

## Ancient 271

Chapter 271 - 142: My Grandmother is the President!

As midnight approached, the sounds of construction in Black Cloud City began to fade. Dormitory apartments lit up one by one, and the glow of distant lighthouses swept across the pitch-black sea as the sound of the tides echoed through the sea breeze.

The living area designated for the Omega Sequence resembled a high-end residential complex, with one apartment building nestled next to a lush, verdant park. The surroundings were eerily silent, not a soul in sight, and the streetlights emitted a dim yellow light.

This was the apartment for the leader of Team A in the second echelon.

Meanwhile, faint footsteps echoed inside the apartment, as though someone was about to open the door.

"You all wouldn't want another leader bossing us around, would you?"

Ji Xiaoyu crouched in the bushes, looking defiantly at her underlings. Her immature voice carried a tone of smug arrogance: "Remember this, in the second echelon, nobody gets to be our leader. Not even Thunder! Those idiots in the association are just jealous of my talent, that's why they won't let me lead. Once the true apocalypse hits, they'll finally realize who the real leader is—who the real Savior is."

She let out a cold laugh: "When that time comes, they'll kneel before me, worship me as I ascend the throne."

She was a young girl, her platinum blonde hair disheveled in a short bob, with delicate and adorable features.

But her expression seemed slightly cracked, bordering on borderline insanity.

She was wearing a protective suit, complete with goggles perched on her head.

Her underlings inwardly groaned at her absurdly dramatic attitude, feeling so uncomfortable they could metaphorically dig a three-bedroom apartment with their toes.

"But boss, that guy's the chair-killer psycho."

One of them hesitantly voiced their concern: "What if we piss him off and he blows our heads off?"

Ji Xiaoyu scoffed with disdain: "Chair-killer psycho? What kind of stupid nickname is that? Everyone else gets two-word epithets, but he has to be special? Not even as good as my Absolute Poison Master! People who like to show off like that are usually all talk and no action. Just a Second Rank—how strong could he possibly be? You think he could jump to Third Rank overnight or something?"

Her underlings nodded at the logic: "But he's said to be one of the King of Qing's favored ones. Supposedly his combat strength is insane!"

Ji Xiaoyu let out a sharp laugh of disbelief: "How much time has even passed? You think he's learned Breathing Technique already?"

She declared confidently: "If anything goes wrong, I'll take responsibility. I'm the Fourth Rank Mad King—I could beat ten chair-killer psychos no problem. You won't have to engage in direct combat and risk getting chewed out by Director Chen. Now go, teach him a lesson!"

Team A wasn't a place just anyone could waltz into!

Her underlings immediately grabbed their equipment boxes and got to work.

Someone spread thumbtacks covered in nerve-paralyzing toxins all over the apartment entrance.

Another set up a trap by the door that would dump a drenching spray of an extremely foul-smelling liquid on anyone who opened it—something so horrifyingly noxious it'd stink for half a month.

Yet another person rigged a trip rope in the yard, ready to yank tight and send someone crashing face-first into the ground.

The final group hid in the bushes, positioning themselves for an ambush.

Their firearms were custom-modified to fire alchemy bullets designed to target the nervous system.

Being hit by these bullets wouldn't cause physical damage, but the toxins would infect the nerves, leaving the victim with a crooked mouth, slanted eyes, uncontrollable spasms, and reduced intelligence.

Even the peak of an Extraordinary Level practitioner would suffer for three days.

"Prepare for combat!"

Ji Xiaoyu donned her goggles, whipped out a modified rocket launcher, and fired with a booming blast!

A flash of green poison-laced fire shattered the apartment's window, exploding violently!

The deafening noise heralded the spread of a sickly green toxic fog, saturating the air with an intensely foul stench.

"Hahahaha!"

Ji Xiaoyu unleashed a crazed, maniacal laugh.

She could practically hear the wails of agony that would surely follow within the apartment.

But after waiting a full ten seconds, there was no sound.

Something didn't feel quite right.

This couldn't be. Even holding one's breath wouldn't prevent the stench from forcing its way into the nostrils.

Not to mention the nerve toxins.

"Fire!"

The Little Princess ordered again.

BANG BANG BANG!

As flashes erupted from the muzzles of their guns, countless smell bombs and toxin bombs poured into the apartment.

The once-pristine, elegantly designed apartment was now in total disarray.

At this very moment, Gu Jianlin stood in the backyard, watching the toxic mist billow out from the apartment, twitching the corner of his eye.

The tide of spirituality surged within him, brimming on the verge of a breakthrough.

But his breakthrough had been interrupted just then.

It wasn't a big issue; he could successfully break through anytime. The real problem was, if he'd reacted even a second slower, he'd have been hit directly by the toxic fog.

When the stench exploded into the air, it was so revolting he'd nearly puked his guts out.

It was impossible to imagine what would happen if he got directly hit.

Had it not been for his extensive Life Perception range, he might very well have been caught.

These little brats—they were infuriating!

Gu Jianlin hadn't even sought them out, yet they had rudely come banging on his door first.

"These kids have no honor, launching sneak attacks like this!"

The parrot perched on his shoulder squawked, "Show them what's up!"

Gu Jianlin gripped a foldable chair in his hand, hesitated for a moment, then put it down.

He figured, since even Thunder couldn't tame the Little Princess, violence probably wasn't the answer.

He opted for a gentler approach—being kind, and touching her deeply to change her heart.

Yep, always remember: be kind to others.

But just then, another poisoned gas rocket hurtled toward his face, causing his expression to sour!

BOOM!

A pale Ghost Fire ignited on Gu Jianlin's forehead as he leapt into the bushes.

The spot where he had been standing erupted in poison gas, sending waves of vile stench billowing out.

"Hahaha, didn't expect you to sneak around the back—pretty cautious, huh?"

Through the dense mist, a petite figure emerged, clad in protective gear and goggles, laughing triumphantly with arms akimbo: "So you're a little clever. Big deal. In the end, you still won't escape my grasp!"

She had a modified rocket launcher at her feet.

Under the Ghost Transformation state, Gu Jianlin's mind was a storm of exploding negative emotions. His usually calm and clear eyes had turned dark and hollow, reminiscent of evil spirits from Hell, eerie and terrifying.

"You must be Ji Xiaoyu?"

He pointed at the toxic fumes wafting from the window, rasping: "This apartment's ruined now—it's unlivable."

Ji Xiaoyu arrogantly replied: "This apartment is meant for Team A's leader. It wasn't meant for you in the first place. Director Chen may have sent you here, but unless you get my approval, you can get lost, every last one of you!"



Gu Jianlin stared at the brat and rasped, "Apologize."

"What did you just say?"

Ji Xiaoyu paused, thinking this guy must be a complete idiot.

Gu Jianlin repeated himself: "I said, apologize."

"Apologize? Oh, what a joke. Do you know who my grandmother is?"

Ji Xiaoyu continued her bravado: "My grandmother is the President!"

Gu Jianlin took a deep breath.

"Apologize."

"My grandmother is the President!"

"Apologize."

"My grandmother is the President!"

"Apologize."

"My grandmother is the President!"

Ji Xiaoyu once again hoisted that damn rocket launcher, aiming it at him, ready to fire!

Even from ten meters away, the stench seemed unbearable!

Gu Jianlin finally lost his patience, and the spirituality storm inside his mind forcefully broke through!

THUNDEROUS BOOM!

In that instant, he heard the sound of metaphysical chains shattering, as spirituality surged free, nourishing his soul.

It felt as if he had ascended beyond the heavens!

At that moment, he officially advanced to Third Rank—Great Fate Master!

"To hell with being kind to others!"

The parrot squawked aggressively: "Put that naughty monkey in her place!"

Meanwhile, on the Deep Space Network's forum, a post was immediately pinned to the top.

"——Battle of the Day: Chair-Killer Psycho VS Absolute Poison King. It's ON! IT'S ON!"

Chapter 272 - 143: Transcendent vs Superdimension

Gu Jianlin could feel the tidal surge of spirituality flooding out of him. At this moment, he was already a Third-Rank Great Fate Master, clearly perceiving a qualitative transformation within his soul—an indistinct awakening of new instincts.

It was his new Extraordinary Ability—Spirit Summoning!

Simultaneously, he noticed that in his Ghost Transformation state, the negative emotions in his mind had surged tenfold, as if he had turned into a powder keg, demolishing all reason and ready to explode at any moment!

This must be attributed to the qualitative shift in his Ghost Transformation ability as well.

At this moment, only two words occupied his mind.

Punch her!

"Want to fight? I'm already Superdimensional. You're courting death!"

In that instant, Ji Xiaoyu seemed to flash a triumphant smile. As the rocket launcher barrel locked onto her target, a shadow streaked through the air accompanied by a piercing whistle.

BANG! A folding chair flew out, directly knocking the rocket launcher out of her hands.

The sound of metal shattering was clear enough to make anyone wince.

It was only then that Ji Xiaoyu realized how unimaginably powerful this attack was. Even she, as a Fourth-Order Mad King, couldn't fully withstand it without proper defense. Her hands were left trembling slightly from the shock!

How could this possibly be the power of a Second-Rank Junior Fate Officer?!

Interesting!

In the blink of an eye, Gu Jianlin smashed the ground beneath him and charged forward.

The brat, momentarily surprised, once again revealed a twisted grin, her eyes alight with surging battle lust.

