

Ancient 77

Chapter 77 - 39 I will exonerate you

Gu Jianlin rapidly reviewed all the details regarding this matter in his mind.

All of a sudden, he recalled a crucial piece of dialogue.

"We excitedly brought those precious resources ashore. A total of sixteen members in the diving team—all of them extraordinary elites—and there were no casualties at all. It was a huge success."

"Even the subsequent dives were exceptionally smooth. We explored the underwater tomb and gained unimaginable rewards. Until one time, a strong magnetic signal interference appeared in the ocean, causing brief communication loss."

"At that time, I was extremely anxious on the shore. When the signal was restored, I immediately asked them to report their numbers."

"One's safe, two's safe, three's safe..."

"I listened to their reports until I heard... seventeen's safe!"

It was Joker's recollection, a fear etched deep in his soul.

If Joker and the Mentor's accounts were both true, then the problem most likely stemmed from this.

During that underwater exploration, something strange had indeed mixed in.

And it had replaced someone.

The replaced individual, for some unknown reason, entered the Qilin Immortal Palace.

A perfect substitution.

In the transcendent world, where Ancient Gods exist, disguises are not exaggerated at all.

At this moment, even if the previous evidence seemed ironclad, it must be overturned.

Gu Jianlin clenched his hands tightly, his intuition screaming that the man had truly been wronged!

"I swear on my life; every word I've spoken is true."

The Mentor, afraid of the Ancient God's displeasure, quickly added, "Gu Ci'an is truly dead. The Ether Association has already canceled the bounty on him. I heard that the Ether Association is still monitoring and investigating his son. Butcher! Expose the wound on your shoulder! And that dagger!"

He suddenly thought of something and commanded sternly.

Butcher knelt on the ground and tore open his shirt, revealing his muscular left arm.

On his shoulder was a scar approximately three centimeters long, not particularly conspicuous.

"Supreme, look here."

The burly man's voice was rough and resolute, patting his shoulder, he said, "This is the wound left by Gu Ci'an's stab. A sixth-tier Sky Master's Void leap—absolutely shameless!"

He then fished out a black short dagger from his pocket and respectfully offered it with both hands.

When Gu Jianlin saw this dagger, any lingering doubts he had dissipated.

Because he had seen this dagger before—his father had used it.

The handle even had marks left behind by burned cigarette ash.

Exactly as he remembered.

These people didn't know his true identity, so they had no reason to defend his father.

"Lord, we truly have no way to investigate a dead man."

The Mentor sincerely asked, "Why are you so concerned with Gu Ci'an?"

Gu Jianlin fell silent for a moment before speaking coldly, "He took something from the Qilin Immortal Palace."

If his speculation was correct, his father likely didn't simply leave the palace after inadvertently entering it. Instead, he pursued an escaping traitor to the lower layers of the ocean. Later, for unknown reasons, he abandoned the pursuit and chose to leave.

It's highly probable his father didn't leave outright but ventured into the uppermost layer of the palace.

Otherwise, the origin of the Qilin Mask couldn't be explained.

"I see! Gu Ci'an indeed took something out of the palace back then. No wonder even the Ether Association is tirelessly searching for it. So, you're trying to retrieve that item, aren't you?"

The Mentor, sharp as ever, immediately saw a new hope.

But at this moment, the Sea Demon lifted her head, a mysterious light flashing in her water-like beautiful eyes: "If that's the case, then some recent intelligence I've gathered from the Ether Association might prove useful!"

"You'd better not speak recklessly!"

The Scholar instantly warned her.

Both Butcher and Moon Princess glanced sideways.

"Of course not."

The Sea Demon placed her hand over her chest respectfully and said, "Lord, there is a newcomer in the Ether Association who happens to possess two Mythical Weapons that originated from the Qilin Immortal Palace. And that person just so happens to be Gu Ci'an's son! Don't you think this coincidence is extraordinary? Could what you're looking for be one of these Mythical Weapons?"

Upon hearing this, even the Mentor was utterly shocked and ecstatic. He hadn't expected such a coincidence.

Gu Jianlin furrowed his brows. This roundabout discussion had finally led back to him.

He had embarrassed the association's upper levels, nearly single-handedly completing the mission.

But the Ether Association is a global organization; information shouldn't spread so quickly.

This Sea Demon, being an Ether Association member, was very likely in Peak City!

