

Ancient 149

Chapter 149 - 72 Blood Debt Must Be Paid in Blood (Please Subscribe!)_3

The Ether Association has nine Saints under its three major leaders.

Each one is exclusively Holy Land Level.

Moreover, they are the strongest among the Holy Land Level.

Amidst the sea breeze, an ancient murmur echoed, accompanied by flashes of lightning and thunder. Though it was not loud, it carried an unparalleled majesty.

Among those present, only individuals above Superdimensional Level could discern what the voice was saying.

At that moment, the faces of Gu Jianlin's group dramatically changed.

Bai Simu took a deep breath, tightly gripping the Iron Sword, remaining silent.

Cheng Youtian's expression turned fearful, and he instinctively stepped backward.

Tang Ling couldn't make out what the voice was saying but clearly felt the atmosphere shift.

Cheng Youyu also keenly sensed that something was amiss.

Only Gu Jianlin himself remained seated in the chair, gazing at the visage rising from the sea.

As if trying to commit its features to memory.

Crash!

Investigators from all directions once again pointed their firearms and bows at them.

Though Nie, the Deacon, was of a lower Rank, after hearing an explanation from those around him, he revealed a look of understanding and sneered, "D-Rank investigator Gu Jianlin, cease your resistance immediately and return with me to the Judgment Court for interrogation. We need to know exactly what happened during the period when the Horus Eye Satellite surveillance failed."

"And how, by yourself, you managed to surpass your Rank and kill a Fourth-Rank Captain Level, two Third-Rank Deputy Captains, and a large number of Second-Rank team members. Even if they were previously injured, they were still beyond your ability to handle."

He said coldly, "Moreover, these Unclean ones also need to be taken back to the Judgment Court for investigation."

In the silence, Gu Jianlin chuckled softly, "Not a chance."

He was entirely clear in his heart.

The Judgment Court was after the secrets he carried.

As for Uncle Mu and the others, if they were taken away, their fates would undoubtedly be grim.

"You may resist, but you will bear the consequences."

Nie, the Deacon, said indifferently, "Move in!"

Suddenly, an invisible realm of Qi erupted, enveloping the entire highway. The immense pressure seemed to crush the Void into shards, overturning torrential rain, which shattered into countless fine droplets.

The Qi Realm enveloped the scene.

Yan Wu, consumed with rage, blood-red veins of fury surfacing in his eyes, exuded killing intent.

Following closely behind him, Wang Bolin's Qi, characteristic of the Ancient Martial Path, surged wildly.

Upon seeing this, the Captains began to burn their spirituality in turn, creating an overwhelming atmosphere akin to gale-force storms.

"The Sword Tomb will assist you this time."

Bai Simu, evidently sharing history with Uncle Mu, said gravely, "Take them and flee quickly."

Tang Ling's gaze retained its arrogance, but the right hand gripping her sword tightened subtly. She had evidently prepared to cut through with her blade and then escape with the little girl in her arms.

Clearly, none of them believed the Judgment Court's words.

Interrogation and investigation? Nothing but nonsense.

Once someone was taken away, their end was certain.

Cheng Youtian scratched his head and looked at his pudgy son. "What should we do?"

Cheng Youyu's face turned pale. Trembling, he pulled out a postcard.

"Brother Lin, I already made the call."

He paused, "The person merely said he knew."

Evidently, no one held confidence in opposing the Association.

Minister Lu was one matter.

But just dealing with Yan Wu and the Captains would be challenging enough.

Not to mention the strength of a Saint lingering over the sea, watching intently.

Gu Jianlin heard this and shook his head.

"Senior Bai, Senior Sister Tang."

Gu Jianlin said softly, "And Cheng Youyu, along with Uncle Cheng. Let's end it here today."

He suddenly stood up and exhaled deeply, "Running away... It's unnecessary."

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In the silence, a strange scene unfolded.

Vague mist shrouded the torrential storm, and somehow, at the end of the highway, there appeared a lit shop. Its emergence was so abrupt, shifting faintly in the thick fog like a mirage.

Click.

The sound of a heel striking the ground, stepping through rainwater.

Someone, holding a black umbrella, emerged from the depths of the mist.

His footsteps were slow and elegant—not particularly quick—but they seemed to distort time and space. Within a single breath, he flickered countless times, finally appearing in the middle of the highway.

The investigators encircling the area had no clue how he'd broken through their encirclement.

All they could hear were faint footsteps.

Resonating as if from within their very souls.

"Good evening."

The edge of the black umbrella was gently lifted. The man, impeccably dressed in crisp attire, smiled with an elegance and warmth that carried an indescribable nobility.

Holding the umbrella in one hand, he tucked the other into his pocket.

The instant his face was revealed.

The colossal, ancient visage over the sea trembled violently and suddenly disintegrated into nothingness.