

## Ancient 341

Chapter 341 - 177: Candle Dragon Venerable, Old Monster\_2

Gu Jianlin imagined, the large and small figures sitting on the rooftop, watching him leave for and return from school.

"Two peeping toms."

He couldn't help but complain.

Fortunately, when he was by himself, he hadn't done anything particularly embarrassing.

It was a strange feeling, realizing that his life had been under someone's protection from beginning to end.

Not only the ominous Old Gu, but also a beautiful girl.

Su Youzhu had been by his side for a whole eight years, without him knowing, staying near yet never coming close.

"Don't you feel bored?"

Gu Jianlin suddenly asked.

Su Youzhu shook her head gently and said in a soft voice, "Not at all. Observing someone's life from afar is quite interesting. Besides, I know that the things I've gained were originally meant to be yours."

Gu Jianlin remarked, "Don't you think he's trying to find me a child bride? Doesn't that bother you?"

Su Youzhu thought about it seriously: "That depends on who I'd be a child bride for."

This sentence carried multiple layers of meaning.

Gu Jianlin caught all of them.

"So why were you so happy the first time you met me?"

He deftly shifted the subject.

"Because I sensed that you were on the verge of awakening, and I wouldn't need to keep hiding from you anymore."

Su Youzhu pouted, "Also, it gave me a reason to have you do my homework."

Ha, women.

Gu Jianlin asked, "Did Old Gu's guide mention anything about this place?"

"Hmm."

Su Youzhu blinked her beautiful eyes and tilted her head, thinking. "He only said that this is a trap."

Gu Jianlin frowned, "A trap?"

This matched the records he'd seen in the Soul Skywell.

"The guide mentioned that the teacher always believed the Qilin Immortal Palace had a deliberate design, but that was just his profile of it, with no concrete evidence. However, ever since he returned from these Ancient Ruins, he became increasingly convinced of it."

Su Youzhu raised a fair finger and lightly tapped her red lips. "He told me that although, two thousand years ago, during that great battle, Qilin Venerable indeed lost to Candle Dragon Venerable, the Qilin Wedge was something Qilin Venerable intentionally allowed Candle Dragon Venerable to shatter."

Gu Jianlin was taken aback.

"When he first entered the Qilin Immortal Palace, the place was riddled with traps, and Qilin Venerable's Spiritual Domain was volatile to the extreme, as if it could engulf the entire Ancient God Realm into a time-space turbulence at any moment."

Su Youzhu reminded him, "At that time, he also felt like something was watching him—a being of unimaginable rank, whose presence even he couldn't detect."

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a second. That was most likely Qilin Venerable, wasn't it?

"But then the teacher said that after spending some time in the Immortal Palace, he suddenly felt the volatile Spiritual Domain vanish. According to him, Qilin Venerable, for some unknown reason, changed their mind."

Su Youzhu paused for a moment. "They forcibly restrained their destructive urge."

Gu Jianlin contemplated for a moment. Based on the timeline, Qilin Venerable was still setting up the game back then.

And by the time he acquired the Qilin Mask, that Supreme being had already vanished.

Now, all the enigmas pointed back to that epic battle over two thousand years ago.

Why had Qilin Venerable orchestrated such a plan?

"Then what exactly is this cave? Why, when we're already in the Ancient God Realm, must we enter another dimensional space? And why is the Qilin Wedge here?"

Gu Jianlin frowned as he asked.

"To be honest, the so-called Wedge is the core of a world condensed after an Ancient Supreme devours it. Every Ancient Supreme possesses the power to destroy or create an entire planet. The Wedge is born from them, and no one can take it away. Even if the Supreme sleeps, the Wedge will not leave the Ancient God Realm."

Su Youzhu thought for a moment. "Do you think it's possible that someone hid the Wedge here?"

Gu Jianlin was startled.

Who would hide the fragments of the Wedge here?

And also possess the ability to manipulate time and space.

He directed his gaze toward the scarlet patterns in the cave, narrowing his eyes: "Candle Dragon Venerable?"

Su Youzhu agreed with his conjecture. "It's possible that this space was created by Candle Dragon Venerable."

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a moment before reaching out to touch the scarlet patterns.

Cold and rough.

The moment he touched them, countless violent, crisscrossing fissures seemed to flash before his eyes.

At the same time, the Black Qilin in his mind opened its golden vertical pupils slightly.

Gu Jianlin felt his brain igniting.

He utilized the spirit of the Ancient God, delving into a profound profile!

Bang!

In that instant, fragmented, chaotic images surged in his mind.

Waves crashing against the sky.

Black clouds burning with fiery-red molten lava.

The dark Sky Dome seemed to be torn in two.

The ocean floor split apart, with a trench so deep it resembled an abyss.

A man wearing the Black Jade Qilin Mask plunged into the abyss, a sinister and eerie smile on his face.

A slender black Iron Sword, resembling a scepter, was torn apart by countless intersecting fissures.

Shattered to pieces!

Thunderous dragon roars reverberated across the heavens and earth.

A breathtakingly elegant woman hovered above the clouds, gazing indifferently downward.

At that moment, a blazing Fire Qilin soared into the sky, forcibly consuming the shattered fragments of the Iron Sword!

Crash!

The stunning woman cast a glance, and the heavens crumbled.

The dimension where the Fire Qilin resided shattered like a mirror!

Burning blood rained down like a torrential storm!

Crash!

In just a brief moment, Gu Jianlin was drenched in cold sweat, his face deathly pale.

Chapter 342 - 177 Candle Dragon Venerable, Old Monster! \_3

Although it was only a fleeting and fragmented vision,

he actually caught a glimpse of the tip of the iceberg from that war two thousand years ago!

The oppressive feeling, like a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood, was hauntingly familiar.

In this world, only one person could achieve this.

Candle Dragon Venerable!

"Youzhu."

Gu Jianlin suddenly said, "I saw it."

Su Youzhu frowned. "Saw what?"

"If my guess is correct, this cave we're in is not actually some kind of special space."

Gu Jianlin muttered, "We might be inside the corpse of an Ancient God."

Su Youzhu was stunned.

"Candle Dragon Venerable used the corpse of an Ancient God to bury these Wedges. That Ancient God should be from the Qilin Clan, a Fire Qilin, though its exact rank is unclear. It's either an Ancestor, or a Primordial."

Gu Jianlin stared at the blood-red fissures on the walls. "These things should be its blood vessels, and the so-called Alchemy Matrix that can nullify Mythical Weapons is likely operating with this corpse as its core. In other words, the design of this place wasn't solely done by Qilin Venerable but also by Candle Dragon Venerable."

