

Ancient 82

Chapter 82 - 42: Who is the Genius - Part 2

Gu Jianlin took out his phone, logged into the Deep Space Network, and opened the resource exchange hub.

Then he chuckled.

"CMJ113 Spiritual Secret Medicine, out of stock."

"A03 Spiritual Secret Medicine, out of stock."

"Blood of Graphite, out of stock."

"Deep Red Wine, out of stock."

Almost all spiritual secret medicines were displayed as out of stock. These resources were highly sought after, making them incredibly scarce—even when you had the merit points to buy them.

This highlighted the importance of having an Alchemist on the team.

Gu Jianlin's current merit points could only be used to exchange for some Alchemy Weapons.

Or perhaps some special services.

For example, one-on-one psychological counseling sessions with Priests.

Or, protection for family members at one thousand merit points per month.

"In the Ether Association, low-level resources like these are in high demand. The truly valuable benefits come into play once the Qilin Immortal Palace can be explored. You can rely on the association as a safety net while searching for Ancient Times treasures hidden in the palace. Whatever you find becomes yours."

Lu Zicheng explained, "Many high-ranking members of the association rose to power thanks to these treasures. It's what makes the association so appealing to Ascenders."

"As for those services, they're basically just intellectual scams. I've already informed my family about them."

He thought for a moment. "From now on, your family's safety will be directly overseen by the Lu Family. My sister will also keep an eye on them."

"Thank you."

Gu Jianlin replied.

Lu Zicheng reminded him, "I've already signed us up as a squad for this extermination mission. However, due to the nature of the task, squad leaders like me won't be accompanying you directly. Of course, you have those two Mythical Weapons from the Joker, so there shouldn't be any issue with self-defense."

"But if you want to compete with other squads for merit points... that's up to you."

He paused for a moment. "If you can quickly advance to the Superdimensional Level, that is, Fourth Rank or higher, my sister's connections and resources will become relevant to you. You need to hurry."

Gu Jianlin thought to himself, "That would be wonderful."

He carried far too many secrets.

Be it the two Mythical Weapons or the Ancient God Transformation.

Neither were suitable for others to witness.

Currently, he was already at the First Order. Moreover, there was an Alchemist within the Qilin Immortal Palace.

He didn't need to fret over resources for his advancement.

As for the Priests' healing services, those were utterly redundant to him.

Firstly, the Divine Path allowed him to use the Divine Sacrificial Fire to absorb Life Force for self-recovery.

Additionally, in the Ancient Tomb, there happened to be a Fourth Rank Alchemist.

Suddenly, a notification from the Deep Space Network rang on Gu Jianlin's phone.

"Dear D-level investigator Gu Jianlin, your squad has been enlisted in this major hunting mission. Please ensure you are equipped and supplied, and proceed immediately to the lobby of the Deep Space Technology Building for assembly."

Taixu's voice.

"It's about time to head off. Seven squads in total, meeting in the lobby."

Lu Zicheng remarked indifferently, "This time, it's mostly elites."

Gu Jianlin nodded subtly. He suddenly realized that he hadn't yet tested his abilities since advancing to Fate.

Reportedly, a First Order Divine Priest could expand their Life Perception range to twenty-five meters.

This range was just about right for him to experiment.

At that moment, he emptied his mind, achieving clarity—activating his Seventh Sense.

For a brief instant, chaotic and disordered life rhythms sounded in his ears, akin to being submerged in a sea tide of noise!

Gu Jianlin's hand trembled, nearly spilling cola all over himself.

Because at that moment, he seemed to hear the life rhythms of everyone inside the building!

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The atmosphere in the spacious elevator was unbearably tense.

Lin Wanqiu stood with both hands tucked into the pockets of her white coat. Her alluring face displayed no emotion.

The other squad leaders were equally solemn.

A middle-aged man glanced at his watch and said coldly, "Stay sharp on this operation. If there's another fiasco like last time, you can all get lost. Understood?"

Cheng Youyu shrank into a corner and said meekly, "Second Uncle—uh, Captain. Rest assured, last time was just an act of God. Who could've predicted the Joker had something like Death Spirit Gu? This time, we're guaranteed to be flawless."

