

Ancient 64

Chapter 64 - 29: Mythical Weapon, Ancient God's Blood

The ruined cafeteria trembled violently.

The roles of hunter and prey had reversed; walls crumbled one after another, accompanied by resounding booms of destruction.

Boom!

A single punch!

Steel-reinforced concrete walls shattered under this fist, a mutated spider smashed flat, blood splattering everywhere!

Gu Jianlin shook his hand, the eerie crackling of bones echoing in the air.

The power of the Ancient Wilderness surged within him, almost tearing his body apart.

Both his physical form and soul—down to the very essence of life—were undergoing an evolution akin to ascension. The ultimate power was unlocked and roared as it was unleashed.

Now that he had completed the Ancient God Transformation, highly mutated Fallen were no longer a threat to him.

Their status was worlds apart.

Boom!

The ground collapsed violently as Gu Jianlin slammed his foot down, kicking the Joker into the rubble and pinning his head. He couldn't move an inch.

After undergoing the Ancient God Transformation, a casual kick from Gu Jianlin was enough to subdue and utterly suppress this warped monstrosity.

When he slightly exerted force with his right foot, the ominous sound of bones snapping echoed in the air.

The Joker screamed in agony, blood streaming down his forehead.

He was pressed against the wall, unable to glimpse the figure behind him.

But the fleeting image he had seen—a dreadful, chilling stance—was etched deep into his soul.

Most haunting of all were those burning golden eyes, radiating an overwhelming majesty that seemed to crush his very essence.

A tidal wave of terror exploded in the Joker's heart. This was no seventeen-year-old boy—this was unmistakably a member of the noble and commanding Qilin Clan, imbued with the Ancient God Power, exuding a divine presence. It wasn't far off from God itself!

Whether this was an Ancient God or Divine Servant, he couldn't tell—but it was far beyond his reach.

A primal desire to survive erupted within him as his genetically ingrained madness drove him into a desperate struggle.

Hovering in the air, the Soul Comforting Bell emitted one last, deafening thunderclap.

Gu Jianlin heard the sound, reminiscent of an Ancient Bell's toll, but it had no effect—merely dull noise.

He raised his hand and grasped the archaic black bell.

Unexpectedly, the Soul Comforting Bell seemed alive, trembling violently in his grip.

A Mythical Weapon, an artifact of a bygone age—it apparently possessed a self-awareness that adhered to its master's spirituality.

Moreover, this was only its initial release state—far from its true form.

Relying on instinct alone, he channeled his spirituality into the Soul Comforting Bell through his right hand.

Now, within the bell, two opposing spiritual forces clashed.

One originated from Gu Jianlin; the other, from the Joker.

The stronger prevailed—the weaker disintegrated into nothingness!

In the blink of an eye, the bell's thunderous resonance vanished, leaving it lifeless.

At that moment, the Joker beneath his foot let out a harrowing scream.

His Spiritual Imprint was forcibly erased—a torment akin to his soul being torn apart.

The pain was no less than pure torture.

Never could he have imagined that his own Mythical Weapon would so easily be stripped from him!

Splurt!

As the Joker screamed, warped webs spewed from his grotesque body. Razor-sharp spider threads struck at the boy's flesh, producing piercing friction sounds and sparks.

Gu Jianlin didn't even bother dodging. The reinforced Qilin-like transformation rendered such attacks ineffective.

He pressed down harder with his right foot.

Crack!

The sickening sound of bone breaking resounded.

The Joker let out a cry of agony as his skull fractured underfoot, wailing hysterically.

The remnants of his limbs flailed wildly but to no avail.

With the roles of hunter and prey reversed, the sheer disparity in strength was despair-inducing!

Gu Jianlin lowered his gaze, looking down at the struggling, dying creature beneath his feet, his voice cold and detached: "Listen. I don't think my father was wrong to kill your kind. If you're here to seek revenge, you're welcome anytime. Provided, of course, you're willing to pay the price."

His left hand flared brilliantly, a radiant golden blaze akin to the Sun.

Divine Sacrificial Fire!

A dual spirituality burning—human and Ancient God's.

Its ability, under the Ancient God Transformation's amplification, seemed to undergo qualitative change.

Compared to before, the difference was as stark as a firefly and the blazing Sun!

"Impossible! What did Gu Ci'an leave you? This can't be! This can't be!"

The Joker, feeling the divine power within the fire, screamed hysterically, his mental defenses collapsing entirely: "You possess this power? You dare touch such power? You're insane! You're completely insane!"

Gu Jianlin had neither desire nor patience to respond; with a swift motion, he pressed his burning hand against the Joker's head.

The Divine Sacrificial Fire howled ferociously.

Boom!

The Joker's grotesquely mutated body ignited, consumed by the fire as though it were the Sun itself. In mere moments, his remaining Life Force was devoured entirely and returned to the natural world.

Faced with absolute despair and anguish, he realized that the force he had provoked was beyond human comprehension!

Confronted with the transcendent might of the Ancient God Clan, beings of his level of deformation were nothing but pathetic ants.