Su Youzhu fell into silence.

The moment the Primordial was mentioned, her first thought was whether it might reanimate.

To be fair, Gu Jianlin had the same thought.

The most troublesome aspect of the Ancient God Clan was this:

They could die, but not completely.

Who knew if it might suddenly reanimate?

"Are we inside a giant corpse?"

Su Youzhu said with a blank expression.

"Yes, a super-giant corpse."

Gu Jianlin nodded.

In the deathly silence, the Butcher suddenly poked his head over. "Where's the corpse? I'm starving."

The siblings glared at him in unison. "Shut up."

The Butcher: "..."

What truly made Gu Jianlin's scalp tingle was Candle Dragon Venerable's power.

The scene he had just witnessed was too horrifying.

That Fire Qilin felt unimaginably powerful to him, undoubtedly a Primordial.

Yet, Candle Dragon Venerable killed a Primordial with merely a glance.

Thinking about how he had provoked such an existence, he suddenly felt a twinge of regret.

Then again, even if he hadn't provoked her, she was likely to come after him eventually.

That old monster was truly terrifying.

"Candle Dragon Venerable used a Primordial's corpse to bury the Qilin Wedge?"

Su Youzhu asked softly, "Why would she do that?"

Gu Jianlin was silent for a second. "I don't know. But perhaps if we continue to explore, we'll find out."

Because he had a hunch.

Candle Dragon Venerable had once mentioned that he needed to return something to her!

What had Qilin Venerable taken all those years ago?

"Oh, by the way."

Gu Jianlin recalled something and frowned. "You didn't consume the Ancient God's Blood of the Candle Dragon Clan, did you?"

Su Youzhu shook her head in his arms. "Nope. Do I look like someone stupid enough to do that? Becoming a Divine Servant would mean losing my freedom. I evolved on my own... Well, okay, your dad actually watched over me while I completed my evolution. He said that way I wouldn't have to fear contamination."

Gu Jianlin sighed with relief. "If that's the case, does that mean my dad has also mastered Controllable Deformation?"

Su Youzhu nodded. "Because he's on the Heavenly Master Path, mastering an evolution path similar to the Vermilion Bird Clan, yet independent from it."

Gu Jianlin nodded slightly. "Selling one's soul to the Ancient God Clan is sheer stupidity."

The Butcher's eye twitched slightly.

First of all, I didn't mess with any of you.

And secondly, having a backer isn't so bad, is it?

"What about you?"

Su Youzhu looked up at the boy. "I also saw what you just did."

Gu Jianlin's face remained calm, and he said evenly, "The King of Qing taught me."

Su Youzhu's gaze was suspicious. "Oh, really? Then how did you get in here? If this is the corpse of an Ancient God, Candle Dragon Venerable should've placed a temporal seal over it, and you don't even have a bronze compass."

Gu Jianlin fell silent.

In the lost ancient city, yellow sand swept across the landscape.

Wan Runtu smoked in silence, his face a mask of exasperation, saying nothing.

"Still no contact with Tang Ling or Gu Jianlin?"

Arms crossed, his headache visibly grew. "Now this is a real mess."

Nightmare sat cross-legged on the ground, clutching a crystal ball maniacally. His whole body convulsed as if possessed, blood oozing from his seven orifices, muttering nonsensical fragments under his breath.

Moments later, he opened his bloodshot eyes. "Still no divination of their whereabouts."

Dawn wordlessly cast down a ray of Holy Light.

The Poison Master quickly handed over a bottle of Spiritual Secret Medicine.

"What's the big deal? Look on the bright side."

Ji Xiaoyu said carefreely, "Maybe they're dead?"

Ji Han and Ji Ye were instantly stunned into silence.

Blue Whale hesitated, as if wanting to speak but stopping.

Ji Xiaoyu gazed into the depths of the Ancient Ruins, wondering if those two bastards really had died just like that.

She hadn't even had her revenge yet.

Recalling the kick those two gave her backside, she couldn't help but seethe with rage.

You two better come out alive so we can have a rematch!

Elsewhere, in another part of the ruins, Mr. Liu lounged nonchalantly on a chair, turning his head to ask, "Moon Princess and the Butcher are missing, too? They must've entered the underground ruins, right?"

"Most likely."

Ning Chen frowned. "They're in danger."

Mr. Liu winced as if in physical pain. "Don't say that."

The howling winds filled the ruins as silence and unease fell over the group.

Their gazes, consciously or not, drifted toward the scene ahead.

Eight silver coffins lay shattered, their remnants scattered chaotically.

Even more chilling, the corpses of eight Ancient Ancestors kneeled lifelessly on the ground.

Their deathly expressions were frozen on their faces:

Shock, terror, awe, and distortion.

As if, at the moment of their demise, they had witnessed something that should not exist.

Even these ancient inhabitants seemed to have met their end in a quivering, haunting fear, dying with lingering dread.

Not long ago, everyone had simultaneously felt something horrifying descend upon these ruins.

But because of interference from the Calamity Ruins, no one caught a clear glimpse.

By the time the black mist dissipated, the eight Ancient Ancestors were already dead.

Dead without a sound.

Strangely, abruptly.

Especially their death postures, which sent shivers down the spine.

"Hey, Old Chen."

Wan Runtu picked up a walkie-talkie. "The mission's gone sideways. The Fourth Master from You Ying Group entered the underground ruins of Returning Burial Forest with his team. Tang Ling and Gu Jianlin are missing as well. Changsheng and the others are searching outside on their swords, but no trace has been found yet. Odds are, they've ventured inside, too."

On the other end, Chen Bojun went silent.

"I understand," he said. "I'll immediately organize Dawn City's combat units to level Returning Burial Forest."

Wan Rentu's expression became gravely serious as he shook his head. "No, Old Chen. You need to come in person. Also, report directly to headquarters and convene a strategic meeting, or this could end badly."

Chen Bojun paused. "What happened?"

"Something monstrous just descended upon these ruins and then vanished mysteriously."

Wan Rentu explained, "There's not much trace left of it, but my gut instincts as of late tell me it was at least a Primordial. A living Primordial, roaming the Qilin Immortal Palace. If this goes south, we could lose everyone. Even encountering it ourselves felt like a close call."

A tense silence.

After a long pause, Chen Bojun asked, "Where do you think it will go?"

Wan Rentu smirked. "The ruins?"

Chen Bojun was just about to reply when an urgent alarm interrupted him.

"Hold on."

He said, "The Judgement Court has arrived, demanding a full report on the mission."

