

Ancient 147

Chapter 147 - 72 Blood Debt Must Be Paid in Blood (Please Subscribe!)

Some people are still alive, but they are already dead.

Some people are clearly dead, yet they are still alive.

There are also people who have died, but were resurrected, and then killed again.

Especially, when Gu Jianlin merely snapped his fingers lightly, those deformed Fallen exploded under the uncontrollable power within themselves without even sensing any spiritual fluctuation.

The mist of blood that burst forth drifted amidst the wind and rain, dispersing in countless threads like withered roses.

"Since you all insist that Fallen deserve death, without asking for the reasons. Then when I killed this batch of Fallen, how can it be considered harming companions or intentionally murdering superiors? Why do you think I am guilty? Why do you believe I am a Fallen? Whom exactly is this grand spectacle targeting?"

Gu Jianlin glanced around the scene and said softly, "Could it be that good men should have guns aimed at them? Or did I misunderstand what you all meant, and you're actually here to celebrate my success?"

The situation was on the brink of collapse.

Nie, the Deacon himself had said that Fallen deserved death.

Just now, those resurrected investigators had indeed fallen into severe deformation.

From this logic, all the ones Gu Jianlin killed were Fallen—he committed no crime!

The clueless investigators exchanged glances, even loosening their grips on firearms and bows. The sight before them aroused a deep suspicion that perhaps they had really wronged a good person.

Or maybe the orders from their superiors were mistaken!

At the same time, Lu Zijin once again became the center of attention, and everyone awaited her command.

This delicate and seemingly charming young girl lightly tapped the tablet computer.

Taixu's soft and alluring voice reverberated throughout the scene:

"D-ranked investigator Gu Jianlin, beheaded Fourth Rank Fallen Zhang Shiheng, and Third Rank Fallen Li Chengtian..."

"Merit Value is being calculated."

"Merit Reward: 13,458 points!"

Amidst the howling wind and rain, Taixu's gentle yet chilling voice seemed like an unemotional declaration, sending shivers down everyone's spine.

In the history of the Ether Association, no D-ranked investigator had ever received so many Merit Points.

Just three simple sentences affirmed one truth.

Even artificial intelligence acknowledged the actions of this youth before their eyes.

This was not a crime.

It was, indeed, merit.

Nie, the Deacon's complexion darkened with rage, his teeth nearly grinding into splinters.

But with Taixu backing Gu Jianlin, Nie racked his brain yet could find no retort.

Something clearly felt off.

In that fight earlier, something unseen must have happened.

Otherwise, it couldn't possibly end up this way!

"I can see from everyone's expressions that you're all truly happy for me,"

Gu Jianlin smiled politely and dropped another bombshell: "Since you all went to such lengths to celebrate my accomplishments, I can't selfishly take the credit alone. Here is another Fallen—who wants to kill it?"

With a loud "bang," Yan Ye was kicked flying by him, tumbling in the rain like a discarded toy ball.

A deafening roar echoed as the torrential downpour was shattered by a terrifying burst of Qi Force.

Yan Wu tore through the air, hurtling toward his son with an overwhelming momentum.

However, in that precise moment, his pupils contracted sharply, his anxious expression froze, and his body stiffened.

Because Yan Ye was writhing in agony, half of his face had turned black, veins protruding hideously, his gouged-out eyeball corrupted into a monstrous vertical pupil, his entire body convulsing violently.

"I can't... I absolutely won't... Damn Fallen, don't think you can make me..."

He coughed violently, spewing a thick, nauseating mouthful of blood, his skin gradually consumed by pitch-black scales.

Seeing him like this, Yan Wu instinctively took a half-step back.

Yan Ye, the second-ranked rookie in Peak City District, the noble eldest son of the Yan family.

At this moment, all his pride was being destroyed by the pollution brought upon by the Ancient God's Blood. Even his body and mind were robbed of control, as he let out a deranged laughter: "Blood Sacrifice! I demand Blood Sacrifice! I'll use the blood of these Unclean as offerings to Him! Let all members of the Association Fall, so that I can complete my Evolution Path!"

He screamed hoarsely in utter madness, trembling uncontrollably as his flesh burst open and his bones pierced through his skin.

"For... ultimate evolution!"

Yan Ye's head twisted at an impossibly strange angle, his limbs crackling grotesquely.

But hidden deep within his pupils surged immense pain and resistance.

Scarlet tears streamed down his face.

He didn't understand why he was compelled to utter such words, nor could he fathom why deformation befell him.

But it was an order that could not be defied.

"How could this happen..."

Yan Wu's eyes filled with disbelief—he could not grasp why his eldest son had succumbed to Falling.

According to their family creed, the moment one detects signs of spiritual pollution, self-execution must follow immediately.

The body must be incinerated.

Even in death, shame must not befall the family.

Yet now, his proudest eldest son was corrupted by the Ancient God's mental pollution and enticed by its whispers.

Rumbling thunder echoed!

A terrifying Qi Force enshrouded the area like a domain as his palm faintly tightened.

He was locked in an immense inner struggle.

"High-risk level deformation!"

An authoritative voice declared: "He's indeed been polluted by the Ancient God's spirit and is transforming into a Divine Servant!"

The speaker—a Third Rank Deputy Captain.

At that same moment, all investigators raised their firearms and bows once again.

Yet this time, their aim shifted to the young man in a white suit who had turned into a monstrous entity.

Boom!

The fierce gale rippled through the rain, and the hands of investigators holding firearms and bows trembled under the shock of the force.