

Ancient 143

Chapter 143 - 70: What Can You Do About It?

The night was ablaze with golden flames, the ancient and majestic Qilin gazing down upon the earth.

The Ancient God stretched out his arms and softly uttered a single syllable!

The pitch-black Qilin roared skyward!

Ancient Divine Language!

Boom!

The dark world faltered, as though it were a broken mirror, cracking inch by inch, fragmenting into pieces!

This was the judgment of the Ancient Supreme.

Like heavens collapsing, earth shattering.

Falling into the depths of the abyss.

Faced with such overwhelming divine power, Zhang Shouheng—a Captain Level fighter grievously injured—didn't even have the strength to grip his bow and arrow; he could neither resist the force nor discern a direction to flee.

The iron bow in his grip trembled in terror, disintegrating into ashes inch by inch.

The arrows behind him splintering into fragments.

His pupils gradually clouded with ashen death, his consciousness growing muddled, his spirit endlessly plummeting.

Swallowed by coldness and darkness.

Zhao Zhi and Li Chengtian, the two Third Rank captains, collapsed weakly to their knees, their bodies visibly decaying as if weathered corpses from millennia past.

Their souls disintegrated into dust, their consciousness dissipating into the Void.

Death.

Obliteration.

Destruction.

Bang!

In the prison wagon, the trembling investigators burst into scarlet blood mist, their bodies crumbled under the destructive language, their minds and spirits collapsing alongside, blood flowing from their seven orifices, hovering on the verge of death.

Gu Jianlin felt the immense, fatal power, this night burning like dusk, with the howling wind serving as a perfect accompaniment, the booming noise of destruction pounding like brutal drumbeats. Tens of trillions of cells roared and screamed, seeking to rip apart their vessel, becoming the Lord of the World.

The roar of an engine.

The ear-piercing screech of tires skidding on asphalt.

The blinding headlamps piercing through the storm.

They had arrived.

Boom!

A crimson sports car broke through the heavy fog, diving forward.

Yan Ye sat in the driver's seat, with Mu Ziqing beside him, aggressively veering the vehicle onward.

It was evident that they didn't know what lurked beyond the black fog.

They only saw the overwhelming golden flames.

And, in that instant, the world-crushing pressure of a heavens-toppling might bearing down on them!

Boom!

Under the divine power of the Ancient Divine Language, the sports car exploded and flipped, hurtling through the air.

Yan Ye and Mu Ziqing's bodies erupted in blood mist, but were instantaneously healed by Holy Light.

"Yan Ye, strike!"

Mu Ziqing yelled fiercely.

Yan Ye, under the pounding force of the pressure, was on the brink of collapse, his resolute killing intent obliterated in an instant. He let out a howl of anguish but, teetering on the edge of utter despair, raised his right hand.

Thought! Shock Burst!

Boom!

Gu Jianlin felt as if a bubble had burst near his ear, causing his fringe to flutter.

"Commendable courage."

He forged through the storm, arriving before the two.

The pair hadn't yet reacted before they were swatted aside by a casual wave of his hand.

A sharp hiss.

Their eyes were gouged blind.

Blood bloomed like a rose dancing in the wind, only to wilt and fall.

Gu Jianlin raised his hands, gripping both of their throats, holding them firmly in his palms.

At the final moment before the Ancient Divine Language faded away.

The collapse came from the prison wagon's rear compartment.

The imposing iron frame fragmented inch by inch, releasing a dense flood of Alchemy Gas.

The prison shattered and crumbled, breaking into ashes.

The chains that bound the so-called Unclean disintegrated into dust.

Boom!

Golden flames ignited in all four cardinal directions, interwoven with countless writhing spells twisting like living entities, creating an enigmatic matrix steeped in mysticism, akin to an Ancient Times altar.

The Judgement Court lackeys were incinerated in pain so intense it was unbearable, their dwindling Life Force ravenously consumed, converging into ephemeral flames of life, which ultimately merged with the dying survivors.

The people in the sanctuary, bathed in this gift of life, found their dormant Life Rhythms rekindled, reclaiming vitality.

Under the blaze of Divine Sacrificial Fire, the Judgement Court minions no longer held any semblance of life, their bodies now cold corpses.

Gu Jianlin gazed at them expressionlessly, flicking another drop of golden blood into the air.

That singular droplet suspended in mid-air, suddenly exploding outward, scattering everywhere.

Each droplet landed on the lifeless corpses.

The golden blood stained the pale bodies, unfurling in the storm with a sinister hue.

Among the first group of three individuals, the golden blood spread across their bodies, as if painting them with a bewitching mandala.

This blood seemed imbued with unparalleled power.

As if it sought to destroy them.

Dragging them into the abyss and Hell!

Simultaneously, Gu Jianlin felt the Ancient God's Blood within him finally deplete, the cells in his body wailing as they tore apart, his flesh overwhelmed by the searing agony of a thousand cuts, his soul seemingly shattered and tormented.