"Ancient God Power... you possess Ancient God Power,"

The Joker wheezed out his dying lament, the crimson glow fading from his eyes as death claimed him: "Even so... that great entity will find you... they will surely find you..."

Crack.

His throat was crushed.

"Shut up."

Gu Jianlin pressed down harder with his foot, his tone indifferent: "If there's someone pulling your strings, I'll find them soon enough—and send them to accompany you in hell."

In the next instant, golden flames engulfed the Joker entirely. His pupils expanded in a final, frozen expression of terror.

Gu Jianlin sensed the chaotic, profound Life Force flowing back to his own body, absorbed thoroughly by his Ancient God Transformation and condensing into a single drop of golden blood at his heart.

So that's the truth.

He grasped the reality—this was the Ancient God's Blood.

No wonder his earlier attempts to extract his own blood had yielded nothing but ordinary blood.

Apparently, it required the consumption of these Fallen's Life Force to create it.

Perfect; he'd finally found the method.

Henceforth, the mass production of Ancient God Blood was within reach.

Gu Jianlin cast a glance at the creature consumed by golden fire.

With the sacrificial offering of life, the Joker's grotesquely mutated body began to regress.

Gu Jianlin's expression remained cold, then he raised the Soul Comforting Bell and summoned its spirituality.

The Mythical Weapon, Soul Comforting Bell.

—Release!

The bell erupted with Ancient Bell-like booms, sending out waves of black light.

Terrifying sound waves radiated outward in overlapping waves, like a tsunami sweeping forth.

The Joker's soul shattered instantly, sucked into the bell's dark radiance.

All that remained was a broken, lifeless corpse, its expression frozen in terror.

"Goodbye. When you see my father, make sure you say hello for me."

Gu Jianlin gave the Soul Comforting Bell in his hand a casual glance, his gaze seeming to pierce through it to a fractured soul within.

According to the Joker, the bell had the ability to enslave souls.

He could interrogate it and discover the mastermind lurking behind the scenes.

At the same time, a searing pain gripped him, his body nearing the point of collapse.

Deep within his consciousness, the Black Qilin was faltering.

He understood that his body was still unprepared for the Ancient God's Power.

"The soul within the Soul Comforting Bell is not only tied to the Joker, but also holds the secret to my Ancient God Transformation. I can't entrust it to others—need to retrieve the Lock of Nonexistence and use its concealment ability to hide it..."

Taking advantage of his fading strength, Gu Jianlin leaped through the explosion-induced pit in the second floor.

With the Joker dead, the Lock of Nonexistence's Barrier was wavering.

Gu Jianlin reached out, grabbing a silver-white Chain, forcing spirituality into it.

Boom!

The residual spirituality within the Lock of Nonexistence dissipated, transforming into a silver-white bracelet that coiled around his wrist.

It was then that Gu Jianlin felt his power extinguish completely, his mind overwhelmed by resounding collapse. All signs of the Qilin vanished, and his body erupted with pain as if being torn apart.

He fell to his knees, every cell in his body screaming, his spirituality utterly spent, head pounding intensely.

Within his consciousness.

The Black Qilin collapsed into sleep.

The white-robed boy reawakened, taking dominance once more.

"That transformation time's way too short—am I going to turn into a one-punch wonder..."

Despite verging on unconsciousness from the pain, Gu Jianlin raised his trembling hands and fastened the Lock of Nonexistence onto the Soul Comforting Bell, wearing them together as a bracelet on his wrist.

The aura of the two Mythical Weapons gradually faded away.

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Eventually, the cafeteria door swung open once more, outside waiting a helicopter hovering in midair.

Inside the cabin, a white-haired girl stood in shadow, silent and stoic.

Nie, the Deacon, and his subordinates stood at the entrance, their expressions deeply grave.

"Relax, just head in."

Lu Zijin yawned lazily: "With me here, it's all handled."

The medical team entered with stretchers, methodically attending to the unconscious investigators scattered across the floor.

"Detecting life signs."

"No fatal injuries."

"Requesting permission to administer Life Essence."

A slender, lab coat-clad woman followed behind, hands buried in her pockets.

Her naturally alluring features were adorned with bewitching makeup, while her cascade of chestnut-colored curls accentuated her charm.

Even swathed in a lab coat, her shapely figure remained prominent. Smooth, full legs extended beneath her black skirt, complemented by polished, stiletto heels.

"Doctor Lin, we need your expertise."

Nie, the Deacon, addressed solemnly.

Lin Wanqiu smiled lightly: "Don't worry; cases like this, the Priest path excels at handling."

At that moment, a member of the Judgement Court managed to locate the cafeteria light switch.

Click.

White light flooded the hall, illuminating the scene.

All fell silent.

The room was littered with unconscious investigators, save for one individual still conscious.

A blood-soaked boy sat amidst the ruins in the only chair that remained intact.

Beneath his feet lay a corpse.

"No offense, but your investigative team is less competent than bait."

Gu Jianlin nudged the corpse beneath his foot, flipping it to reveal a face frozen in fear.

"Apologies, but the Fallen's son has officially passed his assessment."