Qi erupted from her like a volcanic explosion, boiling and chaotic.

The Fourth-Order Mad King's extraordinary ability—Berserk!

Undaunted, she instantly lunged forward, dropping her center of gravity and coiling her right fist.

"Adogen!"

Her punch roared forth, terrifying Qi rippling through the air in waves!

The Ancient Martial Path relied on channeling special energy known as Qi, which could even project externally. At that moment, an immense tide of Qi surged forth, shattering floor tiles and kicking up dirt in a violent storm!

Faced with this strike, Gu Jianlin naturally wouldn't take it head-on. Instead, he concentrated pitch-black Negative Energy Particles in both hands, manifesting a shadowy field of Qi in the Void that flickered with a Dark Shock!

BOOM!

With the sound of a deafening explosion, Gu Jianlin was blown backward, crashing into a massive tree. His body felt as though it was falling apart, his internal organs displaced, and blood surged from his throat.

To the Divine, injuries were routine matters.

Half a month's experience had taught him to endure such pain.

If anything, pain sharpened his mind even further.

Gu Jianlin threw out his hand, igniting the Divine Sacrificial Fire and siphoning the tree's Life Force.

Beneath his feet, pale Ghost Fire blazed to life, spreading in all directions and scorching the surrounding vitality.

In an instant, his injuries were completely healed.

Amidst the rising dust and smoke, Ji Xiaoyu remained frozen in her punching stance, unmoving.

Gu Jianlin, panting slightly, wiped the blood from the corner of his lips.

This was the gap between Superdimensional and Extraordinary Levels.

Without relying on the Ancient God Power, even with Dual Core Drive, he was not her match.

The disparity in speed and strength was glaringly evident.

"Hahaha, the so-called Chair Killer, this is it?"

A piercing sound cut through the air as Ji Xiaoyu shot forward in a flash, scattering a handful of black dust with a sly smirk.

Dirty tricks!

Her speed was so overwhelming that Gu Jianlin couldn't react in time. The black dust hit him square in the face, and faint whispers echoed in his ears—a clear sign of a spiritual toxin.

But it had no effect on him!

"Roaming Root!"

Taking full advantage of her small stature, Ji Xiaoyu concentrated Qi in her right hand and unleashed a Rising Dragon Fist straight at him!

If the punch landed, it would almost certainly have knocked him unconscious on the spot!

Against the previous Second-Rank Gu Jianlin, she would've had nothing to worry about.

But things were different now; he was a Great Fate Master with the ability to summon spirits!

For a brief moment, dark Ghost Fire illuminated behind Gu Jianlin, and clusters of eerie flames took form out of thin air. With chilling golden Ghost Hands tearing through the Void, accompanied by wraith-like howls, they took shape!

Four colossal golden Ghost Hands burned with pale Ghost Fire, their palms engraved with cryptic black talismans, black chains coiled around their wrists, and bulging, grotesque veins bursting forth!



Unleashing a frenzied roar!

—Spirit Summoning!

In an instant, the four Ghost Hands blazed with fury and unleashed a furious attack.

BANG!

Ji Xiaoyu was caught off guard and sent flying, smashing into a poison-filled apartment block.

"You damn trickster! You're actually a Third-Rank Great Fate Master!"

Legendary as the Absolute Poison King, Ji Xiaoyu must've taken the antidote beforehand and was unaffected by the poison mist.

Moreover, martial artists with Ancient Martial Paths were notably durable and resilient. In no time, she had leaped from the apartment's second floor.

Launching herself like a cannonball.

Gu Jianlin responded with an icy gaze, the four blazing Ghost Hands orbiting him in defense.

These summoned spirits could be controlled at will, functioning as additional limbs. He wasn't sure why he had summoned specifically four Kirin Arms.

No matter. As long as they worked, they were enough!

The spirits not only followed his commands but also burned continuously with Divine Sacrificial Fire. Composed purely of Dark Matter and Dark Energy, they matched his own body in both strength and speed, an unparalleled power.

In a flash, Ji Xiaoyu materialized above him, her short legs lashing out viciously.

"Trickster, prepare to die!"

Hundred-Split Kick!

BAM BAM BAM BAM!

Gu Jianlin stood still, letting his four Ghost Hands retaliate ferociously, their punches raining down like a frenzied tide.

The collisions of fists and kicks erupted with a metallic clanging.

However, despite the help of the Ghost Hands, Gu Jianlin was clearly on the defensive under the relentless strikes of the Fourth-Order Mad King.

Yet with each clash, the Divine Sacrificial Fire stole life force from his opponent.

Their spiritual reserves drained with every exchange.

Gu Jianlin quietly used the Breathing Technique to gradually restore his spirituality.

With this attrition battle, the real advantage lay in his hands!

After nearly thirty seconds of intense fighting, Ji Xiaoyu realized what was happening. Her life force and spirituality were draining rapidly, so she flipped away to create distance. Channeling Qi into her fists, she launched a relentless assault.

Zouma Continuous Boxing!

What a joke! The Ancient Martial Path required refined understanding of martial arts to reach its full potential.

But this brat's martial techniques all seemed straight out of anime!

Once again, Gu Jianlin met her with his four blazing Ghost Hands. Their strikes collided, creating shockwaves of ground-shaking force!

BAM BAM BAM!

Yet with each clash, bursts of dark green mist erupted!

The stench hit Gu Jianlin like a sledgehammer, making him nearly nauseous enough to faint!

Another dirty trick!

The brat had poisoned her palms!

So, who was the real trickster here?

"Didn't see that coming, did you? I'M the real trickster!"

Seizing the opportunity, Ji Xiaoyu delivered a spinning kick to his chest!

BANG! More of the vile green poison mist exploded outward.

Gu Jianlin was caught off guard, flung backward alongside his Ghost Hands. The massive impact sent him crashing through the apartment wall, his feet dragging across the floor with a shrill screech.

This little troublemaker even poisoned her shoe soles!

BAM BAM BAM!

The paper packets filled with poison hidden on her exploded against his chest, the toxins surging into his body.

Both spiritual toxins and physical ones.

While his mind was immune, the physical toxins penetrated his body nonetheless.

A flicker of golden Holy Light gleamed in his eyes.

It suppressed the toxins temporarily.

Lin Wanqiu's Light Protection had granted him temporary immunity to physical toxins!

Though immune to poison, the stench made him want to vomit everything he'd ever eaten.

In the toxic green mist, Ji Xiaoyu charged again, gathering a surge of Qi in her right hand.

No doubt she was readying another Wave Motion Fist!

"Die!"

At the crucial moment, Gu Jianlin raised his right hand and plucked a strand of her hair!

Ghost Curse Technique!

Both groaned in pain, blood spraying from their bodies!

Such injuries didn't stop the madwoman. Laughing maniacally, Ji Xiaoyu pulled a poison pouch from her pocket, infused it with Qi, and hurled it forth!

What the hell!

Gu Jianlin's pupils shrank. His four Ghost Hands crossed in front of him as a shield!

BANG! The ghastly green poison rain erupted everywhere, mixed with terrifying Qi shockwaves!

BOOM!

The enormous blast sent Gu Jianlin flying backward. He landed nonchalantly... on the living room sofa. Blood spurted out, staining his suit, his body making cracking noises as if on the verge of collapse.

Both he and the sofa slid backward, the friction screeching horrifically.

Dead silence!

Ji Xiaoyu stood, hands on her hips, laughing victoriously. Mocking him, she added, "Is this all you've got? And you dare think you can stand above me? Maybe go find a desk job. You're not cut out for the Second Sequence."

Clearly, she thought herself the undisputed winner.

In the bushes behind her, her lackeys peeked out, singing praises of her dominance.

Yet at that moment, within the vile green mist, a shadow of pitch-black Ghost Fire flickered to life.

Seated on the sofa, Gu Jianlin surveyed his disheveled state amid the mist's stench. His mind snapped entirely.

He let his negative emotions spiral out of control, entering a berserk Ghost Transformation!

This was the upgraded ability he gained upon reaching the Third Rank.

A berserk Ghost Transformation unleashed terrifying Dark Energy from untold trillions of cells in his body, sacrificing all reason for the sake of raw, destructive power. His combat strength surged exponentially!

ROAR.

For a brief second, Gu Jianlin's breathing sounded like a beast gnashing its teeth while drenched in blood.



His glowing, eerie eyes in the poisonous mist made his silhouette on the sofa look less like a man and more like a demon!

Instinctively, Ji Xiaoyu took a step back.

Under his gaze, she—a self-proclaimed invincible force—actually felt a trace of fear.

"Come, let's continue."

BOOM!

The air crackled. At unfathomable speed, he closed the distance!

The pitch-black Ghost Fire surged violently with the wind!

"W-Wait!"

Ji Xiaoyu visibly panicked, her eyes trembling. "Hold on..."

Gu Jianlin raised both hands, with the four blazing Ghost Hands intertwining behind him, deadly dark particles swirling within!

Dark Shock!

Ji Xiaoyu unleashed a surge of Qi, but it was too late!

BANG! The titanic force sent her hurtling through the air.

Her protective helmet and suit shattered, crashing her straight into a spike-laden trap in the front yard!

Owww!

A shrill scream, like the wail of a skewered donkey, pierced the air.

"You're hacking! You have no honor!"

Ji Xiaoyu screamed in anguish, rolling on the ground in extreme pain.