Chapter 343 - 178 No One Can Make You Die

The sheepskin scroll in Si Wei'an's hand began to burn.

He unfolded the scroll, watching line after line of burning text emerge, his gaze growing cold: "All eight Vajra Arhats are dead. Your two personal bodyguards are also dead."

Jing Shangxiu remained expressionless, waved his hand indifferently, and said, "The Order of the Hidden is never short of talent. Their deaths serve as contributions to our supreme cause, and are their honor."

"I do admire your way of treating people as nothing more than tools."

Si Wei'an's smile gradually twisted: "But I must admit, your Order of the Hidden holds considerable power. Let me guess: the structure of your organization resembles a spiderweb spread across the globe, with countless hidden threads. Within your strand, where do you stand? Whose tool are you?"

Jing Shangxiu tapped his cane and said irritably, "Do not attempt to probe us. The fact that you uncovered the existence of the Order of the Hidden and came into contact with us was due to your own capability, and also a mark of recognition from above. But this does not grant you the right to explore our secrets—otherwise... you will die."

"Heh."

Si Wei'an sneered, dismissing the threat.

Jing Shangxiu's gaze turned sinister, his voice hoarse as he said, "It seems you're truly unafraid of death. Is it because the You Ying Group possesses the Sorrowful Corpse Cycle? That's no secret to us."

Si Wei'an raised an eyebrow, showing no surprise, and his grin only deepened.

"Looks like I'll need to clean up the traitors within my group when I return."

He licked his lips: "Your organization has extended its reach too far."

"Suit yourself."

Jing Shangxiu sneered coldly, "But you'll never truly root them all out."

Si Wei'an stared at the old man.

Though ostensibly they were allies tied by circumstance, the hidden rivalry never ceased.

What he most wanted to uncover was the method by which the other party could continuously infiltrate and manipulate members across various organizations.

"What I'm more curious about is—since the Ether Association failed to stop us from entering the ruins, they should be fuming by now? If they resort to unleashing their Thunder tactics and forcibly tearing open this space."

He squinted and asked, "Wouldn't that turn us into sitting ducks?"

Jing Shangxiu sneered: "Relax, we have insiders within the Ether Association. The priority now is to kill that Moon Princess. She cannot be allowed to live; she must die here."

Si Wei'an glanced at the text on the sheepskin scroll and said, "Miss Yue Ji's body appears to rely on some form of Mythical Weapon for support. Quite interesting—upon entering the underground ruins, she's already nearly at her limit."

Jing Shangxiu suddenly understood upon hearing this.

"So that's it. This underground ruin was constructed using the corpse of the Red Qilin Ancestor. Its Authority while alive continues to influence this fragment of spacetime. As a result, all Mythical Weapon effects are nullified here."

The old man's gaze turned chilling: "This domain is still not strong enough. We can push it further."

Blood-red light illuminated their faces.

Their surroundings were revealed to be a blood-red cave, its walls pulsating with living tissue and membrane. Countless crimson blood vessels throbbed, connecting to a massive, dormant heart.

"It's hard to imagine—the once-roaring Primordial, now as pitiful as livestock before an even more powerful Supreme. The allure of the Ancient Supreme's power is eternally captivating, always drawing reverence."

Si Wei'an tugged at his bowtie, clicking his tongue: "If the Wedge is indeed sealed within this corpse of the Ancient God, then the past eight years of planning hasn't been in vain."

"Two thousand five hundred years... Let us witness the divine miracle once more."

Jing Shangxiu's face twisted with feverish fervor as he knelt on the ground, shouting zealously.

"The ritual begins!"

Gu Jianlin was debating how to handle the situation. The matter involving Qilin Venerable carried immense karmic weight; he couldn't possibly disclose it to anyone and could only shoulder it alone.

Suddenly, the cave trembled again, and countless blood-red vein-like patterns emerged on the rock walls, radiating crimson light, resembling molten lava.

The girl in his arms quivered slightly, her complexion as pale as a lifeless paper flower.

Su Youzhu let out a muffled groan, the veins on her wrist protruding like vines. Her skin became even paler.

"The Alchemy Domain has been strengthened!"

Gu Jianlin exclaimed in shock.

Su Youzhu curled up in his embrace, speaking softly: "It seems so."

She whispered, "Teacher said that the essence of Extraordinary Creatures is similar to Mythical Weapon. Look at the Parrot Emperor perched on your shoulder—it has already fallen into slumber. Only once we leave here will it awaken again."

The Parrot Emperor indeed hadn't spoken for quite some time.

Otherwise, when the siblings were arguing earlier, it would've undoubtedly chimed in with sarcastic remarks.

On the rocky walls, the veins convulsed violently, revealing the surging, roaring flow of blood within!

"What's happening!"

Butcher exclaimed in shock.

Gu Jianlin understood exactly what was occurring.

Clearly, the corpse of this Ancient God was being forcibly awokened.

"Dead for two thousand five hundred years, but still possesses power?"

Su Youzhu's voice was soft.

Gu Jianlin knew well how mysterious and unfathomable the power of the Ancient God Clan could be.

Moreover, this situation was quite different from his own.

Even after being slain for two thousand years, Qilin Venerable could still awaken, using its Spiritual Domain to contaminate the external world. It could even coalesce its own rank and Authority into a mask and send it out.

Chapter 344 - 178: No One Can Let You Die \_2

Gu Jianlin, this monster, was created by Him.

A Supreme from ancient times, perfectly adapted to the rules of the real world!

The only price is that the account's experience is wiped clean and leveling must start again.

But this corpse of the Ancient God is different—it might retain part of its power from when it was alive!

Boom—an earth-shattering roar.

Countless cracks suddenly split open across the rock wall.

A desolate, primordial aura surged forth like a sea tide, as if a raging tsunami!

Scarlet beams of light lit up the cavern!

From those eerie, horrifying cracks, countless pairs of strange, scarlet vertical pupils seemed to awaken!

"Run!"

Gu Jianlin didn't hesitate, clutching the girl in his arms as he turned and fled!

"Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit!"

Butcher saw clearly what was buried in the rock wall and let out a terrified howl.

They weren't eyes at all—they were monsters!

Twisted creatures with no features, just a blood-red vertical pupil on their faces!

At this moment, Gu Jianlin's ears were filled with eerie Life Rhythms, as if the despair of a sick patient had been unleashed through instruments—a melody of madness and resentment, sinister and macabre.

Even though he hadn't personally heard it before, the legendary "Black Friday" that is said to kill, couldn't be much worse.

