

Ancient 127

Chapter 127 - 64 Omega Sequence

Gu Jianlin gazed at the blood rain falling from the sky, feeling a deep and complex surge of emotions within him.

It turned out that the Ancient Gods' control over their Divine Servants operated on such principles: as long as someone consumed the Ancient God's Blood they created, they could attain evolution beyond the limits of humanity. But the cost was being marked with their emblem.

From then on, they became slaves to the Ancient Gods, stripped entirely of freedom.

Life and body enslaved, mind and will subjugated, commanding them was as simple as issuing a thought.

And this did not even require Ancient God Transformation.

Perhaps when the Ancient Gods descended upon this world, they realized their power was rejected by the laws governing this realm. Thus, through transforming their Divine Servants in this peculiar manner, they sought to expand their influence and achieve domination.

In this moment, Gu Jianlin's mood was rather pleasant, because from the instant he learned the method to control Divine Servants, subduing the five people inside the Ancient Tomb became a mere effortless task.

Gu Jianlin didn't bother to conceal anything. He reached directly for the Soul Comforting Bell, giving it a slight shake, the clear chime resonating.

A black halo spread outward, resembling a swirling vortex, as it devoured Hasegawa Shinichi's soul.

He died utterly and conclusively.

Of course, there was another matter to attend to.

Gu Jianlin turned around and shook his hand lightly.

The Scholar maintained the posture of clutching at his chest, frozen in place like a motionless sculpture.

Crack.

Gu Jianlin drove a broken chair leg into the Scholar's back, leaned close to his ear, and whispered something quietly.

With a thud, the Scholar collapsed to the ground, blood pooling around him and seeping into the parched earth.

The terror and bewilderment on his face froze there, his pupils gradually clouding over with the pallor of death.

"It's done."

Gu Jianlin turned and faced the silent white-haired girl, speaking coolly, "It's safe now."

Though he had revealed powers that far exceeded those of a First Order Fate.

He had no intent to resort to silencing witnesses or anything of the sort.

Firstly, that would be a futile and insincere gesture.

He hadn't used any Ancient God Transformation abilities earlier, so there was no need to conceal anything—he could remain forthright and unperturbed.

Secondly, the magnetic field here had shifted, and communication had already been restored.

It was likely under surveillance by artificial intelligence.

Additionally, the traces left at the scene probably couldn't be cleaned up in time.

Finally, he wasn't the type to revel in senseless slaughter.

Boom!

A weighty greatsword was plunged diagonally into the earth.

Tang Ling leaned on the sword, her gaze growing increasingly curious as she studied him, but she didn't say a word.

The two exchanged silence, neither knowing what to say.

"Thank you."

At last, Tang Ling broke the silence, boldly sizing up the boy before her.

Gu Jianlin nodded faintly, "You're welcome."

"So back at the inn, you hadn't even used your full strength."

Tang Ling's beautiful eyes, starkly black and white, silently locked onto him. After a long pause, she inquired, "May I ask, was what you just used... mind control? If it's a taboo subject, you don't have to answer."

Gu Jianlin suddenly recalled someone and mimicked that person's tone, replying calmly, "Just cognitive modification, nothing too extraordinary. I forcefully altered his perception, so to you, it seemed as though I hadn't exerted effort, and he simply fell. I could even control him to kill Hasegawa Shinichi."

He paused. "Yemengjade's Eyes—a type of Mythical Weapon. Haven't heard of it?"

For some inexplicable reason, as soon as this flawless explanation left his lips.

Tang Ling stepped back a few paces, her gaze suddenly wary as she uttered something that left him utterly astounded: "Apologies, my knowledge is limited. Abilities as ridiculously powerful as yours, I've only seen on certain 18+ websites. Frankly, I'm just stunned."

Gu Jianlin couldn't shake the feeling that this tone and expression seemed awfully familiar.

And then he remembered.

Back when Jing Ci had showcased a similar ability in the hospital, his tone and expression were identical to this.

Even the way he complained matched perfectly.

Just then, an unexpected voice rang out.

The Mythical Weapon—a greatsword named Extreme Thunder—emitted a commanding, low feminine voice: "Yemengjade's Eyes? Who are you? What's your connection to Jing Ci? He actually lent such a thing to you?"

Tang Ling's gaze sharpened slightly at hearing this name.

Even Gu Jianlin was startled by the speaking sword.

"That's my teacher, the current head of Sword Tomb. Sword of the blade; tomb of the grave—not 'cheap' tomb," Tang Ling cleared her throat, reminding him. "Earlier, I planned to use my teacher's soul's power to kill those two."

Gu Jianlin thought that sounded reasonable, but the elder's barrage of questions left him unsure how to respond.

The greatsword trembled faintly, and the cold and authoritative feminine voice said, "You saved my disciple. Sword Tomb owes you a favor. Whatever is equivalent to my student's life—or any matter of equal weight—is within your rights to request. But only one exception... don't even think about pursuing romance with her. And even if you do... you may not engage in that sort of thing."

