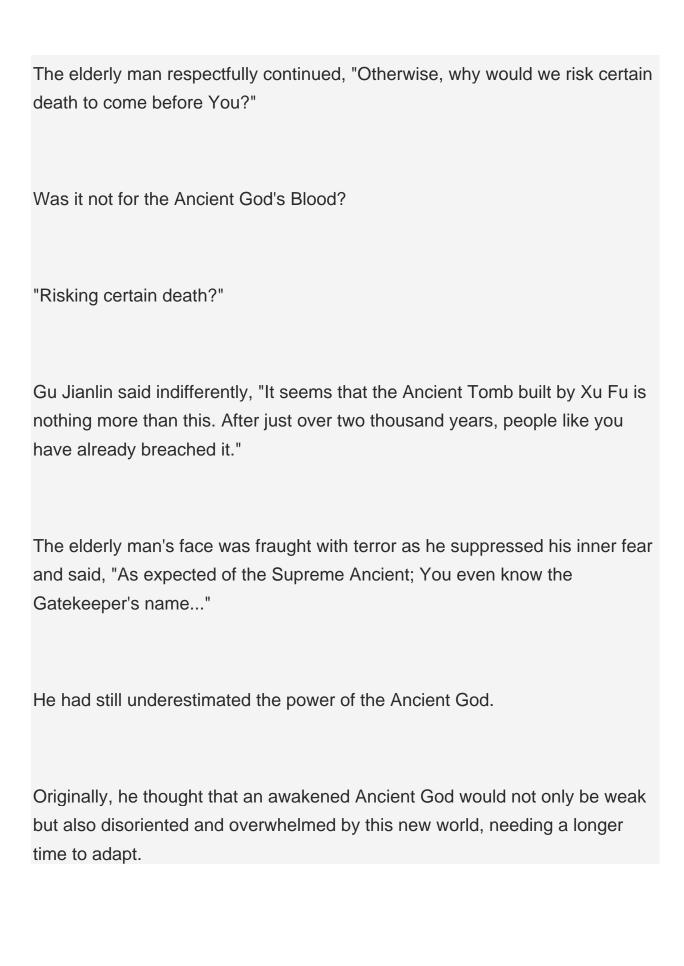
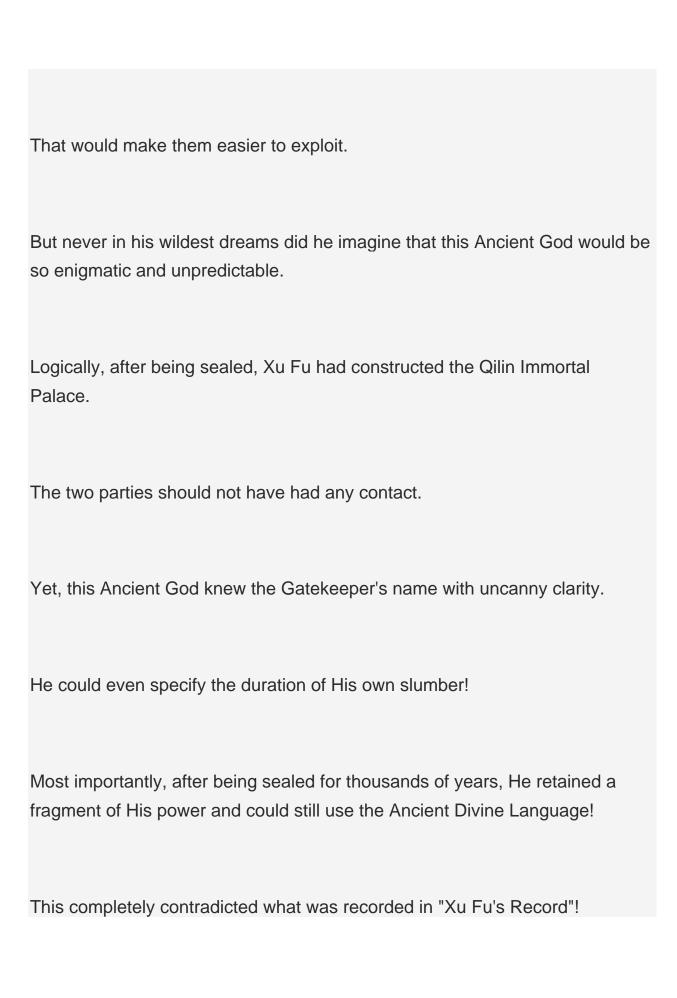
THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