"If my guess is correct, this should be the stomach of the Ancient God. When He was alive, He devoured countless lives. Those lives weren't fully digested, trapped in His stomach, assimilated by His power—and they've now become part of Him. The Alchemy Matrix here should be His domain."

Gu Jianlin's expression turned grave as he said in a low voice, "This kind of situation shouldn't normally be fatal to humans, but your circumstances are too unique. Youzhu, tell me the truth—will your main body be affected?"

Su Youzhu didn't respond, only reaching out to stroke his face gently.

Gu Jianlin's thoughts were in chaos. He felt that the connection between the main body and the avatar must exist.

The Yin Yang Twin Jade pendant Old Gu had given him—under normal circumstances, if the avatar were to die, it shouldn't be a big problem.

But the key issue was that this domain belonged to an Ancient God.

It was hard to be certain whether the main body might be indirectly affected through the avatar.

It was like a virus; once infected, leaving the source region wouldn't solve the problem.

"No, that's not right. Old Gu came here before. Considering his abilities, it's impossible he would've missed something this sinister. If coming here with an avatar would definitely cause issues, he would've warned you."

Gu Jianlin said gravely, "We need to find the traces left by Old Gu—there must be a way."

Su Youzhu curled into his arms with a faint smile. It was indeed trust in her mentor that had brought her here.

In a sense, she'd been duped by her teacher.

Yet they both knew.

Old Gu, for all his ill-fortune, wouldn't intentionally harm someone.

There must be something they weren't aware of.

Boom!

Butcher unleashed a sea tide of Qi Force from behind.

The cavern walls collapsed inch by inch, and the monsters were blasted away, crashing into the rubble.

Even under such powerful impact, the monsters remained unscathed. They crawled out of the debris, their crimson vertical pupils brimming with greed, mouths splitting open to reveal rows of sharp teeth.

"Brother Gu! Boss!"

The brute roared angrily, "These things won't die!"

"Then stop fighting—follow me!"

Gu Jianlin pointed casually, and a pitch-black beam of light streaked past, utterly burying the ruins.

Butcher immediately pulled back and followed.

"The brain."

Su Youzhu, recalling her mentor's guide, said weakly, "This domain released by the Ancient God—its Authority derives from the mind. If we reach His brain, there might be a solution. If my avatar can't hold on, go kill Jing Shangxiu—ignore Master."

She paused. "That guy can resurrect."

As they sprinted wildly, Gu Jianlin looked down and asked, "Can you keep going?"

Su Youzhu murmured softly in agreement.

"Don't lie—just hold on a bit longer."

Gu Jianlin looked at her clear yet dim eyes and said softly, "Will the main body be okay?"

Su Youzhu closed her glimmering eyes, nestling into his embrace, staying silent.

Gu Jianlin faintly understood something and said in a low voice, "I won't let you die."

Su Youzhu murmured softly, "Are you worried? Everyone dies eventually, you know."

Gu Jianlin, with a grim face, turned into the next cavern entrance, sprinting every step: "If you die, I won't feel nervous anymore."

He paused. "But I don't want you to die—so no one gets to kill you."

Su Youzhu, feeling his warmth, traced circles on his chest with her porcelain-white fingers and whispered, "I don't want to die either. I don't want to leave you alone—because that would be too lonely."

Lonely?

Gu Jianlin thought of his years alone.

And the moments spent with this girl.

"Being alone isn't lonely."

He said softly, "Missing someone—that's loneliness."

On the first layer of the Qilin Immortal Palace—in Dawn City.

Huai Yin sat in her wheelchair, gazing at the ancient city rising before her, chuckling softly: "Years ago, my junior brother and I looked forward to nothing more than the Ancient God Realm expeditions. Each time felt so fresh, as if traveling through time—back thousands of years, marveling at the relics left by the ancients, full of sentiment."

Jing Ci, tasked with pushing her wheelchair, said indifferently, "What's the difference? In the end, they'll all be destroyed by you and the Red King anyway."

Chapter 345 - 178 No One Can Make You Die \_3

"Those archaeologists, the ones they hate most are people like you."

He raised an eyebrow and said, "I still remember Old Scholar Zhou, before his death, specifically telling his descendants to write one sentence at the gate of his cemetery: 'No catastrophes or dogs allowed.'"

Huai Yin glared, "What nonsense! It's not like I did it on purpose. When it all kicks off, who has time to worry about that stuff anymore? Back when we weren't as strong, dealing with those Primordials meant being extremely cautious. Otherwise, one slip and they'd snap your neck like a twig. The only reason they get to live and do research is because we're bleeding out on the frontlines!"

A convoy roared past the wilderness, carrying bronze coffins.

And countless sealed Quartz Cabins.

Occasionally, trade caravans entered the city, clearly here for deals.

Every Ancient God Realm is an independent world.

It is also a transcendent world.

There is life here, as well as commerce.

And the many shades of the human experience.

"Teacher, have you found the answer this time at the Qilin Immortal Palace?"

Jing Ci suddenly asked.

"Of course I did."

Huai Yin smiled faintly, with the demeanor of an enlightened sage.

Jing Ci waited silently for elaboration.

"I've detected traces of the Vermilion Bird Clan here."

Huai Yin remarked with emotion, "Although the traces are faint, I am certain they really are coming back."

Jing Ci frowned and asked, "When?"

Huai Yin thought for a moment, "Two days ago, perhaps."

Jing Ci asked again, "Then what have you been wandering around for in the past two days?"

Huai Yin chuckled, "Looking for an old acquaintance. I can vaguely sense his presence here."

Jing Ci was slightly startled.

Just then, Huai Yin seemed as if listening to something and suddenly said, "The little lady seems to be in trouble."

Jing Ci knew the Divine's Life Perception range was only tens of meters.

This range is fixed; even at the Ninth Rank, it won't increase.

Except in one particular case.

Evolution!

The King of Qing, being the pillar of the Human World, naturally holds the key to evolution.

But to what extent he has evolved is currently unknown.

Jing Ci nodded slightly, "I understand."

With that, he reached into the Void with a casual gesture, fingers curling and ripping forcefully!

Time and space abruptly tore open into a pitch-black gap, and he stepped through it, disappearing without a trace.

Slap.

The Dawn City guards watching this scene had their weapons drop from their hands, stunned.

What had they just witnessed?

Someone traversing dual realms, without relying on an ancient token and without waiting for dimensional stability.

What kind of monster is this!

Peak City High School, senior year, Class Seven.

"Su Youzhu! Su Youzhu! I'm talking to you!"