"You'd better shut up."

Someone muttered, "Last time you said everything was guaranteed—and we ended up crashing hard."

"Yeah, Brother Cheng, please stop tempting fate. No more jinxing us."

Another person added, "If it weren't for stroke-of-luck circumstances last time, we'd all be dead."

Cheng Youyu scowled. "Was that even me tempting fate? The Joker was just absurdly difficult to deal with!"

In the corner, Nie Xiangsi stood timidly at the back, clutching a tablet.

On the screen was a photograph of a boy, drenched in blood and seated on a chair amidst collapsed ruins, with the corpse of an enemy sprawled at his feet, eyes wide open in death.

"Brother Youyu."

Nie Xiangsi asked softly, "Wasn't it him who saved us?"

Cheng Youyu turned to look, grinning sheepishly. "That's right, Sister Xiangsi. It was him. Gu Jianlin, from Peak City Second High School. I even copied his answers during exams back then—we're quite close."

Nie Xiangsi fell silent for a moment before replying, "So he's an Ascender too, huh."

"I didn't know either, until recently."

Cheng Youyu asked, "Why, what's up?"

Nie Xiangsi minimized the photo and pulled up the mission roster.

"It seems he's also part of this operation."

She hesitated, "And his squad... only has him."

Cheng Youyu froze upon seeing that lone, familiar name on the list.

"Oh crap, it really is that badass himself!"

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Meanwhile, in a dark laboratory, the bubbling sound of liquid churned relentlessly.

In the blazing Copper Cauldron, scarlet liquid boiled, roiling like molten lava, surging furiously.

A hunched Pharmacist gazed at the scene with fanatical eyes.

"Mentor."

A young man standing beside him swallowed nervously. "With this, can we survive?"

"Though only a single drop, it's not enough to fully transform us into Divine Servants. But it's sufficient to extend our lifespans."

The Pharmacist licked his lips. "This is the grace of the Gods."

The young man hesitated for a moment. "But Mentor, there's a complication. If we truly ingest the Ancient God's Blood and become Divine Servants, wouldn't we then end up as slaves to that Supreme? We're far too weak; if not for its inability to break free, it surely wouldn't have chosen us. While we gain life, we lose freedom."

He paused. "And if it decides to kill us, it can do so at any moment."

"My dearest student, how can you be so naive?"

The Pharmacist chuckled. "Do you think, even with all the secret medicine we have stockpiled—even the Superdimensional-level Spiritual Secret Medicines aplenty—that we'd court its wrath by offering just a dozen low-level ones?"

Scholar froze.

"Offering too much at once would make it unpredictable when it could escape. On the other hand, delivering Spiritual Secret Medicines in increments ensures we retain control. Even though it's a Supreme, it remains shackled by the far more potent Candle Dragon Venerable. To placate us, it has no choice but to trade Ancient God's Blood with us, one drop at a time."

The Pharmacist explained, "Quantity is the key! You're my apprentice, and as long as we survive, that's enough. As for the Sea Demon Butcher and Moon Princess, they don't matter. The Qilin Venerable is trapped within the Immortal Palace. Even if we become Divine Servants, it cannot bridge two dimensions to control us. As long as we never return, we're safe."

Scholar questioned, "But when the dimensional portal of the Qilin Immortal Palace stabilizes, won't we forfeit access to its ancient treasures and opportunities if we never return? Wouldn't abandoning the palace mean giving up its vast resources?"

The Pharmacist laughed. "I'm an Alchemist. If I can refine valuable enough secret medicine, do you think there'll be a shortage of people willing to enter the palace for us?"

Scholar froze in realization. "So that's the plan!"

"This is the wisdom of your mentor. You still have much to learn."

The Pharmacist grinned. "Once the seal on the Qilin Immortal Palace completely dissolves and the Ether Association members enter, what do you think will happen?"

Scholar suddenly grasped the idea. "Mentor, you're brilliant! As long as it cannot manifest in reality, we're safe!"