

Ancient 148

Chapter 148 - 72 Blood Debt Must Be Paid in Blood (Please Subscribe!)_2

"Nobody move!"

Yan Wu roared, the aura of the Fifth-Order Realm King easily suffocating everyone present.

His face was etched with a look of torment and struggle.

He watched as the young man in the white suit slowly stood up, stretching the scales on his body.

In a mere instant, Yan Ye's eyes transformed into eerie serpent pupils, his skin covered in scales. He had passed the deadly threshold where his body might explode at any moment—he was evolving.

His body arched like a serpent, his forked tongue flicking menacingly.

He exuded a powerful aggression, ready to strike at any moment.

"Interesting. You've already fallen—why not just end yourself?"

Gu Jianlin clapped lightly, speaking: "Mr. Yan, to get your son into the Omega Sequence, you destroyed the lives of those innocent so-called Unclean, stripped them of their existence. Did it never occur to you that karma would catch up?"

He paused, then added, "Uncle Mu and the others used Heavenly Born Grass to suppress their deformation. You have no evidence they harmed anyone. And now, your son, on the other hand, has already..."

Roar!

Yan Ye let out an uncontrollable roar and lunged forward, claws raised, sharp as blades.

In that moment, Yan Wu's eyes contracted, his face alight with the cold gleam of his wrestling emotions.

Bang bang bang!

Bullets whistled through the air, arrows split the storm, piercing the serpentine terror.

Blood sprayed out, washed away by the torrential rain.

Yan Wu lowered his head, staring at his son's claws, which had stopped just an inch from piercing his heart.

Beneath the storm, Yan Ye's face contorted grotesquely, his pupils consumed by darkness.

Devoid of all humanity.

Crunch, crunch!

Arrows pierced the creature's body relentlessly, tearing through flesh, shattering bone.

Ultimately, they obliterated his internal organs.

Those were Arrow of Destruction, weapons of the Fourth Order Tyrant Path.

Seemingly ordinary arrows, yet once embedded, they unleashed unrelenting havoc on the victim's internal systems.

Yan Ye's body wavered and collapsed backward to the ground.

Thud.

Yan Wu's pristine white suit was sprayed with blood, leaving him utterly disheveled.

Only despair remained in his eyes.

And amid the despair, a searing fury smoldered beneath.

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Lightning cracked and thunder roared as torrential rain hammered down, the earthy smell of dampness saturating the highway.

In Gu Jianlin's hand remained one final individual.

A Second-Rank Priest, Mu Ziqing.

The young woman's eyes were gouged out, her body drenched, her figure alluring despite everything.

But he felt not a shred of compassion. With a casual motion, he tossed her aside, saying coldly, "You can interrogate her slowly to find out when this group was contaminated by the Ancient God. But from this moment onward, do not speak to me in that criminal interrogation tone. It irritates me."

The girl's guilt was the lightest among them, but Gu Jianlin had already infused her with Ancient God's Blood. Her talents were enough to support her perfected evolution; however, he deliberately suppressed the process.

Her evolution now progressed at a crawling pace.

What the Ether Association might do with her, no one knew.

But under the control of Ancient God's Blood, even if interrogated, she wouldn't be able to speak the truth.

She would only recite the lies Gu Jianlin implanted within her.

As for mind control or spiritual probing, he wasn't concerned.

No one would risk a spiritual probe on a Fallen.

And if anyone were foolish enough to try, the girl would self-destruct instantly.

By now, Gu Jianlin had mastered both the use of Ancient God's Blood and the art of mind control.

This girl was his final pawn, set in place to complete his logical scheme.

A stifling silence hung in the air.

Yan Wu stood in the pouring rain, gazing at his dead son, murderous intent simmering in his eyes.

Mu Ziqing had already been taken away by the investigators, her whole body shackled before being loaded into the transport vehicle.

The investigators exchanged uneasy glances, unsure of how to proceed.

Nie, the Deacon, was at a loss for words, his face visibly swollen from humiliation.

"Alright then."

Gu Jianlin clapped his hands, thrusting them into his pockets as he leaned back in his chair.

His pitch-black eyes reflected the downpour stretching endlessly across the heavens.

"Consider this payoff for all the grievances I've endured lately," he muttered softly. "Uncle Mu, do you see this? A blood debt can only be repaid in blood. I know you're soft-hearted and think the investigators who came after you were just doing their jobs, that they're innocent, with families of their own... But I'm not as forgiving as you are. Whether it's solving the problem or eliminating those who create the problem, I don't care."

Uncle Mu, supported by someone, sat down and looked over the bodies strewn about the scene, saying nothing.

"Why does it have to come to this..."

He murmured softly.

The situation at hand was far from straightforward.

Uncle Mu had survived, Wanwan had survived, and most of the others had made it through as well.

But what awaited them now was entirely unknown.

More importantly, what new challenges would Gu Jianlin face?

Just then, an abrupt shift occurred.

Outside the highway, the black sea churned violently.

Black waves surged skyward, converging into a massive, ancient face.

An overwhelming pressure, as deep and boundless as the ocean, fell upon everyone on the highway.

Boom!

It was as though the very world were trembling.

From inside the helicopter, Lu Zijin regarded the monstrous visage. For the first time, a flicker of gravity flashed through her beautiful eyes as her hands, clasped behind her back, formed a series of seals in preparation for action.

Nie, the Deacon, froze before hastily bending over in reverence. "Saint!"

Led by Wang Bolin, the squad leaders immediately followed suit, bowing deeply. "Greetings, Saint!"

The investigators all lowered their weapons, placing their hands over their hearts in a gesture of respect.