Yet through the pain, she leapt up again, bouncing erratically like an enraged monkey.

"You're not a real Third Rank! What kind of Third Rank fights like this? I even asked you to stop, and you still hit me!"

What an absurd child.

The battle had already started; where was the logic in taking a timeout?

"You said stop, and you think I'd stop?"

Gu Jianlin rasped, "Sorry, but I guess I'm just a barbarian."

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Bam!

The floor tiles shattered under the explosive impact.

The pitch-black Ghost Fire on Gu Jianlin's forehead roared like a furious Evil Spirit. In this berserk state, his physical abilities were enhanced once again. With the boost of the Dual Core Drive, he had clearly surpassed others of the same rank on the Ancient Martial Path.

And this was just a contest of raw strength and speed!

If he unleashed a Dark Shock Burst, it would rival the power of the Superdimension!

Though this state couldn't last long, it was more than enough!

To hell with being kind to others.

It's better to go for the kill!

In a fleeting moment, he turned into a shattered ghost shadow, sprinting forward at a breakneck pace. Four blazing Ghost Hands swirled behind him, his rugged and ferocious fists tightening sharply, the chains emitting a near-breaking sound!

He leaped high into the air, coming down with an enraged smash!

Boom!

Ji Xiaoyu was alarmed, panicking as the poison from the tack continued to spread through her body, leaving her paralyzed and convulsing.

At the final critical moment, she forcibly steadied herself, and using the same trick again, she clenched her right fist. The Qi Force surged from her body like a sea tide, erupting in a savage Wave Motion Fist!

But this time, Gu Jianlin showed no signs of retreat. The four blazing Ghost Hands behind him roared with fury as they slammed down, forcefully breaking through the surging Qi Force, tearing through it like bamboo!

With a deafening crash, layer upon layer of Qi Force shattered explosively. He had smashed apart the Qi of a Fourth-Order Mad King purely with brute strength!

The ground cracked, debris scattered!

Ji Xiaoyu spat out a mouthful of blood, her tiny figure launched through the air like a cannonball, utterly stunned by the impact.

"Is this it? Is this all you've got?" Gu Jianlin said coldly, his speed even faster than hers as he shattered the ground beneath him and charged forward.

With a sharp stop, he gathered his strength and swept out his left leg horizontally!

Bam!

If Ji Xiaoyu hadn't used both hands to block, that kick would have outright broken her bones.

Nevertheless, the immense force still sent her flying into the air, her young face contorted in agony.

On top of that, the poison spreading through her body was already sapping her combat strength.

If she hadn't taken the antidote in advance, she wouldn't have been able to fight at all.

"Die!"

The Ghost Curse Technique was activated, and amidst the cold, hoarse incantation, Ji Xiaoyu once again bled from all seven orifices, letting out a scream of agony.

Gu Jianlin crushed the ground beneath his feet and ascended into the air, pressing his palms together into a hammer, which he then swung down violently!

A resounding crash echoed as Ji Xiaoyu was slammed into the ground. The tiles shattered and dirt erupted.

Gu Jianlin landed, and the four blazing Ghost Hands hurled punches in furious succession, unleashing countless broken remnants of force!

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Under such relentless violent strikes, Ji Xiaoyu could only cross her arms in front of her to defend!

The earth caved in under the assault, spreading spiderweb-like cracks outward.

Every time Ji Xiaoyu tried to struggle to her feet, she was pounded back down by the storm-like punches. Every trace of Qi she managed to gather was scattered by the onslaught; she could only passively defend.

No strategy.

No adherence to any combat technique.

Just pure, unadulterated violence.

Speed, power!

Rumbling crashes echoed!

Ji Xiaoyu felt her bones on the verge of shattering. Her hands crossed in front of her face, and another surge of Qi erupted defensively.

But at that moment, two hands like iron clamps seized her wrists, prying them apart with brute force!

Crackle.

The four blazing Ghost Hands hovered mid-air, surrounded by eerie black spell marks swirling in their palms. Countless dark particles coalesced out of thin air, flashing madly in the void, and black Qi Realm energy expanded explosively.

Faced with the impending burst of Dark Energy, Ji Xiaoyu's eyes widened in terror, but she was paralyzed by the determination in her adversary's gaze.

The young man before her resembled a demon, his breaths echoing like the guttural growl of a beast.

Locked in that gaze was like staring into Hell itself.

In that moment, Ji Xiaoyu nervously swallowed. When she realized begging for mercy would be useless, she steeled herself with the resolve of mutual destruction. Her entire body roared with a thunderous Qi surge.

"Come on, if you dare, let's die together!"



At such close range, if both released their energy simultaneously, it was guaranteed they would both be severely injured.

Though Ji Xiaoyu was a reckless kid, she wasn't stupid.

She was gambling!

Gambling that he wouldn't dare challenge her head-on!

Besides, her body was laden with countless Poison Bags. Once they erupted, it would ensure mutual destruction!

In the final instant, Gu Jianlin's gaze grew even more frigid. His breathing fell into rhythm with nature, resonating with the laws of heaven and earth. The wind howled, the sea tide surged, and dust filled the air.

For a fleeting moment, a cool, holy radiance appeared, faintly forming a realm!

Breathing Technique·Realm of Freedom!

Ji Xiaoyu's pupils constricted sharply as the overwhelming brilliance swallowed her vision.

Bang!

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The night in Black Cloud City was calm, the lighthouse casting its glow over the black ocean.

An ancient giant stone array stood solemnly on the beach. The black monoliths were inscribed with ancient, mysterious spell marks, their surfaces glowing with deep, otherworldly light. Across the ground, golden patterns sprawled, crisscrossing one another.

Now, the dimension had stabilized, and the gateway of time and space had been opened.

The Ether Association had constructed a portal here using an Alchemy Matrix, leaving an anchor point on the first level of the Qilin Immortal Palace. Even without an ancient token, it was now possible to swiftly travel between the two realms.

The Dawn Combat Sequence's nano warriors used this method to journey in and out of the Immortal Palace.

Exploration. Pioneering.

"It's about time they came out."

Chen Bojun glanced at the time on his watch and said calmly, "Although numerous organizations, big and small, from around the world are hoping to claim a share, and the You Ying Group from the Dark World is watching like a hawk, with Changsheng and the others providing cover, there shouldn't be any issues this time."

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Wan Rentu stood on the beach with his arms crossed, his fierce and intimidating face full of seriousness: "Hopefully this time we can salvage something valuable. I must say, these youngsters in the first team, both in skill and capability, meet the mark. Aside from Thunder, who got special approval to join, most of them are Fifth Rank."

He paused: "Speaking of which, that Thunder is quite interesting. Although she's only a Fourth Rank Sword Spirit, her combat power is no weaker than Fifth Rank. At this rate, she might just ascend to royalty."

"After all, she's a secret weapon cultivated by the Sword Tomb."

Chen Bojun said indifferently, "You gave them the ancient token and assigned additional tasks?"

"This is only the first level. With the skills these youngsters have, nothing should go wrong."

Wan Rentu grinned, his voice deep and rugged: "Without giving them some pressure, how can they grow? I just gave them additional training last night—it's only fair to check the results!"

"Are you sure you just gave them extra training? Didn't you add some for yourself too?"

Chen Bojun looked at his dark eye circles and said wryly: "From what I've heard, you've been relentlessly practicing your Slaughter Domain for a full day and night—Longsheng and Qing You couldn't take it anymore. Was this really necessary?"

Wan Rentu scowled and retorted, "Why not?"

Chen Bojun sighed helplessly: "I've told you many times already, that kid isn't as impressive as you make him out to be. The reason he can disregard your Slaughter Domain isn't what you're thinking."

"I don't believe it. If you know the reason, tell me!"

Wan Rentu widened his eyes.

Chen Bojun laughed bitterly: "I truly can't say."

"Then you're just bullshitting me! If I can't handle a Second Rank kid, how can I show my face again? I've figured it out—all of you must be scheming against me, trying to make a fool of me. Well, let me tell you, I'm no fool. I'm clever, you know."

Wan Rentu sneered coldly: "Tonight, I'll be requesting assistance from the Slaughter Eye for training. I'll practice for three days and nights straight, then move on to training the second team of brats. I refuse to believe I can't do this..."

Chen Bojun: "..."

With a rumbling thud, the giant stone array trembled, and golden light suddenly burst forth, piercing through the darkness.

Chen Bojun and Wan Rentu raised their heads, squinting their eyes.

The first wave of people had returned.

At the same time, a truck on the side of the road roared to life, while researchers in lab coats eagerly prepared to move.

Ten nano warriors appeared at the center of the giant stone array.

In their hands, they carried an ancient bronze coffin, tightly bound by pitch-black iron chains. The corners of its lid had been nailed firmly shut, as if fearing whatever was inside might escape.

From the coffin came faint growls. The chains vibrated; the nails trembled.

It seemed ready to burst open at any moment.

Chen Bojun hurried forward and asked anxiously, "Ancient Ancestors? Did you catch a living one?"

Wan Rentu stared at the bronze coffin, his face filled with shock.

"Living."

One nano warrior answered gravely, "This was captured by the Crown Prince and Jue Jian together—a living Ancient Ancestor that's at least two thousand years old. The Omegas discovered it at a sacrificial altar in the Immortal Palace. There were Ancient Ancestors as well as a large number of living corpses—so many that we had to retreat just to safeguard this coffin."

