

THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

Chapter 12 - 5 Qilin Venerable_2

"The Candle Dragon Venerable imprisoned you here. For thousands of years, you've been unable to break free from the seal, nor can you touch the outside world."

The old man's throat seemed to convulse, and he quickly prostrated himself on the ground, speaking in the most reverent tone: "At least for now, we are the only ones who have stepped into this burial chamber. Xu Fu arranged countless false arrays, traps, and barriers within the Qilin Immortal Palace. If we hadn't been fortunate enough to obtain his journal, it's likely we would never have made it here."

"You would either be trapped within a barrier or slaughtered by those twisted mad Divine Servants. We owe it to our own corruption that we've avoided most of the dangers. Hah, in truth, the seal on the Qilin Immortal Palace is already robust enough for humans. At least until the seal loosens, no human Ascender has been able to enter."

He spoke sincerely: "Thus, the only way for you to reach the outside world is through us."

Gu Jianlin spoke indifferently: "Hmm?"

"We are the only ones who can help free you."

The old man lifted his head and gazed intently at the god within the coffin, speaking in a deep voice: "The next time we enter this tomb, we will bring you everything you need—resources to help you regain your strength!"

"Thousands of years of slumber, the fury of betrayal by your kin—don't you wish to escape this place? Thousands of years have passed; surely the restraints placed by the Candle Dragon Venerable have weakened and decayed with time. As long as you reclaim your former strength, nothing in this world will serve as your prison."

"My Inheritance Path is that of an Alchemist—a humble Fourth Rank Alchemist, as insignificant as an ant before you."

"But for now, I am the only one... capable of helping you reign over this world once more!"

His words came quickly, tinged with a frantic eagerness, and deep in his eyes was a glimmer of madness.

"Let me offer my loyalty, become your Divine Servant, and follow you for eternity!"

"Surely... you yearn to exact revenge on the Candle Dragon Venerable?"

Like whispers from a devil, his words dripped with temptation.

This old man, as a mere human, dared to enthrall a god!

How amusing—this elderly man, though cowed into submission, dared not forcibly seize the Ancient God's Blood, yet showed no intention of retreating.

Instead, he sought to achieve his goal through negotiation.

Gu Jianlin lowered his gaze to the mummy cloth and pitch-black chains that bound him, his deep, mysterious eyes faintly shimmering.

After a long pause, he chuckled softly: "A Fourth Rank Alchemist? Interesting."

The old man held his breath, as if waiting for fate's favor.

He anticipated.

He anticipated the ancient Supreme's promise.

He also feared.

For even he did not know whether his Fourth Rank status carried any weight.

"Perhaps... it's worth considering."

Gu Jianlin raised his dark eyes, gazing loftily down upon the crowd, and said indifferently: "But the premise is whether you truly possess any real value. As for your loyalty... I don't care."

It was as if they'd been granted absolution.

Thud.

The sound of a forehead striking heavily against the ground.

The old man knelt again and bowed: "Thank you for your grace."

The four students also prostrated themselves, saying, "Thank you for your grace."

You're celebrating far too soon.

Gu Jianlin's expression remained impassive. He truly didn't know whether he could fulfill these people's desires.

Because the only thing he could offer... was his own blood.

As for the so-called Ancient God's Blood—who knew what that truly was?

He only hoped this group would leave quickly—leave as far away as possible.

Then he could figure out how to escape.

The next moment, the Ancient Tomb suddenly trembled, sending dust cascading through the air.

The five figures led by the old man, their bodies prostrated on the ground, abruptly blurred—as if the light reflected on glass turned shadowy and distorted, or as if the flickering images of a static screen.

Gu Jianlin was momentarily stunned, suddenly sensing that this group was about to leave.

How timely—any longer, and he might have exposed a flaw, his act unraveling entirely.

"The dimensional rift has appeared again."

The old man spoke earnestly: "Great Supreme, we are about to be transported back to the real world. But rest assured. The next time the dimensional gates open, we will bring the resources you need to restore your strength, along with sacrifices to aid your recovery."

Gu Jianlin heard these words and smirked: "Good luck."

In the next instant, the flickering light extinguished abruptly, and the five figures vanished almost simultaneously from their original positions.

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"Phew."

Gu Jianlin finally exhaled deeply, cold sweat soaking through him like a sluice gate had opened.

What a cursed experience—being inexplicably transported to an Ancient Tomb, then randomly running into a group of lunatics.

Almost ending up dissected.

"Ancient God, Ascender, Inheritance Path, Super Ancient World."

Gu Jianlin pieced together these key terms, reconstructing a worldview based on his shattered perception.

A world perhaps more real than any he'd known!

"This group has been transported back to reality—whether they'll return or not remains unknown. They talk a good game, claiming they want to release the sealed Ancient God, but it's clearly all for their own interests. Without gains, who knows what they'd actually do?"

Gu Jianlin murmured: "The others are hard to gauge, but that old man indeed harbors deep, calculating schemes—he's not an easy one to handle. Hopefully this group, intimidated this time, will show some measure of sense... That resonance seemed to come from the lingering power in that mask I borrowed; I wonder if I'll be able to use it again. All I know for now is... I'm incredibly weak."