

## Ancient 122

Chapter 122 - 61 I Do Whatever I Want!\_3

Besides that, an overwhelming number of coffins were suspended in the air above the tomb chamber.

As many as three thousand!

According to legend, Xu Fu once led three thousand child boys and girls across the Eastern Sea in search of divine miracles. They found themselves entangled in the apocalyptic battle between Qilin and Candle Dragon, fortunate enough to witness the carnage among gods.

After that divine war concluded, Xu Fu was ordered by Candle Dragon Venerable to remain here and guard this underground palace.

From then on, he became the Gatekeeper.

"The traces here already prove that Xu Fu did indeed live in this place, but he is no longer here now."

Tang Ling gazed up at the colossal tomb, looking at the two-thousand-year-old lifeless grave, and softly said, "The legend of the Qilin Immortal Palace is highly likely to be true. Perhaps Xu Fu and the three thousand child boys and girls did achieve eternal life. Otherwise, why leave them behind as Gatekeepers? Even the maximum lifespan of an Ascender is no more than two hundred years."

"These alchemical arrays are clearly sealing formations, and the focus point must be the individuals inside the coffins."

She paused for a moment. "However, the coffins are now empty."

The headset went silent briefly before Chen Xingli's voice came through in a low tone. "Understood."

"If the coffins held just corpses, then there's no force capable of sneaking more than three thousand bodies away under the Ether Association's watch. I'm more inclined to think they're still alive—they left of their own accord."

Tang Ling said indifferently, "Everything aligns with Professor Gu Ci'an's investigation. The Gatekeeper's role is simple: to prevent entry or exit. But now the Gatekeeper is gone, and the matrix sealing this dimension has already collapsed. That's why people can enter the Immortal Palace, and those outside can leave."

She frowned slightly. "Although it's unclear how long the Gatekeeper has been missing, it's been quite some time. Moreover, this sealing matrix isn't lifeless—it's controllable. This means that over the past two thousand years, some individuals managed to gain the Gatekeeper's permission to enter the Qilin Immortal Palace."

The tales of the Qilin Immortal Palace have circulated for over two millennia.

Many pursued glimpses of it but mysteriously disappeared in the process.

As it turns out, the truth hidden in the mist is here.

Meanwhile, outside the forsaken underground palace—

Gu Jianlin watched the unfolding scene from a distance, his thoughts stirred.

So that's how it is.

The Gatekeeper of the Qilin Immortal Palace had been gone for a long time, which means something truly did emerge from within!

Back then, Old Gu's investigative team must have encountered something that came out of the Qilin Immortal Palace.

That's when the Joker and the others became contaminated and descended into madness.

Yet Old Gu entered the Immortal Palace alone and stayed for an extended period!

After the Blood Moon Slaughter Incident, it was the monstrosity from the Qilin Immortal Palace that corrupted these Fallen.

This same creature is what the Grave Digger Organization worships.

Its name is Kui.

Rumble, rumble—

Debris cascaded, revealing an endless expanse of eerie, buried white bones.

Tang Ling glanced around briefly, shook her head, and softly said, "I'm seeing the remains left behind from the Nightmare Master rebellion incident eight years ago. The contamination levels are still extreme, making recovery temporarily unfeasible."

A melancholy sigh came through the headset. "Understood. Have you found any sign of the Nightmare Master? Back during your mission at Peak City High School, the rescue team was completely incapacitated by Death Spirit Gu, and Gu Masters are exceedingly rare. Headquarters suspects the Nightmare Master may still be alive."

The field of bones was chilling, numbering hundreds of skeletons.

"It's hard to say, but it's clear the Grave Digger Organization is indeed offering sacrifices to that entity inside the Immortal Palace."

Tang Ling scanned her surroundings, her expression unreadable. "But judging by their skills, it's obvious they couldn't create such a massive matrix by themselves. Someone must've been guiding and aiding them from the shadows."

Suddenly, staggering footsteps echoed from the wreckage.

She whirled around abruptly, her sparkling eyes narrowing slightly.

"No! No! How could this be!"

Hasegawa Shinichi had evidently not been killed by the earlier explosion.

At this moment, he stood in a daze, staring at the overwhelming, bottomless fissure that scarred the ground—a chasm charred black and billowing sulfurous smoke, a sight both shocking and dire.

The sacrificial ground had been obliterated by thunder, reduced to rubble.

His meticulously prepared blood sacrifice matrix had been forcibly destroyed.

The man in the black robe stood before him, regret flickering in his gaze. "What a pity indeed."

Tang Ling turned and looked toward them, her eyelashes casting shadows that concealed her pupils.

She unsheathed the Extreme Thunder Great Sword, her eyes glinting with icy determination.

Although her spirituality was nearly depleted, her overstrained body suffering backlash, and her combat strength drastically reduced—

She was still more than capable of dealing with this person before her.

"What did you do?"

Hasegawa Shinichi turned to face the girl, his compound eyes warped by his mutation now blazing with madness. "What have you done! You've severed our master, severed our Evolution Path!"

He trembled as he stepped forward, his voice catching in his throat as he roared hysterically, "What have you done?!"

Tang Ling raised her head, her face impassive. "You've seen it all. Why ask me? Soon your backer will die as well. You'd better worry about your next move instead of whining."

As she spoke, the Extreme Thunder sword in her hands vibrated violently, and a brilliant scarlet trickle of blood dripped from the corner of her lips.

Forcing herself upright, she opened a bottle of Blue Blood and downed it.

Although activating the Mythical Weapon had left her critically injured—

As long as her spirituality stayed replenished, taking down a Fallen wouldn't be a challenge.

"You are... Thunder? The ace of the Peak City division?"

Hasegawa Shinichi seemed to have heard of her, as he too had once served as an investigator for the Ether Association. He knew just how terrifying this seemingly beautiful young woman truly was.

But his rage had clouded his reason, twisting his face grotesquely as his deformation grew worse.

"Sir, kill her for me."

He paused. "There's still a way to salvage the blood sacrifice!"

Reaching into his pocket, he withdrew a crimson crystal, glistening like blood—eerily vibrant and radiating an ominous aura. "Our master left behind this Blood Crystal as a fail-safe. It can rekindle the life force here and rebuild the alchemy matrix!"

Hearing this, a chilling light flickered in Tang Ling's stunning eyes. Her grip on the Extreme Thunder tightened, and her Sword Intent silently coalesced.

The man in the black robe chuckled softly. "Mr. Hasegawa, I'm starting to feel like you've tricked me. Wasn't it you who begged me for cooperation? Yet now that the plan has failed, you want me to clean up after your mess?"

Hasegawa Shinichi coldly retorted, "Isn't that the way it works? We're both Fallen, tools of the Ether Association. Our common enemy will always be them, wherever and whenever."

The man in the black robe fell silent for a second.

"Fair point. But remember the difference between you and me."

With a savage grin, he tore off his black robe, laughing maniacally. "I have truly stepped onto the Evolution Path. I carry the genuine blood of the Supreme... I do whatever I want!"

Bang! Flesh tore, bones grew, and scales unfolded.

Tang Ling's expression shifted the moment she saw him.

Controllable Deformation!