

THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

Chapter 11 - 5 Qilin Venerable

The Ancient Tomb was shrouded in deathly silence, with only flickering flames illuminating the burial chamber sealed for a millennium.

The golden casket gleamed brightly under the firelight.

A mysterious young man sat inside the casket, bound silently by mummy cloth and pitch-black chains, a faint smile curling on his lips.

The scene resembled a mural painted by an artist who poured their lifetime of inspiration into it: an Ancient God awakening from slumber, yet shackled by pale mummy cloth and dark chains, as though imprisoned within the confines of death, ready to escape the cage at any moment.

Black and white, life and death, suffused with a potent religious aura.

To the five people led by the elderly man, however, His smile was chilling to the core.

Especially the Butcher, who was closest to the casket, trembling so violently that he didn't even dare to raise his head.

The elderly man respectfully said, "Please do not mock us; we mean no harm to You. According to legend, in certain circumstances, Ancient Gods who resurrect temporarily disguise themselves as humans to protect themselves while their powers have not fully awakened."

So it was true.

Gu Jianlin remained silent—the effect he wanted had been achieved. At least in terms of verbal communication, he wouldn't reveal any flaws.

His voice drifted like a ghost: "Is that so?"

"I swear on my life."

The elderly man respectfully continued, "Otherwise, why would we risk certain death to come before You?"

Was it not for the Ancient God's Blood?

"Risking certain death?"

Gu Jianlin said indifferently, "It seems that the Ancient Tomb built by Xu Fu is nothing more than this. After just over two thousand years, people like you have already breached it."

The elderly man's face was fraught with terror as he suppressed his inner fear and said, "As expected of the Supreme Ancient; You even know the Gatekeeper's name..."

He had still underestimated the power of the Ancient God.

Originally, he thought that an awakened Ancient God would not only be weak but also disoriented and overwhelmed by this new world, needing a longer time to adapt.

That would make them easier to exploit.

But never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that this Ancient God would be so enigmatic and unpredictable.

Logically, after being sealed, Xu Fu had constructed the Qilin Immortal Palace.

The two parties should not have had any contact.

Yet, this Ancient God knew the Gatekeeper's name with uncanny clarity.

He could even specify the duration of His own slumber!

Most importantly, after being sealed for thousands of years, He retained a fragment of His power and could still use the Ancient Divine Language!

This completely contradicted what was recorded in "Xu Fu's Record"!

"When bored, one tends to pay attention."

Gu Jianlin's eyes were inscrutable, his words indifferent: "Occasionally, when people like you sneak in to entertain me, it's not too bad."

We barely survived, and to Him, it was mere entertainment...

Upon hearing this, the elderly man hurriedly said, "We've trespassed on the Supreme's tranquility; we deserve a thousand deaths! The fact You have spared our lives is our greatest blessing. We are Your most devout believers. Generations of us have carried the sacred mission of releasing You from endless slumber, so You can reign over this world once more, bearing the Supreme's wrath!"

"We revere Your authority and admire Your majesty."

He added, "We do not wish to see, years from now, the Candle Dragon Venerable return and utterly consume You."

Gu Jianlin continued to smile faintly, staring at the old man, maintaining an oppressive aura.

He understood now—the living Ancient Gods and the dead Ancient Gods were indeed worlds apart.

Moments ago, this man had wanted to dissect a corpse to extract its essence.

Now, he was acting like a devout believer.

Truly, this was like face-changing in Sichuan Opera.

Unfortunately, all five of them wore masks, hooded cloaks, and capes, showing only their eyes. Even their voices were intentionally altered, revealing very little information.

Under such circumstances, it was hard to profile their personalities; otherwise, he could quickly use language to gain the upper hand.

However, from their previous conversation, he could discern their desires.

They were all Fallen, craving the Ancient God's Blood to save themselves and ascend.

In other words, they were a group of desperate souls!

They wouldn't stop until they achieved their goals.

"You may not be aware, but a thousand years have passed since the Ancient Gods stepped off the stage of history. Now, Ascenders dominate this world. In my region, there is an organization called the Ether Association, and their approach to dealing with Fallen is extermination, leaving no survivors."

The elderly man's eyes glinted with chilling malice as he spoke.

"While pursuing the ruins of the Qilin Immortal Palace, my students and I were unfortunately infected by the Ancient God's Qi, becoming Fallen. Now, we barely manage to suppress ourselves with medication, avoiding full collapse."

"But this is merely poison to quench a thirst. Only Your blood can redeem our souls, like in the ancient myths, where Gods bestowed their blood upon mortals, transforming them into Divine Servants. Earlier, we acted recklessly because we were desperate for the Ancient God's Blood to cleanse our souls of corruption. Please forgive us for offending You."

Ether Association, Ascenders, Fallen, Divine Servants.

Gu Jianlin had learned several new terms, gaining some clarity internally.

"Then, why should I help you?"

He whispered, "At the very least, give me a reason."

Silence.

The Moon Princess, the Butcher, the Scholar, and the Sea Demon seemed to see a glimmer of hope for survival.

As long as there was room for negotiation, all would be well!

Facing a God, they dared not act boldly to seize the Ancient God's Blood by force.