

THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

Chapter 10 - 4: The Corpse Came Alive!_3

Clearly, it has been slumbering for thousands of years. All of its power should have been obliterated by now.

How could it still be capable of using the Ancient Divine Language?

Consciousness gradually became chaotic, the spirit spiraling into unending decline, swallowed by cold and darkness.

Including the old man, all five of them felt as though their souls were about to be annihilated, scattered into nothingness forever.

Fear, like a bottomless whirlpool, devoured them.

In truth, they were not the only ones trembling in terror.

Gu Jianlin himself was plunged into overwhelming dread.

Because when he uttered that syllable, he felt as though he had become a king overlooking the world, and an image of a solemn and ancient Black Qilin roaring ferociously appeared in his mind.

Such a colossal and terrifying creature seemed as if it resided in his very mind, becoming his second soul!

After voicing that syllable, he could clearly feel himself becoming drastically weakened, as if something within him was evaporating at an alarming speed, accompanied by the sensation of his brain being drained dry.

Yet the power of that syllable was undeniably terrifying—within the tomb chamber, the five figures were struck as if by divine punishment, emitting the sounds of those near death.

Especially the old man at the forefront, who understood that the Ancient Divine Language was not meant to be heard. Gods often used it as a way to punish mankind; incomplete syllables would subject listeners to torment and unspeakable agony.

And if the syllable were ever fully pronounced, there would be only one outcome.

Death.

An inescapable decree of death!

At this moment, Gu Jianlin felt a searing headache, as though something in his mind was about to run dry.

He cursed silently, feeling an overwhelming tide of exhaustion surging through him, as the roaring Black Qilin in his consciousness also began to waver unsteadily.

With a thunderous crash, the Black Qilin deep within his consciousness collapsed instantly.

Suddenly, that peculiar syllable dissipated into the silence.

It was as if a grand melody, building to its dramatic climax, had been abruptly cut off!

The old man and his four students, at the very brink of death, suddenly snapped back to awareness in that singular moment.

As if a ray of light pierced through their darkness.

"We're still alive..."

It had only lasted an instant, yet it felt as though an eternity had passed.

Terror-stricken eyes revealed a glimmer of relief at a narrow escape from death. They shared a look and shivered uncontrollably.

In the deathly silent tomb chamber, only the sound of the Gods' breath and heartbeat reverberated, clear and resonant.

Gu Jianlin, forcing his fatigued body upright, stood silently across from them. Outwardly, he appeared calm, but inwardly he braced himself as if facing a deadly foe.

The situation was too perilous. Whether he had to defeat them or kill them, he had to act first. He couldn't risk being at their mercy.

Summoning all his strength, he tried to recall the peculiar syllable and the anger that had surged within him, steadily building up once more.

It was initially a gamble, but in the depths of his consciousness, the Black Qilin slowly stirred again, golden slit-pupils opening as blood trickled from its seven orifices.

The power of the Ancient Wilderness began accumulating once more, seemingly at a dire cost.

Gu Jianlin felt that brain-draining sensation return again—his dried-up energy surging from his depleted body like a torrent. His head throbbed violently; his body trembled uncontrollably.

It felt as though his very body was on the verge of shattering.

Just then, the Butcher—seemingly the brawniest and most capable fighter—stepped forward. Although trembling like a leaf, his gaze was steeled with resolve.

Dropping to all fours, a savage aura erupted from his frame.

Gu Jianlin's heart skipped a beat, and he instinctively prepared to unleash that strange syllable again.

For the man's posture resembled that of Ouyang Feng preparing to unleash the toad technique.

Yet in the next instant, the Butcher dropped to his knees with a resounding thud, his hands propping him up as he kowtowed before the sarcophagus.

"Forgive us, Supreme!"

The Moon Princess, the petite and graceful figure, hesitated briefly before also kneeling down in supplication.

"Forgive us, Supreme!"

The Scholar and the Sea Demon quivered as they joined in, prostrating themselves on the ground.

"Forgive us, Supreme!"

Finally, the old man at the lead approached and knelt, his voice trembling as he muttered, "Oh Supreme of the Ancient Times."

Shaking as he knelt in reverence, he whispered, "We are thrice blessed to witness your awakening."

Gu Jianlin was silent for a moment. In his mind, the Black Qilin closed its eyes as the terrifying energy it had accumulated gradually receded.

He hadn't expected that this group wouldn't fight, nor flee, but instead surrender.

No matter—it was fine, as long as they did nothing rash.

Even though Gu Jianlin felt that he could still force out that peculiar syllable if he gave it his all, he recognized his current state was already dangerously weak. Exhaustion and hunger surged over him like tidal waves.

If he could avoid using that syllable, he would.

Better than risking some unknown aftereffect.

"Thank you for your mercy, Supreme, for allowing us to live," the old man and his students murmured as they knelt reverently. They were relieved that none of them had attempted to run.

Such a fearsome Ancient God—able to kill them with a single syllable—was too horrifyingly powerful.

Attempting to flee without permission would surely have been a death sentence.

The thought of this filled them with admiration for their own wisdom.

"..."

Gu Jianlin remained silent.

As the saying goes, one doesn't strike a smiling face. Since they had already surrendered, he saw no need to escalate.

He was intensely curious—what exactly were these people trying to do?

By now, he realized the identity he had crossed into was unusual, and it appeared these individuals had wildly misunderstood something.

In the dim tomb, ancient, low murmurs echoed softly in the silence: "You... have finally arrived."

Such a light, offhand remark, yet it struck like thunder, exploding in their ears.

Finally arrived?

What the hell? Was this entity waiting for us?

The old man and his students were nearly scared to death on the spot.

"It's using modern Mandarin, exactly like how we speak. After being sealed for thousands of years, how can it know human language?"

The old man felt as though he had plunged into an icy abyss. "Wait—could it be... it just learned it?"

He had heard rumors that certain powerful Ancient Gods possessed an extraordinary capacity for learning. Merely listening to humans' fragmented conversations was enough for them to master human language!