

Ancient 61

Chapter 61 - 27: Sudden Change, The Game Changer_2

After drinking the blood, his languid aura quickly recovered, and hard bristles grew all over his body. A thick, fishy blood mist spurted out from his back, and eight iron-like insect limbs burst forth.

Even his broken hands emitted a cracking sound of shattered bones and rapidly restored themselves to their original state.

The thirteen remaining individuals struggled, trying to stand up, but coughed up even more blood.

More and more fragments of internal organs mixed into the blood.

Cheng Youyu barely held himself up, uttering in a faint, near-unconscious voice, "Brother Lin... run!"

He raised his hand weakly, pointing outside the door, his body convulsing once before losing consciousness.

Gu Jianlin narrowed his eyes, looking at the fragments of organs. Suddenly, clarity struck him!

"So that's it."

He whispered, "The hearts of those animals!"

The Joker had already achieved his final grotesque transformation, sharp fangs extending from his mouth.

"Smart!"

Gu Jianlin had always been puzzled—why would this guy take such risks, cruelly torturing animals?

Initially, he thought it was a sign of psychopathy. In truth, it wasn't that simple.

"You already knew that Ether Association operatives were lurking in the school. You even managed to confirm their identities. Yet, you didn't flee or alarm them. Instead, you prepared a special gift for them."

Gu Jianlin spoke in a chilling voice, "You weren't abusing animals; you were extracting their organs and using your Mythical Weapon to impose a curse-like effect on them unnoticed."

"You're truly not one of those brainless fools from the Judgement Court."

The Joker stood across from him, his eight spider limbs spreading out as he lightly applauded. "I'm starting to feel bad about killing you. What a shame. You're correct; that's an ability of the Gu Master

Path, originating from the Death Spirit Gu of Hua Country's Southern Border. Using the stealth aspect of my Mythical Weapon, I secretly infused this Gu into their food."

He paused. "Initially, I considered spicing up the meals for you and your sister. But I feared your Rank was too low—if the Gu activated prematurely, you'd die on the spot, rendering my elaborate setup completely pointless..."

Gu Jianlin silently rose, grabbed the Desert Eagle, and reloaded it with bullets.

Just as he suspected, the Joker was incredibly dangerous.

He had assumed the Joker's trump card was his Mythical Weapon.

Unexpectedly, the Joker had been orchestrating everything in the shadows, effortlessly annihilating the Ether Association's task force.

It seemed that, in the critical moment, he could only rely on himself.

"A handgun? That thing is useless against me."

The Joker sneered, raising his right hand as silver-white chains suddenly lit up with a radiant gleam. "Everything is within my control; what I didn't anticipate was you finding me in advance and even suppressing me in my normal state."

"But that ends here."

The silver-white chains floated midair, producing crisp collision sounds as they interlocked and surged.

Mythical Weapon: Lock of Nonexistence!

— Unleash!

At that moment, the Joker's body overflowed with crimson threads of blood, spasming as if paying a significant price.

Gu Jianlin found himself surrounded by countless silver-white chains, narrowing his eyes.

The chains crisscrossed and intersected, enclosing the entire ruins and forming a void-like Barrier.

Simultaneously, he lost all perception of the external world.

Or rather, he gradually lost awareness of its existence.

"Now, it's just you and me."

The Joker raised his left hand once again. Somehow, a pitch-black bell had appeared in his palm.

Mythical Weapon: Soul Comforting Bell!

"I know—even in death, you wouldn't tell me what your father left for you."

He lifted the bell in his hand. "I'll enslave your soul... and you'll tell me then."

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On the rooftop of Peak City Secondary School's teaching building, Lu Zicheng leaned against the iron railing, gazing down at the nightscape.

A green-feathered parrot perched on his shoulder.

He fiddled with his phone, seeing only one message on WeChat.

"I'll handle the Joker myself; help me protect my sister."

— Gu Jianlin.

Lu Zicheng adjusted his earphones, utilizing his sister's special privileges to tap into the task force's communication channel.

At this moment, he was aware the task force had been completely wiped out.

As protocol dictated, he should rush to rescue that kid immediately.

Yet, he didn't act.

His fingers were spinning a simple, ancient copper coin.

The hollow center of the coin was entwined with a strand of hair.

It was Gu Jianlin's hair.

This copper coin had a storied origin—it was one of the Lu Family's heirlooms.