Wan Rentu's face changed drastically: "What rank?"

Chen Bojun's eyes gleamed sharply: "Sane or insane?"

"Unknown."

The nano warrior replied, "The Omegas stayed behind to clear out the living corpses to cover for us. Additionally, Nightmare discovered other Ancient Ancestors and intends to keep pursuing them once they've extricated themselves."

Everything within the Super Ancient Ruins holds immense archaeological value.

From these ancient objects, one can infer historical connections to the Ancient God Clan.

Especially the living corpses.

So-called living corpses are those who, in ancient times, betrayed humanity and chose to follow the Ancient Gods.

They received the Ancient God's gift of power, undergoing transformation to become Divine Servants.

However, not everyone succeeded in becoming Divine Servants.

Some transformed improperly and became horrifying monsters like the living corpse within this coffin.

Others succeeded partially but failed to become full-fledged Divine Servants, turning instead into the so-called Ancient Ancestors, who, over time, might lose their sanity and memories, becoming deranged.

A genuine Divine Servant, however, must retain characteristics of a specific Clan, reaching the ultimate form of evolution.

But regardless of the outcome, all possessed significant value.

The researchers in lab coats looked as if their eyes had turned green, resembling eternally single perverts beholding a stark-naked, peerless beauty, each charging like ravenous wolves.

At that moment—BOOM!

From afar came the sound of a violent explosion, followed by a cold glimmer that flashed and vanished!

Mere moments later, a pitch-black burst of light erupted!

Logically, black doesn't shine.

But they did indeed see a dark, profound column of light shoot skyward.



"Enemy attack!"

Someone shouted: "Get down!"

Nearly everyone dropped to the ground simultaneously, hands shielding their heads.

"Don't panic! It's not an enemy attack!"

Chen Bojun frowned and barked: "Someone's fighting in the living area!"

Wan Rentu looked toward the commotion, his expression filled with surprise.

Then, Taixu's voice came through his phone: "Please don't panic—an unexpected encounter in the living area caused a chair-wielding murderer to clash with the Absolute Poison King. The battle has concluded. There were no fatalities."

Chapter 275 - 144 Be Kind to Others\_3

Wan Rentu was stunned on the spot.

Chen Bojun immediately said, "What? Gu Jianlin and the Little Princess are fighting? Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Taixu calmly replied, "Weren't you busy with official business?"

"What official business could compare to fun like this?"

"Hurry, hurry, hand that living corpse over to the research department. Let's go watch the show!"

"Who won? Tell me, who won?"

Meanwhile, the explosive sounds soaring into the sky alarmed everyone in the neighboring residential area.

"Holy crap, Brother Lin and the Little Princess are fighting! What a battle of the century! The forum's live stream froze—looks like the fight's over! Xiangsi, Brother Cheng, come on, let's rush for the front row!"

Cheng Youyu dashed out of the restroom, clutching a tablet with a black screen.

He didn't even bother pulling up his pants, scrambling forward in a mix of tumbles and crawls.

His face twisted into a deranged grin.

"Fatty, how could you be like this? Xiao Gu has helped us so many times, yet your first reaction isn't to help him, but to watch the show! Ungrateful, dishonorable, shame on you!"

After chastising him, Zhang Cheng also leaped off the couch, stepped into his shoes, and rushed forward, his grin equally deranged: "Xiangsi, hurry and catch up! Get the emergency tools ready!"

"Ah, okay..."

Nie Xiangsi timidly followed along, dragging an emergency kit.

No matter who wins or loses, with such a commotion, someone's definitely severely injured.

She prayed both of them would be okay, but that seemed unlikely.

The people at the hospital had been startled as well, and lifted their heads to look toward the distance.

Uncle Mu, who had been practicing his martial arts stance in the courtyard, suddenly froze.

"Sigh."

He murmured despondently, "What a mess."

"Dad, what's wrong?"

Mu Qingge, who was sweeping fallen leaves in the courtyard, asked suspiciously, "Who is the Little Princess fighting this time?"

Uncle Mu muttered softly, "For a fight this intense, who else? Your Uncle Gu's son, obviously."

In the second-floor princess room, Wanwan groggily opened her eyes and sat up in bed, staring at the mountain of textbooks and workbooks around her, falling into a deep spiral of self-doubt.

At the same time, the Deep Space Network forum had exploded.

The post titled \*Chair Slayer VS Absolute Poison King\* was pinned to the top and going viral.

Some people even started placing bets on Merit below.

The odds were seventy-thirty.

It was evident that most people believed the Little Princess had the upper hand.

After all, her ferocious reputation had even left the top brass of the association helpless, let alone anyone else.

But some argued that with the Chair Slayer's brutal ways, he might just go for a headshot outright.

Those with too much time on their hands rushed straight to the disaster site.

Those currently occupied found alternative ways to spectate.

One after another, drones lifted off from various corners of the base, heading toward the explosion site.

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When people arrived at the battlefield, the sound of explosions had already faded. The once-luxurious apartment building had completely collapsed into ruins, and the garden was engulfed in flames, billowing thick clouds of smoke.

The Little Princess's lackeys stood in a row at the door, heads bowed in silence.

Lin Wanqiu stood nearby clad in a white lab coat, her alluring and refined face displaying an awkward yet polite smile.

Judging by her expression, she seemed a bit at a loss.

The only thing intact in the courtyard was a sofa, alongside half of a shattered coffee table.

Gu Jianlin was seated on the sofa, his torn suit jacket tossed to the side, his tie long lost somewhere, and his white dress shirt unbuttoned, immaculately clean.

His black, tousled hair was slightly messy, and his gaze was chillingly indifferent.

He silently sipped from a glass of cola, fiddling with various poison bags scattered on the coffee table.

"What's everyone here for?"

Noticing the crowd's arrival, he looked up and said flatly, "Here to enjoy the spectacle, huh?"

No one answered because they could all feel the murderous aura radiating from the boy.

Of course, the most terrifying thing wasn't the boy himself.

The crowd looked up to the dark silhouette above.

Amid the deathly silence, only a faint whimpering sound could be heard:

"Mph! Mph-mph-mph!"

Hanging from the courtyard's streetlamp was an unlucky figure struggling desperately. Both hands and feet were tied up, dangling like a slaughter-ready piglet with a green, foul-smelling poison bag stuffed in their mouth, leaving them half-conscious, eyes rolling back, tears and snot smeared across their face, drooling uncontrollably.

The desolate Ghost Fire burned around her, draining her Life Force, leaving her on the brink of collapse.

The scene really did resemble roasted piglet.

Chapter 276 - 145: If a child is not taught, it is the grandmother's fault

Gu Jianlin glanced at the troublemaker dangling from the streetlamp, and an inexplicable rage began to rise within him.

The aftereffects of his berserk Ghost Transformation state were immense. If he hadn't used the Realm of Freedom to nullify all Extraordinary Abilities in the domain at the last moment, he wouldn't have been able to control himself, and someone would've likely died.

Even after the battle ended, he had silently recited the Great Compassionate Mantra several times to regain his composure.

Amitabha, well done, well done indeed.

This troublemaking brat was truly too hyperactive—and ridiculously strong as well. Naturally, as expected of a Fourth Rank Mad King.

It should be noted that Gu Jianlin himself wasn't just a simple Third-tier Fate Master; he possessed dual-core spiritual attributes, and all his Extraordinary Abilities were essentially doubled in power, further enhanced by the might of the Qilin.

His basic attributes were doubled; his skills were upgraded as well.

He had even grasped the true essence of the Breathing Technique.

Not to mention Lin Wanqiu had preemptively cast Light Protection on him, granting him immunity from physical toxins.



Neither side used Mythical Weapons, either.

No wonder no one had managed to deal with this brat before. The bigwigs, constrained by their status, couldn't go too hard on a child. Among the younger generation, few were a match for her, and even if they were, they feared her background.

Gu Jianlin's carefully crafted image nearly got wrecked by her antics.

But fortunately, he eked out a hard-fought win in the end.

Under the Realm of Freedom, what was supposed to be a battle between two Ascenders boiled down to a seventeen-year-old boy facing off against a twelve-year-old troublemaker. With no use of Extraordinary Abilities, the advantage was clear.

He simply lifted a folding chair and smacked her rear. End of story.

Plus, after activating the Realm of Freedom, even that awful stench got purified along with everything else.

Praise be to the Breathing Technique.

Praise be to the King of Qing.

The parrot stood inside its cage, chirped sarcastically, "Naughty monkey!"

Up on the streetlamp, Ji Xiaoyu was still struggling, but she was on the verge of being paralyzed by the Divine Sacrificial Fire. Without assistance, this Fourth Rank Mad King had lost all her former glory.

At that moment, someone in the crowd stepped forward.

"Oh no, my Little Princess, what happened to you?"

Cheng Youyu was the first to step up, pulling out his phone and frantically recording the scene, tears welling up as he laughed himself silly: "Who did you mess with this time? Just look at yourself, how did you end up like this? Oh dear, this is karma at its finest! Wait, no—this is downright hilarious, haha..."

The onlookers silently watched the chubby man, thinking he was exceedingly bold.

Especially Zhang Cheng and Nie Xiangsi, who were his teammates.

Although the Little Princess was tied up on the streetlamp, her mind was completely clear.

Her gaze practically spewed flames. Obviously, she had made a note of him, the Fatty.

