

## Ancient 57

### Chapter 57 - 25 Are You Scared? \_2

The Joker was silent for a few seconds, then put down his chopsticks.

"Even so, the Ether Association and Judgement Court haven't held back on using conventional methods to track me down."

He asked curiously, "So many task force experts and detectives couldn't find me. How did you do it?"

Gu Jianlin replied indifferently, "Just because they couldn't do it doesn't mean I couldn't."

A flawless response.

"Impressive. Everyone around you lately has been saying you've gone mad, but you seem to have truly inherited your father's talent."

The Joker gave a thumbs-up and sneered. "But do you know? After I fell, your father nearly killed me. As a reward for finding me, later, you can die more painfully."

Gu Jianlin smiled faintly without a word.

As expected, these people had been secretly watching him for a long time.

The Joker licked his lips and asked again, "Then how do you dare to stand before me?"

"Just wanted to ask you something."

Gu Jianlin raised his gaze and said softly, "Besides... there's nothing to fear from you."

Ssssss.

The ceiling light flickered overhead, faint traces of light flashing through.

In an instant, the Joker's face emerged from the shadows, eerily sinister, his mouth curling into a grin.

Nearly splitting to his ears.

"Actually, you should be afraid. Even though you've likely completed your awakening, the Ether Association should've told you how dangerous I am. Let me guess—your confidence comes from the Association?"

He sneered, "Do you really think the Ether Association is willing to help you? Don't you realize what you are? If they valued you, they wouldn't use you to lure me out. You're Gu Ci'an's son, the son of a Fallen. In the world of sunlight, you'll forever carry this disgrace, unable to lift your head for a lifetime."

"So what?"

Gu Jianlin's gaze was icy. "A man about to die doesn't need to worry about the living."

Whether it was the Joker.

Or anyone else.

In his script, one by one, no one would escape.

"Didn't expect you to be so arrogant. But as a newcomer, you should study more."

The Joker raised a finger and smiled. "Everyone knows the rule that villains die from talking too much. But the Magician path is an exception. For Magicians, every glance, every movement, every word—is combat. After today, you and your family will suffer an unimaginably tragic price for your stupidity."

He said, "Because you're merely bait. And as bait, you've foolishly taken the hook."

Gu Jianlin said expressionlessly, "Done with your nonsense?"

The Joker looked at him pityingly and gently sighed, "Such ungratefulness."

For a moment, Gu Jianlin's vision turned dark, and murmurs like whispers surged in his ears, making him feel as if he were floating in the clouds, his body aching and numb, drowsiness overtaking him.

Hypnotism!

The Joker had been speaking so much to implant psychological suggestions through language, movements, even subtle changes in his gaze.

In terms of hypnotism, the Joker was far more skilled than Li Changzhi.

"Sleep, sleep well. You're already so tired..."

The Joker's voice was eerie and profound, like a dark lullaby: "Just like your dead father, sleep forever."

Upon hearing this, deep within Gu Jianlin's pitch-black pupils, an ancient and majestic Black Qilin seemed to awaken!

Golden vertical pupils burned fiercely!

The Joker froze momentarily, sensing a foreboding unease.

"Shut your mouth."

Gu Jianlin suddenly grabbed the unfinished bowl of noodles and smashed it onto the Joker's head!

The noodles and soup smeared across his face, dripping down.

The Joker roared in fury and yanked the steel bowl off his head.

By then, Gu Jianlin had already drawn the Desert Eagle from his waist, swiftly chambered a round, aimed, and pulled the trigger!

He had practiced this action thousands of times the night before.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three muffled shots, the gun's alchemy-treated silencer reducing its noise to like a basketball hitting the floor.

Yet all three bullets missed.

As soon as the Joker heard the Desert Eagle's chambering sound, he reacted immediately. He had been sitting in the chair moments before, but in the next instant, exploded into a cloud of smoke and vanished.

Instant Teleportation Technique.

For an ordinary person, losing the target in such a dim setting would certainly lead to panic.

But Gu Jianlin remained remarkably calm. Without turning his head, he sidestepped and raised his arm, pulling the trigger with lightning speed.

Bang! A dagger aiming for his back was deflected by the bullet's kinetic energy.

He pivoted his waist to adjust the gun's aim and fired again.

Two more unrelenting shots!

The gun's muzzle flashed briefly in the darkness.

A haggard and repressed cry of pain echoed in the night.

Blood splattered onto the floor.

The Joker clutched his bleeding shoulder, his face filled with disbelief.

It was as if he couldn't fathom what had just occurred.

He was a Second Rank Magician, facing a Zero-tier novice, yet his hypnotism had failed!

Moreover, this teenager had just predicted his location, adjusted his aim, and seized the fleeting moment to intercept his dagger.

In fear, he attempted to relocate again using Instant Teleportation Technique, adapting his tactics.

But he was immediately shot.

The most chilling part was, this teenager hadn't used any Extraordinary Ability from beginning to end!

"Confused?"

Gu Jianlin said coldly, "Why don't you guess why I spoke so much to you?"

The Joker froze.

The answer was straightforward.

Gu Jianlin had talked so much to perfect his profiling of the Joker's personality.

The more complete this profile, the better he understood his opponent.

Thus, he could manipulate the Joker's psychology.

Every movement, every expression.

Even down to subtle changes in gaze, the rhythm of breathing.



All exposed internal thoughts.

In the silence, the Joker's Life Rhythm echoed sharply like nails scraping against a chalkboard—an uncomfortable noise too conspicuous to ignore.

Gu Jianlin used this information to analyze and anticipate the Joker's actions.

Achieving this near-prophetic miracle!

"I told you, you shouldn't have revealed so much to me."

Gu Jianlin shrugged. "Your tolerance for pain is impressive—likely from past self-harm, you've grown accustomed to it. You've also trained in mixed martial arts, likely taught by the Ether Association? In these areas, you outperform me. But the longer we fight, the more I'll understand you."

Clutching his bleeding left shoulder, the Joker's face twisted in pain, his expression ominously cold.

"Six on Thursday afternoon? Sorry, I can't wait that long."

Gu Jianlin gripped the gun in his left hand and grabbed a chair with his right, walking forward expressionlessly.

"Where's your Mythical Weapon? Not planning to use it? From here on, I'll predict—every single one of your moves."

The teenager's gaze was as cold as if he were staring at a dead man: "The one who should be afraid—is you."