

Ancient 142

Chapter 142 - 69 He is, Gu Jianlin (Requesting First Subscription)_2

Not just that.

The vast and oppressive aura of Ancient Times blanketed the sky and earth, like a black cloud devouring the heavens, enveloping them completely. It felt as if the entire world was collapsing under the godlike majesty, trembling, on the brink of ruin.

What flickered briefly in the headlight's beam was the terrifying silhouette of a figure.

A noble Qilin Horn crowning the head, a jagged Ink Jade Mask protruding from the bones, and pitch-black Dragon Scales shifting and shimmering.

Those burning golden vertical pupils resembled blazing suns.

No!

It was someone bathed entirely in golden flames—like a god descended!

Crunch!

The car door was forcibly torn off.

From the popped-out airbag, Li Xun struggled to rise, pulling out the Alchemy Pistol and firing frantically!

Bam-bam-bam-bam!

The bullets seemed to hit their mark but sounded like steel being struck.

Someone stood outside the car door, gazing indifferently at him, allowing the bullets to pound against their form, unmoving.

Amid the immense terror and impending danger, Li Xun forcefully underwent Ghost Transformation. Both hands spread wide, as countless dark particles gathered in his palms—formless, intangible black Qi Realm pulsing violently, on the verge of explosion!

This was the Divine Path, the ability of a Second Order Junior Fate Officer—Dark Shock!

A massive charge of negative energy, detonated all at once!

This dark energy was supposed to be destructive enough to annihilate everything. But being forcibly converted from an Extraordinary Ability, its intensity had changed, and it lacked world-shattering effects.

Bang!

Darkness exploded suddenly, a terrifying shockwave surging outward!

A sinister, noble black shadow tore through the explosive waves, reaching out lightning-fast with a right hand!

In his Ancient God Body state, Gu Jianlin had undergone Ghost Transformation, relying purely on brute force to counteract the Second Order Junior Fate Officer's Dark Shock Burst!

Squish!

Before Li Xun could even comprehend what had happened, sharp nails pierced his eyes, blinding him instantly.

His scream was strangled in his throat, reduced to a beastly whimper that could not escape.

The pain.

The agony.

Iron clamp-like hands locked tightly around his neck, nearly crushing his throat!

"Which foot did you use to kick that girl earlier?"

The voice was eerily calm, yet carried the roar of thunder.

Gu Jianlin indifferently grabbed him, holding the torn car door in one hand—the jagged edge sharp as a blade!

With a crunch, Li Xun's leg was abruptly severed by the sharp car door, blood spraying out like a fountain!

"It doesn't matter if you won't answer."

Crunch!

Another leg was sliced off, accompanied by the horrific sound of tearing flesh and breaking bone.

Li Xun let out a wild scream of pain, as terrified as a wounded beast.

Gu Jianlin's gaze was cold, his golden eyes ablaze, casually raising a finger to pierce through Li Xun's chest!

A strand of Ancient God's Blood was forced out from his fingertip, spreading through the ant-like man's body, staining him completely.

Li Xun's screams came to an abrupt halt, as though his whole being was consumed by flames, wailing soundlessly.

Meanwhile, in the passenger seat, Yan Feng sensed the danger, kicked open the car door, and bolted.

While evil, he wasn't foolish—he instinctively realized the impending danger and tried to escape.

He pulled out his phone, shouting as he ran, "Brother! Save me! We're under attack! A monster is attacking us! Brother! Come save us! Someone wants to kill us!"

In the silence, a deafening sound of something breaking through the air resounded.

A burning black shadow flickered past, appearing behind Yan Feng with a thunderous burst. Golden light and flames, as radiant as the sun, illuminated the night.

Accompanied by the sound of his shoulder shattering, Yan Feng's left shoulder was grabbed, eliciting a muffled groan.

"Now you. Which hand did you use to slap that girl earlier?"

The demon's whisper was low and intimate.

Yan Feng's Qi Force surged violently, expending nearly all his Qi as he unleashed explosion after explosion of Qi Force!

