

THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

Chapter 9 - 4: The Corpse Came Alive!_2

"How is this Butcher so reckless? Is he not afraid of a corpse coming back to life?"

"In any tomb-robbing movie, this is exactly the type of person who dies first."

"Bastard!"

The old man roared angrily.

Gu Jianlin felt slightly relieved; at least the elderly still held some reverence for the Gods.

"We are all Fallen, our minds polluted by the Ancient God's spirit. We can only barely maintain half a year's sanity with the secret medicine we stumbled upon in the Immortal Palace! No matter how precious the alchemy weapons

are, they cannot cure us! If we want to survive, there's only one way—Ancient God's Blood!"

The old man said gravely, "Dig open His corpse and see if there's any blood left!"

Gu Jianlin: "..."

Alright, this group is all the same.

Students fight monsters for gear, but teachers go as far as using corpses' organs and tissues as survival and upgrade materials.

No, this cannot go on. He had to do something. Otherwise, he would end up on the dissection table.

From passive to active.

After receiving the order, the Butcher begrudgingly put down his machine gun and pulled out a dagger.

"Are you not afraid? Although He won't wake anymore, He was still an Ancient God in His time."

At this moment, Moon Princess calmly reminded him.

"Afraid? Thousands of years have passed, His powers are completely drained."

The Butcher grinned widely, "Could He even come back to life? And if He does, I'll just pin Him back down!"

Moon Princess remained silent, giving him a look that wished him the best of luck.

The Butcher strode brazenly to the side of the coffin, staring at the mysterious ancient corpse within. He lifted the dagger in his hand, his grin turning sinister. "They say the bodies of Ancient Gods are impervious to blades and bullets. Let's test it out."

For a brief instant, a sound of clinking chains echoed from within the coffin.

The Butcher's right hand holding the dagger froze in mid-air.

The others looked on in confusion, unable to comprehend why this fearless brute had suddenly cowered.

"Butcher, what's wrong?"

The old man asked.

The Butcher stammered, his lips trembling, "... I think I heard something moving in the coffin."

The group froze in terror, a chill racing up their spines to the back of their skulls as all the blood in their bodies seemed to freeze.

Swallowing hard, the Butcher mustered his courage and glanced inside the coffin.

And in just that one glance, time seemed to stop.

The mysterious ancient corpse within the coffin suddenly opened its eyes. Its pale face appeared to come alive in an instant, and its bloodless lips curved slowly into a mischievous smile.

Eerie, chilling, malevolent, and horrifying.

And yet, strangely seductive!

Imagine for a moment—you are a tomb robber. You open a beautifully crafted Ancient Coffin, intending to steal the priceless treasures within, only to have the corpse that had lain dead for endless eons suddenly smile at you with a sinister charm...

"Fuck, it's—"

The fear in the Butcher's eyes exploded, his voice caught in his throat and unable to escape.

In his final moment, the man who had boasted about pinning down an Ancient God even if it came back to life was trembling like a leaf, the dagger slipping from his hand as he cried out with all his might:

"C-c-c-c-corpse... it's coming to life!"

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The terrified cry echoed through the silent tomb, its final note trembling and off-pitch.

The group of five was immediately cast into an abyss of despair, their bodies chilled to the marrow.

With a resounding "snap,"

it felt as though all their hearts had been struck with a sledgehammer, each experiencing a moment of cardiac arrest.

Before them, a claw covered in Black Scales stretched out, gripping the edge of the coffin!

As the chains clinked, the mysterious ancient corpse within the coffin began to sit up, shrouded layer by layer in its pale Mummy Cloth, truly resembling a corpse returned to life.

The cracking of bones sounded like ominous war drums, coupled with a deep, thunderous heartbeat and labored, rattling breaths.

There was no language that could describe the sheer majesty and eeriness of this moment.

It was as if the myths of Ancient Times were awakening once more!

At the same moment, the five of them instinctively tensed, their terror overwhelming them to the point of mental collapse, their souls nearly leaving their bodies.

At this moment, Gu Jianlin once again entered a profound profile, immersing himself in the role of an ancient corpse that had slumbered for thousands of years. His loneliness and fury, buried for untold ages, erupted like molten lava.

He raised his dark, abyssal eyes, gazing contemptuously upon the ants who disturbed a God's eternal rest.

The intruders were already paralyzed with fear, only one final push was needed.

As was customary, monsters in these kinds of stories would let out a furious roar upon reviving, scaring the protagonists senseless and sending them fleeing in chaos.

Gu Jianlin held his breath, his throat trembling, ready to roar in rage.

And yet, at the next moment, the sound that came out wasn't a roar—and it wasn't even his own voice!

Instead, it was a peculiar syllable!

In his mind, the image of the black Qilin Mask reappeared, shattering with a resounding crash.

The sound of the Qilin Mask breaking was like a clap of thunder!

Boom!

It echoed like a terrifying howl from the abyss, like countless ghosts whispering in Hell, indistinguishable between wailing lamentations and sinister laughter.

The sound was so maddeningly twisted, rolling and boiling like chaotic mist!

The darkness seemed to ignite.

With a thunderous crash!

The Ancient Tomb shook violently, its solid rock walls trembling and cracking, while dust rained down in streams.

The golden coffin quaked as well, its black chains swaying wildly, emitting wails like the screams of restless spirits.

The torches flickered as if on the verge of dying out.

It was as if they had plunged into a barren Hell!

The five-member group was hit as though struck by lightning. Their entire bodies trembled violently, drenched in a cold sweat, as if their souls had been ripped from their bodies, leaving them frozen in place.

Ancient Divine Language!

In the old man's mind flashed this absurd thought, though he didn't understand how this Supreme managed it.