

Ancient 118

Chapter 118 - 60: Calamity Ruins Encountered (4k)_2

Yan Feng said with a sly smile, "Do you think I'm stupid? You're the son of a Fallen, must be the traitor, right?"

Gu Jianlin replied indifferently, "I am not."

"Do you have a way to prove your innocence?"

Yan Feng's lips curled into a mocking smile. "If you're not, then why are you with these Unclean ones?"

Gu Jianlin gazed at him expressionlessly and suddenly said, "Four words."

Yan Feng tilted his head. "Hm?"

"None of your business."

After Ghost Transformation, negative emotions filled Gu Jianlin's mind. His abyss-like eyes locked onto Yan Feng coldly as he said, "I don't need your permission to save anyone. Now, get out of my way."

The smile on Yan Feng's face slowly vanished.

From the safety zone in the distance, Yan Ye and Mu Ziqing exchanged a glance. "Take everyone down. Dead or alive!"

Clearly, they believed they controlled the situation and delivered a decisive blow.

"So, this is a descendant of the Yan family?"

Uncle Mu's face darkened as he lowered his voice. "I didn't expect you'd get involved. The Yan family is firmly in the Rhein faction's pocket. If you offend them, your future path could become difficult."

Such concerns might trouble others deeply—

But Gu Jianlin, endowed with Qilin Power and recalling the grocery store, felt no fear.

"I've said it before: I won't compromise my will for a bunch of deranged fools."

He paused. "I help who I choose to help."

Suddenly, Yan Feng acted decisively, grabbing a broken piece of an Iron Shield and channeling his surging Qi Force, he hurled it forward!

Boom!

The atmosphere tore apart, and the broken shield spiraled through the air.

A ghostly shadow flickered—Gu Jianlin charged forward, snatching the spinning Iron Shield with his bare hand. At the moment his palm met steel, a muffled sound reverberated.

"Not bad. Looks like your Fallen father really left you something. Are you proud of what he stole from others by betraying his comrades?"

Yan Feng leaped forward, landing a punch: "You're fighting us for a bunch of Unclean ones? You'll have no place in the association after this. The captains are probably watching in secret—you have no chance."

Bang!

Explosive shockwaves swept the air, stirring up dust into ripples that expanded outward.

Using the Iron Shield to block, Gu Jianlin counterattacked by swinging a chair with his other hand: "None of your concern, get lost."

A dull thud echoed as Yan Feng was caught off guard, sent flying, tumbling on the ground before steadying himself.

"Brother!"

Suddenly, his expression changed.

Because Gu Jianlin turned his back to him and aimed at the white-suited young man in the distance, throwing the broken Iron Shield with a reverse grip!

The shield tore through the air with a furious howl, and walls of sand and stone erupted along its path.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Breakthrough, breakthrough, breakthrough!

Yan Ye, expressionless, raised both hands and summoned a violent gust of wind to meet the incoming shield!

Boom!

The swirling shield, drained of momentum, was swept away by the wind.

Rumble.

A second wave of Elemental Turbulence began to gather above, the clouds roiling and thundering.

Uncle Mu, seeing this, wasted no time and hurled his massive broadsword, detonating his Qi Force with precision!

Boom!

Everyone stood stunned as this round of Elemental Turbulence was shattered by sheer force!

"Go!"

Uncle Mu roared.

Everyone began retreating toward the surrounding areas.

But at that moment, Yan Ye turned his head back, releasing an intense spiritual fluctuation throughout his body.

He was about to ascend!

The other investigators pursued relentlessly, their expressions icy.

At this moment, Gu Jianlin suddenly commanded, "Come!"

For an instant, a sinister and ominous rhythm of life appeared within his perception.

White mist spread across the Sacrificial Ground, faint silhouettes emerging from the depths of the fog.

An unwilling intent emanated from the mist's depths.

"Damn it, it's the Calamity Ruins! How could there be a Calamity Ruins in the Stone Statue Forest?"

Uncle Mu nearly froze with fear, shouting, "Quick! Break through! QUICK!"

At this moment, everyone—whether from the shelter or the association's investigators—

Even the Fallen, who were hacked to near collapse, paled in horror!

Clearly, they all understood the terror of the Calamity Ruins!

Gu Jianlin thought inwardly: as expected, the Calamity Ruins disliked the scent of Stone Statue Trees, so they wouldn't approach.

But they couldn't defy the order of the Qilin Venerable.

Gu Jianlin issued another command in his mind.

Amid eccentric whispers, the white mist consumed everything.

Uncle Mu and Mu Qingge led everyone to retreat, shouting, "Xiao Gu! RUN!"

Gu Jianlin responded nonchalantly and followed them, discreetly pulling four bottles of Blue Blood and an unused Purification Stone from his pocket and slipping them into the pocket of an injured individual.

Then he stood rooted in place, watching the group depart.

What shocked the shelter's people was how the eerie shadows within the mist merely brushed past them.

No one suffered any mental corruption.

The ghost shadows in the Calamity Ruins appeared oblivious to their presence as they glided by.

The dense fog obscured everything.

Not until Uncle Mu dragged Mu Qingge out of the mist did he look back.

The five young men escaped the battlefield with their injured companions, temporarily safe.

"Wait, where's Xiao Gu?"

Uncle Mu asked loudly.

Everyone glanced at each other with puzzled expressions.