The class teacher roared at the chalkboard, "You're unbelievable, the college entrance exams are coming, everyone else is studying hard, but you? You handed in a blank paper for the mock exam! Do you not want to study anymore? Fine, if you don't want to study, get out! Get your brother to pick you up and stop wasting other students' time!"

She pinched a piece of chalk and berated, "And your hair! I've hated that look for a long time. You're still refusing to dye it back? How many times have I told you already? Still not listening, huh?"

The class fell silent.

Su Youzhu lay slumped in the corner of the classroom, her light aqua short hair hanging below her chin.

She seemed to be asleep.

Yang Xiaojing, her desk mate, naturally knew the girl was sleeping and secretly stifled a laugh.

Many of the other girls snuck glances over, gloating.

"Fine, so you won't dye it back? Then I'll cut it all off!"

The teacher grabbed a pair of scissors and stormed over, yanking her upright.

Poof!

Su Youzhu coughed up a mist of blood, splattering the middle-aged woman's clothes.

For a moment, the teacher froze in shock.

The classmates were dumbfounded.

"S-sorry."

Su Youzhu lowered her beautiful eyes, her pale face devoid of all color.

The veins in her wrists bulged like tendrils, eerie and grotesque.

There was something she had never shared.

The Yin Yang Twin Jade's effect is to create Mirror Image Clones.

The original body and clone are mirrors to each other.

Unless the clone dies, the bond cannot be severed.

This is the true cost of the Mythical Weapon.

When both the original body and clone coexist, they are both entities sustained by the Mythical Weapon.

Thus, the power of that Ancient God has already invaded her body.

"Sorry, I need to visit the restroom."

Su Youzhu staggered out of the classroom, suddenly on high alert.

She sensed a ripple in the fabric of space and time.

For a brief instant, a dark shadow darted across her vision.

"Good evening."

A man dressed in a tailored suit appeared before her like a phantom, smiling as he spoke.

Su Youzhu was momentarily stunned. The mixed-race man before her seemed calm and cultured, exuding an air of elegance.

Yet inside, her heart trembled violently.

Because she felt the suppression from a higher-level being following the same path as her.

"There's no need to be too anxious. When you approach becoming a demigod someday, you'll understand."

Jing Ci casually placed his hands in his pockets and said indifferently, "Don't worry about the school. I've already hypnotized them; they won't remember anything. What you need to do now is relax, and call your parents to ask them to pick you up three hours later than usual tonight."

Su Youzhu blinked her beautiful eyes, cautious, "Why?"

"Because I'm taking you to Northern Europe to find a Great God to temporarily ease your condition."

Jing Ci explained seriously, "But whether you survive will depend on you."

Great God.

Su Youzhu felt a bit dazed hearing these three words.

Because this is the pinnacle of the Priest path, the title for the Ninth Rank.

Even capable of performing miracles like resurrection.

Who is this man? He speaks casually of finding a Great God?

"A Great God... is that someone you can just find at will?"

Su Youzhu murmured weakly, "What if they refuse?"

Jing Ci, seemingly never having considered this possibility, was momentarily stumped. After a brief pause, he said, "Shouldn't be a problem. I imagine they wouldn't dare. Otherwise, I'll kill them."

He paused, "Let's go."

Boom, time and space twisted once more, spinning like a kaleidoscope.

"How should I address you?"

Su Youzhu leaned weakly against the wall and asked faintly.

Jing Ci smiled lightly, "However your brother addresses me, you may call me the same."

Chapter 346 - 179 I am your God

Gu Jianlin was extremely tense. He knew that even a minute of delay could put the girl in his arms at fatal risk, but there was a pressing problem at hand.

The issue was, they had no idea where to go.

The internal structure of the Ancient God's corpse was an intricate maze, and they were completely clueless about the correct path forward.

The guide left by Old Gu didn't include a detailed map—just a vague direction.

But there were countless crossroads in the stone cave ahead. Who knew which way to go?

It was all too easy to get lost in this underground labyrinth.

"Don't panic, search slowly. We don't have the abilities of Spirit Mediums or Divination Masters."

Even in the face of doom, Su Youzhu remained calm and said evenly, "We'll have to rely on ourselves. Maybe we should look for human traces left here and then profile deeply?"

Her father had that ability, so the son probably could too.

"No, it's too slow."

Gu Jianlin held her tightly and knew there wasn't enough time for an in-depth profile.

A brilliant thought suddenly flashed in his mind, and he muttered to himself, "Wait a minute, if Candle Dragon Venerable built this tomb using an Ancient God's corpse, but I just saw with my own eyes the dismembered Fire Qilin—how did this Ancient God revive? It's clear there's only one possibility."

Candle Dragon Venerable had used spatial and temporal powers to piece this corpse back together!

"Youzhu, does your Ghost Slayer Path have peculiar sensitivity to spacetime anomalies?"

He asked, "Can you sense disturbances in spacetime?"

Su Youzhu lifted her captivating eyes and replied, "Yes."

"Then head toward where the spacetime anomalies are."

Gu Jianlin said in a deep voice, "This is the fastest way. Even if we occasionally take the wrong path, it's still the quickest option."

Su Youzhu didn't ask why; she trusted the boy holding her unconditionally.

"Left, second corridor."

"Keep to the left, fourth entrance from left to right."

"Forward... Huh? Why is there no passage?"

Gu Jianlin sprinted forward, only to be stopped by a massive stone wall.

"Let me handle this!"

Butcher charged forward, Qi Force erupting violently!

With a thunderous boom!

He smashed through the wall like an unstoppable bulldozer.

"Well done!"

Gu Jianlin couldn't help but cheer for this brute's recklessness.

At the same time, the cavern behind them shook with deafening roars as more and more cracks appeared.

Mysterious faceless, single-eyed creatures crawled out of the fissures, chillingly grotesque.

"Boss! Brother Gu!"

Butcher roared from up ahead.

Gu Jianlin looked forward and saw a pitch-black void emerging in the distance, dark and profound.

"Bronze Compass!"

Su Youzhu fished out an ancient bronze compass from her pocket and handed it to him. "This can traverse spacetime."

For a fleeting moment.

When Gu Jianlin grasped the bronze compass, it felt like he was clutching at a lifeline.

Thank heavens.

Candle Dragon Venerable, my good sister.

"Butcher, stay close!"

Gu Jianlin strode forward and infused spirituality into the bronze compass!

Instantly, the swirling black void began to spin, swallowing them like an enormous beast!

With a thunderous crash!

Gu Jianlin, clutching the girl tightly in his arms, fell heavily to the ground.

