

## Ancient 94

Chapter 94 - 48: Guess What?

Outside the inn, it was pitch black.

The corpse that had fallen from upstairs lay lifeless, blood pooling around it.

It seemed to be a Second Rank Qi Refiner on the Ancient Martial Path from the Fifth Squad, who had died just like that.

"Heh, no need to be so cautious about them. These kids might have seen blood before, but when they see their companion die right in front of them, they'll probably wet their pants. What do you think, kids? Need some diapers?"

"I noticed there are a few pretty young girls among them. How about we have a taste later?"

"Don't forget, some of the lads look quite decent too."

Malicious voices echoed in the darkness from all directions.

From the freight elevator, the storage room, the basement, and the stairwell, people emerged one after another.

Among them were both men and women. The oldest was likely in their sixties, while the youngest barely looked of age.

Seven members of the rookie squad had already been captured, with guns pressed against their heads.

Two of them were Priests from the team.

"Save... save us..."

One of them was covered in blood, battered and bruised, trembling as they spoke.

The other had a ghastly black shade on their face, struggling and convulsing like someone possessed.

This was a pair of twin brothers.

The elder was Li Xun, the younger Li Yi.

The others were gravely injured too, left barely hanging on to life.

A total of twenty Fallen surrounded the survivors in the inn, sneering coldly.

Leading this group was a burly middle-aged man.

He had two massive iron axes strapped across his back and was sitting atop the corpse, his scar-riddled face illuminated by flickering flames. His distorted eyes had transformed into creepy compound eyes, resembling those of an insect.

"Don't get too arrogant. If Lord Scholar hadn't tipped us off, we'd be the ones captured now."

The middle-aged man extended his hand, dipped it into the blood on the corpse, and licked it: "Not bad, the taste of a pure Ascender. Let me introduce myself—I'm the second-in-command of the Grave Digger Organization. They call me Compound Eyes. Now, I'll give you a chance: drop your weapons and surrender obediently, and I can ensure you'll meet our leader intact."

"Yes, our leader specifically wants you alive because you're still useful."

He paused for a moment: "But surviving doesn't mean you'll keep your hands and feet."

The Fallen stared mockingly and coldly at these so-called association stooges.

As if they expected to see fear creep into their expressions.

In Black Cloud City, everyone lived on the edge, constantly flirting with death. Killing was as commonplace as breathing.

Today you live, tomorrow you might die.

One moment, you reap a profit; the next, your companion might slit your throat.

A slight disagreement could see you losing a hand.

These were things no sheltered flowers raised by the association could endure.

Among the eight rookies surrounded, each behaved differently.

Some were brimming with fighting spirit, some trembled slightly, and others remained completely indifferent.

Gu Jianlin stood expressionlessly in the shadows, holding onto a chair.

His demeanor shifted only when he heard the codename "Scholar," raising an eyebrow.

As expected, he thought to himself.

The Sea Demon had betrayed the Ether Association, leaking the information about this operation.

But he wasn't worried.

After all, he possessed two Mythical Weapons. In this dark night, if he wanted to escape, no one could stop him.

A second person who showed no fear was a white-haired young girl.

Tang Ling carried a massive instrument case on her back, her hand gripping a silver-white Iron Sword. Her head was slightly lowered, her long hair fluttering.

Under the shadow of her hat brim, her gaze resembled someone looking at corpses.

Given her overwhelming personal strength, dying was almost an impossible feat for her.

The last person entirely unafraid was Yan Ye.

As the leader of the group, he exuded calmness, crossing his arms and speaking indifferently: "What makes you so certain that we're the ones surrounded? I don't know who leaked the information regarding this operation, but if you think storming this inn gives you a guaranteed victory, you're foolish."

Compound Eyes chuckled dismissively: "You're implying your captain is nearby, aren't you? That bunch of trash has already been dealt with by our leader using Death Gu. Yes, the advanced version of Joker's Death Spirit Gu."

At these words, most of their faces changed.

It instinctively felt impossible.

In their mind, Captain Level individuals couldn't be taken down so easily!

Yet, in the restroom, there lay a dead Deputy Captain—killed without even leaving any trace of a fight.

This shook them.

Only Gu Jianlin knew that regardless of what had happened to the captains, they most likely wouldn't be coming to help.

"Don't panic. The captains wouldn't be taken down—that's just their scare tactic."

Yan Ye remained composed, exchanging a look with his younger brother: "Even without the captains, we can break through."

"Prepare a tactical formation—priority on protecting the Priests. Melee attackers to the front, ranged fighters to the back."

In mere moments, Yan Ye devised the optimal strategic plan.

Among the remaining eight, two were Priests—Nie Xiangsi and Mu Ziqing—who were placed under protection.

Yan Feng and Cheng Youyu took the frontline, their bodies surging with Qi, muscles bulging, bones resonating like thunder.

Yan Ye and Zhang Cheng, following the Heavenly Master and Overlord Paths respectively, moved into ideal positions for ranged support.

"Interesting, but utterly ignorant."

Compound Eyes glanced at his worn-out watch and said flatly: "Half an hour till midnight. Before those things show up, I'll let you taste some real pain."