

Ancient 98

Chapter 98 - 49 Don't Go Out After Midnight_2

Because he was clearly a Second Rank Junior Fate Officer, yet he felt an oppressive presence emanating from this First Order guy.

It even made him feel awe and tremble!

"No wonder he could kill the Joker. But why hasn't Deep Space updated his profile?"

Although Yan Ye deeply detested the offspring of these Fallen, having powerful combat strength at moments like this wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

"Ziqing, speed up the healing."

He ordered.

"Got it."

Mu Ziqing focused intently on healing her teammate.

However, Yan Feng, clutching his injured chest, stared fixedly at the boy and girl in the field, watching their seamless coordination. His expression showed a trace of unwillingness and jealousy as he silently clenched his fist.

But in the next moment, his face inexplicably softened.

Because after Gu Jianlin and Tang Ling joined forces to eliminate the opposing leader, they suddenly pulled back cautiously.

"Was it you?"

Gu Jianlin stared at the red-haired girl, his expression emotionless, and asked, "The one who leaked the intel this time."

Tang Ling glanced at him, licking her cherry lips, "No, was it you?"

Gu Jianlin couldn't be bothered to explain. He simply grabbed a chair, turned away, and faced the other Fallen.

"As I thought, I wasn't wrong. You're hiding something."

Tang Ling's vermillion eyes held a concealed sharpness, yet her cherry lips curved playfully as she softly said, "This cooperation was enjoyable. Next, whose side will you choose?"

After entering combat mode, not only did her appearance undergo a massive change.

Even her personality shifted.

She became outward, flamboyant.

Though they verbally affirmed their trust, they still retained a safe distance, neither getting too close.

"I take left, you take right."

Gu Jianlin scanned the remaining Grave Diggers, sketching mental profiles of them one by one.

"Before midnight, end the battle."

The Fallen had mentioned before what would happen after midnight, and this made him uneasy.

At that moment, the Fallen who had lost their leader showed not a shred of fear. Instead, hidden madness surged forth, and their grotesque transformations varied in intensity as they charged furiously.

After a brief moment of silence, Tang Ling turned and grabbed the iron sword, charging directly into their ranks.

Sword Qi slashed wildly, blood spraying in all directions.

Gu Jianlin stomped his foot, and pale Ghost Fires ignited in the four cardinal directions. Countless black spell patterns intertwined and swirled.

An advanced application of Divine Sacrificial Fire, capable of draining life force within a certain range!

He dove into the enemy ranks like a demon, swinging a chair in frenzy!

With loud smashing sounds, one Fallen's head after another was brutally crushed.

Bone and brain matter flew, and blood gushed like spring water.

When one chair broke, he effortlessly replaced it with another.

In just a few minutes, countless Fallen had their skulls smashed open by the chairs.

His fighting style was extremely straightforward and raw, relying purely on speed and power to dominate.

Kill in one strike, then use Divine Sacrificial Fire to drain life, seamlessly moving on to the next target.

If Tang Ling's fighting style fully embodied classical swordsmanship's finesse and nobility.

Gu Jianlin's style was pure violent aesthetics, savage and blood-soaked.

"Damn, this guy is a freaking chair-swinging maniac."

Cheng Youyu was left stunned, but once the wound on his back healed, he energetically jumped in to assist.

Meanwhile, Zhang Cheng unleashed volleys of ten arrows, crazily harvesting lives!

"Brother, give me wind!"

Yan Feng, after completing his healing, charged forward again, his body surging with Qi Force.

Yan Ye raised his hand, summoning a roaring wind to swirl around Yan Feng's fists.

Boom!

A Fallen, grotesquely transformed into a mantis, swung an iron hammer down fiercely.

At a crucial moment, Yan Feng raised his wind-enshrouded fist to meet the strike, releasing a sound like clashing steel.

This was pure brute force, both sides straining with all their might, growling from deep in their throats.

Suddenly, from behind him came a cold voice.

"If you can't handle it, then get lost."

Yan Feng turned his head just in time to see a massive dark shadow barreling toward them.

Before he could react, there was a heavy, muffled impact.

The mantis-like Fallen was smashed senseless, stumbling backward repeatedly.

In an instant, Gu Jianlin surged forward, his right hand sharp as a blade thrusting into its chest.

With a wet squelch, blood splattered across the boy's face.

Simultaneously, he triggered the Ghost Curse Technique.

Twisting black spell patterns appeared on both their bodies!

Gu Jianlin and the Fallen both began bleeding from seven orifices, their bodies seemingly collapsing.

Priest!

Gu Jianlin's right hand ignited with ghostly pale flames.

The Fallen let out a piercing scream as pale flames seemed to erupt from its chest, causing its grotesquely deformed body to rapidly degenerate, shrinking into a frail figure.

Withdrawing his hand from its chest, Gu Jianlin flicked off the blood, turning around indifferently.

If it were his original personality, he likely wouldn't be so merciless.

Nor would he utter such taunting words.

But now, in a Ghost Transformation state, negative energy surged uncontrollably.

It made him look down on many people in the team.

If it weren't for the need to absorb this heavily deformed Fallen's life force, he wouldn't even care if the Yan brothers were killed.

"You bastard..."

Yan Feng's expression turned grim, but faced with the demonic boy, he was so intimidated he couldn't even manage to retort.