He landed on his back and slid several meters across the floor before finally stopping.

"Did we make it?"

Su Youzhu, lying atop him, groggily lifted her head and looked around.

With another resounding thud!

Butcher crashed onto the ground, the sound of countless bones shattering accompanying his landing!

"If nothing went wrong, we should have succeeded."

Gu Jianlin held the girl and stood up. "This is the Ancient God's brain."

They were in a blood-red cavern, its walls composed of raw flesh and membranes, adorned with countless horrific corpses. Their faces lacked features, with only a sinister crimson vertical pupil.

At the end of the cavern lay an indistinct blood-red entity.

It resembled a blood-colored crystal, entangled by countless scarlet veins, grotesque and bewitching.

On the ground, a multitude of terrifying creatures lay prostrate, encircling it.

As if in worship.

"These things aren't going to suddenly come back to life, are they?"

Butcher, visibly shaken, had developed a psychological aversion to these creatures.

"No, they're already dead—drained of everything."

Su Youzhu pointed at them and said, "Look carefully at their bodies."

Gu Jianlin noticed it too—countless blood-red threads snaked across the floor, piercing into their inert forms.

"Look over here."

His eyes narrowed as he spotted several dried corpses on the ground!

"What the hell!"

Butcher, summoning courage, rummaged through them and unearthed some personal items. "Brother Gu, boss! These are people from You Ying Group, candidates backed by Master. Years ago, when the dimensions were unstable, they forced their way in and ended up trapped here."

Gu Jianlin approached, still holding the girl, to examine them with a serious expression.

There were bits of discarded food, crumpled plastic bags scattered on the ground.

The fleshy walls bore marks of explosions, along with cuts and gashes from swords.

It all painted a picture of utter desperation before these corpses met their end.

"No wonder Master knew so much about this underground ruin. If I'm not mistaken, these people must've carried some kind of spirit-channeling medium capable of transmitting information to the outside world. From the very moment they descended here, they were destined to become expendable. It's just that they had no idea."

Chapter 347 - 179 I am your God \_2

Su Youzhu glanced around and said in a low voice, "I didn't find any traces left by the teacher."

Gu Jianlin circled the area as well but saw nothing, and his heart instantly sank to rock bottom.

At that moment, the Butcher pulled a mud tablet out of the backpack carried by the corpse.

"Hey, look at this. What is it?"

It was an ancient-looking mud tablet, likely thousands of years old.

The surface was covered with densely packed writing, yet the markings were not blurred but rather remarkably clear.

No more than six months old!

Gu Jianlin snatched it over, his pupils contracting sharply.

He couldn't recognize the characters on it, but they bore a resemblance to something he'd seen before.

This was the cipher text of the Night Watchers!

"Youzhu, can you read it?"

He asked gravely.

Su Youzhu froze for a moment, noticing that even his voice was trembling. She chuckled silently and said, "I can read it. Back then, the teacher trained me according to the standards of the Night Watchers. Everything they know, I know too."

The dense cipher text carved into the mud tablet was softly read aloud by her.

"Child, if you have made it here, it is... extremely unfortunate. I left this mud tablet as a precaution, in case something happened to me, and I could not deliver the message to you in time—lest you stumble into this place because of me. Every line from here on is critically important."

"The space you are in is actually inside the body of an Ancient God, one belonging to the Qilin Clan. The world calls it the Red Qilin Ancestor. Its true form is a Fire Qilin. During the great battle over two thousand years ago, it attempted to seize the Qilin's Wedge while the Qilin Venerable was sealed but was slain by the Candle Dragon Venerable."

"The Candle Dragon Venerable used its corpse as a burial ground to seal a fragment of the Qilin's Wedge. I've already surveyed the brain area and found no trace of the fragment. That means the fragment should be in the heart."

"Most crucially, the authority of the Red Qilin Ancestor has transformed into a domain, enveloping this place. This domain has dual attributes: on one side, it enhances all Mythical Weapons and the power of mythological creatures. If you use the Mirror Image Clone of the Yin Yang Twin Jade here, you will become extraordinarily powerful."

"But the other side of this domain neutralizes all Mythical Weapons and mythological creatures' abilities. When using the Yin Yang Twin Jade, your body and the clone will become indistinguishable concepts."

"The duality of this Spiritual Domain shifts over time. I don't know what state it will be in when you arrive, but I'd rather you didn't come here at all. I've warned you many times: If something happens to the teacher, do not investigate, because it really doesn't matter."

"What you must focus on is protecting yourself and striving to survive. I know what you and your sister have been through, as well as the truth about your mother. Even though you never mentioned it, the teacher knows everything."

"But if you're reading this mud tablet, it means you haven't been an obedient child. So many years of my teachings, wasted. Tch... Let me guess—what prompted you to come down here?"

"I don't think it's entirely because of me. Hmm, have you perhaps fallen for my son?"

"I really can't deal with you. All I can do is pray that when you entered, the domain's effect was on its positive side. But if fate is unkind and the domain is in its negative state, then you'll have only one chance."

"The probability of your death is high, but if you can survive, it will be an unparalleled opportunity."

"Child, you must find the Qilin's Wedge, even a fragment of it. Only the Black Supreme's Wedge can manipulate the authority of the Qilin Clan, reversing this Spiritual Domain and restoring your lifeline."

"This is your sole chance to live. Furthermore, it's likely the Qilin's Wedge contains a Dragon Bone from the Candle Dragon Venerable's shedding. You've already completed your independent evolution, and that Dragon Bone is incredibly significant to you. If you can comprehend some Forbidden Spell from it, your talent might allow you to ascend the throne and become a Catastrophe!"

"Good luck, young lady!"

"Survive."

The cave fell into haunting silence.

Su Youzhu calmly read the cipher text on the mud tablet word for word.

Gu Jianlin held her tightly in silence, his voice low: "Why didn't you lie this time?"

"Because you would've seen through it."

A serene and flawless smile emerged on Su Youzhu's pale face, like melting snow: "I don't want to make you angry anymore."

Gu Jianlin fell silent, his voice hoarse as he spoke: "My father was right. All those years of teachings really were wasted."

Su Youzhu quietly lowered her head, saying nothing.

Indeed, this place was too perilous, and she shouldn't have come.

But reality was pitiless; there's no such thing as "if only."

At that moment, the Butcher nervously pulled out a bronze plate, injecting his spirituality into it.

Su Youzhu also fumbled through her belongings, finally retrieving her ancient token.

At the same time, they both thought of seeking help from the Black Supreme.