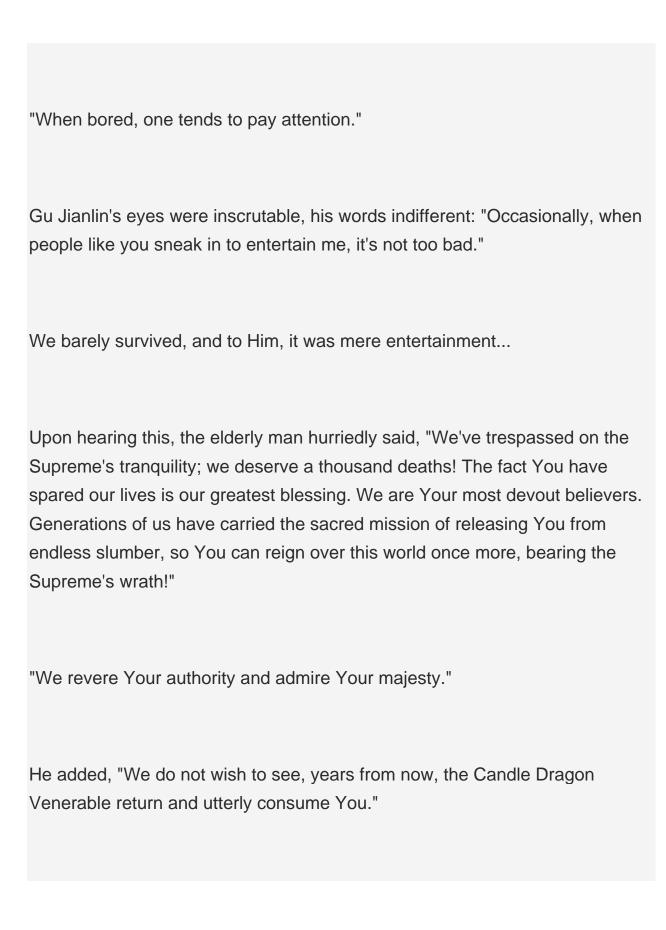
The Ancient Tomb was shrouded in deathly silence, with only flickering flames illuminating the burial chamber sealed for a millennium. The golden casket gleamed brightly under the firelight. A mysterious young man sat inside the casket, bound silently by mummy cloth and pitch-black chains, a faint smile 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.

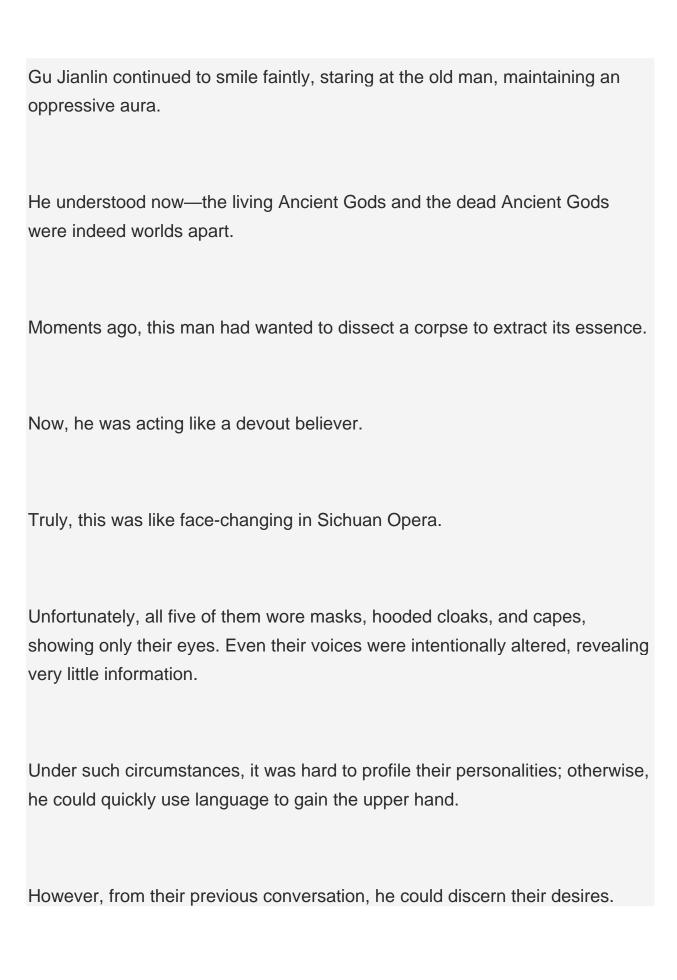
Black and white, life and death, suffused with a potent religious aura.

