

## Ancient 113

Chapter 113 - 58: Ready to Take Action! (4k)\_2

Gu Jianlin didn't expect it to be so obvious.

Actually, Su Youzhu had said something similar before.

"When you observe others, they will also observe you. Remember this,"

Uncle Mu said meaningfully.

Gu Jianlin thought about it seriously for a moment and nodded, indicating he understood.

"Unfortunately, Wanwan won't be able to wait for your father,"

Uncle Mu continued, "Do you know why I'm telling you about Vermilion Bird Divine Palace?"

Gu Jianlin looked at him, waiting for him to go on.

"Because Vermilion Bird Venerate and Qilin Venerate descended together back then. The earliest records about them date back over two thousand years. They were the gods worshiped in the land of Chu and the origin of Chu culture."

Uncle Mu enunciated each word slowly: "But their common enemy was Candle Dragon Venerable. That Supreme being has been humanity's greatest enemy among Ascenders for thousands of years, a terrorizing divine that resides in the Dark World. Based on archaeologists' research, the combat capability displayed by Candle Dragon Venerable is currently unmatched. Neither Vermilion Bird nor Qilin is its match.

Gu Jianlin felt a headache creeping in as he listened.

The reason was simple.

He had inherited the power of Qilin Venerate.

And Candle Dragon Venerable was still alive, damn it.

"If Candle Dragon Venerable is that powerful, why hasn't it wiped out humanity yet?"

Since the first time he used Ancient God Transformation, Gu Jianlin knew there was an immense gap between the two races.

If it came down to a head-on collision, humanity wouldn't stand a chance.

"Your father's files mentioned this: although the Ancient God Clan is powerful, they don't adapt well to the rules of this world,"

Uncle Mu explained, "Candle Dragon Venerable is indeed alive, but it spends most of its time in slumber. We still don't know why or what it's planning. As your father used to say, whenever this Supreme emerges, someone is bound to die—either humans or gods."

"Humanity has never been united internally; the Ancient God Clan is no different."

He emphasized, "As long as individuals possess self-awareness, internal conflict is inevitable."

Gu Jianlin had to admit, even after such a brief conversation, he had gained essential insights.

"Finally, the Vermilion Bird Divine Palace is an Absolute Forbidden Level relic. When Vermilion Bird Venerate fell into self-induced slumber, it retained extremely formidable power. As for the Qilin Immortal Palace, it's classified as an Unknown Level relic,"

Uncle Mu reminded, "Because the association isn't sure how much strength Qilin Venerate still possesses, or even whether it is alive. Judging by the association's current stance, they're leaning toward categorizing it as low-risk. They universally believe Qilin Venerate is dead, its consciousness dissipated. Otherwise, all of Peak City would've long been transformed into an Exotic Realm."

Gu Jianlin frowned, "Isn't that a bit careless?"

"Not exactly careless, since the association tends to be very cautious,"

Uncle Mu said, "If my guess is correct, that person should've already arrived in Peak City to oversee matters."

Gu Jianlin asked, "Who?"

"The strongest among the Divine and humanity, King of Qing, Huai Yin,"

Uncle Mu thought of that individual and sighed, "If you could earn his favor and protection, you'd no longer need to fear any force in this world and wouldn't have to bow to anyone out of necessity. Your father once had the opportunity, but he missed it. That person is eccentric; it's impossible to force their hand."

Gu Jianlin pondered for a moment: "Understood, Uncle Mu."

"Let's go."

The priest picked up a large machete and walked at the front.

The five young men armed with firearms covered his sides.

Gu Jianlin observed their surroundings. The ground was cracked and dry, with molten lava flowing beneath.

The lava bubbled with scorching heat.

Oddly, there were vibrant purple grasses growing amidst the cracked lava river, glistening like gemstones.

"This is Heavenly Born Grass, something that grows in the Forbidden Zone. It can suppress Deformation,"

Uncle Mu said, "Now I'll tell you the rules of the Forbidden Zone. First, when picking herbs here, if you feel someone watching you from behind, don't look back—run immediately."

Gu Jianlin raised an eyebrow: "Why?"