In the silence, Gu Jianlin once again heard the voice calling out to him.

Distant as the heavens, yet near as his ear.

Clearly, they were all asking for the assistance of the Qilin Venerable.

But the Qilin Venerable was no longer here.

Now, there was only the Second Generation Kirin Venerable, Gu Jianlin.

And despairingly, he didn't have the Qilin's Wedge in his possession.

Even if he answered their calls, it would make no difference.

Thud.

Chapter 348 - 179 I am your God \_3

The Butcher collapsed to the ground in confusion, his face turning pale as he stammered, "How could this happen? Why is there no response? This shouldn't be, how could this be possible?"

After trying for some time, Su Youzhu also failed to elicit any response.

"I'm sorry."

She whispered softly, "It seems I won't be able to stay with you any longer."

The girl's voice was calm yet carried an unprecedented anxiety, without a hint of regret.

Because Su Youzhu had always wanted to do something for the boy.

Without this father and son, she would have died long ago.

She was not afraid of death, only worried that after her death, he would be alone and lonely.

Gu Jianlin stared at her expressionlessly, her face reflecting distantly in his vacant gaze.

"If you die, I will hate you forever."

He spoke, emphasizing each word.

Su Youzhu raised her hand and touched his hair, her voice tender, "So stubborn... Do you even know how little time we have left? Still picking a fight with me? Can't you smile instead?"

"But I don't want to hate you."

Gu Jianlin retorted coldly, "If you survive, I'll smile for you every single day."

Su Youzhu curled up in his arms, finding a comfortable position, and murmured, "I don't want to die either. But my luck is terrible, it feels like the gods only want me dead. What can I do about that?"

She clutched the fabric of his chest, her trembling hands gradually losing strength.

The girl's complexion grew increasingly pale.

Even though the rhythm of life was inaudible, her breaths and heartbeat were dwindling into silence.

Like the afterglow of sunset, swallowed by the dark.

"No, the gods want you to live."

Gu Jianlin whispered, "Today, I am your god."

Boom!

Scarlet light like blood dyed the darkness of the cavern.

Thud, thud! Thud, thud!

The muffled sound of heartbeats echoed in the silence, like the roar of thunder!

Si Wei'an retreated to the furthest corner, raising his hand to shield his eyes. All he could feel was the overwhelming flood of blood-red light, cascading like a waterfall, consuming the darkness entirely. The stench of blood was so thick it resembled Hell!

Ten dried-up corpses lay arranged within stone coffins, forming a ritualistic matrix.

Jing Shangxiu knelt on the ground, slicing open his wrist, blood gushing forth.

A black Dragon Scale was laid at the center of the matrix.

"With blood as offering, we await the descent of God!"

The old man cried out in a hoarse yet fervent voice.

Boom!

The enormous, blood-colored heart exploded violently at the peak of its beat!

The entire stone cavern shook violently!

Blood surged uncontrollably, drowning everything like a sea tide.

Amid the unending torrent of blood and sea, a shadow emerged—a pitch-black fragment.

No, it was not just a fragment.

It was the broken hilt of a sword!

Its appearance was regal and exquisitely crafted, teetering between the realms of illusion and reality, adorned with eerie and solemn golden engravings, as though whispering the history of Ancient Times, ancient and weighty.

"The Qilin Wedge!"

Jing Shangxiu roared wildly, "This is a fragment of the Qilin Wedge!"

Si Wei'an stood from afar, watching the spectacle with fervent eyes: "So, this is the Wedge?"

The smile on his lips widened, twisted into a deranged frenzy.

And at that very moment, the fragment of the Qilin Wedge levitated mid-air.

The pitch-black, mirror-like surface of the sword hilt suddenly reflected a face.

A face concealed behind the Black Jade Qilin Mask, crowned with regal yet horrific Qilin Horns—its blazing golden eyes burning like the fiercest sun in the heavens.

Cold.

Majestic.

Chapter 349 - 180: I Am More Powerful Than God

The ancient underground stone cave trembled violently, dust cascading down, rubble tumbling.

A scarlet blood light surged upward like an inverted waterfall, only to be pierced by a chilling, spectral glow.

"This is the fragment of the Qilin Wedge, a companion artifact of an Ancient Supreme. Legend says that 2,500 years ago, the Qilin Venerable used the Wedge to devour the life force of the entire East Sea,

turning a vast ocean into a dead sea. Such power—looking through all of history—only a handful could compare."

Jing Shangxiu cheered fervently, his face a mask of devout zeal: "And now, with the Qilin Venerable trapped deep within the Immortal Palace, unable to contact the outside world, the Qilin Wedge has become an unclaimed treasure."

In the blood sheen, his face appeared sickly and twisted, consumed by fanaticism.

The ten withered corpses suddenly crumbled into dust, as if drained of their final essence.

All that remained were charred black Dragon Bones.

If an archaeologist were present, they would undoubtedly be struck dumb, grieve, and lament.

For these ten corpses, unbelievably, were the remains of Ancient God Seeds!

Ancient God Seeds that belonged to the Candle Dragon Clan!

Even as lifeless shells, they were invaluable treasures.

And their origin? An unsolvable mystery.

Through the unique alchemy techniques of Ying Province—specifically the Spirit Communication Secret Technique—they were summoned by this old man.

Forming the framework of the alchemy matrix.

At its center, a pitch-black Dragon Scale was placed.

It was a Dragon Scale left behind 2,500 years ago by the Candle Dragon Venerable!

For eight years, they had been probing and researching within the underground ruins of the Returning Burial Forest. After combing through countless Ancient Documents, they finally confirmed that the ruins were the corpse of an Ancient God. Moreover, deep within lay a time-space seal.

This alchemy matrix was painstakingly constructed at an enormous cost.

Especially that Dragon Scale.

It was the most critical key to unlocking the seal!

Without this Dragon Scale, no one could break the time-space seal here.

—And without it, the Qilin Wedge could never reappear in the world!

"What I'm more curious about is, why would the Candle Dragon Venerable go to such great effort to bury the Wedge here?"

Si Wei'an's smile grew increasingly frenzied, a pale temptation burned on his forehead, and a gigantic skeletal Spiritual Body loomed behind him, stepping toward the overwhelming blood light.

But at that moment, Jing Shangxiu stepped forward first, walking into the surging blood light.

He extended his aged, trembling hands and grasped the Wedge.

"Thank you, Candle Dragon Venerable."

The old man bared yellow teeth in a sinister smile: "Thank you for finding the Wedge for us."

Si Wei'an narrowed his eyes, contemplating the perfect moment to strike and seize the Wedge.