Clearly, in this legendary battle, the Chair-wielding Maniac had soundly defeated the Absolute Poison King.

The invincible legend had finally been put to rest.

But the real question was, how did he win?

On the same level, surpassing tiers to claim victory might be possible.

But for an Extraordinary Level individual to defeat someone at the Superdimensional Level? That was incredibly rare.

At least in the Peak City District, only Thunder had ever managed this—and even then, he relied on a Mythical Weapon.

"I didn't detect any Mythical Weapon activity."

A Great Wizard on the Witch Inheritance Path quietly said, "But I did sense traces of a Spiritual Body."

A Spiritual Body!

So that's the answer. The mystery was solved.

Among all the Inheritance Paths, only the Divine Path had the ability to control Spiritual Bodies.

Moreover, this power was reserved for Fate Masters.

In other words, Gu Jianlin had already broken through to the Third Rank!

Lin Wanqiu's gaze toward the young man grew increasingly intrigued. It seemed his performance in the West Port Forbidden Zone wasn't his limit. No wonder he could face a Fourth Order Tyrant's assassination attempt so calmly.

Even Wan Rentu's Slaughter Domain was ineffective against him, which made perfect sense now.

Meanwhile, on a distant stand, Wan Rentu silently lowered his binoculars, turned, and bellowed, "Did you see that, Old Chen? Did you see that? And you still dare tell me he's not all that amazing? Does your conscience not hurt when you say such things? How could you even say something so absurd? Are you people deliberately trying to screw me over?"

"Even the Little Princess was subdued by him. If that's not amazing, then what is?"

He roared, "This kid is a student of the King of Qing, isn't he? He's definitely one of their clan, here to settle old scores with me. They're just trying to see me make a fool of myself, aren't they? No, I'm going back to train harder—ten times harder!"

Chen Bojun, possessing Eagle Eye, didn't need binoculars to see the distant scene.

He couldn't understand either. How on earth had it been done?

"Third Rank, Fate Master, this early?"

He mumbled, "Could it be that the King of Qing gave him some special treatment? Where did he even get the Spiritual Secret Medicine?"

Even if he'd made it to the Third Rank, the speed at which he'd leveled up was off the charts.

"Stop pretending to be clueless!"

Wan Rentu lamented, "You're all teaming up to mess with me, aren't you!"

Suddenly, Chen Bojun raised a finger and said, "Shh!"

Wan Rentu bellowed, "Shh, my foot! Stop trying to divert the topic—"

But in the next second, he abruptly shut up.

Because Chen Bojun silently pointed in a specific direction.

Under the dim streetlamp, a figure stood in the shadow of the tree. The breeze stirred her golden robe.

She exuded grace and authority.

The Ether Association's upper echelons were very familiar with this silhouette.

If you'd seen her once, you wouldn't forget.

The President!

Chen Bojun and Wan Rentu exchanged glances, stunned that even the President herself had been drawn in by this spectacle!

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Far away, Taihua's lips curled faintly at the corners.

"Heh, you little thing, finally getting your comeuppance."

After a pause, she added, "Huai Yin may be awful at everything he does, but his judgment is surprisingly on point."

An old servant stood respectfully by her side and said, "Madam, Mr. Huai's student is indeed gifted, but his rapid advancement and combat power are highly irregular. Theoretically, based on Mr. Huai's teaching methods, he wouldn't provide resources to students so early on."

Taihua gave him a sidelong glance. "Hmm?"

"What I mean is, there's probably something unusual about Gu Jianlin," the old servant said deferentially. "Especially since he's Gu Ci'an's son. Caution is warranted."

Taihua narrowed her eyes and said indifferently, "I'll pretend I didn't hear that."

The old servant's expression changed, and he quickly lowered his head.

"In this world, how can anyone live without secrets?"

Taihua said flatly, "People without secrets don't live long. Mediocre individuals prefer those they can see through at a glance. But as for me, the more secrets he has, the better."

The old servant hastily replied, "Understood, madam."

"Gu Ci'an's son is intriguing. Let's have Xiaoyu learn from him for a while. If she continues unchecked without proper guidance, she'll be ruined. With luck, she might even learn the Breathing Technique."

Taihua suddenly recalled something, snorted coldly, and said, "Lao Jiu, go fetch my Golden Phoenix Feather for him."

The old servant's face changed slightly. "Understood."

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By the ruins, on the streetlamp, the Little Princess looked like a roast piglet, scorched to the point of delirium by the Divine Sacrificial Fire. Realizing she couldn't break free, she began wailing uncontrollably.

The peanut gallery watching nearby could already foresee tomorrow's headline on the Deep Space Forum.

Gu Jianlin remained seated on the sofa, unmoved.

"Should we let the Little Princess down?" Lin Wanqiu asked quietly. "After all, she is the President's granddaughter. Her Guardian might show up soon."

Gu Jianlin said indifferently, "Leave her up there for two more days."

Two more days!

The rows of underlings standing nearby displayed nothing but abject terror.

At that moment, the crowd parted, and a dignified, stern middle-aged man walked over with his hands clasped behind his back.

"Little Princess!"

Seeing the figure hanging from the streetlamp and her pitiful state, his expression changed dramatically.  
"Who did this?"

Amid the dead silence, Gu Jianlin, still seated on the sofa, raised his head. "I did."

"You?"

The middle-aged man's face contorted with rage. "Do you even know who she is? How dare you treat her like this? Get her down right now, or I'll report this to the President, and you'll regret it!"

"I refuse."

Gu Jianlin set down his soda and asked impassively, "Are you her father? As the saying goes, a child's misdeeds are the father's fault. If you want me to let her down, you'll have to take responsibility for her mistakes and apologize on her behalf."

The middle-aged man's face froze. Clearly, he knew what kind of person his Little Princess was. Stammering, he said, "I—I'm not her father. I'm her Protector. The Little Princess has no parents, so your argument doesn't apply here!"

Who would dare be the Little Princess's parents? That would be suicidal.

Gu Jianlin blinked in surprise.

At this moment, the parrot squawked, "Then it's their grandparents' fault!"

The crowd's expressions shifted. Wow, he was really dropping hints with that one.

Everyone knew the Little Princess's grandfather had been the previous President, who passed away years ago, and wasn't relevant to this matter.

Which left only one direct blood relative within two generations...

Far away, Taihua, who was about to leave, halted for just a moment upon hearing this.

Chapter 277 - 146: Competing

The young not being taught is the grandmother's fault.

Gu Jianlin did not voice any rebuke or retort to this foolish bird because he agreed with it.

The President assigned him as the team leader, partly to accelerate his growth, but more likely to let him babysit the privileged child and mess with him a bit.

There was definitely some sneaky malice in this plan.

Clearly a leader of the entire Ascender world, yet so petty and narrow-minded—a Vulgar Master!

No one present dared to chime in; even if they had ten times the courage, they'd never openly challenge the President.

"You realize, if this comment reaches the President's ears, not even ten of you would be enough to save your skin."

The middle-aged man raised his brow, his gaze turning chillingly cold as he sneered, "Here's your chance now—put the Little Princess down. No matter how unruly she may be, she's still the President's granddaughter, a daughter of the Ji family. Disgracing the President and the Ji family will leave you with nothing but misery."

As he spoke, the steel Sword Box at his feet began to tremble, emitting a sinister aura.

The crowd quickly backed away, uncertain whether he was Fourth Rank or Fifth Rank.

Gu Jianlin glanced up at him, catching sight of a murderous spectral figure, carrying ten or more rusted Iron Swords on his back, surrounded by tempestuous Sword Qi and towering like a Giant.

Sword Sect pathway.

Not yet Fifth Rank, but approaching it.

As expected from the Ji family—a solid foundation.

Meanwhile, five stern youths emerged from the crowd and stood behind the man.

"Where were you earlier?"

Gu Jianlin said indifferently, "Why didn't you step up when Ji Xiaoyu was causing trouble? Judging by your Ranks, you're all in your thirties or forties. Surely you can manage one child. The only explanation is that you're intimidated by her background and unwilling to intervene, correct?"

The middle-aged man's expression shifted, and the other Guardians exchanged uneasy glances.

"I discipline your brat for you, and not only do you show no gratitude, you start off by threatening me. You're scared to cross her because of her background, but you turn around and act tough toward me, the victim."

Gu Jianlin toyed with the Poison Bags on the table, speaking lazily, "Is this the kind of spineless cowards the Ji family hires as Guardians? Pathetic."

Clearly, Ji Xiaoyu's Guardians were birds of a feather with her.

If they didn't follow her whims, they wouldn't stay by her side.

They knowingly ignored her daily antics, her mischief well-known.

Once she hit a wall and got beaten up, they popped out to act tough.

Just like those foolish parents.

Neglect their own brat's upbringing, then blame others when trouble arises.

One word describes such people.

"Trash!"

The parrot screeched.

The middle-aged man's face darkened, and he retorted coldly, "We are the Little Princess's Guardians, tasked only with ensuring her safety."

The stern youths stepped forward, the pressure mounting further.

"Cut the act," Gu Jianlin waved dismissively. "Don't pretend like you'd dare do anything here."

He had reviewed the Omega Sequence's regulations before.

At the Black Cloud City Base, Omega Sequence members have top priority.

Anyone who dared act against them would be courting death.

The middle-aged man froze, and the other Guardians glanced around nervously.