Bam! Gu Jianlin let the Qi Force detonate upon his hardened Dragon Scales—his Ancient God-transformed body no longer within human boundaries.

Firm as a rock!

Boom!

Yan Feng was kicked straight into the mountain roadway's rock face. Accompanied by violent tremors, debris tumbled down.

Blood churned in his chest as his ribs snapped entirely, puncturing his organs, causing him to spit blood.

Even while gravely injured, he still attempted retaliation, tearing through his clothes with Qi Force and launching it with both hands!

Boom!

Gu Jianlin stepped forward, casually throwing a punch!

With a deafening impact, the unleashed Qi Force was obliterated by the punch, its resonating waves rippling through the storm.

Even the punch struck the rock wall, spiderweb-like cracks rapidly spreading before shattering with a resounding crash!

The terrifying power left Yan Feng feeling as though a bell was reverberating in his ears, almost sending him into unconsciousness.

Gu Jianlin pressed onward, raising the torn car door in his hand, slashing down!

Crunch!

Yan Feng's pain darkened his vision, his severed right arm soaring in a graceful arc through the air.

Blood splattered across his face as he let out a harrowing scream.

"You don't answer either. Perfect."

The burning god gazed down at him, raising the shattered car door once more and striking downward!

Blood sprayed violently as Yan Feng's left arm was sliced off, the sound of flesh and bone separating chillingly exquisite.

Gu Jianlin's hands pressed against his head, igniting blazing Divine Sacrificial Fire like the radiance of the sun.

In an instant, Yan Feng's eyes were burned into terrifying black holes.

The unbearable pain resembled the most horrifying torture from hell, ripping him apart.

His strength drained entirely and he crumpled to the ground like a Wild Dog.

Gu Jianlin stepped on his back, bending down coldly.

Crunch!

Gu Jianlin's right hand pierced his back, forcing out a strand of golden blood from his fingertip, infusing it into Yan Feng's heart.

A strand of Ancient God's Blood entered his circulatory system.

Yan Feng raised his neck and roared in agony, unable to resist in the slightest.

Gu Jianlin rose, turning to glare at the prison vehicle.

The investigators inside, including the sole captain and two deputies, were plunged into overwhelming terror.

Black mist swallowed them up; ghost shadows loomed indistinctly in their vision.

In the darkness, only the blazing golden eyes burned brightly.

Only Zhang Shiheng—a Fourth Rank Overlord Path—was able to utilize Eagle Eye to observe the surroundings.

An immense terror exploded in his mind.

Because he knew one thing clearly.

Li Xun and Yan Feng, both Second Rank, had been slain effortlessly.

Now he, alongside the two injured deputy captains, stood heavily wounded.

"So you can feel fear as well."

Gu Jianlin said softly, "They didn't harm anyone. They just wanted to live. What did they do wrong? Why must you take away their hope? You should be grateful that they're still breathing. That's enough for me to give you one...chance."

He paused: "A chance to plead for survival before me."

Zhang Shouheng slowly stepped out of the vehicle, gripping the massive iron bow, feeling the coldness and darkness within the black mist.

Zhao Zhi and Li Chengtian followed suit, trembling uncontrollably as if caught in a violent quake.

"Come, captains."

The god spoke.

The darkness resembled an abyss, with nothing but the wrathful golden flames burning fiercely.

The god amidst the flames looked down upon the earth, his blazing golden vertical pupils cold and indifferent.

Accompanied by the murmurs of his voice.

Above the skies, thunderous clouds roared, as if an enormous god was faintly visible within their depths, seemingly about to descend upon this world.

The earth trembled and cracked, the ground sinking away, the highway nearly fractured.

Darkness boiled, as if the abyss had awokened.

Mist roared.

The world seemed to plunge into chaotic Purgatory, orchestrating a symphony of apocalypse and destruction.

Amid the dark and chaotic storm, the visage of a Qilin emerged.

This was the demon from the abyss.

This was the god in the heavens.

This was the Supreme among Ancient Gods.

It was...

Gu Jianlin.