

## Ancient 92

### Chapter 92 - 47: The Bizarre Deaths of the Captains

Gu Jianlin's left hand naturally hung down. The ethereal, silver-white chains had already been unleashed from his right wrist, swirling around him, hovering in mid-air, visible only to himself.

—Lock of Nonexistence, minimally unleashed.

It didn't consume much spirituality, merely erasing his transcendent presence.

Although he didn't know the intruder's Inheritance Path, it was always wise to be prepared.

The doorknob seemed to have been tampered with, gently twisting.

Gu Jianlin thought to himself, so this Fallen knows how to pick locks.

The door was quietly pushed open, and a short, thin shadow snuck inside, moving silently toward the bed.

Agile, like a monkey.

Gu Jianlin watched from behind, soundlessly stepping forward. The blade fell with a flick of his wrist!

With a wet squelch, blood spurted out.

The monkey-like man was stabbed in the back but didn't scream. Instead, he endured the intense pain, twisting his body as pale Ghost Fire ignited in his palm!

At that moment, Gu Jianlin lowered his head, watching as the ghostly pale flames hovered above the man's hand pressed against his own chest.

At the same time, he felt his Life Force rapidly evaporating.

Divine Sacrificial Fire.

What a coincidence, an internal struggle between the Divine.

Gu Jianlin raised his hand as well, igniting pale Ghost Fire in his palm, pressing it directly onto the man's head!

Priest!

The two on the Divine Path scorched each other with Divine Sacrificial Fire, simultaneously siphoning each other's Life Force.

The vitality was tugged and torn between their bodies.

Gu Jianlin could feel substantial Life Force draining away, only for it to surge back into him in the next second.

Even more than what was lost.

Nearly double!

Both of them were at the First Order of the Divine Path, so by all accounts, their strength should have been comparable.

However, the key difference was that Gu Jianlin ran on a Dual Core Drive. In other words, his output was doubled, completely overwhelming his opponent!

At that instant, the monkey-like man's vitality faded rapidly. Realizing the disparity, horror spread across his face as he instinctively tried to scream.

But Gu Jianlin twisted the dagger embedded in his back, slashing it across his throat in one swift motion.

Blood trickled down.

A muffled whimper was swallowed by the night.

After what seemed like an eternity, the monkey-like man's eyes bulged, his gaze clouding with the shadow of death. His entire body shriveled like decayed bark, his breath and pulse vanishing along with his life—dying in utter confusion.

Gu Jianlin gently set him on the ground, his body brimming with vibrant energy.

Such was the benefit of the Divine Path; he didn't even need food.

He could replenish himself simply by siphoning from others.

Moreover, after his promotion to First Order Fate, the power of his Divine Sacrificial Fire had grown stronger.

"According to the Deep Space Network's records, a First Order Fate can expand the range of the Divine Sacrificial Fire to five meters. Within this range, it can slowly siphon Life Force from lesser beings. Is it a kind of Barrier or domain?"

Gu Jianlin placed his palm on the floor. The pale Ghost Fire seeped into the surface as countless twisted black talismans spread outward in all directions, igniting ethereal flames at the north, south, east, and west positions, forming an eerie Sacrificial Array.

The range spanned as far as twenty meters.

In the next moment, within his Life Perception, all insignificant lives were completely drained.

Mosquitoes, ants—such insignificant creatures—all perished.

So, this was how it worked.

He understood now.

If he wanted his other abilities to become as exaggerated as his Life Perception, it would probably have to wait until his next advancement.

"As expected, just as I thought. Even without fully entering an Ancient God Transformation, I can still use some of the Ancient God's Authority, such as creating Ancient God's Blood." Gu Jianlin could sense the filthy Life Force gradually integrating into him, but because the deformation level was too low, it wasn't yet sufficient to condense into Ancient God's Blood.

Furthermore, he once again profoundly understood why the Divine Path was the most prone to losing control.

Typically, using Divine Sacrificial Fire against such a Fallen was ill-advised.

Because consuming this polluted Life Force would most likely lead to losing control.

But he didn't feel the slightest worry.

Gu Jianlin himself possessed the power of the Ancient Gods, and this level of corruption was nothing to him.

It was just that, as the tainted Life Force merged within him, the Black Qilin lurking deep in his consciousness started to stir.

Likely provoked by the surge of tainted Life Force, it seemed ready to leverage this force to execute an Ancient God Transformation at any moment.

Gu Jianlin forcibly suppressed the urge for transformation, packed up his belongings, and left the room.

The corridor was pitch black, as if the entire hotel had lost power. Even the streets outside were enveloped in suffocating darkness. A faint sense of mist lingered, consuming the desolate city.

Fog had risen.

A black fog, accompanied by an eerie, foreboding aura, roared with the gale.

Gu Jianlin squinted, his instincts immediately alert to the strangeness of this Black Cloud City. It wasn't merely the chaotic environment; it carried a trace of an otherworldly presence.

A presence belonging to the Ancient God World.

Gu Jianlin turned and walked away, only to see the door to the neighboring room slightly ajar, as if someone had just entered.

He tread silently closer and slipped inside.

In the room, Nie Xiangsi was still lightly asleep on the bed. As if sensing something, she opened her eyes.

At that moment, her bright, lively eyes were filled with terror.

Because a towering, brutish man stood at her bedside, unnoticed until now, raising a colossal axe high above his head!

"Die."

Suddenly, a low voice murmured.

The brutish man grunted, as if his brain had been struck by an unseen force, blood seeping from his seven orifices.