

# THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

## Chapter 6 - 3: Tomb of the Ancient God\_2

Interesting.

Gu Jianlin scrolled down with the mouse. At first glance, this seemed like an alternate history game, though it was unclear whether it was a mobile game or a PC game.

"Ancient Gods, Gods, Supremes—all are their titles. They traverse the shadowy corners of history, known to few yet present everywhere. One is called the Candle Dragon, the other the Qilin."

"It was an unprecedented battlefield, a clash between Gods, a battle of Supreme against Supreme. The Candle Dragon Venerable wielded ultimate Authority to slay the Qilin Venerable. To prevent its resurrection, it was buried beneath the deep sea, within its own Ancient God Realm, a place known as the Qilin Immortal Palace."

"During Xu Fu's eastern voyage, he had the fortune to encounter the Candle Dragon Venerable. Thereafter, he transcended the mortal realm and ascended to the pinnacle. He was tasked with constructing a tomb deep beneath the sea, standing guard over the gates of the Ancient God Realm—until millennia later."

"Even now, remnants of the Qilin Venerable's power continue to corrode reality. The gates of the Ancient God Realm open sporadically across different times and spaces. The first observed dimensional rift emerged in a certain coastal city, where some are using rituals to awaken the entities within the Ancient God Realm."

"Gods who perished millennia ago roar in the darkness, as Ascenders seize the opportunity to venture into the Immortal Palace, plundering divine treasures, invaluable alchemy weapons, and ancient inheritance paths to achieve their own advancement."

As Gu Jianlin read this, he thought to himself that this was probably the sparsest and most bare-bones game announcement he had ever seen.

Just long text without any accompanying images or trailers.

After finishing the post, Gu Jianlin concluded that this Qilin Mask was probably just a commemorative game souvenir gifted by someone.

Right now, in his new bedroom, he also had a Frost's Sorrow and a signal axe.

But as he continued to scroll and reached the end of the post, he froze.

Because this game didn't provide any official links or download channels—it felt like a joke.

All Gu Jianlin saw was a brief introduction.

"Closed beta qualification: You must possess at least one ancient token from the Qilin Immortal Palace."

"Server entry: You need to endure the mental corruption of the ancient token, and be located in a domain tainted by the Ancient God's psyche. Wait for a dimensional rift to appear—it will pull you into the ancient tomb, where you may become one of the lucky few Ascenders."

"Note: The Ancient God Clan is extremely dangerous. If a player dies within the game, they will never wake in reality."

"Currently, 234 players are active in the game."

Gu Jianlin was silent for a moment, lost in thought.

His first reaction to this post was that it was sheer nonsense, nothing more than the script for an extremely ordinary game.

Probably not even a working game yet. Just an elaborate bluff.

Gu Jianlin was about to close the post, but when his eyes landed on the Qilin Mask in his hand, a ludicrous thought surfaced in his mind.

What if what this post claimed was real?

When the thought struck him, he genuinely felt like he'd gone mad.

It was like one of those supernatural games—something in the vein of invoking spirits with a pen.

Yet there was an uncanny allure driving him, compelling him to dig deeper.

His father's bizarre behavior, a gruesome car accident, the eerie shadow he glimpsed when gravely injured.

And then, the mysterious mask in his hands and this inexplicable post.

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a moment, picked up the Qilin Mask, and lay down on his bed.

"At the very least, I'll try doing a profile, try analyzing the origins of this mask."

At the moment, all he had was a single Qilin Mask, without even a single scratch on it. The clues were pathetically sparse. The content of that post might not even be true, so he had to conduct an in-depth profile.

He had to make his mind boil, awakening his dormant sixth sense.

In an instant, the overcast sky seemed torn apart, and a deep rumble echoed ominously.

Lightning flashed and thunder roared outside the window, as the drizzle abruptly turned into a downpour, humid winds surging through the mesh screens.

Carrying with it the earthy scent of rain.

Gu Jianlin lay there motionless, like a corpse about to be interred.

He gently placed the Qilin Mask over his face, closed his eyes, and listened to the rain outside. He focused, breathing deeply.

"Ancient God, Qilin, clash, death, tomb..."

Keywords integrated.

Profile initiation.

In that very moment, his mind ignited, perceiving the icy texture of the Qilin Mask. It was as though he had plunged into endless darkness, with only the storm's relentless rage echoing in his ears, as though it might drown him.

It felt like sinking into the deep sea.

Cold, desolate, dark, unfathomable.

He kept descending, darkness spreading silently.

And in that fleeting moment, he suddenly felt the world rushing away from him. It was as if he could hear countless murmurs, like specters whispering incessantly, distant as the horizon yet close as his ear.

The voices were frantic, their tone erratic, imbued with a sinister allure—like an ancient Wu chanting the most malevolent spells.

Suddenly, Gu Jianlin felt a sharp, splitting headache and instinctively tried to interrupt the profile, wanting to remove the mask from his face.

The next moment, he froze.

His eyes were wide open, yet all remained pitch black before him.

And the Qilin Mask—it felt as though it was glued to his face and couldn't be removed!

Boom!

A terrifying clap of thunder erupted above the heavens, as though tearing through the city.

Gu Jianlin's heartbeat stopped in that instant.

Not because of the thunder.

But because, within that darkness, he suddenly saw a massive shadow. Its roar was like the thunder's wrath!