

Ancient 63

Chapter 63 - 28: Ancient God Transformation, Qilin!_2

The trigger was pulled, and the specially crafted alchemy bullet transformed into a streak of firelight, rushing out from the muzzle, striking its target!

At that moment, the Joker turned his head and glanced into the corner, only to be engulfed by a sudden burst of blazing fire!

Boom!

The violent explosion consumed the Joker, flames swept through alongside shockwaves, toppling walls as if they were mere twigs.

At the last moment, Gu Jianlin pushed his body to its limits and flipped into a storage cabinet. The cabinet shook violently, eventually overturned, rolling fiercely on the ground as if the whole world had been thrown into chaos.

A moment later, he kicked open the cabinet door and slowly stood up.

Thick smoke billowed; flames burned brightly amidst the ruins, stinging the eyes.

But within the piercing light of those flames, a burning figure stood ominously, letting out a sinister, chilling chuckle.

The Joker!

At that instant, Gu Jianlin's heart sank. Even a gas explosion hadn't done the trick!

That old man's fortune-telling really seemed off...

In the blink of an eye, the Joker unleashed terrifying agility, leaping like a monstrous predator ready to devour its prey!

A chilling gleam shot forth like a blade slicing his face; this time, Gu Jianlin failed to dodge and was brutally impaled through the abdomen!

Blood spurted out violently, and excruciating pain seemed to pierce through his very soul.

The Joker's grotesque, horrifyingly deformed face was now inches away, his crimson compound eyes like those of a demon.

"Your final struggle... pleases me greatly."

He grinned widely, his putrid breath hanging thick: "Come, taste fear."

Gu Jianlin stared at him coldly, his pupils seemingly frozen solid.

At some unknown moment, a pitch-black bell had already begun to hover above his head.

Mythical Weapon: Soul Comforting Bell.

—Release!

Boom!

At that instant, Gu Jianlin heard a resounding roar akin to an Ancient Bell, as if it would shatter his soul!

It felt as if he were caught in an infinite abyss, tides of soundwaves crashing against him, his near-fractured soul teetering on the brink of being swallowed. The remnants of his consciousness began to sink into darkness, and the world fell into a dead silence.

The pitch-black bell emitted waves of dark light, as though trying to pull the boy's soul out of his flesh.

At that very moment, deep within his consciousness, the Black Qilin's golden vertical pupils opened once more, radiating rage and majesty.

Roar!

A soul-shaking roar brought Gu Jianlin back to awareness.

Turns out, the last Mythical Weapon was also aimed at the spirit.

The Black Qilin could protect him from this as well!

Hold on!

This moment of clarity brought him to a realization.

—Nanli Life Gate, Life Gate resides within fire.

In the world of the transcends, it clearly wouldn't be ordinary fire.

Then, what else could fire represent?

Like a veil lifted to reveal the light, Gu Jianlin suddenly understood. He possessed only one form of flame!

The Divine Sacrificial Fire!

In an instant, Gu Jianlin's hands ignited with pale ghost fire, which he used to seize the Joker's head directly!

"Sacrifice!"

Boom!

The Joker let out a harrowing scream as his life force evaporated like oil on a boiling pan—offering itself up to nature.

Simultaneously, an entirely different, chaotic life force surged back to the boy's body.

The world seemed to fall into silence. When this alien life force flooded into him, the Black Qilin appeared to be stimulated.

Deep within his consciousness, the eerie youth garbed in white sacrificial robes sank into slumber.

In his place arose the furious roaring Black Qilin!

The two seemed to exchange positions.

And swapped dominance!

Crack! Gu Jianlin heard his bones fracturing within.

Blood trickled from his skull as pitch-black Qilin Horns burst through, noble yet savage!

Fine drops of blood oozed from his body as pale skin ruptured, black Dragon Scales spreading across his form.

Fangs glittered coldly, puncturing his lips.

His dim eyes suddenly gleamed, transformed into golden vertical pupils embodying ancient awe.

His parched frame swelled with tremendous power.

His depleted spirit ignited with feral rage.

This moment, Gu Jianlin yearned to roar aloud, unbinding the surging power within him.

He seemed to hear world-shattering booms from the Ancient Wilderness, narrating a tale of lost epics.

Mystical, distant, grand, magnificent.

Like echoes of annihilation within the boundless universe.

Boom!

The Joker sensed fear, a primal terror from the superior and divine, as if standing before godlike supremacy!

This moment, he transformed from hunter to hunted.

Because the former prey had now evolved into the ultimate predator!

In the darkness, Gu Jianlin's golden eyes blazed.

His lofty and indifferent gaze carried the majesty that reduced the Joker to a mere ant.

A colossal dread exploded within the Joker's mind, pain invading the depths of his soul, as inch by inch his steel limbs were ripped out, snapped apart!

Simultaneously, he seemingly beheld the Sun.

Golden flames, like the Sun, incinerated the darkness.

Killing intent swirled like an unfathomable ocean, Ancient Godly might threatened to crush his soul entirely!

Gu Jianlin indifferently stretched out an arm, seizing another of the Joker's limbs. His Dragon-Scale-clad fingers tightened slightly, unleashing the sound of shattering.

"Thank you."

Before the Joker could even scream, his limb was brutally ripped off, blood spraying wildly.

With a thunderous crack, he was yet again slammed forcefully into the ground.

"For teaching me how to awaken this power."

Gu Jianlin merely grabbed his neck and, like discarding garbage, hurled him forcefully, his body smashing into the ground with seismic cracks.

The massive shock seemed to shatter the Joker's soul!

Gu Jianlin stamped a foot onto his skull, overlooking him with imposing arrogance, his golden vertical pupils blazing:

"Now, it's your turn to taste fear."

At last, he had returned to the state he'd reached upon first crossing into the Qilin Immortal Palace.

Qilin Horns, Scales, Fangs, Golden Eyes.

Ancient God Transformation, Qilin.

Late at night, the grocery store reopened for business, the fragrance of sandalwood curling upward.

The old man still sat in his wheelchair, fiddling with six Copper Coins in his hand, the cool moonlight illuminating his profile like an aged oil painting.

"Teacher."

Jing Ci, still impeccably dressed in his suit, gazed out into the distance and said with a smile: "You've lost the bet again."

The old man remained silent for a moment, a smile touching his lips as he pulled ten red banknotes from his pocket and placed them on the table.

Jing Ci pocketed the one thousand yuan, chuckling brightly, "The Ether Association believes that the Fallen are manifestations of mental contamination. Unable to endure the Ancient God's spiritual will, they gain enormous strength but succumb to mental collapse as a result."

"They stubbornly think of this as wicked corruption, defiling their beliefs—an unforgivable crime. During the dark Middle Ages, countless Fallen were branded as Black Wizards and executed at the stake."

He paused: "But what they don't realize is that so-called corruption might conceal an opportunity for evolution. If someone possesses immense spiritual willpower to govern polluted minds, they can achieve transformation. Though they may never become as magnificent as Ancient Gods, they could far exceed human limitations and rival Divine Servants."

"The safest way to evolve through the Divine Path is to use the Divine Sacrificial Fire to offer up a Fallen wielder of mutant abilities. Their life force returns to nature, passing through a filter and rebounding back to oneself, thereby triggering evolution."

"You taught him the Divine Path's method of evolution just to see whether he could accomplish Divine Servant Transformation, didn't you?"

Jing Ci asked.

"Seeing as he's got decent talent, I gave him a road to ascend—to see if he has what it takes to grasp it."

The old man chuckled softly, tilting his head to observe the moon shining in the night sky.

"But I'm not satisfied with mere Divine Servant Transformation..."