

Ancient 133

Chapter 133 - 67 Miles to Look Forward To

The sea waves crashed against the reefs, and the April wind carried a hint of bone-chilling cold.

Yan Wu's voice remained stern as he said gravely, "This is an order from the Saint. A purge must be carried out. Whether they are the Fallen or the Unclean, no one can leave here alive. Originally, in my plan, you and Yan Feng would secure spots in the Omega Sequence, and everyone would be happy. We wouldn't have to cause trouble and create more incidents."

"But you failed, so you must take this opportunity. Act before the purge begins. It's best to capture them alive and force them to testify, proving Gu Jianlin's collusion with the Unclean."

He paused: "Let their lives have some value before they die. Do you understand?"

The silence lasted for a moment.

Yan Ye silently listened to the contents of the call, and without much hesitation, he said in a low voice, "Understood, Father. This is indeed the last chance. I won't disappoint you again."

Mu Ziqing glanced at him: "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"What else?"

Yan Ye took out the only remaining bottle of Blue Blood from his pocket and handed it over: "Ziqing and I will report to the association about Gu Jianlin's collusion with the Unclean. We must make a record in advance, or we won't be able to prove he has issues. Yan Feng, the rest is up to you. After the purge begins, someone will naturally help you."

Yan Feng accepted the bottle of Blue Blood, took a deep breath, and nodded forcefully.

He turned around and mockingly said from above, "You guys, stop lying on the ground. Don't you know that this mission has already failed for us? It's all your fault; you're too weak."

The investigators opened their eyes, seeing his face full of ridicule.

Especially Li Xun, who felt a chill run down his spine when he saw the cold look in Yan Feng's eyes.

"Rest up and restore some spirituality."

Yan Feng sneered, "Later, you'll be busy."

He looked down at the Omega Sequence slots displayed on his phone.

Gu Jianlin.

Tang Ling.

The names of these two people together were so glaring.

But it didn't matter. Things would get better soon.

——All the Fallen and Unclean in the Black Cloud City must be purged today without exception. No one will survive.

This was an order previously given by the Saint.

——And the opportunity that Father mentioned was to capture those people ahead of time and extract confessions before the few Unclean are killed.

In the shadows covered by dark clouds, Yan Feng's eyes were as vicious as a beast's.

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At the deepest part of the Underwater Palace was a majestic palace, with the gate actually being a twisted black hole.

Rumble!

With the thunderous fall of the Dragon-breaking Stone, the massive roar seemed capable of shaking souls from their bodies.

"Retreat! Get out of here!"

Chen Bojun's upper body was bare, covered with grotesque burn scars. He pressed his hands against the massive Dragon-breaking Stone as countless golden talismans spread from his palms, constructing a sacred array.

Behind him, a divine and noble phantom seemed to appear, pressing against the Dragon-breaking Stone with the same posture, emitting a dazzling golden light that seemed to engulf the world.

Boom.

The blood mist roared and rolled behind the Dragon-breaking Stone, trying to pour out from the cracks.

However, it was obliterated under the suppression of the sacred light.

After a long time, the roar within the blood mist finally subsided, as if falling into a deathly silence.

Yet the underground palace was trembling slightly, on the verge of collapse.

The captains, having narrowly escaped death, expressed their relief:

"Truly terrifying. Did any of you see what that thing looked like?"

"No, who would dare look?"

"Even in its weakened state, a Primordial is so powerful."

"I feel like my heart was about to be crushed by that thing."

Most of the captains lay sprawled on the ground, bathed in the warm Holy Light, not wanting to move at all.

"No wonder it's Holy Land Level combat strength."

Wang Bolin wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth and said with emotion, "With Mr. Chen here, this thing shouldn't come out for now. At least not until the Qilin Immortal Palace truly opens, it won't make any big waves."

"That was really dangerous."

Zhang Shiheng tossed away his huge bow and sat down heavily, panting: "I almost thought I was going to die."

"Years ago, when I was still a rookie, I thought having output pathways was enough. What's the use of support pathways? Now I know, in this Transcendent battlefield, the Priest pathway is everyone's dad... no, it's everyone's mom."

A young captain lay spread-eagle on the ground, laughing: "This time, we must thank Sister Wanqiu."

Another captain also said, "Yeah, without Sister Wanqiu, we probably would have been dead long ago."

Lin Wanqiu crossed her arms, tossed her wavy hair, and said absentmindedly, "Shut up and rest. The Holy Light will slowly restore your bodies."

Amidst the collapsed ruins, Lu Zicheng, covered in dust, pulled out a bottle of Blue Blood and handed it over: "Are you okay?"

Chen Qing pursed her lips, shook her head, and said worriedly, "I don't know how that child is doing."

Lu Zicheng was stunned, thinking about the situation in Black Cloud City, and couldn't help feeling a bit worried, too.

"I still need an hour and a half to fully stabilize the seal here."

Chen Bojun said flatly, "You all should retreat quickly and not stay here to interfere."