

Ancient 126

Chapter 126 - 63: Realized Too Late

At this moment, Gu Jianlin stood with his hands in his pockets, completely still.

In those abyss-like pupils, a fleeting flash of angry, dignified gold shimmered.

The man in the black robe, however, had already collapsed to his knees with a loud bang, his body emitting the sound of unbearable fractures. The ground cracked into countless fissures, spreading like a spider's web before caving in with a thunderous noise.

It was as if he was being suppressed by some force, letting out agonized howls, piercing and hoarse.

His snake-like vertical pupils abruptly widened, streaked with crimson veins of fury.

The scales on his body opened and then began to fall away.

His grotesque and twisted visage resembled an evil spirit enduring torment in the sulfuric depths of Hell.

"I'm someone about to ascend to become a Divine Servant, yet you dare to..."

BANG!

The black-robed man's head slammed heavily onto the ground, like a hammer shattering the soil, leaving him bloodied and broken.

"Raise your head."

Gu Jianlin said calmly.

Though it was merely a softly spoken phrase, it carried a majestic and unchallengeable authority akin to a divine decree.

The man in the black robe found himself utterly unable to resist, lifting his bloodied, ferocious face.

"Lower your head."

Gu Jianlin said again.

BANG!

The black-robed man's head again struck the earth, shattering the stone and radiating cracks outward.

Gu Jianlin watched him coldly.

He could clearly sense the power emanating from the man before him—a force stemming from the ancient chaos, primal and savage, like a beast from ancient times.

This was indeed true evolution, far beyond what any Fallen could achieve.

It was infinitely close to the Superdimensional level, with considerable potential for further development.

Unfortunately, the price of acquiring such power was... freedom!

The man before him was controlled, subdued, and dominated by Gu Jianlin!

BOOM!

The earth trembled again as the man in the black robe struggled desperately. His snake-like crimson pupils bulged in fury, but his body remained firmly suppressed, unable to move.

He had no ability to defy the commands of this youth.

Even if it were merely a glance.

Or a fleeting thought.

It was enough to control him effortlessly.

Because the force that suppressed him did not come from someone else—it came from himself!

Even the world's strongest weightlifter cannot lift their own body.

The black-robed man could not use his own strength to resist himself!

From the moment this youth appeared in front of him,

From the instant those golden vertical pupils burned like an illusion,

The control over the black-robed man's body had ceased to belong to him!

"Strange, isn't it?"

Gu Jianlin said with a blank expression, "Very well, continue."

BANG!

The man in the black robe raised his right hand and slammed it heavily into his own face, the terrifying force cracking the black scales and causing his cheekbone to collapse inward.

He spat out a mouthful of thick, fishy blood, along with shattered teeth that sprayed into the air.

BANG!

Another punch followed.

The black-robed man punched his own abdomen, instantly curling up like a shrimp, his grotesque face contorting in pain. His snake pupils widened in agony, vomiting blood mixed with fragments of internal organs.

In the next moment, a broken moan escaped from his throat.

Snake-like vertical pupils filled with blood turned a striking crimson, his body spasming uncontrollably.

It was as if his destiny's throat had been seized.

Yet Gu Jianlin stood unmoving before him, gazing down at him with indifference, doing nothing.

Absurd.

Ridiculous.

Incomprehensible.

Unbelievable.

With the intelligence the man in the black robe possessed, he clearly could not comprehend what was happening.

"Did you just say I don't know who you are?"

Gu Jianlin leaned down beside his ear and spoke coldly, "Then tell me, are you Zhou Ting or... the Scholar?"

For a brief moment, the Scholar's mind went blank. He felt as though his blood had turned icy within him, as though he were plunging endlessly into an abyss, swallowed by a vortex of darkness.

In his eyes, the black-haired youth standing before him seemed to ignite like a demon, whose shadow stretched infinitely, rising like a colossal giant!

Blazing golden pupils lit the darkness, sparking the divine fury's fire, their thunderous roars shaking the very fabric of the world!

No, this was no youth!

This was an ancient and awe-inspiring Qilin, gazing upon him as a Divine being, while he could do nothing but tremble like an ant.

No, not "as if."

