

Ancient 173

Chapter 173 - 86: Second Rank, Junior Fate Officer!_2

The Lock of Nonexistence pierced through the vehicle like an illusionary chain, spreading across the whole street, hanging in midair as if a crisscrossing prison, erasing any sense of existence from this space.

Mythical Weapon: Lock of Nonexistence.

—Liberate!

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For a fleeting moment, the three assassins at the front had already sprung into action.

All of them followed the Samurai Path, wielding Ying Province-forged katanas. Under the dim yellow light, the blade gleamed with an icy chill, tearing through the air and emitting a sharp wail like the cries of vengeful ghosts.

Bang! The driver's side door was slammed open.

A shadow of a monstrosity flickered past, clutching the edges of two katana blades in its hands, gripping them tightly.

Crack! A crisp sound echoed. The two assassins were stunned to discover their blades had been crushed barehandedly!

The third katana glimmered coldly, striking straight toward the Scholar's brow.

Yet it halted mid-air, mere inches from his forehead.

Because a serpent tail covered in jet-black scales had wrapped itself around the sharp blade, constricting it tightly.

Crack! Another crisp sound, and the blade shattered along its body!

"You have no idea what kind of being you've offended. To a presence like Him, Second Rank entities are insignificant as ants—you're nothing more than specks of dust on a desert, unworthy even of His gaze."

The Scholar twisted his neck slightly, his serpent-like pupils glinting with a frigid light, and softly uttered, "Bang!"

Extraordinary Ability of a Third-Rank Mind Master: Mind Shock!

Boom!

The three assassins' heads exploded like watermelons, crimson blood and white brain matter splattering everywhere.

The Scholar raised his head, his cold serpentine eyes fixed on the two figures atop the roof.

Writhing winds swirled around his feet as he bent his knees slightly, leveraging the spring-like force of his snake tail to launch himself upward with a thunderous crack.

Meanwhile, the battle elsewhere had already begun.

Two masked figures in black dived down first, rudely ripping open the side doors on either side.

The cold winds surged inside, ruffling Gu Jianlin's bangs while he remained motionless, seated.

Bam!

A massive force slammed onto the car roof, a sharp sword cutting through steel, stabbing downward.

At the same time, someone leaped onto the trunk, their clenched fist charged with murderous Qi!

Surrounded on all sides!

For a brief instant, Gu Jianlin's pupils surged with a flood of spiritual energy, and in that very moment, he shattered his shackles!

"Die!"

He raised a finger, commanding.

Splurt!

Four assassins simultaneously bled from every orifice, as if their skulls had been blown apart from within.

The excruciating pain caused their movements to falter for a moment!

At the same time, shock and fear gripped their hearts!

This was the Divine's Ghost Curse Technique!

The question was: when had their bodily materials been obtained?

The answer to that question was: it wasn't needed.

In that fleeting moment, Gu Jianlin completed his ascension.

Now, he was a Second Order Junior Fate Officer!

Not only had he gained new abilities,

but both the Divine Sacrificial Fire and Ghost Curse Technique had undergone a profound evolution!

Boom!

Pale Ghost Fire erupted unknowingly on the ground, its flickering light revealing black spells floating like sinister living entities. It instantly engulfed the entire street, wiping out all low-level lifeforms.

Moreover, the Ghost Curse Technique now no longer required any medium to be cast from thin air.

And with a medium, the damage it could inflict would only grow stronger!

After unleashing the Ghost Curse Technique, Gu Jianlin immediately drew upon the Divine Sacrificial Fire to absorb vitality. A metallic tang of blood flooded his throat, which he swallowed forcefully to suppress the recoil.

Boom!

Pale Ghost Fire ignited between his brows, illuminating his chillingly regal features, as cold as a ghost's.

Under his black hair, his dark pupils devoured the remaining whites of his eyes, coalescing into a pitch-black monstrous visage on his face—wild, sinister, like an evil spirit emerging from Hell.

Ghost Transformation!

With a crisp crack, he snapped the sharp sword apart and flung the shattered fragments backward.

The screech of tearing steel was followed by the sickening sound of blade shards piercing flesh and blood.

Gu Jianlin's hands shot outward, fists clenched, slamming into the hearts of his two attackers.

A muffled boom resonated as immense force exploded like a bomb, sending the two Ancient Martial practitioners flying through the air. They smashed into the old building's walls, their bones nearly shattered.

The pale Ghost Fire engulfed them, ravenously consuming their life force.

Bam!

The last assassin clenched his teeth, enduring the curse's pain, and drove a fist through the car window—only for Gu Jianlin to tilt his head to dodge it.

"Too weak."

Gu Jianlin grabbed his arm, squeezing tightly!

The assassin let out a harrowing scream, stabbing toward Gu Jianlin's temple with his dagger in desperation.

Bam!

Yet, the assassin was forcefully yanked into the car, his body colliding violently with the front seat!

Gu Jianlin stepped on the man's throat, his ghost-like eyes devoid of any warmth.

"I said, too weak."

With a slight increase in pressure from his foot, he crushed the man's windpipe.

The strength of the Ancient Martial Path lay in raw power and close combat capabilities.

Once outmatched in strength, there was no advantage left.

Only crushing defeat.

Gu Jianlin, with his Dual Core Drive, was already twice as powerful as others of his rank.

With every ascension, his extraordinary abilities underwent maximum evolution.

Now, after breaking through to the Second Rank, only Third Rank opponents had the privilege to challenge him.

Those of the same rank? They were as good as dead, no matter how many of them came.

"Phew."

Gu Jianlin exhaled, testing his breath.

The few seconds of combat just now had consumed two-thirds of his spiritual energy.

Yet, as his breathing synchronized with nature, his spirituality began regenerating steadily.

He stepped out of the car, empty-handed now without a seat to use as a weapon.

Across from him, four cars remained with only three assassins still standing, exchanging uneasy glances.

Meanwhile, the two Ancient Martial practitioners who had been blasted back struggled to their feet, their eyes blazing with madness.

"The target's strength exceeds expectations. Attack together!"

Someone issued the order.

Squeak.

The sound of bowstrings tightening echoed.

Three Hunters' eyes turned sharp like Eagle Eyes as they drew back their iron bows, their iron arrows primed to unleash. Bow and arrow seemed to come alive, roaring with primal ferocity.

Man, bow, and arrow became one!

The core ability of the Overlord Path!

Boom!

Three arrows roared as they shot forth, ripping through the air with howling fury!

At the same time, the two Ancient Martial practitioners raised their hands, conjuring terrifying waves of Qi and blasting them outward!

In that moment, Gu Jianlin's indifferent pupils gleamed as his hands pressed into the Void.

Countless black particles gathered and trembled chaotically in the Void, forming a faintly discernible domain that enveloped the surroundings.

Darkness flashed and vanished!

Boom!