Which made him slightly curious about her identity.

"It's not."

Gu Jianlin's indifferent remark instantly doused the other party's hope.

"However, your intelligence is valuable and proves your worth."

He made up his mind internally, then raised his right index finger: "This drop of Ancient God's Blood, you can take it."

Snap.

With a flick of his finger, the golden blood arced beautifully through the darkness.

With a soft splash, the Mentor hurriedly lunged forward, cradling the precious drop of Ancient God's Blood in his palms, as if a drowning person had caught hold of a life-saving straw. Relief washed over him like a wave.

"Thank you, Supreme! Thank you for your blessing!"

The old man trembled, even shedding devout tears, his voice shaking with emotion.

"Thank you for your blessing."

His students also knelt and prostrated.

Some trembled, some were filled with reverent awe, others were overwhelmed with gratitude.

Having braved the countless dangers within the Qilin Immortal Palace, they had finally seen hope for survival.

Even though it was only a drop of Ancient God's Blood, it was undeniably a life-saving elixir.

"However, obtaining additional Ancient God's Blood from me won't be so simple. The amount of spirituality—measure carefully. As for the item I lost, there's no hurry for now either."

Gu Jianlin said coldly, "But since you claim Gu Ci'an is already dead, then who is the Gu Ci'an declared mentally destabilized by the Ether Association? Investigate this for me. Can you handle it?"

Amidst their joy at narrowly escaping death, the Mentor hurriedly responded, "We'll risk our lives without complaint! However, if we're to look into Gu Ci'an, conflict with the Ether Association seems inevitable. Our strength is insufficient. While sacrificing ourselves for the Supreme would be our greatest honor, failing to complete your task would be..."

Gu Jianlin ignored his flattery and said coldly:

"If I ask you to do something, I'll naturally provide you with the necessary power."

He paused briefly: "At that time, I'll ensure the Ancient God's Blood helps you achieve... true evolution."

Behind the Black Qilin Mask, an enigmatic and profound smile spread across his lips.

It was like an endless vortex, consuming the darkness.

"Understood, very much so."

Suppressing his surging emotions, the Mentor said earnestly, "You don't mind if we come into conflict with the Ether Association, do you?"

"Ancient God's Blood will enable your evolution."

Gu Jianlin's voice was slow but authoritative and proud.

"What happens to jackals that block a lion's path?"

The Mentor and his students exchanged looks, their eyes filled with fear.

Obviously, they die!

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Boom!

Amid the deafening roar of the world collapsing, the crimson light dissolved within the rift in time and space.

Gu Jianlin lay on the hospital bed and suddenly opened his eyes, his breathing heavy.

This marked his second return to reality from the Qilin Immortal Palace. He picked up his phone and used it to glance at his reflection, noticing that all the traits of the Ancient Gods had vanished from his body, restoring his human form.

He unlocked the phone's screen; the time displayed was midnight.

Outside the window, the night was tranquil and fluid, punctuated by the occasional lone bird's call and the roar of speeding vehicles.

Gu Jianlin quietly assessed his physical condition.

The pain that had shredded through every fiber of his being still lingered, but it was much less intense now.

The overwhelming surge of spirituality coursing through his body threatened to explode at any moment!

However, what thrilled him the most wasn't the spiritual abundance.

After four months of relentless pursuit, even diving into the transcendent world, he'd finally uncovered a clue.

Gu Jianlin was not wrong.

He had been right all along—he wasn't insane, nor was he suffering from post-traumatic stress.

The father who had been with him for seventeen years, sharing a bond of interdependence, was highly likely innocent!

The man who had endured a curse to save his family, letting his wife go free and even distancing himself from his son to bear everything alone, was not a Fallen individual, much less a murderer!

No child with a semblance of conscience would allow his deceased father to bear such disgrace.

This was filial duty—the basic principle of humanity.

"I'll clear your name."

Gu Jianlin whispered as he stared at his phone's wallpaper: "No matter the cost, even if I must carve out your innocence with force."

In the photo, the family of three sat on a Ferris wheel, backs framed against the sunset and distant sky.

"Then, I suppose it's time to attempt advancement..."

Gu Jianlin closed his eyes as his consciousness soared into the void of the spiritual realm.

At that moment, the restless spirituality surged forward, breaking through with sheer force.