

## Ancient 206

Chapter 206 - 103 I Will Go Kill Him

Gu Jianlin bent down to pull out the dagger. Sounds of doors opening and closing blended with hurried footsteps and joyful whispers as people poured out of their rooms in the building.

"Quick, the fight might be over soon! I bet one hundred thousand yuan on Vulture!"

"One hundred thousand? Where the hell did a broke-ass like you get one hundred thousand? You didn't bring your wife's medicine money, did you?"

"Nonsense. If Vulture wins this time, I can change wives. If he loses, I can still change wives."

"Fair point! Damn it, I should've swiped my dad's pension money to bet too."

Gu Jianlin silently stared at the dying middle-aged man on the ground. A pale Ghost Fire flared up in his raised right hand. He pressed his hand against the man's chest, extracting his Life Force.

At this moment, Gu Jianlin remembered what the little boy had said.

Everyone here is not worth your help.

Indeed, setting aside the evil deeds these people were forced to commit for survival in the Forbidden Zone...

One should first consider why these people ended up here in the first place.

Some might be innocent, but most of the pitiful souls here certainly harbor despicable traits of their own.

Take those gambling addicts they just passed, for example.

Gu Jianlin recalled a neighbor from his childhood who loved to gamble. Initially, he won enough to buy a house, but soon things spiraled out of control. He gambled away his entire fortune, lost his family, and was abandoned.

He eventually fled to a rural shack, and later, they said he was dead. How he died, nobody knew.

Such people are undeserving of sympathy because stupidity is the original sin.

Gambling seems like a matter of probability and luck, but in reality, it's just a form of intellectual tax.

An alluring kind of intellectual tax.

The true horror of gambling lies in how most people, upon tasting even the slightest sweetness of it, become hooked as if addicted to a drug. They bet endlessly, fueling the delusion they'll one day make an epic comeback and recover everything they've lost, multiplied.

So, the question is: when will they stop?

The answer is—when they've lost everything.

Unless they can exercise restraint.

Your winnings or losses are never determined by luck—it's always your capital.

Suppose the house has one billion, while you have only one hundred thousand. You bet until one side loses everything.

Guess who'll lose everything first?

It's obvious, isn't it? When the capital between players is unequal, the game is inherently unfair.

And under normal circumstances, a gambler's capital is rarely greater than the house's.

Unless a stronger house intervenes with overwhelming power.

The two hardest conditions to cure in this world are poverty and this cult-like fixation of gullible victims.

Gu Jianlin shook his head. A notification popped on his phone.

Scholar: "Apologies, Supreme. I lost track of him."

Gu Jianlin blinked, responding, "Lost track of him?"

Scholar was from the Ether Association, professionally trained. How could he lose him?

Scholar replied: "Apologies, Supreme. I'm an idiot, a moron. But that kid's abnormal. His skills in anti-tracking and counter-surveillance are advanced, surpassing mine. This indicates either he himself is unusual, or he's been trained by some high-level elite."

Gu Jianlin tapped out a few words on his phone: "Alright, I get it."

Unexpectedly, Scholar sent another message: "But that kid seems to know who's following him. He left us a note that read—'Throw the corpse straight into the sewer.'"

Gu Jianlin paused for a moment; now he understood.

In the West Port Forbidden Zone, betrayal and vengeance weren't uncommon occurrences.

Here, being a good person meant you were a fool, ripe for exploitation.

No wonder the King of Qing's first lesson for him was about human nature.

That little brat had always known this, which was why he kept reminding him again and again.

Gu Jianlin used the cover of darkness to drag the corpse out of the dormitory. As expected, he found a sewer entrance downstairs, its manhole cover discarded to the side, yawning like the maw of Hell.

He casually flung the corpse inside and turned to leave.

Just then, footsteps sounded behind him.

Gu Jianlin instinctively tensed, his left hand gripping the dagger at his waist as he spun around abruptly.

He was met with a girl dressed simply, her face bearing a cheerful smile, her ponytail bouncing slightly.

"Xiao Gu!"

She held up a bag of food: "No dinner left at the cafeteria, right? My dad told me to bring this to you. It's rice balls and braised pork rice from Uncle Liu's convenience store, just microwaved. Eat while it's hot!"

Gu Jianlin was silent for a second. "Thanks."

He appreciated the goodwill of this father-daughter duo, though after sensing the dangers of the Forbidden Zone, he couldn't help but feel uneasy.

Honestly, he was afraid the food might be poisoned.

"Worked all day, huh? Tired, aren't you? You don't seem to talk much—you must be feeling uneasy and out-of-place since it's your first day here, right? I was just like that when I first came. Kept dreaming about how good life outside would be, all while this place suffocated me. Hehe, wanna go watch the fight? My uncle's competing in the semifinals tonight."

Zhong Li grabbed his wrist and said, "Black Spade Bar's underground fights are organized by the big shots of the Forbidden Zone. Rumor has it, if you stand out there, you might get a chance to enter the Immortal Palace."

Gu Jianlin stayed tense—not because he was particularly wary, but more due to his aversion to physical contact.

With women, the only person who'd touched him so far was Youzhu.

Of course, when he was unconscious, it didn't count that Sister Chen Qing had helped him change clothes and bathe...