

Ancient 163

Chapter 163 - 81 The Saint of the Judgement Court_2

Jing Ci smiled and said, "The position of the Breathing Technique among humans is akin to the place of the Ancient Divine Language for the Ancient Gods. The Catastrophes use the Breathing Technique to counter the Ancient Divine Language—it's an innate ability, bestowed by nature. Those who can perceive the rhythm of breathing can naturally merge with the natural world. For those who can't, it's just ordinary breathing."

"Those with slightly poorer talent, after initially sensing the rhythm, might need ten years to meditate. Yet, the majority can comprehend it in one year. A genius? Three months."

He laughed and said, "As for me? Twenty days. My teacher? Fifteen days."

Gu Jianlin's breathing was long and deep, his aura seemingly blending into the wind, flowing across heaven and earth.

"You'll have a rough sense of how much time is needed."

Jing Ci suddenly asked, "So? How long will it take?"

Gu Jianlin took a deep breath, opened his eyes, and said calmly, "Ten..."

Jing Ci was quite surprised, squinting his eyes, "Ten days?"

Gu Jianlin continued, "Nine, eight, seven..."

Jing Ci was utterly shocked, for the first time showing an expression of disbelief and bewilderment.

"Six."

"Five."

"Four."

Gu Jianlin sat motionless on the railing as the sunset submerged beneath the horizon, and darkness surged like a tide.

A sudden gust of wind swept across the expressway, making countless leaves rustle.

Sand and stones were tossed into the air.

Jing Ci retreated half a step, giving the boy a profound look.

Huai Yin abruptly opened her eyes, silently straightening her posture, a flicker of peculiar light flashing in her aged pupils.

"Three."

"Two."

"One."

Gu Jianlin enunciated the word slowly, as if a deafening roar of tumultuous tides emerged in his mind.

Waves roared, surging to dominate the heavens.

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On Yanshan Road stood an exceptionally luxurious villa district, nestled near a coastline scattered with jagged reefs. The waves washed over golden sands, faintly reflecting the last traces of the setting sun's glow.

Just like the last semblance of dignity of the Yan family.

Peak City was a first-tier metropolis, with real estate prices not as exorbitant as the capital or Magic City. However, ever since the Qilin Immortal Palace manifested into reality, prices for these seaside villas began to skyrocket.

Though rental and sales platforms appeared unchanged, the truth was that these properties were no longer purchasable with mere money.

The closer one was to the Immortal Palace, the higher the likelihood of awakening and transcending, becoming an Ascender.

Five years ago, the Yan family paid two hundred million, along with an abundance of Extraordinary Resources, to acquire six villas in this area from the association—intended for cultivating their descendants and strengthening their power.

In recent years, the Yan family was thriving, hosting streams of visitors almost daily.

Now, only a few fallen leaves lingered under the dim twilight, the scene desolate and lonely.

Slap.

A resounding slap.

A woman, her beauty still apparent, was struck onto the plush, delicate sofa, half of her face rapidly swelling red.

Her voice carried angry sobs as she screamed, "You hit me! Yan Wu, how dare you lay hands on me! I must've been blind to marry into your Yan family! You ungrateful man! Go to hell!"

"Shut up!"

Yan Wu's eyes were bloodshot, like a raging bull, roaring in fury, "Did I hit you? Yes, I hit you! It's better than you getting killed! Tell me, what did you do? Huh? You hired people to spy on Gu Ci'an's son? Have you lost your mind? Do you know who stands behind him? I'm saving your life!"

Mrs. Yan cared not for his concern and cursed him back, "Useless trash! You couldn't even protect our sons. My two precious boys are dead! My niece Ziqing is corrupted! And you just stood there watching, doing nothing! Aren't you supposed to be a Fifth Rank World King? Tell me, what good are you?"

Slap!

Another slap resounded.

Mrs. Yan's left cheek swelled up bright red.

"Trash? You dare call me trash? You stupid woman—go ahead and die then!"

Yan Wu roared angrily, "Come on, you think I'll stop you? You go! You, a Fourth Rank Heavenly Master, should go find Gu Ci'an's son and take revenge—I want to see how you'll die! That kid is the King of Qing! The King of Qing! He's a Catastrophe! In the winter of 1899, the King of Qing and the Red King, those two brothers, almost wiped out the association! That's what a Catastrophe is!"

"Do you understand what that means? Your useless father, the one you keep bragging about, isn't even fit to carry their shoes! Forget the King of Qing—do you know who his top disciple is?"

Yan Wu was practically shouting now, "That Demon, Jing Ci—he's a direct descendant of the Ancient Ancestors! Fifteen hundred years ago, a group of Vikings migrated to Hua Country and were enslaved by a faction of Ancient Ancestors. During that time, he was born—a freak, awakened at birth, even seen as a monster by those people! He was sealed for over a millennium before being released, and from the moment he opened his eyes, he became a killing machine."

"Do you see his seemingly gentle and polite appearance? Does he seem approachable? I'll tell you, the heart he might tear out of you could encircle Peak City!"

Yan Wu's voice trembled as he delivered the final words.

Mrs. Yan froze.

"Go, go take revenge. See if I stop you!"

Yan Wu pointed at his wife in rage, "You call me trash? Then go ahead yourself! Bring your father too! Do you think I don't want revenge for Yan Ye and Yan Feng? Do you think I don't want that?"