The previous time, this pain was so unbearable it took away his ability to stand.

This time, however, he held himself upright, enduring like an unyielding mountain, refusing to fall.

His golden eyes began to extinguish.

The obsidian-like Qilin Mask dissolved into mist.

The terrifying and imposing Dragon Scales receded, as if they had never existed.

Finally, the revered Qilin Horns disintegrated piece by piece, scattering into the wind.

The power of the Ancient God once again fell silent.

Yet his aura did not falter in the slightest; his slender, angular figure stood tall in the darkness.

As if ready to defy the ferocious storm besieging this world.

At this moment, it seemed that what fueled this boy's strength was no longer the Ancient God Power.

But an emotion ignited within.

A force named fury.

Torrential rain poured.

Lightning flashed and thunder roared in the heavens.

Gu Jianlin closed his eyes, savoring the pain, and when he reopened them, his pupils were indifferent.

He heard the whistling from above.

The sharp screech of tires braking hard on the ground, the collision of firearms, the cold tread of footsteps.

From far away, helicopters echoed, their cabins resonating with imposing and potent Life Rhythms.

Investigators converged from all directions.

Captain Levels emerging from the depths of the ocean.

And the reinforcements hurrying from Black Cloud City.

An unstoppable tide.

Like an army.

Countless powerful Life Rhythms surrounded him from every angle.

And yet, the boy remained unbothered, even revealing a trace of exhilaration and anticipation.

In the shattered wagon, Wanwan blinked, seeming as though trapped in a nightmare, shivering in fear.

A bloodied, trembling, frail hand tried to reach out and hold her.

Uncle Mu, covered in blood, appeared like a lion at its life's end, clutching his cub tightly, struggling to open his eyes to see the black-haired boy standing unyieldingly in the storm.

"Xiao Gu."

He mustered every ounce of strength to utter a hoarse whisper: "You shouldn't have come... your future... It's all over."

Gu Jianlin replied coldly, "It doesn't matter, Uncle Mu."

"The real show is just beginning."

He paused: "Our reinforcements will arrive soon."

At that moment, the Barrier of the Lock of Nonexistence crumbled, shifting into silver-white chains that retracted back to his wrist.

Finally, a helicopter landed on the ground.

Nie, the Deacon, descended from the cabin, supported by subordinates, his face dark with rage.

With such chaos arising, he undoubtedly bore responsibility.

At this moment, fury blazed within him.

As expected.

The father was a Fallen.

The son, a madman!

A white-haired woman carrying a black violin case followed behind him, her brows furrowed, her expression solemn.

An obese man hurried after her, his body awkwardly cumbersome.

Additionally, a middle-aged man clad in a white suit followed suit, his face twisted in utter displeasure.

Finally, in the cabin, Lu Zijin emerged with hands clasped behind her back, her youthful and sweet face devoid of any emotion.

Several black Mercedes vehicles blocked the road.

Wang Bolin emerged with a sullen expression, his body showing bruises, clutching a heavy machine gun.

Lin Wanqiu, dressed in a white lab coat, followed closely, her demeanor exceptionally grim.

Not far away, the door of another Mercedes was kicked open.

Lu Zicheng staggered out, panting heavily, his gaze freezing at the sight of this bloodied carnage.

Chen Qing stepped out of the passenger seat, her face pale as snow.

Numerous members of the security detail swarmed in, pointing black gun barrels from every direction.

Targeting the ruins where a boy resembling a crazed demon stood.

Of those present, countless were Extraordinary Level investigators, with no fewer than five Superdimensional Level captains and figures from various families, even Peak City District's minister himself.

An all-encompassing net.

No escape in sight.

Yet, for reasons unknown, when they looked upon the boy, trembling seized them.

Of the survivors, only three remained; Yan Ye and Mu Ziqing were held in his hands.

While Yan Feng was beneath his foot.

Gu Jianlin stood amidst the overwhelming spectacle, his expression unmoving.

Especially those emotionless, dark eyes—looking into them was like gazing into Hell.

"Uncle Mu, whether my future is ruined or not, I don't know, nor does it matter. But today, I want you to know... rather than accepting defeat, it's better to clench your fists."

Gu Jianlin swept his gaze across the countless faces, declaring coldly: "To the association leaders, captains, all of you—see for yourselves."

Thunder rumbled faintly.

Rain poured mercilessly.

"I am Gu Ci'an's son. I am the son of a Fallen. I've colluded with the Unclean."

He stood amidst the storm, slowly tightening his grip, forcing the man and woman in his hands to emit strangled groans of impending death.

His right foot pressed down harder, eliciting a guttural scream from the trash beneath it.

Those black eyes were illuminated by fleeting lightning streaks.

As if questioning the countless faces before him. Or perhaps the world itself.

"But... so what?"