He **was** Divine!

"You are remarkable. You've truly embarked upon the path of evolution. You're a man on the verge of becoming a Divine Servant, capable of doing anything you desire. Who could stop you? No one."

Gu Jianlin knelt slightly and gently patted his shoulder, whispering in his ear, "But it's a pity you cannot see where this road leads."

And now that he could see it, it was already too late.

In the Scholar's eyes, the evolution he had proudly undergone began to crumble, inch by inch—along with his convictions, his worldview, and his dignity as an independent entity—all reduced to dust.

His entire body trembled as he instinctively wanted to kneel.

His lips quivered as though he wanted to mouth two words.

But the black-haired youth simply raised a finger and pressed it to his lips.

Shh.

The Scholar was frozen in place, unable to utter that reverent and fear-inducing title.

At last, he understood what had transpired just now.

A Divine Servant is always merely that—a servant.

And he hadn't even ascended to become one yet.

The crueler truth was that even if he were the most powerful Divine Servant, it would make no difference.

For the entity before him transcended the divide, an Ancient God from the ancient era, a supreme existence, reigning beyond all, the sovereign above the heavens, the master of all things!

He was... the Supreme!

But what he couldn't comprehend was this: hadn't the Supreme been sealed within the Qilin Immortal Palace?

Why was He here now?

The Scholar could not fathom it—though a terrible realization had dawned upon him moments ago.

The answer was even more terrifying.

And it brought him endless confusion.

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This eerie scene defied all reason.

Tang Ling leaned on her sword, her disheveled bangs partially obscuring her astonished eyes. Only now did she realize how deeply the boy everyone shunned had hidden his true power.

From the observer's perspective, this black-haired youth hadn't exerted himself in the slightest, yet the man in the black robe was already defeated!

Complete domination.

Effortless victory!

Yet this was a being capable of Controllable Deformation, truly on the path of evolution.

How could such a figure be so casually crushed?

In an instant, Hasegawa Shinichi began trembling in overwhelming terror. He seemed to have guessed why that Master was so intent on obtaining something from this youth.

Gu Ci'an must have left something for him before his passing!

Moved by greed stronger than fear, he drew his blade and rose, the edge quivering with vibration.

At the same time, Tang Ling lifted her resolute gaze. She recognized that this was the critical moment.

If the youth was struck down in the ambush, all would be lost.

As though she had made up her mind, she smeared the blood lingering on her lips onto the Extreme Thunder Great Sword.

The blade shivered, brewing its chilling Sword Qi, prepared to launch.

The Mythical Weapon seemed to awaken, its dormant eyes flickering open.

An imposing, mighty phantom descended from the heavens, crossing endless miles to inhabit the blade!

Tang Ling drew her sword and vanished, poised for the strike!

Time seemed to freeze at that instant.

Gu Jianlin sensed the trembling of the blade's edge and the whistling of the accumulating Sword Qi.

Yet he remained motionless, issuing only a thought within.

BANG!

The Scholar, who had been immobilized, vanished in an instant, transforming into a fleeting shadow.

With a single punch, it landed like a cannon firing!

The sound of flesh tearing echoed beautifully in the silence.

Hasegawa Shinichi's blade fell from his grip as he gazed down at the hand piercing through his chest, then looked up.

Mutated compound eyes gleamed with puzzlement.

The Scholar met his gaze in similarly stunned confusion.

With a trace of pity.

But under the irresistible command, he ruthlessly withdrew his hand.

SQUELCH!

Blood sprayed forth like fireworks, dazzling as it spilled into the night.

Hasegawa Shinichi collapsed lifelessly, unfulfilled to the end.

A torrent of blood poured to the ground.

The crimson crystal naturally slid free of his grip, tumbling into a crevice between the stones.

Gu Jianlin bent down and picked up the crimson crystal.

At that moment, Tang Ling's figure appeared amidst the blood rain, her sword weapon dormant—the strike she had prepared unused.

As the target had already fallen.

Her pristine face bore an expression of bewilderment, her bright eyes blinking, lashes trembling.

In the midst of the downpour of blood, Gu Jianlin stood with his hands in his pockets, gazing into her eyes with a blank expression.