

Ancient 93

Chapter 93 - 47: The Bizarre Deaths of the Captains_2

The sharp dagger pierced out of his chest, accompanied by thick, sickening blood.

With a squish, if it weren't for Nie Xiangsi being wrapped in a blanket, she would've been completely drenched in blood.

Gu Jianlin gripped the dagger, panting heavily, his face smeared with blood as the backlash of the Ghost Curse took effect on him.

The burly man, despite such severe injuries, wasn't dead yet. Without a moment's hesitation, he turned around and grabbed a giant axe.

A terrifying force began to build.

At that moment, in Gu Jianlin's sights, the outline of a Wandering Warrior appeared behind the burly man—ferocious and intrepid.

The Samurai Path specializes in close combat and is impossible to overpower through sheer strength.

Gu Jianlin decisively raised his right hand, a pitch-black bell hanging from his fingers, releasing a black halo. The deafening roar of an Ancient Bell reverberated like thunder, causing ripples to overlap and spread through the night.

—Soul Comforting Bell, minimal release!

The burly man was struck as though by lightning. His brain roared with a deafening sound, as if his very soul was shattered.

Even Nie Xiangsi wasn't spared, letting out a muffled grunt as her face turned pale.

The Soul Comforting Bell's effects are indiscriminate.

But there was no other option. Gu Jianlin thought to himself that he really wasn't suited to working with teammates. Without hesitation, he pulled out the dagger and stabbed it straight into the burly man's heart again, igniting a pale Divine Sacrificial Fire with his other hand.

Priest!

Gu Jianlin placed his hand on the man's head, letting the pale Ghost Fire devour his life force.

A long time passed before the burly man's body shriveled entirely, collapsing to his knees.

Gu Jianlin retrieved the Divine Sacrificial Fire, regaining his peak condition once more.

Another stream of tainted life force flowed through his body.

The next drop of Ancient God's Blood wasn't far from taking shape.

Killing two people in quick succession felt no more than slaughtering chickens to him. Even he didn't know why his mentality was so strong.

On the bed, the girl seemed to have passed out. In the darkness, the sound of her steady, soft breathing could still be felt.

"Stop pretending to sleep."

Gu Jianlin spoke softly, "It's me. Your self-recovery abilities as part of the Priest Path are exceptional. That hit earlier won't cause any lasting trauma. Now, follow behind me. We're going to regroup with the others."

With that, he turned around without hesitation and walked off.

In the darkness, Nie Xiangsi's delicate face turned visibly red.

She had sensed the enemy attack earlier, and by the time the assailant was within reach, the enemy had vanished in silence, killed swiftly and decisively by Gu Jianlin.

But the lighting was so dim that she couldn't see a thing, only to be stunned by the bell's impact.

She hadn't even caught sight of the Divine Sacrificial Fire.

As such, she had no idea what Gu Jianlin's true intentions were, and simply played along as unconscious to observe the situation.

Unexpectedly, it turned out to be a misunderstanding.

Gu Jianlin's presence, while embarrassing, brought her a faint sense of security.

Moreover, this young man seemed quite different from the others.

Nie Xiangsi held a significant background among the novices, and her personality was quite gentle and shy, evoking sympathy from many.

Most people were very considerate toward her.

If something like this had happened, others would've surely fussed over her, helping tidy up or even wiping off the blood.

Still, Nie Xiangsi didn't believe she needed any special care herself.

It was just that Gu Jianlin seemed particularly indifferent toward her, further exacerbating her natural shyness and leaving her a little flustered.

His tone, though calm, left her with an odd feeling of being disliked.

"Come on now, Xiangsi! You're the best. Just do your part as a physician well!"

Nie Xiangsi encouraged herself, quickly getting out of bed and slipping on her shoes.

"Hurry up."

Gu Jianlin poked his head back through the doorway as he stepped out, saying, "Bring your supplies with you."

Nie Xiangsi kept her head down and murmured, "Got it."

The corridor was very dark. Gu Jianlin, erring on the side of caution, didn't turn on his phone's flashlight. Instead, he stood at the entrance, carefully sensing the Life Rhythm within the darkness, and suddenly fell silent.

Because he realized: all the Life Rhythms from the neighboring tavern had vanished.

The life presence of all Captains seemed submerged within the black fog.

Including the members of the seventeen-person action team, many were faintly discernible, as if gravely injured.

Nie Xiangsi, carrying a supply box, followed behind him and saw him standing in silence, testing cautiously, "What's wrong?"

