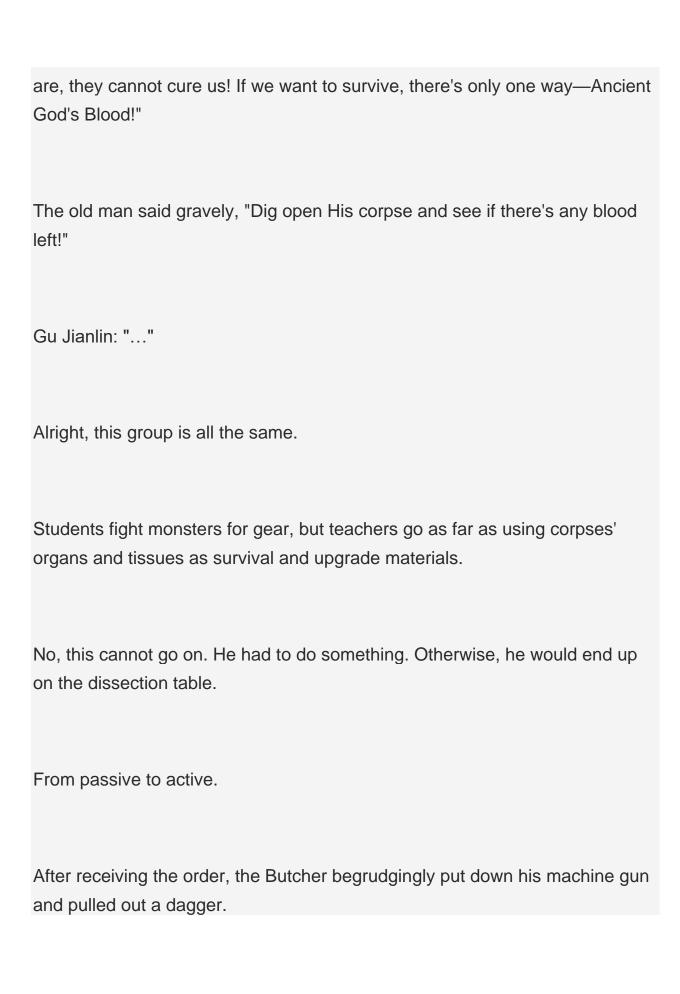
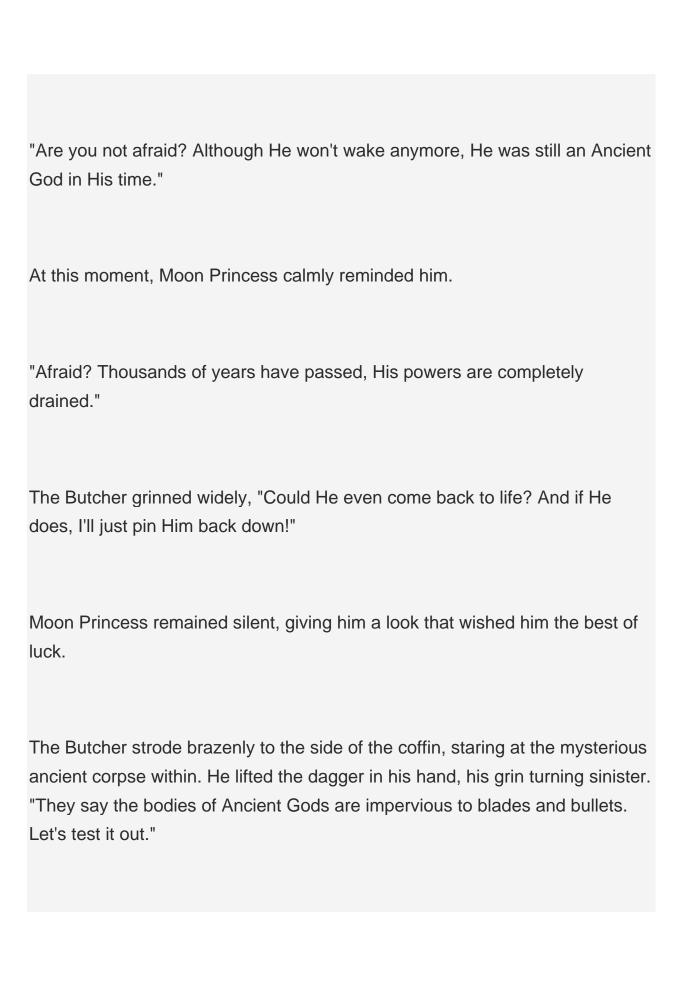
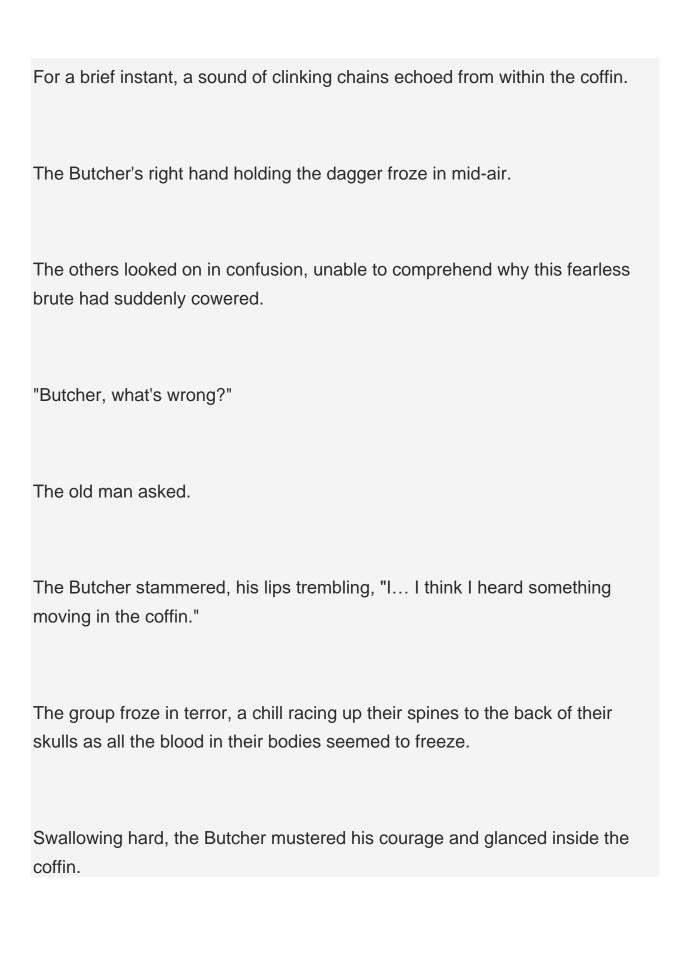
## THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

