

Ancient 169

Chapter 169 - 85: The Disappearance of Lao Zhang

In the tomb as silent as an abyss, the main gate slammed shut.

Gu Jianlin, however, remained seated inside the golden coffin, not transported out along with the others.

This phenomenon caused him a slight sense of astonishment.

Just as his surprise peaked, the pitch-black chain binding him suddenly began to crumble inch by inch, disintegrating into black ash that floated in the dark tomb chamber before fading away entirely.

The seal left by Candle Dragon Venerable had unexpectedly broken a chain!

Simultaneously, he felt a deafening roar blast through his mind, as if a massive island shaped like a Qilin had torn through the sea of clouds, suspended high in the heavens, manifesting out of thin air in the darkness.

In the depths of the darkness, scattered starlight flickered faintly, shimmering brightly.

There were five in total.

"I see. In the Qilin Immortal Palace, I can't ascend, but I can leave this sealed domain as a normal Ascender possessing an ancient token at any time. Currently, in my Ancient God Transformation state, I've not ascended but rather taken a step back—no, to be precise, I've restored myself to the First Order, thus breaking part of the seal!"

Gu Jianlin clearly sensed that after the pitch-black chain snapped, the seal loosened as well.

The connection between the Qilin Immortal Palace and himself had deepened significantly!

"That's right, the strange post I saw earlier mentioned that even after Qilin Venerable was sealed, the Qilin Immortal Palace continued to be eroded. So, it wasn't that nothing was being done, but rather constant attempts at escape. Candle Dragon Venerable's seal is indeed impeccable, but I seem to have exploited a bug!"

"This time, breaking free of the seal hasn't triggered any of Candle Dragon Venerable's hidden forces. Safe as can be."

"That means, as long as I continue to ascend, breaking the seal is only a matter of time."

As he thought of this, Gu Jianlin suddenly recalled an issue he had shelved for a long time.

The power of Qilin Venerable had now been perfectly inherited by him.

But where had Qilin Venerable gone personally?

"Who exactly sent that mask?"

Gu Jianlin massaged his brow, realizing he now needed to investigate this fully.

For now, however, he needed to figure out what advantages breaking part of the seal might bring.

Gu Jianlin sensed his connection to the Qilin Immortal Palace intensify, and the five faint starlights he saw in the darkness likely corresponded to the five individuals who had just been transported away.

In their hands, each carried an ancient token, which allowed them to be teleported to the depths of the tomb.

He could currently perceive their presence, but it was unclear whether he could attempt to contact them.

Gu Jianlin began visualizing the floating Immortal Palace looming in the darkness, and the surrounding scenery suddenly twisted and contorted like a vortex. Countless eerie and ghastly cracks appeared, spilling crimson light.

Gu Jianlin felt his world spin, and when his consciousness returned to clarity, he was back inside the stall in the bathroom, clutching two heavy metal cases in both hands, preserving the exact stance he had when he entered.

It felt just like waking from a dream—a faint sense of disorientation.

"Back already?"

Gu Jianlin pulled out his phone and checked the time—it was 5:15.

This meant that no matter how much time passed in the Qilin Immortal Palace, time in the outside world remained synchronized.

He visualized the cloud-shrouded Qilin Immortal Palace once more, and within minutes, the surroundings distorted again in all directions. Crimson light poured out of countless cracks and completely engulfed him.

When Gu Jianlin opened his eyes again, he was lying inside the golden coffin once more, bound tightly by iron chains and mummy cloth.

"Damn it. Time syncs up, but crossing into the Qilin Immortal Palace still takes a full five minutes. This means I'll have to be cautious and find a safe, secluded place whenever I want to travel there in the future."

Gu Jianlin shut his eyes and visualized the five faint flickering starlights in the darkness.

This time, he had taught the Pharmacist a lesson, putting an end to that petty agenda.

After all, in the battle at Black Cloud City, the Ancient God's Blood had already been used up, and there was none left for them.

As of now, both the Pharmacist and the Scholar were under his control.

There were three others remaining.

The Butcher could wait until later.

The Moon Princess was quite intriguing, capable of uncovering so much information.

But what was most puzzling was the Sea Demon—this traitor's identity would soon be revealed.

"I should head back now... need to pick up Youzhu from school."

Gu Jianlin kept his eyes closed and focused on the five starlights. "Alright, one more test before I leave."

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When the Pharmacist returned to the real world, he fell to the ground with a loud thud.

Choking on air, drenched in sweat pouring like a flood, his frail body trembled as if he had just brushed past death's door, unable to summon the strength to rise.

The pitch-black laboratory housed only him.

Countless vials were arranged on the experiment table, filled with eerie liquids in every conceivable color, alongside numerous mutated plant and animal specimens and a variety of extraordinary resources.

"He is angry. He is anxious. He punished me!"

The Pharmacist murmured, "This proves... He's desperate!"

After a long pause, he prostrated himself on the ground, chuckling softly.

The sound of his laughter was hoarse and unpleasant, like fingernails scraping across a chalkboard.

"Yet He still cannot kill me! Because if He did, I would be rendered entirely worthless. No matter how furious He becomes, He can only discipline me but dares not end my life."

The Pharmacist muttered, "Praise be to the supreme Candle Dragon Venerable! Without Him, how could I possibly have the audacity to provoke Qilin Venerable? Still, I must tread carefully, ensuring I don't offend Qilin Venerable past redemption. For if He ever deems escape hopeless or senses Ether Association's invasion, His rage would be nothing short of divine retribution!"