Under the spreading pitch-black night, sniper scopes flickered in the darkness, reflecting off apartment buildings and office towers, where Ascenders of the Overlord Path had locked them in their sights.

Anyone attacking Omega Sequence members would be shot in the head.

"You want me to release this brat? Fine."

Gu Jianlin turned to the middle-aged man and said flatly, "You can replace her by hanging on the lamp, with the others standing in punishment nearby."

At this point, the brat dangling from the chandelier babbled and whimpered, her eyes wide with hope.

Her lackeys standing in punishment also raised their heads, faces filled with expectation.

Yet the self-serving Guardians would never agree to such things.

The middle-aged man remained silent for a long time before producing a bronze mirror, its surface quickly shrouded in mist. The fog revealed a dim underground palace lit by burning torches.

A short-haired woman with a stern expression appeared in the mirror, dressed in blood-stained combat gear, wielding two blood-dripping Tang Blades. She asked coldly, "What's going on?"

"Miss Ji Ye,"



The middle-aged man explained the situation in a low voice.

The bronze mirror focused on the pathetic figure dangling under the streetlight.

After a moment's pause, the short-haired woman in the mirror said indifferently, "Something as trivial as this warrants disturbing me? Get Ji Xiaoyu down immediately. Don't have her embarrass the Ji family here. I don't care who's involved or how unruly she is—she's still a Ji family member."

Then she abruptly fell silent.

The Guardians froze as well.

Because an old servant emerged from the crowd, holding a rosewood tray. Atop it was a Golden Phoenix Feather, shining brilliantly even in the night.

Gu Jianlin squinted, raising his brows slightly.

"Mr. Gu, this item—the Golden Phoenix Feather—is a token unearthed from Fusang Divine Palace and now serves as the Ji family's symbol."

The old servant presented the Golden Phoenix Feather with both hands. "Anyone holding this is akin to meeting the President herself."

Fusang Divine Palace!

Gu Jianlin took the Golden Phoenix Feather, examining it carefully.

Luxurious, ancient.

Its history was profoundly old.

The Golden Phoenix Feather bore scars of time, carrying a sense of historical depth.

The moment the Golden Phoenix Feather appeared in the young man's hand,

The Ji family's Guardians, along with the short-haired woman in the bronze mirror, trembled violently in their pupils.

Golden Phoenix Feather.

The President's personal token.

Their eyes filled with dread and fear.

"Still, Ji Xiaoyu is a Ji family member. At twelve years old and as naughty as a monkey, it's good for her to be occasionally disciplined—it's high time she learned a lesson and stopped bringing shame to the Ji family,"

The woman in the bronze mirror said coldly, "Chen Ze, how exactly are you educating her?"

She paused. "Once I return from Immortal Palace, you're all dismissed."

Chen Ze's expression changed dramatically, lamenting his innocence internally.

The Guardians: "..."

Under the streetlight, Ji Xiaoyu's eyes widened.

She truly hit an iron plate this time!

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At the Black Cloud City Base's library.

Gu Jianlin sipped his coffee silently, feeling his spirituality gradually return, letting out a deep breath.

Nie Xiangsi eyed him, hesitating.

"Brother Lin, just leaving the Little Princess dangling out there—is that really okay?"

Cheng Youyu leaned in and asked, "Two days hanging?"

Zhang Cheng kindly reminded, "After all, she's still the Little Princess. Even with the Golden Phoenix Feather, she's still just a brat. What if one day she suddenly snaps and comes after you for revenge?"

Gu Jianlin responded with a grunt, "No problem. She can't beat me anyway."

Though the victory had been hard-earned, he had become acutely aware of his shortcomings in combat.

He planned to address those weaknesses soon.

In a little while, significant improvements were expected.

Cheng Youyu gave him a thumbs-up: "As expected of Brother Lin! A true badass! You got the Little Princess under your thumb—I bet this will soon spread across the association. You've built your reputation again! People bet on the forum that you'd lose. Fortunately, I trusted your ability, bet my last 200 Merit on you, and made a killing!"

Zhang Cheng and Nie Xiangsi turned to him and said in unison, "Gambling dogs die horrible deaths!"

"Oh, come on—I'm just gambling for fun. I believe in Brother Lin's abilities, and if there's profit to be made, why pass it up?"

Cheng Youyu said, "The best part is Brother Lin cornered the Little Princess tight—his reputation has skyrocketed!"

Gu Jianlin frowned at the mention of fame, almost flinching from the word.

"But who sent the President's Golden Phoenix Feather?"

Zhang Cheng asked blankly, "The Ji family Head pleaded for it?"

"Idiot. Do you really believe the Ji family Head can request such a thing?"

Cheng Youyu glared at him, "Do you know what kind of person the President is? Ever since she took her position, she's treated everyone equally. If you're of no use to her, she wouldn't even spare you a glance. Over the years, the President has grown increasingly distant from the Ji family, since she considers them useless."

Nie Xiangsi said softly, "My uncle mentioned this before—the Golden Phoenix Feather is the President's personal token, symbolizing her authority and prestige. It's indeed unlikely the Ji family could acquire it."

She seemed struck by an idea. "Could it be... the King of Qing?"

Gu Jianlin shook his head; the elder likely wouldn't bother with this trivial matter.

"It should be the President herself."

He paused for a moment. "Though I'm clueless as to what her intentions might be."

And yet, he had a premonition.

The President handing her granddaughter over to him was far from simple.

There might be other motives at play.

"The President belongs to the Ji family, right?"

Gu Jianlin suddenly asked, "But does she harbor some grievances with them?"

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Ocean winds echoed through the heavens as waves thundered like drums.

Taihua stood with hands behind her back atop a massive reef, gazing over the raging sea.

Waves surged as foam crashed upward.

"The young not being taught is the grandmother's fault."

She sneered, "Well played, Lao Jiu."

The old servant lowered his head. "I'm here."

"Go unseal that Mythical Weapon and allocate it to the Omega Sequence's resource pool."

Taihua said flatly.

The old servant hesitated briefly, then understood her intention completely.

"You still want to challenge him?"

He asked, "What if he doesn't choose that Mythical Weapon?"

Taihua sneered coldly, "No 'what if.' He will choose it."

Because if it were her, she'd certainly choose that Mythical Weapon too.



As she gazed at that kid, she felt like she was seeing a younger, male version of herself.

Chapter 278 - 147: You Know How to Come Back?

After Gu Jianlin posed this question, the three people opposite him uncharacteristically fell silent.

This squad, without exception, were all members of Ascender Families.

In terms of information, they naturally had the upper hand compared to him.

"Well, it's a long story, and it's something taboo, so I'll make it short."

Cheng Youyu glanced around furtively and said in a sneaky tone, "You might not believe it, but the Little Princess's biological parents—who are the President's son and daughter-in-law—were personally killed by the President himself. Legend has it, it was related to a shift in power within the Ether Association. The President once faced a coup.

"Roughly two months after Vice President Guangming's death, some people tried to do something but ultimately failed. The Little Princess's parents were collateral damage in the process."

He lowered his voice: "I went back and asked my family elder about this. Brother Lin, do you know? Uncle Mu was demoted back then because he was involved in that matter too. However, the President is someone who values talent, so he survived; otherwise, who knows when he would've been done in."

Nie Xiangsi nodded slightly, speaking softly: "My uncle also mentioned this incident. Back then, it wasn't just Uncle Mu involved... most of the Night Watcher Department took part."

Zhang Cheng inhaled sharply: "If you two get killed by the President tomorrow, I'll pretend I don't know you."

Gu Jianlin thought to himself, So that's what happened. "This poor kid doesn't have parents. Truly unfortunate."

The three of them nodded repeatedly: "Yes, while she's detestable, she's also pitiable."

"Indeed. Violence can only make her temporarily submit. To really subdue her, kindness and love are needed."

Gu Jianlin said earnestly.

"Kindness and love?"

"Yes."

Out of nowhere, Gu Jianlin pulled out a folding chair: "This is kindness and love."

The three of them: "..."

"Wait a minute."

Gu Jianlin suddenly realized something: "The thing you mentioned earlier—my dad wasn't involved in that, was he?"

"Of course he was! Professor Gu's name is legendary in the Ether Association. Even the Judgement Court sees him as a thorn in their side because he was just too brilliant," Cheng Youyu said. "At the Sixth Rank, he could already challenge the Holy Land, and he was highly skilled in profiling, capable of deducing true historical facts from remnants of ruins. The key point is, why do you think discerning folks don't believe he fell? Go ask Director Chen, Instructor Wan, or even the Night Watchers."

Zhang Cheng chimed in: "That's because Professor Gu faced Ancient Gods head-on in battle! He fought them directly and didn't get corrupted—how the hell could anything have corrupted him? The Judgement Court are just a bunch of idiots!"

Originally, Nie Xiangsi, being part of the metaphorical "wide-impact area" of their ridicule, would likely have been offended, but she responded seriously: "My uncle and his crew really do seem a bit crazy sometimes... sorry."

What bad luck.

No wonder the Judgement Court now holds absolute power.

If Old Gu hadn't been reckless back then, maybe the path before him would've been much smoother.

Gu Jianlin waved dismissively: "I get it now. The Judgement Court isn't a bunch of lunatics; they're brilliant. The whole 'eliminate the Unclean and the Fallen on sight' policy is just a facade—to get rid of those who threaten their interests. Thanks for the explanation; I've got some things to handle, so I'll take off."

