

## Ancient 146

Chapter 146 - 71 Now, They Are Thoroughly Dead (5500)\_3

Dead silence.

Inside the cabin, Lu Zijin's indifferent voice echoed: "Deacon Nie, present your evidence."

Nie, the Deacon's expression changed: "Minister Lu, you clearly have the ability to instantly kill that boy, so why haven't you acted?"

Lu Zijin shrugged: "Why would I? I actually think he makes a valid point. Besides, Mu Feng and I go way back. I'd like to know what crime he committed that made the association so relentless in its pursuit."

After speaking, she cast a glance at her younger brother in the crowd.

Lu Zicheng was desperately signaling her with his eyes, almost tearing his hair out in frustration.

Chen Qing looked utterly helpless.

Lu Zijin withdrew her gaze with a smirk, and then crossed her legs casually.

Nie, the Deacon fell into silence, seemingly stuck between a rock and a hard place.

At this moment, Wang Bolin suddenly interjected, "Since he's already determined to kill, why bother listening to him? If the few of us at Captain Level take action together, we can kill him outright."

A few other Captains stepped forward, ready to strike.

Yan Wu froze in place, his mind blank.

He didn't stop them, because he felt this might be their only chance.

If things continued this way, his eldest son would surely perish too!

This realization twisted his expression, turning him into something resembling an Evil Spirit.

Yet just then, a brilliant slash of icy light shattered the storm and rain!

Boom!

Accompanied by a deafening sound of something tearing through the air, a massive sword enveloped in blazing white thunder descended from the sky.

The wind and rain swirled, and a white-haired girl emerged from the darkness, holding an umbrella.

Her white hair reflected the instantaneous flashes of lightning, turning into a fiery red hue.

Her vermillion eyes glimmered with a trace of arrogance and defiance.

"Wang Bolin, are you courting death?"

She paused: "You Captains are heavily drained from the fight down here. If I push Extreme Thunder to its limit once more, I can at least kill one of you. If anyone here isn't afraid of dying, feel free to step forward."

With that, she strode directly into the ruins, her chilling aura shocking everyone on the scene.

First, she lifted the critically injured Uncle Mu.

She also picked up the unconscious Wanwan and held her in her arms.

Suddenly, Gu Jianlin was no longer alone.

"That's right. If anyone dares to act, I'll damn well fight to the death and take you down with me."

Cheng Youyu emerged soaking wet from behind, shouting angrily at the crowd: "Dad! Come over here! Stand with us! If you dare to side with these dogs today, we'll sever our father-son relationship! When you're dead, I won't even leave you a grave! Every damn New Year's, I'll spit on your nonexistent tombstone!"

Cheng Youtian widened his eyes, stunned into a bitter laugh by his son's audacity.

At the moment Bai Simu saw her junior appear, she didn't hesitate and walked over decisively.

Clang!

A battered, rusty Iron Sword dropped out of her instrument case and skewered into the ground at an angle.

"Sorry, everyone. Since my own son is threatening me like this, what else can I do..."

Cheng Youtian scratched his head and joined the side of the boy who seemed to be a devil himself.

Throughout this, Gu Jianlin didn't utter a single word.

"Family Head Cheng, Miss Bai, what does this mean?"

Nie, the Deacon's face turned unbelievably grim.

Yan Wu was furious, seeing people from his side betray them, his rage reaching a fever pitch.

"Ah, well."

Cheng Youtian shrugged helplessly: "It's out of my hands; I'm following my son's orders."

"It's simple. The Sword Tomb owes this boy a favor."

Bai Simu held the sword in her right hand, dragging its edge across the ground to draw a line. She said coldly: "Anyone who crosses this line, no matter their rank or identity, will be an enemy of the Sword Tomb."

"No."

Tang Ling spoke arrogantly: "Those who cross this line—will die."

From afar, Wang Bolin faced off against them, snarling coldly: "Arrogant!"

"You got a problem with that?"

In her fiery-haired state, Tang Ling's personality grew even more brazen and domineering as she mocked, "A thirty-something Fourth Rank, what kind of trash are you? You're merely ten or so years older than me. If I were the same age as you, I could crush you to bits with just one finger. How dare you bark like a dog in my presence?"

She paused: "I demand justice today. If I can't have it, then it's blood for blood."

Recalling the kindness of these people in the sanctuary, Cheng Youyu roared with determination: "That's right, blood for blood!"

Gu Jianlin gazed coldly at everyone in the room.

For a long moment, Nie, the Deacon's expression shifted repeatedly before he finally said, "So now you're siding with evil. I have every right to define your actions as aiding the Fallen. That means, starting now, you're no better than the Fallen yourselves. Once I report to the Saint, you'll all be globally wanted individuals."

Again with the Fallen.

Always talking about the Fallen.

Gu Jianlin had grown completely exasperated and lost his patience.

"Fine, you want to talk about the Fallen, right?"

He spoke softly: "The Fallen deserve to die, is that correct?"

Nie, the Deacon stood firm, hands clasped behind him: "Correct. The Fallen must die. This is Lord Rhein's decree! It is the association's rule, the law of our faith!"

At the mention of Rhein, even Cheng Youtian and Bai Simu showed a glimmer of fear in their eyes.

"Good, then all Fallen must die."

Gu Jianlin smiled silently: "In that case, I suppose I'm innocent?"

Nie, the Deacon frowned: "What did you say?"

Gu Jianlin didn't respond. He simply raised his eyes.

His gaze was as chilling as the edge of a blade.

Everyone who had seen his face knew this was a boy who spoke very little.

Rarely shown emotions.

Rarely displayed expressions.

Yet at this moment, there was unmistakable mockery in his cold stare.

Something was bound to happen.

"Keep your eyes wide open. Watch closely."

Gu Jianlin lifted his right hand and casually moved his index finger.



In the silence, the fallen bodies unexpectedly convulsed and twitched, as though something within them reanimated their decayed shells. The remnants of blood erupted, mixed with foul-smelling green fluid.

Zhang Shiheng, Li Chengtian, Zhao Zhi.

Yan Feng, Li Xun...

All of them, writhing, evolved into eerie steel limbs.

Even severed heads oozed white bones and joints.

Deformation.

A high-degree insectile deformation.

Some insects can remain active even after losing their heads.

This was Gu Jianlin's ability, Ancient God's Blood, taking effect inside their bodies.

The sight of this turned everyone's blood cold.

This level of deformation rendered them all Fallen!

"I clearly only kill Fallen. Yet when the Fallen are your people, it suddenly becomes unacceptable? Maybe it's because I haven't done enough to please those in power."

With that, Gu Jianlin snapped his fingers lightly.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Every deformed body exploded into clouds of bloody mist.

In the mortified eyes of Nie, the Deacon, Yan Wu, and the Captains.

Gu Jianlin exhaled deeply:

"Ah, now they're all truly dead."