

# MYTH BEYOND HEAVEN

## Chapter 1 - Prologue

Earth, 2020

"Farewell, Lintian. Rest assured, for those who harmed you, I won't let any single one of them go." Said a dignified, mature woman stood beside a large wooden coffin. In the coffin laid the body of a man. His face was pale, void of blood, and several vicious wounds destroyed his original, handsome face.

A strong wind kept blowing, making the woman's long black hair fluttering in the air. She had a beautiful oval face, slender figure, brimming with a heroic aura. Her bloodshot eyes kept staring at the lifeless body in the coffin. Her hands clenched into fists tightly, filling with immense hatred as blood slowly seeping out between her fingers.

She took a deep breath and turned to her subordinate behind before she nodded her head lightly. Several men immediately moved the coffin into the prepared grave, closing the lid down, and carefully buried it with soils under the woman's reluctant gaze.

"Are you sure, you want to take this road, Miss?" A white hair old man who stood one step behind the woman asked concernedly.

The woman looked away into the distance. A pair of her bloodshot eyes were filled with boundless determination as she replied, "Uncle Yang, you've taken care of me since I was born. Do you think I am joking?"

The butler, Yang Wu, looking at his Young Miss' back with his cloudy eyes for a while before he let out a soft sigh: "Please, let this old servant accompany you on the road."

The woman turned around to face Yang Wu; the latter could see her current expression clearly. It was icy as her body seemed to exude immense killing

intents, making the surrounding temperature seem to drop significantly. She uttered, "Let's go." After she finished the sentence, she immediately walked to the black Rolls-Royce car that parked distant away, followed closely by Butler Yang and her subordinates.

As the row of cars disappeared along the road, two mysterious figures suddenly appeared out of thin air before the grave. The white mist shrouded both of them, making them unable to be seen clearly.

"What an emotional girl." A female voice rang out from one figure. The voice was soft and seemed ethereal.

Another figure said nothing in reply. Instantaneously, the surrounding white mist suddenly swirled, and the grave started to shake. In the next moment, the coffin that was buried earlier had magically appeared on the ground.

The lid automatically opened up, revealing the man's body inside. A beam of golden light shot out of the white mist, enveloping the lifeless body. Following that, the enigmatic scene had occurred—the vicious wounds on the man gradually healing and his body slowly shrinking in size. The once thirty-year-old-looking man gradually turned younger, bit by bit. It was as if time had turned back.

A minute later, the golden light wholly dispersed, and the man's body earlier was nowhere to be seen — there was only a tiny male infant left inside the coffin, and he appeared to be alive as he moved his small limbs slightly. Around the infant's neck, there was a silver necklace with a rectangle shape in the middle. It clearly belonged to the man before.

The white mist around the figure became thinner, revealing a pair of slender hands, bringing the infant up into them. Caressing the infant's face for a while, the white mist figure handed him to the female on the side.

"Bring him to that place and keep him safe." An incomparably cold female voice came out of the mist.

"Yes, Master." Another female with the infant in her arms responded solemnly. She hesitated for a second before she asked, "Where are you going, Master? Please, let this servant go with you."

The female master didn't reply to her question; instead, she said, "Remember, never reveal your existence before he has completely awakened the power... Go." She waved her hand after she finished her sentence.

A strong force condensed around the female servant and the infant, and the space behind them started to crack like a spider web.

"Understood, Master." The female servant reluctantly replied before she, along with the infant, vanished into the space cracks, leaving behind the female master alone.

With a soft sigh filled with helplessness, the female master waved her hand once again. The grave magically turned back to its original appearance, as if nothing happened before. Following that, her figure was also disappeared from the place.