

Ancient 100

Chapter 100 - 50: The Bizarre Arrival

The black mist spread silently, like a monstrous beast devouring the darkness.

The Fallen who fled into the mist suddenly let out terrified screams for no apparent reason.

"The Great Ruins! The Great Ruins are here!"

"We've been hit by the Great Ruins! Hahaha!"

"We're going to die!"

Their figures were gradually swallowed by the mist and then eerily disappeared, leaving no trace or sound behind.

Right before vanishing, their laughter was unsettling—like a neurotic fit of fear before death, or perhaps the relief of ultimate liberation. No one knew what they had encountered.

Everything fell into silence as the remaining Fallen disappeared with no sound.

In the stillness, only faint crawling sounds and the scratching of fingernails against the ground could be heard.

It seemed something was writhing within the mist.

Gu Jianlin narrowed his eyes, fully alert.

Cheng Youyu watched in terror: "Holy crap! What on earth is this 'Great Ruins' they were talking about?"

Zhang Cheng stowed his bow and arrows, his face dark: "Don't know, but it's definitely bad news. While it's kind of handy that it took care of those Fallen for us, whatever it is can also take care of us."

"W-what should we do?"

Nie Xiangsi weakly asked, glancing at the group.

"It's clear that something's wrong with Black Cloud City, and the association didn't tell us about this. There are only two possibilities: one, they don't know either; two, someone deliberately kept it from us."

Yan Ye crossed his arms and said coldly, "Given that our operation was leaked and we were ambushed, I lean toward the latter. In other words, there's a traitor among us in this mission."

"My brother's right."

Yan Feng scanned the remaining survivors: "And the traitor's probably not alone."

Mu Ziqing pulled out her phone, fiddled with it, then shook her head: "Bad news, everyone. There's something here that's blocking signals—my phone can't connect to Deep Space anymore."

The group quickly checked their phones and found the same issue.

Having lost contact with Deep Space, their support was suddenly gone.

The so-called elites instantly succumbed to fear.

For now, Group One seemed to have the sharpest minds.

They could analyze the situation and deduce the traitor's existence.

After all, Gu Jianlin himself knew the traitor was real.

One survivor had a moment of inspiration and said, "What should we do now? Should we try to regroup with the captains? If they're also under attack, we should go help them."

"Idiot. The captains are all Superdimensional Level, and the deputy captains are Third Rank—they're way out of our league. If someone can put them in danger, we'd only be walking into death's door by going. We might even end up being a burden to them."

Another person, leaning weakly against the wall, countered: "But I think the captains won't fall so easily."

Chen Chen's death as deputy captain had stunned them all.

No one knew the captains' current situation.

"The captains' inn is just across the street. We can peek inside and check."

Yan Ye gazed at the inn across the road and spoke grimly.

The current situation was dire, and the Grave Digger Organization hadn't been dealt with yet.

Hasegawa Shinichi, as the Grave Digger leader, was still alive.

No one knew how many Fallen lurked in the area.

They were completely in the dark about the eerie nature of Black Cloud City.

Danger loomed everywhere.

They were isolated and unsupported.

Regrouping with the captains seemed to be the safest option.

Gu Jianlin stared at the inn across the street, remaining silent.

Tang Ling suddenly appeared behind him, her vermillion eyes full of curiosity and mischief. She asked casually, "Hey, what do you think about the captains' situation?"

Gu Jianlin turned to glance at her and said hoarsely, "The captains are no longer here."

The phrase "no longer here" had two meanings.

One was that they had left.

The other was that they were dead.

When those words left his mouth, everyone was shaken to the core.

All eyes turned, wide with shock, toward this sinister, eerily noble young man who seemed almost ghost-like.

"How do you know the captains are no longer here!"

Having dispelled his Ghost Transformation, Li Xun crammed purification stones into his mouth as he leaned feebly against the wall. Passion rising to hysteria, he shouted furiously, "Are you the traitor? Did you leak the mission details?"

Gu Jianlin was aware this Divine brother had always been hostile toward him.

The elder brother, just freed from his Ghost Transformation, was mentally unstable. As for the younger brother, he lay lifeless on the ground, fate unknown.

Meanwhile, Gu Jianlin felt the piercing gazes surrounding him.

Especially Group One—they suddenly looked at him with icy hostility.

"The son of a Fallen being the traitor would make sense."

Yan Ye gazed at him coldly. "Also, why have you been hiding your strength? I need an explanation."