Just then, the darkened base erupted with firecracker sounds!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Fireworks and crackers ignited simultaneously.

The blasts of fire illuminated the seaside base.

A crowd beat drums and gongs, shouting celebratory cheers that pierced the silence of the night.

Among them were nano warriors and investigators.

There were even several Omega Sequence members in the mix.

Zhang Cheng, with his Eagle Eye, immediately spotted a banner in the night: "Warm congratulations on the Absolute Poison King being taken out by the Chair-Killer! A beach party is held to commemorate this historic moment... Holy crap!"

"I knew there'd be a party!"

Cheng Youyu checked his phone: "Hahaha! It's so satisfying today! Ever since the Little Princess got disciplined, both the winners and losers have been laughing hysterically! I'm joining in, hahaha!"

With that, the two of them bolted off.

Nie Xiangsi gave an apologetic smile and left a note before hurrying after them.

Gu Jianlin stood there in silence.

"What kind of sins must one commit for people to set off fireworks to celebrate when they're strung up on a lamppost?"

The parrot cawed from the cage.

Gu Jianlin shook his head, picked up the birdcage, and left.

Before departing, he glanced at a document, his pupils narrowing.

"Earlier, I snooped into my uncle's archive files. There's a record of the mission Uncle Mu carried out seven years ago. Apparently, after descending to the seafloor, they entered the first layer of the Immortal Palace—specifically, the Living Burial Pit. However, since the Dawn Combat Sequence had already explored it once, and a number of people had accidentally entered the Immortal Palace over the years, there's no way to confirm if the clues from back then are intact. Nevertheless, it's still the only lead we have right now."

Staring at the note, Gu Jianlin fell deep into thought.

Now, the question is, what exactly is the Living Burial Pit?

At this moment, a vital realization struck him.

Unlike the others, he had the least understanding of the Qilin Immortal Palace.

Most people had, in one way or another, experienced it through their consciousness.

And many Independent Awakened had even ventured inside physically.

Although Gu Jianlin was also an Independent Traverser, he had been imprisoned by a certain vixen-like creature.

Ridiculous, as he hadn't even gotten the chance to make a proper outing!

In other words, as the Second Generation Qilin Venerable, he knew pathetically little about the Immortal Palace.

Unbelievable!

Ding!

The Deep Space Network pinged with a notification: "Dear Omega Sequence member, the second-team training will commence this Thursday at 2 PM in the first layer of the Qilin Immortal Palace. Please prepare accordingly and do not miss it."

Seeing this message, Gu Jianlin felt reassured.

He had already proven his strength,

and with this battle, firmly secured his place in the second tier.

What he needed to focus on next was continuing to "be kind to others" by using goodness and love to convert his adversaries.

His ultimate goal: to become the strongest Omega Sequence of his generation.

Time was running out. Waiting for the next opportunity wasn't an option.

He had to acquire the Ghost Valley Secret Treasure and uncover the Qilin Immortal Palace's hidden truth.

"I have a hunch that both Old Gu and Uncle Mu, and even Fu Qingxuan and his son, might have issues tied to the Nightmare Master. But still, how could a mere Nightmare Master have such far-reaching influence?"

The Soul Comforting Bell that Gu Jianlin carried still held a spirit.

Hasegawa Shinichi.

Time to interrogate him upon returning.



Gu Jianlin packed up and left the empty library.

The exhilarating seaside breeze hit him as radiant fireworks bloomed in the night sky.

Everything seemed to be steadily moving in the right direction.

Gu Jianlin felt an unprecedented sense of relaxation.

That was when a thought popped into his head.

Now that the naughty Little Princess had been subdued, this battle had gone viral, pinned at the top of the forum.

His infamy should've improved a bit by now.

Spreading goodness and eradicating evil!

Pure, unadulterated goodness!

However, just then, a young mother carrying her toddler walked by.

"Stop crying! Your dad is still on duty and can't come back to deal with your tantrums. Look around—you're here by the seaside, enjoying the breeze and fireworks. Everyone here is an Ascender; this is the safest, happiest place in the world."

She paused momentarily: "Don't push me to spank you!"

The toddler continued bawling uncontrollably: "I don't care, I don't care—I want my dad!"

Having no other choice, the mother angrily said, "If you keep crying, I'll summon the Chair-Killer to blow your head off! Even the Little Princess got punished by him—what chance do you stand?"

The toddler instantly fell silent.

The sea breeze howled.

"..."

Gu Jianlin stood there wordlessly, his hair tousled by the wind.

How did things come to this?

"Be kind to others,"

the parrot sighed. "Always remember to be kind."

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At 11:30 PM, Gu Jianlin originally wanted to find an apartment to get some rest.

However, most of the apartments were already fully occupied.

His own apartment had been destroyed, leaving only the neighboring unit empty.

The problem was, the Little Princess continued to hang from the lamppost defiantly. Even after being so tormented, her donkey-like cries still disturbed the entire neighborhood.

Every time Gu Jianlin tried to meditate in his apartment nearby, her wailing would interrupt him.

Lights were turning on in every surrounding unit, as residents were all visibly irritated and restless.

But releasing her? Clearly not an option.

Setting aside the deterrent of the Golden Phoenix Feather.

If they released the Little Princess now, she might blow the entire base sky-high.

Grabbing the folding chair, Gu Jianlin headed downstairs.

However, the moment he descended, the crying ceased.

Ji Xiaoyu hung from the lamppost, flailing and making guttural noises, glaring at him fiercely.

Gu Jianlin locked eyes with her for a few seconds before turning back upstairs.

The moment he went upstairs, her donkey-like cries resumed once more.

Gu Jianlin descended again, and the cries abruptly halted.

For some reason, he suddenly felt a strong sense of déjà vu.

He could somehow empathize with how the Candle Dragon Venerable might have felt, watching him repeatedly bounce back and forth between the Immortal Palace and reality back then.

Fine.

If he couldn't outmatch her, he'd just avoid her.

It's not like he had to stay at the base.

After all, his residential area was only fifteen minutes away, and with a supercar, the round trip was even faster.

Gu Jianlin made a call, waking up Lin Wanqiu, who had been snuggled up for her beauty sleep.

Since he didn't have a driver's license, he urgently needed a chauffeur.

Despite being annoyed by the interruption, Lin Wanqiu's irritation quickly melted away when she saw the call was from him. She did a swift "face-change" like a Sichuan opera master, got ready in an instant, and drove him home.

Late at night, the roads were relatively empty, as is common in northern cities.

Once it's past 10:30 PM, the streets are practically deserted.

It's a different vibe in many parts of the south, where younger crowds fill the streets until the early hours.

"Do you need me to walk you upstairs?"

Asked Lin Wanqiu from the driver's seat, her smile radiant and goddess-like.

Gu Jianlin shook his head: "No need, thank you."

He grabbed his birdcage and headed upstairs.

The lights in the home were dark; the girl had likely already left.

Butcher had once mentioned how unpredictable Moon Princess could be. No one ever knew what she was doing from day to day.

However, the moment he turned the key to his door, the room snapped to life with bright lighting.

"Still remember you live here?"

The living room lit up, revealing Moon Princess sprawled across the couch in a red spaghetti-strap nightgown. She glared at him, annoyance etched on her face. "I thought some vixen had already ensnared you."

Gu Jianlin looked utterly baffled.

Chapter 279 - 148: The Co-living Life of a Beautiful Young Girl

Gu Jianlin frowned. Why did this sound like the tone of a resentful wife?

However, when he stepped in to change his shoes, he froze for a moment. The little house had undergone an earth-shattering transformation. The empty living room now had a white carpet, the simple lightbulb replaced by a delicate chandelier resembling a rose, and the sofa was covered with a plush khaki slipcover. A cartoon bear waved and smiled.

The dusty television had been wiped clean, with many plush toys arranged on the cabinet below. The old curtains on the balcony had been swapped for warm pale white ones, accompanied by a few fresh green potted plants.

The books on the shelf had been reorganized, and the figurines neatly displayed.

The kitchen and bathroom had been thoroughly cleaned and tidied.

While this didn't count as a full renovation, those touches gave the place a warm and cozy feeling.

It was as if someone had lightly tapped it with a magic wand, transforming the entire home.

Of course, perhaps the most important thing wasn't the decorations of the house.

But rather the girl in the red spaghetti-strap nightdress.

Bathed in warm light, her smooth and fair shoulders reflected a soft glow. Her collarbone was delicate and exquisite, with her chest subtly held forward.

From one side, lofty peaks; from another, ridges.

Unfortunately, she wore a mask, making her face impossible to see.

At that moment, the parrot in the cage was also staring at her, eyes wide.



Moon Princess merely glanced at the parrot and ignored it.

"Did you do all this?"

Gu Jianlin looked around the cozy little house, as if something inside him had been touched.

"This place used to feel like a prison. Living here with you always gave me the feeling of being locked up."

Moon Princess activated her sarcasm mode: "And yet you're not my cellmate, but the prison guard."

Gu Jianlin went to the kitchen and opened the fridge, finding it stocked with yogurt and drinks.

In the cabinet beside it, there was also an assortment of snacks.

He grabbed a bottle of cola, twisted it open, and casually asked, "Why?"

"Because of that perpetually blank face of yours."

Moon Princess replied coldly, "It always feels like you're about to drag me off to work a sewing machine."