Legend had it that if a strand of hair from the target was wrapped around the coin, it could predict fortune or calamity with unparalleled accuracy.

Until the coin stopped spinning and landed on the side signifying calamity, nothing would happen.

"The task force is entirely wiped out. What else can you do?"

Lu Zicheng spoke softly, "Let's see how you turn the tables."

In the next instant, the coin stopped spinning and clattered onto the ground.

Lu Zicheng was utterly shocked—the coin had landed on the side indicating fortune.

The green-feathered parrot on his shoulder squawked, "Winner, winner, chicken dinner!"

This copper coin was a Mythical Weapon. If it landed on the fortune side, everything was bound to go smoothly.

Truly incredible.

He brought out his tablet computer, pulling up the surveillance images from the Horus Eye Satellite, displaying the situation inside the cafeteria.

The fourteen blue dots were immobile, clearly incapacitated.

As for the most conspicuous red dot—astonishingly, it had vanished.

"As expected, one of the Joker's two Mythical Weapons has the capability to block observation. I can't sense any activity from the cafeteria either. So, what has happened in there?"

Lu Zicheng narrowed his eyes, muttering to himself.

Suddenly, a helicopter thundered overhead, its lights piercing through the night sky.

Lu Zicheng swiftly darted into the corner, avoiding detection.

After all, he had joined this mission unofficially and wouldn't reveal himself unless absolutely necessary—to avoid leaving any grounds for criticism.

Judgement Court protocol dictated that every mission would have a contingency plan to ensure no missteps. If chaos ensued, someone would arrive to seize control decisively.

This individual would hold tremendous power—sufficient enough to resolve anything.

Inside the helicopter stood someone illuminated by its cabin light. Her silhouette was tall and graceful, her white hair flowing in the wind. She carried a sword box as vast as a coffin, faintly resonating with the hum of blades.

The features were too distinct—Sword Sect Path.

As someone from the Ancient Martial Path, Lu Zicheng had always considered his profession one of the most combat-effective.

But even he had to admit that the Sword Sect, another ancient path, was equally formidable.

And far more spectacular.

Meanwhile, atop a black Mercedes parked half a block away from Peak City Secondary School.

"Feeling cocky, are you, Nie, the Deacon? I believe I caught a hint of Gu Poison just now—highly advanced Death Spirit Gu, to be exact."

Lu Zijin narrowed her beautiful eyes, sneaking a glance at the middle-aged man inside the car. Her tone was cold: "Such poison doesn't reveal any Transcendent properties before activation—it's nearly undetectable by the naked eye. Clearly, the Joker has an accomplice, and this person ranks high. They might even be Superdimensional Level, or worse..."

Nie, the Deacon's face turned exceedingly grim, gritting his teeth as he spoke, "Codename: Thunder! Initiate rescue plan!"

The communication device fell silent for a moment before the crashing sound of ice echoed through the channel

"Understood."

The transmission ended.

"Your niece is in trouble; getting desperate?"

Lu Zijin gracefully leaped off the car roof, her black skirt billowing in the wind as her heels landed with a definitive snap.

"With Thunder involved, there should be no issues. Tell the medical team to stay ready for airborne deployment."

She murmured dismissively, "I'm getting bored; maybe I'll roam around. Who knows? The Joker's accomplice might be nearby, watching. If I'm lucky, I'll find them and have some fun."

The youthful-looking department head revealed a mischievous smile: "All alone out here—you're not scared, are you?"

Nie, the Deacon, sat inside the car, his face twitching slightly. He replied in a guttural tone, "Find them, then kill them."

This Deacon of the Judgement Court wielded immense authority yet lacked in strength.

He didn't even hail from the most ancient paths.

With the passage of time, mainstream Inheritance Paths primarily belonged to the oldest ones.

The fragmented paths had long been lost to history's sands.

Ancient Martial, Overlord, Sword Sect, Ghost Slayer, Heavenly Master, Divine.

Beyond this, the Western paths—Dragon Slayer and Priest—also belonged to the oldest.

Alchemist counted as well, though it lacked combat abilities and was thus excluded.

"Do your best."

Lu Zijin lazily stifled a yawn, vanishing in an overwhelming burst of psychic Thought energy.

Elsewhere, another helicopter roared overhead, its medical team on the scene.

Nie, the Deacon, snorted coldly, his expression sour.