Yan Feng and Mu Ziqing flanked him on both sides, both pressing him.

"Exactly. Who knows if the son of a Fallen might collude with other Fallen!"

Another person, propped against the wall, demanded weakly, "We need an explanation."

These were all people who had been saved but had their supplies stolen in the process.

In their eyes, once fallen, one should end their life before losing sanity.

Those who harmed their comrades were all people who fell then chose to live in desperation, ultimately succumbing to their desires and becoming killing machines.

Such people utterly disgraced the association's beliefs.

And the son of such a person was naturally not trustworthy.

"What the hell kind of talk is that?"

Cheng Youyu exploded indignantly: "Without Brother Lin, you'd have been torn apart by those Fallen ages ago!"

"Exactly. This is no time for infighting."

Zhang Cheng tried to mediate: "We need to work together against external threats."

Nie Xiangsi said nothing but silently took a stand.

The group instantly split into two factions.

Gu Jianlin, never one for words, especially not to explain himself.

Moreover, these people didn't even deserve an explanation from him.

He simply raised the chair in his hand and walked toward the two near-death Divine brothers.

Li Xun's expression changed slightly when he saw him approach.

"If I were the traitor, I'd kill you right now, and no one could stop me."

Gu Jianlin said coldly, "So, shut your mouth."

Li Xun started to argue but glanced at his dying brother.

Then at Gu Jianlin, who looked almost like an Evil Spirit in his current state.

He wisely remained silent.

Because he suddenly found something strange.

Li Xun and Li Yi, both Second Rank Divine users, theoretically should have been stronger.

Yet post-Ghost Transformation, their strength seemed weaker than his.

What's more, Gu Jianlin, during his Ghost Transformation, was boldly using Divine Sacrificial Fire to absorb the Fallen's life force, appearing completely unafraid of losing control. One might think he had a stockpile of purification stones.

"Let's see how you deal with things later!"

Li Xun fumed silently to himself.

Yan Ye watched coldly: "If you can't prove yourself, we won't accept you."

"I don't need your acceptance."

Gu Jianlin glanced at him, his face devoid of emotion: "You suspect me. The burden of evidence lies with you, not on me for being the son of a Fallen. Don't expect me to prove innocence just because you slander me."

Yan Ye, eyes narrowed, coldly locked gazes with him.

While the two were at an impasse, Tang Ling had already reached the inn across the street and slashed the door open.

The crowd turned at the sound and fell silent.

Because inside the inn, all the captains were crucified to the walls with iron spears, eerie smiles frozen on their faces.

Blood stained the entire wall scarlet.

The scene was horrifying—like a twisted religious painting in the pitch-black night.

Lu Zicheng and Chen Qing were among them!

Gu Jianlin was stunned and hurried over to examine.

His mind was ablaze, his eyes darting rapidly, scanning the scene.

There were no signs of battle, only lifeless bodies everywhere.

Lu Zicheng's phone lay on the ground.

The screen showed only one word, frozen in the notes app:

East!

Gu Jianlin froze, unwilling to believe these two were truly dead.

Something was wrong.

Something had to be off!

His intuition told him the captains' deaths were unnatural.

It was like a conspiracy, or a performance.

Just then, the black mist surged forward, rolling and boiling like a living thing.

From within the mist came the sound of countless footsteps!

"Form tactical positions!"

Yan Ye barked: "Remain vigilant!"

Everyone turned, tense as entangled wires.

But when shadowy figures emerged from the mist, they froze.

Because they saw the deceased captains!

Wang Bolin.

Lu Zicheng.

Zhang Shiheng.

Chen Qing.

And others.

Within the black mist, some were walking, some crawling, and others writhing on the ground.

Each face bore an eerie smile as they approached the group.

"Why so surprised? Don't you recognize us?"

A captain slithered on the ground, smiling: "Hey, rookie, lend me a hand. I'm feeling a little unwell..."

At this moment, even Gu Jianlin felt his hair stand on end.

They glanced back at the inn where rows of corpses were strung up.

If those corpses were real, then who were these people?

If these people were real, then who were the corpses?

Boom!

Gu Jianlin's head exploded with confusion.

From within the deepest part of the mist, someone quietly emerged with a sinister smile.

Their face resembled his own by seventy or eighty percent—but older, gentler.

Gu Ci'an!

"Run! Now!"

Gu Jianlin growled in alarm.