

To watch them die with his own eyes.

Whether for himself.

Or for Uncle Mu and the others.

At that moment, two black chains, like dragon's bones, suddenly trembled without warning, fracturing inch by inch into ash-gray dust that scattered and vanished in the darkness.

Having advanced to Second Rank, he once again freed himself from some of the Candle Dragon Venerable's constraints.

This time, a massive reverberation echoed in his mind again.

In the depths of the unknown, his connection to the Qilin Immortal Palace had grown even stronger.

"Though I don't know what will happen once I'm entirely free, based on the information I have, I might be able to attempt control over this ancient world. Although the tomb was built under orders from the Candle Dragon Venerable, the power of the Qilin Venerable has been eroding this space for the past millennium."

"As a member of the Ancient God Clan, I might be able to achieve even more. For instance, walking out of this tomb as the Qilin Venerable. Though I remain uncertain about what else lies within the Immortal Palace—potential dangers or great opportunities—it might be worth the risk."

"Also, as for who holds the Qilin Wedge, I still don't know. Especially that Gu Master—they make me deeply uneasy. If given the chance, I'll need to eliminate them."

Gu Jianlin contemplated these matters, sitting quietly in the tomb for a long time. Within the air steeped in the Ancient God's Breath, he felt the tearing in his body gradually dissipate, until he was fully restored to his peak condition.

Excellent.

Gu Jianlin closed his eyes again as the pitch-black world shattered once more amidst booming reverberations.

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In the underground Black Spade Bar, the black fist matches had reached a fever pitch.

Two Second-Rank Ancient Martial Arts Boxers, shirtless on stage, were locked in a blood-soaked battle. They'd long since been battered and bloodied, drenched in their own blood, with who knows how many bones broken, yet their fighting only grew more frenzied.

Their Qi exploded with roaring detonations, shattering the floor beneath them.

Both fighters unleashed every ounce of their strength, each move designed to kill!

Combat among Ascenders was always this brutal.

Spectators shouted and gamblers' adrenaline surged.

Currently, the Vulture was holding the upper hand, while the Wild Dog suffered one loss after another.

The betting table had already been set. The odds were three to seven.

Three for the Vulture, seven for the Wild Dog.

At the Black Spade's matches, each boxing champion was backed by a boss.

Their bosses were sitting in the stands, fawning over a fat man.

"Third Master, how do you find our Vulture? Does he have the qualifications to join you in the Immortal Palace?"

Holding a wineglass, Zhang Miao said with a grin, "I've spent a fortune grooming him."

On the other side, Zhu Cheng sneered, "The winner hasn't been decided yet, so don't brag. Your Vulture's mental state doesn't look right—he's likely bound for a collapse and deformation, isn't he?"

Zhang Miao's face darkened. "What nonsense are you spouting?"

Central to them sat a fat man, smiling broadly: "Whether they're worth it isn't up to me; it's up to Miss Lan in our house. If they're useless, even if one of them survives the finals, they'll still be trash with no practical use. Do you understand?"

Zhang Miao and Zhu Cheng immediately voiced their agreement.

This fat man was none other than West Port Forbidden Zone's renowned Mr. Liu, the Third Master.

"Miss Lan, what do you think?"

Mr. Liu turned back, tentatively asking.

On the viewing platform was a curtain veiled in black gauze, from behind which came a hum: "If Sister Moon Princess were here, she wouldn't even spare a glance at them. Forget it; rethink your recruiting plans. There's still time. The Ether Association will soon be arriving, won't they? What matters for these people is surviving first."

At that moment, the chamber doors opened, and the Moon Princess and the Butcher emerged.

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Late at night, Gu Jianlin lay in the empty dormitory, eyes closed, breathing evenly.

Though this dormitory building was simple, the environment wasn't too bad. The windows were open, keeping it well-ventilated. Aside from a slight dampness, there weren't any unpleasant odors.

Just a room paired with a kitchen and bathroom, with water and electricity.