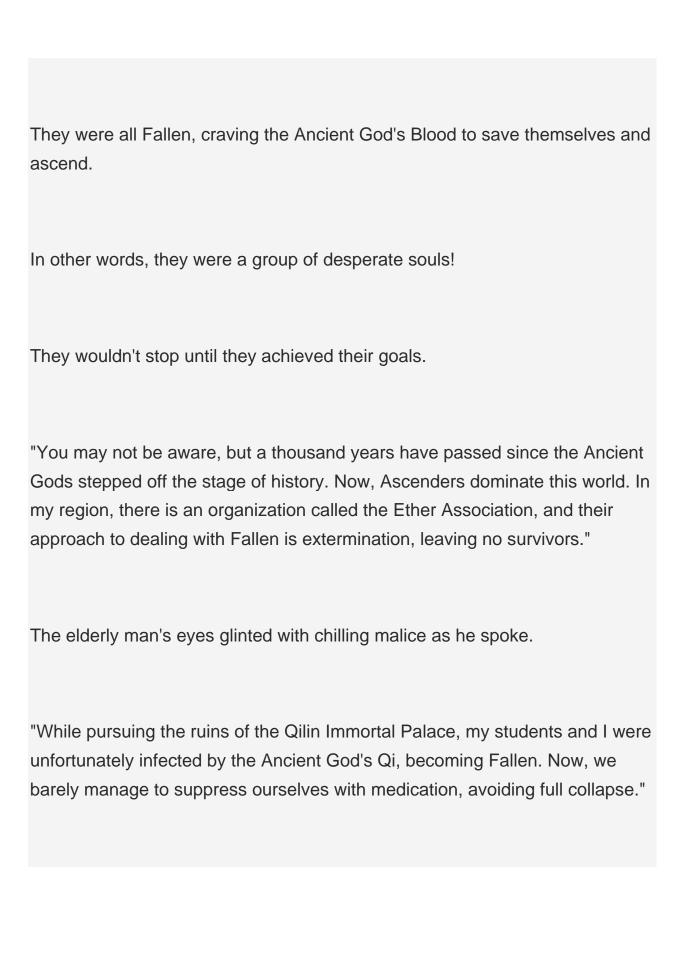
"I swear on my life."
His voice drifted like a ghost: "Is that so?"
Gu Jianlin remained silent—the effect he wanted had been achieved. At least in terms of verbal communication, he wouldn't reveal any flaws.
So it was true.
The elderly man respectfully said, "Please do not mock us; we mean no harm to 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."
Especially the Butcher, who was closest to the casket, trembling so violently that he didn't even dare to raise his head.
To the five people led by the elderly man, however, His smile was chilling to the core.

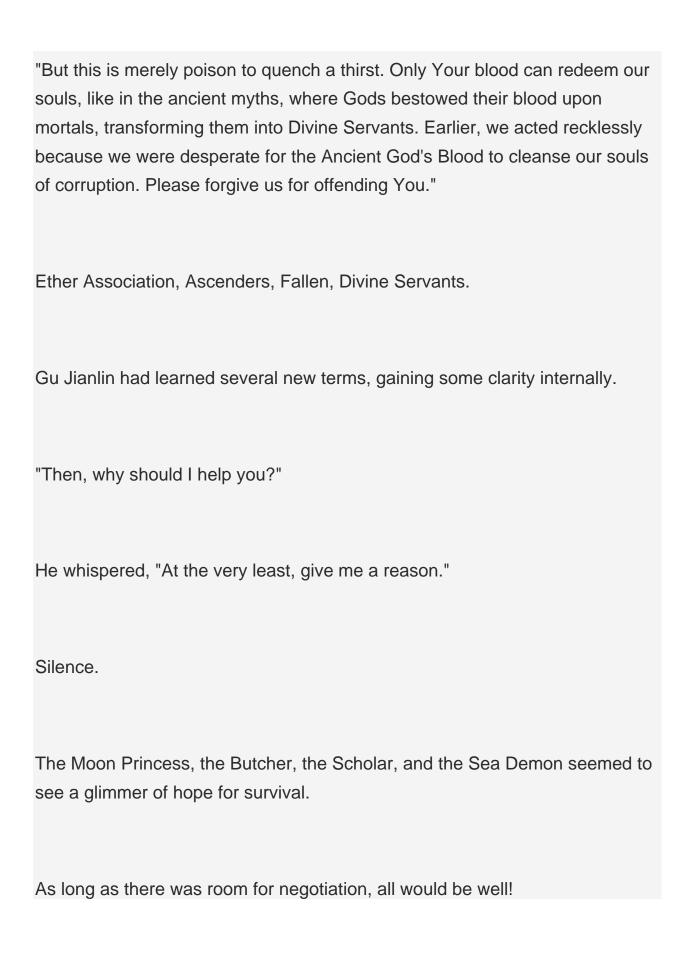












Facing a God, they dared not act boldly to seize the Ancient God's Blood by force.