"This mission doesn't feel right. Be ready to treat the wounded."

Gu Jianlin replied calmly, "Can you manage it?"

Nie Xiangsi felt his gaze, biting her lip before answering softly, "Mm..."

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Just then, a deafening explosion echoed through the distant corridor!

Flames burst through a room's door, illuminating the long street shrouded in darkness.

Three scorched figures were slammed against the corridor wall by sheer force.

Within the blazing flames, Yan Ye stood inside the room with his arms folded. His pristine white suit remained immaculate, his expression cold.

His searing breath dispersed as his throat extinguished the fire.

The Heavenly Master Path's ability: mastery of elements.

Meanwhile, Yan Feng emerged with a blade in his right hand and a headless corpse carried in his left, his face filled with disdain.

Mu Ziqing, on the other hand, was well-protected and calmly continued sipping her coffee.

At the corridor's end, a faint but sharp sound of a sword edge buzzing flitted by, vanishing almost instantly.

In the night illuminated by the firelight, a chilling silver gleam disappeared with a rush of frigid Sword Qi. It obliterated the room's door and sliced through the corridor wall before a bisected body was sent flying downstairs.

Blood rained like a downpour.

Tang Ling stood among the torrential bloodshed, carrying her qin case and clutching an iron sword. Her surroundings remained clear of the gore, protected by the deadly Sword Qi swarming around her.

The Sword Sect Path's core ability: Sword Qi waves converted from Thoughts!

In that moment, six figures stood illuminated by the firelight, aware of each other's presence.

Gu Jianlin's Life Perception confirmed that there were no more enemies on this floor.

Before words could be exchanged, a scream erupted from downstairs.

Gu Jianlin recognized the voice.

Cheng Youyu!

"Let's go."

Gu Jianlin was the first to descend the staircase, carrying a wooden chair in his hand.

After the earlier battle, he found the dagger less practical; smashing things with a chair seemed far better.

Nie Xiangsi realized a companion was in danger and hurried to follow.

"Under attack?"

Yan Ye stood amidst the firelight, watching their departing backs. "Ziqing, prepare the Healing Technique."

Mu Ziqing set down her coffee, responding calmly, "Understood."

Yan Feng glanced at the white-haired girl across from him, intending to speak.

Tang Ling, however, walked down the stairs without saying a word, clearly uninterested in entertaining his thoughts.

Yan Feng opened his mouth but ultimately said nothing.

"Now's not the time to dwell on feelings."

Yan Ye spoke coldly, "Let's check the situation first."

Yan Feng shrugged. "Got it."

When Gu Jianlin rushed downstairs, he fell silent despite anticipating what awaited him.

At the entrance to the first-floor bathroom, Cheng Youyu and Zhang Cheng stood by with pale faces.

Especially Cheng Youyu, who screamed in terror, trembling violently.

Because at the bathroom's far end, Chen Chen had been pinned to the wall, impaled through the skull by an iron sword.

The blood splattered like paint.

The death was incredibly tragic, with no trace of a struggle at the scene.

Remember, this was a Deputy Captain-level operative—a Third Rank!

And yet, he was inexplicably killed.

"Deputy Captain Chen..."

Nie Xiangsi turned pale at this gory sight, instinctively wanting to rush forward to save him.

"Don't bother; he's already gone."

Gu Jianlin stopped her. "You'll have plenty of wounded to save soon enough."

Nie Xiangsi froze. "What do you mean?"

Gu Jianlin shot her a glance, speaking indifferently, "Obviously, it means there are more enemies."

Something about this puzzled him deeply.

In his Life Perception, all the captains' Life Rhythms disappeared simultaneously.

Including Lu Zicheng and Chen Qing.

This implied that if they were indeed killed, someone managed to take them all down at the same moment.

If that's true, then there's no reason the rookie team should've survived unscathed.

Something was definitely amiss.

Cheng Youyu and Zhang Cheng began to recover from the initial shock, their faces pale and trembling slightly.

Death had come far too swiftly, leaving everyone in disarray.

Among the seventeen-person team, eight were accounted for. The fate of the others remained unknown.

"Brace yourselves; they're here."

Gu Jianlin spoke softly.

As his words fell, another scream pierced the air.

A body was hurled from the third floor, splattering blood on impact.

"Ether Association dogs, I suggest you stay still unless you want more of your comrades to die."

A sinister voice slithered through the air.