

Ancient 90

Chapter 90 - 46 Danger Approaching!_2

"I understand."

Gu Jianlin said, "Thank you."

Cheng Youyu waved his hand. "Don't be so polite. I get it—because of... that reason, most of the people in the team ostracize you. Don't take it to heart. Many people in the association have lost their minds. Last time you saved my life, I remember it clearly. No matter what happens during this mission, Xiangsi, Brother Cheng, and I will definitely help you!"

Beside the bus, Zhang Cheng said with a grim face, "Can you stop calling me Brother Cheng?"

Nie Xiangsi smiled a little awkwardly. "Uh... we, we will protect you."

Gu Jianlin glanced at the three of them and nodded slightly. "Thank you."

A moment later, Chen Chen completed the hand-off and made a gesture, signaling everyone to go upstairs to their rooms to rest.

"Something feels off here. I think we should form an alliance."

"That's right. There's strength in numbers, and we can look out for each other."

"Is there anyone else who wants to join?"

Among the seventeen present, many realized the danger. Some even started cooperating across groups, with everyone openly or secretly centering around Team One—a clear case of admiration for strength.

They even chose rooms close to one another.

Yan Ye and Yan Feng, joined by Mu Ziqing, were undeniably the strongest trio and the undisputed leaders.

As for Gu Jianlin, he was naturally ignored. Ever since he joined this mission, he always felt wary, exclusionary gazes from all sides—likely because he was the son of a Fallen.

Of course, he had no intention of joining such an alliance anyway.

Most of them had betrayed him in the last operation.

A disorganized mob.

Having more people does mean having more power, true.

But it also means more people slowing you down—and harder to shake off.

A white-haired girl ignored everyone and, after receiving instructions, walked straight to the furthest room on the second floor.

Gu Jianlin chose a relatively secluded room.

In the corridor, Nie Xiangsi watched his door close and bit her cherry-colored lips.

"Xiangsi, didn't you say you knew him?"

Cheng Youyu asked curiously, "Why not go talk to him?"

Nie Xiangsi lowered her head and said softly, "We only knew each other as kids. He might not even remember me now. Besides... I looked into his past. My uncle is basically the enemy to him now."

She wasn't ignorant of what her uncle had done.

But she didn't know how to stop him.

Or perhaps, she didn't know how to help that boy.

"What Deacon Nie did was truly dishonorable. But that's not your fault."

Zhang Cheng said, "Find a chance to talk it out with him if you really want to help."

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The old hotel's room was undeniably bare—just a bed and a coat rack. The pitifully small bathroom had a squat-style toilet, a rusty showerhead, and an outdated water heater.

While reasonably clean, the trash bin still contained a used balloon.

For someone like Gu Jianlin, who had obsessive cleanliness, this was a nightmare.

But now wasn't the time to dwell on the environment.

Gu Jianlin deliberately chose a room with its window facing the street for constant surveillance.

During this time, another bus drove over and parked at a hotel across the street.

Gu Jianlin sensed twelve Life Rhythms—all ones he had heard before in the Deep Space Technology Building.

The team leaders must have arrived.

He pulled the curtain closed and his phone buzzed with a notification from the Deep Space Network.

"Respected D-grade investigator Gu Jianlin, please open the supply box."

Apart from the Desert Eagle he carried and several dozen bullets, Gu Jianlin had only two pieces of Mythical Weaponry.

Alright, a bit of a humblebrag.

He retrieved his portable supply box and unlocked it with his fingerprint. The box opened.

First, there were two vials of medicine—the liquid in the test tubes surged like sea tides, clear and pristine.

"Blue Blood: A secret medicine for temporary spirituality replenishment. Limited to two uses per week."

Good stuff!

Even for someone like Gu Jianlin, this was invaluable—it could restore spirituality during combat, a rare treasure!

Next was a jarred medication.

"Purification Stone: Take within five minutes of mental contamination to cleanse the pollution."

Gu Jianlin paused for a moment—this must be due to the Forbidden Zone's characteristics.

This area was corrupted by the Ancient God's mental influence, with dimensional rifts regularly appearing.

Living in Black Cloud City, not everyone was an Ascender.

Some hoped to use the dimension rifts' frequent occurrences to awaken their powers.

Of course, living here meant a higher risk of contamination.

Beyond that, the box contained an alchemy-crafted weapon:

An alchemy dagger.

An alchemy bulletproof vest.

A medical emergency kit.

Gu Jianlin carefully donned the bulletproof vest under his shirt and secured the dagger behind his back.

Sitting by the window, he patiently observed and waited.

During this time, several interesting events occurred.

For instance, one of the Divine duo went downstairs to smoke and play on his phone.

A boy walked past him, snatched his phone without a word, and vanished into thin air.

The Divine was shocked and enraged but didn't want to alert anyone—so he returned to his team.

He contacted Deep Space and had all the data on his phone remotely wiped clean.