Things like range hoods, air conditioning, refrigerators, and water heaters, however, were all absent.



The one thing he found uncomfortable was that the room had clearly been used recently.

There were too many traces left by another person.

Dried bed sheets.

A fallen ashtray.

Cigarette butts on the bedside table.

Five-cent coins in the drawer.

Obviously, the previous occupant had died, freeing up this room for him.

Gu Jianlin, being both physically and psychologically a clean freak, found staying in such a space deeply unpleasant. Yet he was willing to endure much for his goals.

So, he simply took a quick shower, cleaned himself up, and lay down on the hard wooden single bed to feel the unique rhythm of the Breathing Technique.

As spirituality surged like tides, his strength gradually filled.

Since he had decided to grow stronger—stronger beyond measure—he would never pause in his cultivation.

Yet now, he faced a new question.

Earlier in the Qilin Immortal Palace, he had noticed something intriguing.

From start to finish, neither the Moon Princess nor the Butcher had mentioned his name.

They had completely excluded him from it all.

Instead, they had implicated the innocent Pharmacist to take the blame.

Based on personality profiling, the Butcher was a tactless brute, clearly incapable of such finesse.

Which left only one possibility.

The Moon Princess had taught him what to say.

In other words, the Moon Princess was helping him!

Gu Jianlin suddenly recalled what his senior brother had said before: that a mysterious person had been protecting him all along.

Within the Qilin Immortal Palace, the Moon Princess had provided the most information regarding the Blood Moon Slaughter Incident.

Moreover, her combat strength was formidable.

Someone like her would have no need to submit to the Pharmacist.

Additionally, her physical stature closely matched what he'd discovered.

Only the chest size couldn't be confirmed.

"Is it you?"

Gu Jianlin murmured softly.

He suddenly took out his phone and made a call.

"Hello, Lord."

The Scholar answered respectfully, "It's me. I'm still tailing that kid."

Gu Jianlin suddenly asked, "Working in the treasure appraisal business isn't fast enough. I want to gain superior status to obtain information. I've heard that the Gu Master's associates have had encounters with the black market here—how can I gather intelligence about them from the black market?"

The Scholar paused, "The black market is managed by the You Ying Group. To gain higher status, you'd have to fight underground black fist matches. You have two options: participate in the challenge matches and work your way up to champion, or wait for someone to deform in the fighting cage and kill them there."

Gu Jianlin fell silent. "I understand."

He had two main tasks to achieve higher status.

First, to uncover intelligence on the Gu Master.

Second, to attempt contact with the Moon Princess and uncover why she would risk deceiving a Supreme to protect him.

Just then, he heard the room's door lock being turned.

Someone was picking the lock.

Despite keeping his eyes closed, Gu Jianlin's hand was already beneath him, gripping the dagger his father had left behind.

The door opened, and a cold wind gusted in.

Someone tiptoed closer, pressing an icy blade to his neck.

"Don't move! Get up!"

A voice filled with suppressed killing intent and pain demanded.

Gu Jianlin opened his eyes, recognizing a face he'd recently seen.

It was the middle-aged man he had once helped.

"Sorry, but I have no other choice. That money wasn't enough. My son is about to fall, and I'm finished too. I swear, I'm telling the truth. You have the store's key, don't you? Don't make a sound. Take me to steal the money from the store, and I promise you'll stay unharmed."

The man's eyes were red as he hissed, "Just this once—help me..."

Crunch!

A dagger pierced his heart, blood blooming across his shirt.

The middle-aged man looked down, disbelief etched on his face.

"Magician Path—I've dealt with many like you."

Gu Jianlin murmured, "Your hypnosis doesn't work on me."

Thud.

The man collapsed to the ground, blood seeping out in streams.

Gu Jianlin watched him impassively, his sharp features illuminated by the moonlight.

He let out a soft sigh.

This... was human nature.

Suddenly, a deafening boom came from outside, followed by a cacophony of noise from the direction of the Black Spade Bar.