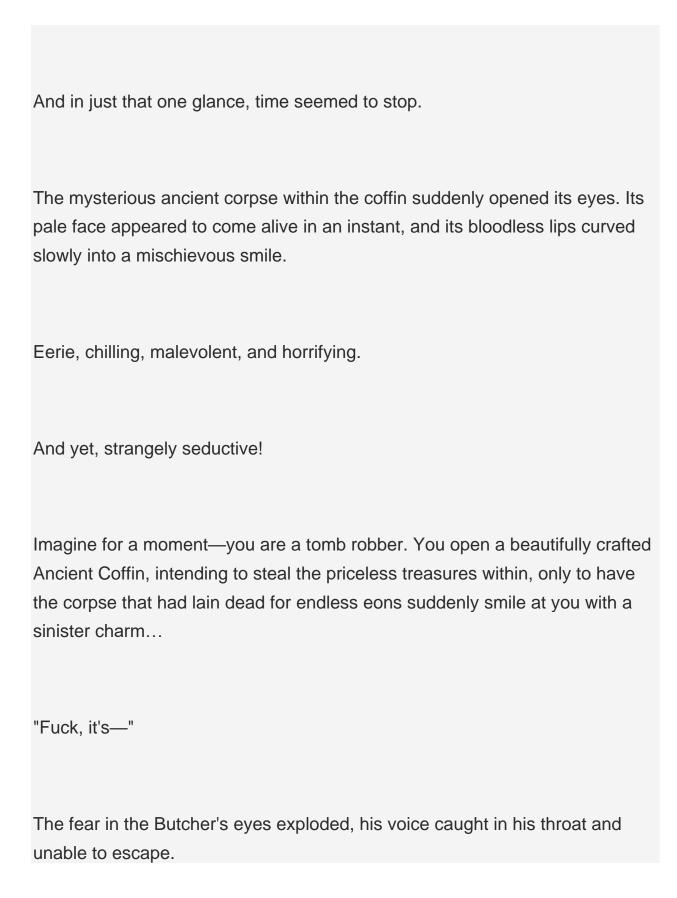
Chapter 9 - 4: The Corpse Came Alive!\_2

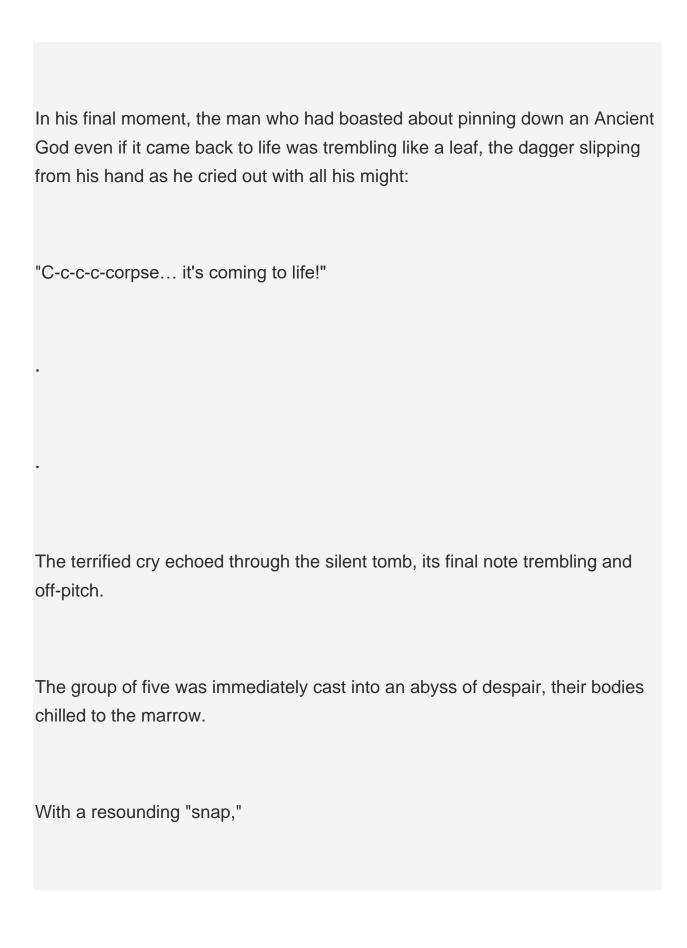
"How is this Butcher so reckless? Is he not afraid of a corpse coming back to life?"
"In any tomb-robbing movie, this is exactly the type of person who dies first."
"Bastard!"
The old man roared angrily.
Gu Jianlin felt slightly relieved; at least the elderly still held some reverence for the Gods.
"We 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











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!

