

Ancient 209

Chapter 209 - 104 Beast Fighting

For a moment, the Black Spade Bar sank into a deadly silence.

Suddenly, Moon Princess, who was about to press the button, froze mid-step, her beautiful eyes brimming with astonishment.

"What's wrong, boss?"

Butcher scratched his head and pointed at the boy below, saying, "Do you know him?"

Moon Princess ignored him, staring deeply at the boy's back.

Mr. Liu had been ready to leave, but at this moment, he suddenly sat down with interest instead, picked up a glass of beer, and chuckled, "Looks like there's more entertainment. Miss Lan, care to stay and watch a little longer?"

Behind the black curtain, Miss Lan replied flatly, "Just wasting time. If you want to watch, go ahead."

After finishing her words, the light of a phone screen illuminated behind the curtain—she seemed to have started playing on her phone.

Zhang Miao on the other side had planned to leave as well. After all, seeing a fighter he had trained being humiliated like this was an insult to his pride. But since someone had decided to challenge now, he sat back down without hesitation.

"Another fool asking for death."

Zhu Cheng dismissed it with a sneer, lazily puffing on a cigar.

As for the Wild Dog, who had just won his match, he was visibly annoyed.

Under the rules, as long as a fighter could force their opponent to lose control, it counted as a win. The handling of the Mutant afterward typically served as a relaxation phase for the victor.

But now, that relaxation phase had been rudely interrupted.

In the crowd below, three smugglers had just scraped together five hundred yuan, ready to blow it on an alchemy bullet for some quick excitement.

Instead, they found themselves staring at the man in front of them, their eyes filled with strangeness.

It's that fool again!

The host froze for a few seconds before cheering, "Well done! Who would've thought we'd see a challenger make an appearance today at the Black Spade Bar! Now, we begin our beast fight within the cage!"

The look in his eyes was hard to distinguish—somewhere between mockery and amusement.

But for him as the host, any spectacle was worth celebrating!

Gu Jianlin stood still, unmoving, while two bodyguards walked over for a routine check.

The so-called "beast fight within the cage" disallowed weapons.

Fortunately, he had the Lock of Nonexistence, which could mask the presence of both the Soul Comforting Bell and his dagger.

The security guards naturally overlooked these items, seeing merely empty hands and hips on the young man, and thus refrained from searching further.

With a loud bang, the iron cage's gate swung open.

Gu Jianlin stepped inside expressionlessly as the metallic door slammed shut behind him.

At that moment, the Black Spade Bar exploded in frenzied cheers once more. This fight promised to be as exhilarating as a semifinals match between prizefighters. Because once inside the iron cage, one of them would die today!

Either the monster, or the challenger!

In that instant, the underground bar seemed to transform into the Colosseum of Ancient Rome—a clash between good and evil, human and beast, civilization and savagery, laid bare for all to behold.

The crowd surged with excitement, with some even opening bets again.

The odds for challenger versus monster were as high as one to twenty.

Evidently, no one believed in the obscure boy. Most were betting on the monster to win.

After all, Vulture had dominated Wild Dog before losing control. And now, as a Mutant, his fighting prowess had only further increased!

Outside the crowd, Zhong Guoqing stared in disbelief at the boy entering the stage, thinking he'd seen it wrong.

"What's he doing up there?"

Zhong Li couldn't help but turn her head for a final glance. Her face immediately turned pale. "Dad, stop him! Make him come down!"

Zhong Guoqing mumbled, "Impossible. The rule of the Dark World is simple—once you enter the fighting cage, someone must die for others to leave. It'll be either your uncle, or him..."

Hoarse heavy metal music roared, blending with the boisterous shouts and cries.

Outside the fighting cage, sultry Bunny Girls had already started dancing passionately. They raised beer above their heads, letting golden liquid cascade over their pale, tender skin, soaking through their clothes.

Their curvaceous figures were accentuated unmistakably.

This action further ignited the fire in everyone's hearts—a flame called desire.

Before his father's death, Gu Jianlin had been very eager to learn profiling, because as a child, he dreamed of becoming someone incredible—someone who could solve cases and catch criminals.

Yet, once he truly mastered profiling, he found he didn't really like the skill anymore.

It made him overly sensitive, far too aware of malicious or benevolent intentions.

The gazes that swept him from all directions now carried traces of madness or desire.

In his profiling, it felt like a carnival of demons.

But the most unique presence in this bar was the monster before him.

Vulture was pierced through by cables, scorching currents engulfing his body and eliciting agonized howls.

Yet, the struggle within those blood-red compound eyes seemed to retain a shred of humanity.

There was pain. There was regret.

As if lamenting why he couldn't endure just a bit longer.

Winning this fight would've secured one last chance for his family.

"Begin the beast fight!"

With the host's command.

The needles embedded in the cables injected the toxin antidote, then abruptly retracted!

With a squelching sound and a gush of blood, Vulture regained his freedom!

Roar!

Vulture broke free from the paralysis and agony inflicted by the electric currents and the damage caused by toxins, unleashing a bestial roar on the spot. His external skeleton proliferated once more, sharp spines piercing out of his body instantly.