

Ancient 116

Chapter 116 - 59 Hello (4k)_3

"No, go cover him, quickly!"

Uncle Mu said in a deep voice, "Rescue them as quickly as possible, then retreat!"

No time to waste, six practitioners of the Ancient Martial Path moved together, forcefully breaking into the enemy ranks.

Flesh was torn apart.

Skulls exploded into fragments.

Severed limbs scattered as blood splattered everywhere.

When Uncle Mu led his group into the battlefield, the Grave Digger Organization instantly fell into disarray.

Most of the Fallen had already sacrificed their blood and spirituality, leaving them with little combat ability to begin with.

Faced with such a sudden assault, they had no ability to resist.

Within the crowd, a shadow moved like a ghost, flitting through the chaos, reaping lives with every step.

At the rear, while maintaining control of the battle, Yan Ye locked his gaze on them.

"Another bunch of Fallen? A mutiny?"

The data stream flashed across his dark sunglasses as he analyzed the battlefield, coldly commenting, "No, these are Unclean who've consumed the Heavenly Born Grass—they're not from the same side. Wait, who is that?"

At the same time, Hasegawa Shinichi and Yan Feng, locked in combat, also took notice of the sudden arrival of this force.

Both of them instinctively grew more cautious.

Amid the shrill sound of the wind being torn apart, a chair came hurtling with immense power!

A chair—again, a chair!

Yan Feng, seeing this unfold, nearly developed a conditioned reflex, dodging instinctively.

At a critical moment, Hasegawa Shinichi raised his blade horizontally to block, protecting his face!

Bam!

The chair slammed into his blade, sending tremors through his frame and leaving his arms numb.

A shadow darted forward like a cannonball, slamming into his chest and sending him flying backward with brute force.

Bang bang bang!

The continuous gunfire of the Desert Eagle rang out, seven alchemy bullets fired in succession.

The hardened exoskeleton shattered, leaving his lower abdomen a mangled mess of blood and flesh.

"Priest!"

Pale Ghost Fire ignited, and Hasegawa Shinichi let out a heart-wrenching scream, consumed by excruciating pain.

"Get lost!"

His entire body surged with furious Qi, swinging his arms with such force that even the air seemed to explode!

With a loud sound, Gu Jianlin was struck as if hit by a siege battering ram, letting out a muffled groan as he was sent flying backward.

The chair that had previously flown off landed on the ground, its legs unfolding and standing upright on the surface.

Gu Jianlin descended from above, crashing solidly into the chair with immense momentum!

Sliding a full ten meters along with the chair, he finally came to a stop, stabilizing himself. He raised his dark, gleaming eyes where Ghost Fire flickered faintly.

In that moment, he raised his right hand, holding a piece of flesh clamped between his index and middle fingers!

Pitch-black spell markings writhed across his skin like living creatures!

Hasegawa Shinichi's expression shifted dramatically.

"Die!"

Gu Jianlin activated the Ghost Curse, his entire body erupting with thick, viscous blood, turning him into a figure of pure crimson.

With a sickening sound!

Hasegawa Shinichi was struck by the curse's effect, his body collapsing as though imploding, blood spraying uncontrollably.

The Divine's Ghost Curse Technique bypassed all defenses!

"Rescue them, at my seven o'clock, four o'clock, and six o'clock positions."

Gu Jianlin unleashed his senses, immediately locking onto the faint Life Rhythms of those weakened after consuming the Heavenly Born Grass.

"As for the one behind me, leave it to me."

Sitting upright in the chair, he turned his head to glance back.

A short-haired woman was bound to the ground, her wild features filled with confusion as she stared at him.

"Uncle Gu? No, that's not right."

Her lips moved slightly, as though seeing an illusion, "Who are you?"

Gu Jianlin offered a silent smile.

"Hello."