"Because in this place, not only do plants mutate, but some animals also undergo Deformation,"

Uncle Mu explained, "Secondly, if you're stranded in the Forbidden Zone with depleted supplies, no matter how hungry you get, don't eat the animals here. Their bodies contain deadly toxins."

Gu Jianlin nodded, signaling he understood.

"Third, don't let the Stone Statue Tree touch your blood,"

Uncle Mu paused, "Fourth, if you see shadows of child boys and girls here, run immediately."

Gu Jianlin squinted, "Child boys and girls?"

"Yes, Xu Fu and three thousand boys and girls are the Gatekeepers here, essentially Qilin Venerate's burial retinue. Although thousands of years have passed and Xu Fu is dead, people have reportedly seen his figure wandering within the Immortal Palace..."

One of the young men explained, "We brothers encountered the child boys and girls once. After hearing their laughter, some of us vanished mysteriously and never returned."

Gu Jianlin felt his hair stand on end—the place was truly eerie.

"The last rule,"

Uncle Mu's expression turned unprecedently serious: "Don't touch the blood mist."

Gu Jianlin was completely puzzled.

"As for why, I don't know either. Your father told me this,"

Uncle Mu suddenly stopped walking.

By this point, they had traveled ten kilometers and arrived at a sacrificial ground shrouded in mist.

The site was littered with pitch-black, twisted giant trees, which were entirely made of stone and dripping with dark oil.

Gu Jianlin understood—these were the infamous Stone Statue Trees.

"The oil from the Stone Statue Trees, mixed with human blood, can block the Great Ruins,"

Uncle Mu said, "But don't let the Stone Statue Tree touch your blood."

He lowered his gaze, noticing strands of hair, discarded hairbands, and dried blood scattered on the ground.

"She should be nearby,"

Uncle Mu said grimly, "Xiao Wu, Axin, scout ahead to check the enemy's situation. Be cautious and avoid exposure."

Just as the two young men prepared to move out, the boy's calm voice interrupted.

"No need to go through so much trouble."

Gu Jianlin decisively activated Life Perception.

The powerful perceptive ability penetrated the mist, forcefully encompassing the region.

In that moment, the boy's ears were filled with a cacophony of chaos, as nails scraped against blackboards and taut strings snapped, all blending into an orchestra of demonic frenzy.

Yet, after a day of training, he had learned to carefully distinguish and organize the sources of these sounds.

"A total of forty-two individuals—all without exception are Fallen. There are also five people whose life forces are extremely weak. Though they show signs of Deformation, they're not significant—they should be your people,"

Gu Jianlin said flatly, "Additionally, there are seven investigators from the association."

At that moment, he felt a familiar fluctuation, faintly emerging within the mist.

"Could it be him?"

He murmured softly.

"Your Life Perception covers such a vast area?"

Uncle Mu was astonished, "Are you truly a First Order Divine?"

The five young men also wore expressions of disbelief.

In just one second, this boy had gathered detailed information about the situation ahead.

It was beyond comprehension.

"I am, but not entirely,"

Gu Jianlin replied matter-of-factly, "Let's go."

At that moment, in the depths of the mist, a cryptic and ancient muttering echoed.

It sounded like someone kneeling and praying to some entity.

Then came a snapping sound.

The scent of blood began to permeate the air.

Faint crimson blood sprawled across the ground, staining the earth.

Suddenly—boom!

A deafening explosion erupted, with flames tearing through the mist alongside a surge of forceful winds.

Someone had taken action!

"Quick! Tactical formation—charge in to save them!"

Uncle Mu shouted urgently.

The blood sacrifice was about to begin, his daughter's life hung by a thread.

The five young men immediately rushed into the mist, drawing their firearms and advancing.

What was a tactical formation?

Gu Jianlin didn't understand, nor did he need to.

He was never one to prefer teamwork.

From his pocket, he pulled out a vial of Blue Blood and downed it.

As he did, his pupils turned abyssal black—Ghost Transformation.

At that moment, he felt incredibly tense.

Not because of Grave Digger Organization or anything else.

The true entity he feared—Kui!