

THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

Chapter 7 - 3: Tomb of the Ancient God_3

That was a Qilin—a pitch-black and monstrous Qilin!

He had never seen such an ancient, majestic creature before. This Qilin's body was drenched in thick, black blood, with broken scales exuding a strange beauty. Half of its body was decayed and fragmented, while the other half was covered in bulging veins, seamlessly blending death and vitality.

It was so immense that it seemed to embody darkness itself.

It was also filled with wrath and malice, its gaping maw like an abyss, its roars seemingly capable of tearing through the void of shadow.

And then... it shattered the boy's world to pieces!

The world sank into silence.

Only a breeze stirred the curtains, and the flickering screen of the laptop froze at the bottom of a post.

A number suddenly flickered.

"Currently, 235 players are in the game."

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When Gu Jianlin regained consciousness, his first thought was: "Curiosity killed the cat."

At that moment, he heard a drip.

It sounded like a single drop of water splashing onto the ground.

He tried to open his eyes and was met with the sight of a hard, fissured stone wall.

He was still lying down and instinctively attempted to move his body, but the sound of clinking chains echoed—heavy, oppressive.

Startled, Gu Jianlin realized he was lying inside a coffin forged entirely of gold, bound by countless pitch-black chains.

His original clothes were gone, replaced by tattered mummy cloth etched with countless strange spells, tightly wrapped around him.

What terrified him the most was the transformation of his own body. For unknown reasons, his skin was now covered with countless pitch-black scales, their obsidian-like depth inscribed with eerie, otherworldly patterns, as though they had always belonged to him.

His hands had been replaced with sharp claws, their jet-black nails glinting coldly.

Using the faint light, he glimpsed his reflection in the interior surface of the golden coffin.

A grotesque, incomprehensible Qilin Mask seemed to have fused directly to his face!

Most striking of all were the pitch-black horns atop his head.

Gu Jianlin was shocked. His appearance now was unmistakably... that of a Qilin!

Either he had crossed into another realm or he had transformed into something else entirely.

Fear prickled at his scalp. The golden coffin lacked a lid, and surrounding him was pure, impenetrable darkness.

Cold, damp, desolate, oppressive.

It resembled... an ancient tomb!

Gu Jianlin couldn't comprehend what was happening. Ever since his in-depth profiling of that Qilin Mask, something unspeakable—beyond the limits of his understanding—had begun to occur.

The Qilin Mask.

It all revolved around that Qilin Mask.

Before losing consciousness, he seemed to have glimpsed a massive, majestic Qilin roaring toward him.

And when he opened his eyes again, he was already here.

Gu Jianlin pinched himself, confirming it was not a dream.

At this moment, as a staunch materialist—

His worldview shattered.

Just then, an ancient, resonant chant echoed from outside the tomb, booming like a deep, mystical bell.

The tomb subtly trembled as countless fragments and wisps of dust cascaded down. In the pitch-black, crimson blood seemed to seep forth, flowing through the cracks of the tomb's stone tiles, coalescing toward the ancient coffin, alive and malevolent.

Finally, the chanting outside the tomb ceased, and everything returned to silence.

"Mentor, we've searched so many tombs and performed so many rituals. This is the last one."

A voice suppressed by fear spoke: "Is it really possible that it's the legendary Kirin Immortal Venerable?"

"I don't know. But, the seal on the tomb has already been lifted. If there truly is an Ancient God within, then it should have already been awakened. This is our only hope now."

An elderly voice, low and weathered, replied: "Regardless of whether it is Kirin Immortal Venerable or some other class of Ancient God, we must treat it as the true Supreme. Because... only It possesses the ability to save us."

He commanded, "Butcher, push open the tomb's door. Prepare yourselves. Everyone, fall back behind me."

A moment later, with a deep rumble, the tomb's door was slowly pushed open by someone.

Bright firelight pierced through the darkness, and faint silhouettes emerged within its glow.

Gu Jianlin's heart tightened. Someone else was here!

"O Supreme of Ancient Times... We are here to witness Your awakening!"