Gu Jianlin reflexively touched his face: "Is it really that bad?"

"Can't you smile more often?"

Moon Princess put her hands on her hips and asked.

"A person who wears a mask every day has no right to lecture me."

Gu Jianlin sat down on the couch and said indifferently, "Also, what's a vixen?"

"Lin Wanqiu."

Moon Princess's voice was icy as she plopped herself onto his bed: "Driving luxury cars, picking you up and dropping you off, Peak City District's famous goddess. Must feel pretty special, huh?"

Gu Jianlin responded calmly, "You're overthinking it. She just sees me as her shield."

Moon Princess snorted coldly: "True. She's been investigated quite a few times recently."

Gu Jianlin glanced at her: "You know about that?"

Moon Princess showed no intention of avoiding the question and replied frankly, "The Ether Association is so big, you can never completely get rid of traitors. Youying Group has planted a lot of informants within the Ether Association, and I have my own connections, too."

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a moment: "You're just casually sharing intel with me? Aren't you afraid I'll betray you?"

Moon Princess chuckled lightly, "We're already living together. What's there to be afraid of?"

Her words left Gu Jianlin a bit speechless. This girl always managed to strike right at his weak spots in one move.

"That Lin Wanqiu is a vixen. Don't fall for her tricks."

Moon Princess suddenly became serious: "She's tangled with someone unfathomably dangerous."

Gu Jianlin's expression turned slightly strange. He suspected that the "unfathomable existence" she was referring to was himself.

"Since you at least had the decency to come back, let's eat."

Moon Princess turned around, her long black hair swaying: "I ordered takeout. You go pick it up. I'm in pajamas—it's inconvenient."

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Tonight's dinner was Japanese barbecue, with the meat delivered straight to the door.

Gu Jianlin stared at the electric grill, where marbled wagyu beef sizzled and released its rich aroma, feeling a touch nostalgic.

He thought about the wonderful days a few months ago, sharing midnight snacks with the ice-cold flat-chested girl from his family.

Speaking of which, Youzhu didn't seem particularly happy when he handed the secret medicine to her this morning. In fact, she seemed a bit upset.

Such a pain to deal with.

Thinking of this, Gu Jianlin sent a few messages her way, only to receive silence—she didn't reply at all.

"Having dinner with a beautiful girl, but thinking about another woman the whole time?"

Moon Princess spoke around a roasted potato slice, her rosy lips alluring, her gaze meaningful.

"My sister. I've always had midnight snacks with her before."

Gu Jianlin explained expressionlessly: "I think she's mad at me."

Moon Princess turned her pitch-black eyes toward him and asked, "Why?"

Gu Jianlin paused for a second, then briefly summarized the events of the morning.

"A spiritual secret medicine for beauty and breast enhancement? That stuff is pretty expensive on the market."

Moon Princess scoffed: "Serves you right. Your sister must be flat-chested, huh?"

Saying this, she leaned one hand against her cheek at the table, resting her ample bosom directly on it.

Due to her height, her slender legs swung back and forth beneath the long dress, her fair, delicate feet off the ground, exuding a subtle allure.

Gu Jianlin responded with a simple "Hmm."

"So you gave her breast enhancement medicine, practically announcing you think her chest is too small, didn't you?"

Moon Princess's lively and clear eyes were full of mockery: "Typical straight guy behavior!"

Gu Jianlin frowned: "How does that have anything to do with me?"

"If she only sees you as a brother, then it's nothing—just normal teasing. But if she has feelings for you, she might think you're criticizing her physique."

Chapter 280 - 148: The Life of Cohabitation with a Beautiful Girl\_2

The Moon Princess said faintly, "Your intuition should be pretty sharp."

Gu Jianlin fell into silence. The girl in his house was one of those three-no's\* beauties, making it hard to discern her true intentions.

But he could definitely sense a lot of peculiar emotions surfacing within her.

Those were emotions Youzhu had only recently started to reveal.

But for a girl in her adolescence, developing feelings was entirely normal.

Maybe she'd outgrow it in time.

"I've said it before: until the Gu Family's curse is lifted, I won't entertain any emotional involvement."

Gu Jianlin emphasized, "And due to family circumstances, this is kind of forbidden."

He preferred not to dwell on it.

"How boring."

The Moon Princess pouted. "Looking at your serious face, one would think you're about to save the world."

Gu Jianlin kept his head down, eating his meat without saying a word.

"Alright then, let's talk business."

The Moon Princess casually asked, "I heard you beat up the Ji Family's Little Princess?"

Gu Jianlin paused mid-bite. "How do you know about that?"

The Moon Princess shrugged. "The Little Princess's wicked reputation is just as infamous as yours. I barely stepped out of the Immortal Palace, and I already caught wind of it."

"You can just talk about the Little Princess; don't lump me in with her."

Gu Jianlin caught a key phrase. "You went into the Immortal Palace?"

"Of course, I'm a member of the You Ying Group on the surface, so naturally, I had to go in for some pioneering. If I'm not mistaken, you should also be able to find relevant information on the Deep Space Network."



The Moon Princess made a slight sound of acknowledgment.

Gu Jianlin took out his phone and logged into the Deep Space Network.

Sure enough, he found the latest updates on the official page.

"Major Discovery: The Seventh Squad of the Dawn Combat Sequence has broken through the Mist Zone, discovering a 1,500-year-old tomb of ancient Ascenders, which may potentially rewrite the history of human Ascenders!"

"The First Vanguard Team of the Omega Sequence successfully captured an Ancient Ancestor within the Living Burial Area and is continuing their deep pursuit. The secrets of the Qilin Immortal Palace are about to be unveiled. Stay tuned."

"As confirmed by officials, the dimensional gateway in Black Cloud City is the most stable, with a geographically safer location, meeting the criteria for opening a temporal dimension with the Alchemy Matrix. However, other dimensional gateways with similar conditions are not entirely excluded."

"Attention to all departments: several investigators have reported suspected activity by members of the You Ying Group within the Qilin Immortal Palace. Demon Hunter Special Action Groups under the Judgement Court have entered the Immortal Palace."

"Omega Sequence's First Vanguard Team, codenamed Steel Bones, returned via teleportation at precisely 10:17 PM tonight, reportedly encountering members of the You Ying Group. The individual

sustained thirteen lacerations, leaving them critically injured and unconscious. Night Watcher Department's Wang Taisheng has issued a heavy bounty for the culprit, vowing vengeance. The suspect is believed to be a Fourth-rank Shura on the Ghost Slayer Path."

Gu Jianlin froze when he read the final entry.

Wang Taisheng.

"That Old Bideng who was yammering at us this morning?"

A parrot holding a piece of grilled meat squawked.

"Wang Taisheng's son got seriously injured?"

Gu Jianlin turned his head, looking at the girl next to him. "Don't tell me this was you?"

The Moon Princess kept her head down, sipping her orange juice. She spoke flatly, "Wang Taisheng is the most loudmouthed defector within the Night Watcher Department. His allegiance to the Judgement Court might as well be tattooed on his face. Since the Judgement Court enjoys twisting your father's issues onto you, I decided to give him a taste of 'paying for the father's sins.'"

Gu Jianlin's pupils slightly contracted. "The Omega Sequence First Vanguard Team consists of Fifth Ranks. That's way too dangerous."

The Moon Princess coldly replied, "It doesn't matter. That guy got in through connections. Despite his high rank, his use of Extraordinary Abilities is pathetic; he's utterly useless as a Divine. He can't even control his own Spiritual Body."

She paused. "At the same rank, he's far inferior to you; you could take on ten of him."

Fair enough, the Divine Path was indeed one of the trickiest Inheritance Paths to master.

Without sufficient talent, one could easily end up playing the worst career choice.

Although Gu Jianlin hadn't found the Divine Path particularly challenging over the past month and a half,

that was thanks to the Ancient God's gift.

"No, I still have to say it—it's too dangerous."

Gu Jianlin emphasized, "They have teammates too."

The Moon Princess shook her head again. "It doesn't matter. That unfortunate guy got separated from his team. Have you forgotten my pathway? I seized the chance to execute a full combo and insta-killed him before he even had time to react."

"I'm almost at Fifth Rank now. Recently, I've been preparing for the required ritual and Extraordinary Resources. Among Omega Sequence's strongest, if it's a life-or-death duel, only Ying Changsheng and Mu Qingyou are beyond my certainty of defeating."

She paused, adding, "There's also Li Hanting. His personal strength isn't particularly outstanding, but he's rumored to possess a few impressive Mythical Weapons. I'll need to wait until I hit Fifth Rank to take him on. As for others with ties to the Judgement Court, there are a few tricky ones, but none that are unkillable."

The parrot gawked in shock. "What a sinful world."

Gu Jianlin fell into silence.

This morning, he had just clashed with that inspector.

By nightfall, this girl had put his son in the hospital.

The Moon Princess's tone appeared casual, but the underlying peril was evident.

This girl had truly been protecting him with everything she had.

Whether it was on the overpass or in the cafeteria of Peak City No. 2 High School.

Only because he could handle it on his own had she refrained from stepping in.

But at Black Cloud City, she was risking her life for it.

After all, there were so many Ascenders from the Ether Association present back then.

A single misstep would have meant utter obliteration.

And now, just to vent his frustrations, she had gone hunting Omega within the Qilin Immortal Palace.