

Ancient 144

Chapter 144 - 71: Now, They're Thoroughly Dead (5500)

Throughout the long river of history, countless powerful beings have emerged in the world of Ascenders, from Extraordinary Level to Superdimensional Level, and then breaking the shackles of Holy Land Level to become catastrophes capable of opposing Ancient Gods.

Some have conquered the six directions and unified the heavens.

Others have shaken the seas, their infamous names spreading far and wide.

And there are those who would raise their battle standards, igniting the world with flames of war.

In the hundreds of years since the Ether Association's establishment, there have been individuals bold enough to challenge its authority.

But without exception, those individuals could only rise above the rules after their wings were fully-fledged and their ranks surpassed Holy Land Level, granting them the power and confidence to do so.

Whether it was the upper echelon of the association, the Family Heads of various prominent clans, or the Sword Tomb inheritors,

or even the captains and investigators present at the scene,

they all fell silent.

Because none of them could have imagined that the perpetrator of this massacre would be this boy.

Gu Jianlin.

And that this boy was only First Order.

A First Order Priest.

It was simply beyond belief.

When the association's reinforcements arrived, they initially thought it was a monster attack from a Forbidden Zone.

It could even be a Divine Servant, or some other ghostly being—it was all plausible.

But never in their wildest dreams could they have imagined that the culprit was this seemingly harmless, silent young boy.

And yet, here he stood like a mad demon, amidst a sea of corpses and rain-soaked pools of blood.

Bloody, brutal.

Behind him loomed an endless storm and a dilapidated fortress.

It was like a oil painting of deranged despair.

As the torrential rain poured down, Gu Jianlin stood drenched in the downpour, facing the encirclement alone without showing the slightest hint of fear. His pitch-black eyes radiated a bone-chilling coldness.

He had long known that his actions would inevitably make him the target of everyone's ire.

Even after undergoing Ancient God Transformation and forcefully summoning the black mist and Great Ruins.

Even after using the Lock of Nonexistence to erase the presence of the previous battle.

Still, he knew he would face this situation.

This, precisely, was the situation he had been aiming for.

"Scanning for life signs... zero. Identifying deceased individuals."

After the collapse of the Lock of Nonexistence's barrier, Taixu once again observed the situation on this stretch of the highway, as a seductive voice echoed throughout: "A-level investigator Zhang Shiheng, Overlord Path, Fourth Rank Void. B-level investigator Li Chengtian, Ancient Martial Path, Third Rank Qi Control Master. B-level investigator Zhao Zhi, Ancient Martial Path, Third Rank Qi Control Master."

"C-level investigator Li Xun, Divine Path, Second Order Junior Fate Officer."

"C-level investigator Li Qingxuan, Spirit Medium Path, Second Rank Wizard."

With each name, along with their ranks, being reported,

it felt like a hammer striking hard upon everyone's chest.

Astonishment.

Fear.

Horror.

Trembling.

For it was unimaginable that the deaths of so many investigators, including a captain and two vice-captains,

were all caused by this young boy.

And this maniacal boy had done it alone.

Gu Jianlin sensed the shock, fear, and wariness emanating from the gazes around him, yet his expression remained untouched, devoid of emotion.

"Why so serious?"

He said softly, "Answer my question. What's wrong with being the son of a Fallen?"

Such a gentle tone, yet it carried an overwhelming arrogance that pierced the soul.

The members of the association present all turned their gazes to the helicopter outside the highway without exception.

The helicopter's rotor blades shattered the storm and stirred up a howling gale, as Lu Zijin sat in the cabin with her arms crossed, examining the boy with interest. An enigmatic flicker danced briefly in her beautiful eyes.

As the minister, she should have made her stance known at this moment.

Yet she said nothing, her bright red lips curving into a playful smile.

Her expression full of amusement, as if watching a show.

Meanwhile, the individual holding the greatest authority present was none other than one person:

Nie, the Deacon.

"A First Order Fate cannot possibly possess such overwhelming power. Gu Ci'an must have left him something before his death. Perhaps a Forbidden Spell? Or a powerful Mythical Weapon? Or some other ghostly tool. Regardless, his repeated feats of surpassing ranks are completely abnormal..."

Nie, the Deacon, took a deep breath and commanded coldly, "D-level investigator Gu Jianlin, accused of harming his teammates, murdering superior officers, obstructing mission progress, and identified as a Fallen. Arrest him now!"

Yan Wu gritted his teeth and trembled violently.

His second son—his broken arms and plucked-out eyes, fate unknown.

His elder son—his throat crushed, eyes gouged out.

Even the Priest cultivated by their family had had his eyes gouged out as well.

Clearly, in the previous battle, something existed that could not be seen.

"Use long-range attacks! Kill him in one blow!"

Face distorted in fury, Yan Wu roared, "Don't give him a chance to hurt my sons!"

The surrounding investigators simultaneously raised their weapons, locking their aim on the boy's head.

As the aura of killing intent surged, Lu Zicheng and Chen Qing swayed slightly.

But they were immediately watched closely by the others.

Uncle Mu even tried to struggle to his feet, attempting to shield the boy with his own body.

But he didn't have the strength left. He could only rely on the car wall, gasping heavily.

Summoning every ounce of his remaining energy, he clutched his daughter tightly, releasing a low growl of defiance.

"Don't worry... Uncle Mu, I'll be fine."

Gu Jianlin nevertheless raised his hands, his fingers slowly clenching into fists.

Yan Ye and Mu Ziqing let out strangled whimpers of impending death.

"Resorting to labeling me a criminal right away, huh?"

Faced with the suffocating encirclement, Gu Jianlin's lips curled into a faint trace of mockery: "Stop pretending you stand on some moral high ground. I don't care who you are—Judgement Court, Deacon, or the Saints behind you."