

Ancient 62

Chapter 62 - 28 Ancient God Transformation, Qilin!

Time rewinds to ten minutes ago.

With a loud bang, Gu Jianlin crashed into a table, tumbling across the floor until slamming into the wall.

He felt as if every bone in his body had shattered, his internal organs seemingly displaced, as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

And this was just from a single collision with the Joker's grotesque transformed body.

As a seventeen-year-old boy, he was enduring pain far beyond what should be expected at his age.

This was a blood-soaked lesson: one must rely on oneself for everything!

From now on, he swore never to pin his hopes on his teammates again.

Initially, he thought that the elite action group from the Ether Association would be formidable.

But after a grandiose entrance, they had been completely annihilated without even the slightest resistance.

—Though this wasn't entirely their fault.

It seemed that someone else was operating behind the Joker.

Gu Jianlin had planned to use them to force out the second Mythical Weapon from the enemy.

Now, however, all the pressure was squarely on him.

Fortunately, the Divine's abilities were comprehensive; while lacking offensive power in this phase, the sustainability was still there.

Bracing himself against a flowerpot, he extended his fingers, which ignited with pale Ghost Fire once more!

"Priest!"

The sansevieria in the pot wilted at a speed visible to the naked eye, its lush Life Force sacrificed to Nature.

Gu Jianlin received the gift of the Power of Nature: his wounds and bruises fully healed, even the latent injuries within his body quietly mended, as a warmth akin to sunlight flowed through him.

A piercing screech cut through the air, prompting his face to darken as he kicked the table forward.

In an instant, a sturdy and elastic web stuck to the table, tangling into a mass.

Then came a barrage of spider silk bombs, exploding with sharp, shrill noises.

Gu Jianlin quickly grabbed the flowerpot, leaping to his feet and dodging amid the sparse obstacles in the cafeteria.

The cafeteria had scarcely any space left for maneuvering; spider webs clung everywhere.

After completing its spider-like transformation, the Joker's physical capabilities had surged dramatically, enabling even wall-climbing.

If it weren't for Gu Jianlin's Life Perception, he would have long perished in the pitch-black environment.

"Run, where else can you go?"

A hoarse, icy voice echoed from the ceiling: "I had hoped your father would also die like this—scared and desperate—but his death was far too easy. He didn't even experience the brink of death. Wanna guess what an Ascender feels on the verge of dying? You'll find out, because I will make you savor that terror slowly."

Gu Jianlin looked up, locking eyes with a pair of crimson Compound Eyes. He replied coldly, "You sure talk a lot of crap."

The profile no longer worked; this creature had transformed into a giant spider. Though it retained human consciousness, it now possessed the predatory instincts of an arthropod, making its movements unpredictable.

This was undoubtedly a desperate situation.

The desperate situation had arisen primarily because his teammates were worthless.

But now was not the time to blame them—Gu Jianlin had to seize the last glimmer of hope.

The mysterious old man in the grocery store had once told him.

Nanli Shengmen—the Life Gate lies in fire.

Fire!

Gu Jianlin resolved to make a final gamble, turning sharply and bolting toward the cafeteria's second-floor kitchen!

For a split second, the spider-transformed Joker exploded with astonishing jumping force, lunging at him.

Sharp, sword-like legs glinted with cold light.

"Die!"

Gu Jianlin raised his left hand, his fingertips smeared with blood, as pale Ghost Fire erupted into flame!

Ghost Curse!

In that moment, he felt deeply thankful for his decision to follow the Divine Path.

The Joker's mutated and hardened body rendered bullets ineffective.

But the Ghost Curse could bypass all positioning and defenses, inflicting real damage.

A sickening squelch rang out.

Blood sprayed from the Joker's body, pungent and thick, as it plummeted to the ground.

The lethal strike, however, was slightly off-target.

It grazed past the boy's back, slicing into his thigh instead!

The backlash from the Ghost Curse caused Gu Jianlin to falter momentarily, staggering as he charged up the stairs, before collapsing and sliding headfirst into the kitchen.

His left leg bled profusely; the razor-sharp limb had slashed through the artery in his thigh.

The searing pain dimmed his vision, and had it not been for a surge of adrenaline keeping his body upright, this blow would have rendered him incapable of fighting further.

"Priest!"

He reached out with his right hand to the wilting sansevieria in his arms, sacrificing its Life Force to receive the Power of Nature.

The arterial wound in his thigh gradually healed.

As for the sansevieria, it had withered entirely, teetering on the brink of death.

It was now completely unusable.

A high-level Divine could extract Life Force from a range to heal and replenish Nature's gift remotely.

But he wasn't capable of that yet.

Moreover, his store of spirituality was running dangerously low; he couldn't spare it for healing anymore—it was better spent on Ghost Curses for damage.

A skittering noise reached his ears; something was crawling.

The Joker regained its footing, sneering: "You've cornered yourself into a trap. Foolish."

The humanoid monster, walking on eight spider legs, held a pitch-black bell, slowly approaching.

The cafeteria's kitchen was spacious, mostly used for food storage, but it was indeed a dead end.

Gu Jianlin paid the Joker no mind, retreating silently before glancing at a corner.

There stood a small liquefied-gas cylinder.

He drew his gun, chambered the last Alchemy Bullet, and aimed!

He had no idea how much gas was left in that cylinder.

But it hadn't been replaced for some time—the explosion wouldn't be strong enough to kill him outright.