And at that exact instant.

The fragment of the Qilin Wedge began to tremble, as a voice devoid of any warmth echoed out of nowhere:

"Alright, I'll make sure to pass that on to her."

It resembled a single drop plunging into a silent abyss.

Like a ghost appearing out of nothing in a horror film.

Or the deafening roar of thunder exploding in the dead of night.

It sent chills down the spine.

It made one... shatter in terror!

Every hair on Si Wei'an's body bristled, yet his Life Perception detected no living entities!

Jing Shangxiu's throat emitted a choked sound before abruptly cutting off.

His clouded pupils widened in shock.

For upon the fractured, pitch-black hilt of the broken sword, a face had emerged.

The face of a God.

A world-toppling divine pressure descended, as if reality itself was being torn through the mirror-like sword.

"I also want to thank you for unsealing the Wedge."

The God wore an Ink Jade Mask, crowned with menacing and majestic black Qilin Horns, with golden eyes blazing fiercely. Within the depths of those eyes, divine wrath flashed like crackling thunder, detached and authoritative: "Then allow me... to bid you farewell."

BOOM!

Jing Shangxiu, terrified beyond measure, discovered that he was being inexorably consumed!

With a thud, he fell to his knees.

It wasn't just his life force.

It was his soul, his mind, his will, his memories, his body.

The Authority of the Qilin Venerable.

—Devour!

In an instant, it was as though he were plunged into Hell, with infinite darkness surging like a tide.

Suffocation.

Despair.

Fear.

Terror.

A monstrous roar echoed in the old man's ears, like an abyss throwing open its maw, a vortex ravenously consuming everything he was, dragging him into endless darkness!

No, it wasn't some abyss.

It was unmistakably a black Qilin!

It was so ancient and majestic, with its blazing golden eyes as radiant as the Sun, its body dripping with blackened blood, its shattered Dragon Scales exuding an eerie beauty. Half of its body was withered like dead wood, while the other had grotesque veins bulging, a macabre fusion of vitality and decay.

And behind this black Qilin, there was... a human face!

A cold, unyielding boy, his golden eyes burning as he gazed down at him from above with disdain.

As if regarding an insect!

This was... an Ancient Supreme!

"The Qilin Venerable! He's actually... awakened!"

Jing Shangxiu let out a silent, frightful wail. His body and soul were abruptly swallowed up by the swirling black vortex, buried within the abyssal void.

Along with all his fears and tremors, utterly obliterated.

And in his final moments, he seemed to see that face clearly.

It was... the face of Gu Jianlin.

This was an earth-shattering secret, but he would never again have the chance to share it with anyone.

Jing Shangxiu vanished entirely from this world.

As if he had never existed.

BOOM!

The entire underground ruins trembled violently, teetering on the brink of collapse.

What a nightmarish sight it was! In merely a breath, the fragment of the Qilin Wedge utterly consumed the elderly man in his kimono.

Not a single trace was left behind.

And that pitch-black vortex continued to ravage the Void, like an infinite black hole threatening to tear apart and engulf the world!

A surge of sheer terror exploded in Si Wei'an's mind. At that moment, he had no thoughts at all.

Only one instinct remained—flee!

Yet he didn't flee like a panicked coward but instead drew a dagger from his robe.

Crunch!

He pierced his own heart.

Giving no one a chance, he committed suicide!

However, his corpse decayed rapidly, crumbling into a pile of bones.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Massive stones crashed down, and fissures in the cavern walls blazed with scarlet vertical pupils.

The monsters had broken free of the seal.

Everything was collapsing.

The fragment of the Qilin Wedge abruptly flickered and dissipated without a trace.

Gu Jianlin had once found some documentation on the Qilin Venerable within the Soul Skywell.

Among them was a mention of the Qilin Wedge.

And the Wedge's property made it impossible for anyone to take it away.

As long as the Ancient Supreme was willing, the corresponding Wedge could return to its owner at any time.

Unless that Supreme fell into slumber and sealing, or had perished entirely—or willingly allowed it—the companion Wedge could never fall into an outsider's hands.

There was no other possibility.

However, the case of the Qilin Wedge was unique; it had been shattered and sealed, which made it imperceptible and, naturally, unable to return to its owner.

But when its seal was broken, things changed again.

Su Youzhu's current life-or-death trial rested on the necessity of reversing the Authority of the Red Qilin Ancestor.

And reversing the Authority of the Red Qilin Ancestor required the Qilin Wedge.

Gu Jianlin didn't have the Qilin Wedge, didn't know its location, and had no knowledge of how to break its seal.

However, what he didn't know didn't mean others were equally in the dark.

For eight years, Si Wei'an of the You Ying Group and Jing Shangxiu of The Order of the Hidden had cooperated in secret.

Who knew how many resources and lives they had expended?

Or how many life-threatening crises they'd endured?

Finally, they discovered the solution.

Except this solution belonged to the Qilin Venerable.

Everything had been in service of another.

BOOM!

As the blood-red cavern rumbled, countless cracks spread, teetering on the edge of collapse.

"Butcher, hold it up!"

Gu Jianlin, carrying the girl in his arms, approached the blood-colored Crystal Stone with an expressionless face.

The brain of the Red Qilin Ancestor!

The Butcher, though unsure of his intentions, acted immediately with his no-nonsense nature, standing and channeling his Qi to prop up the collapsing cave roof, like a colossal pillar!

"Youzhu, hold on a little longer."

Gu Jianlin walked up to the blood-colored Crystal Stone and abruptly raised his right hand.

His movements were swift and decisive.

The force was so immense it caused his sleeves to billow.

Su Youzhu, curled in his arms, had already been entirely invaded by the domain left behind by the Red Qilin Ancestor. In her vision, the end of the world unfurled in scarlet tones, the world crumbling before her. She huddled in the boy's arms.

Clinging to the last remnants of warmth.

"Gu Jianlin, are you my god?"

She spoke softly: "But I've seen gods before, and they don't look like you."

Gu Jianlin replied just as quietly: "How do I look different?"

Su Youzhu smiled faintly, her life like a flickering candle flame, her long lashes fluttering and drooping, her voice barely audible: "You... are a little more handsome than a god."

Gu Jianlin said calmly: "If you find me handsome, then live on, and keep looking."

Su Youzhu lifted her delicate, drowsy gaze, her eyes brimming with reluctance.

It was, after all, the first time she had removed her mask in front of the person she liked.

The first time she had shed all her disguises.

She made no effort to conceal her emotions and feelings of love.

For once, she could gaze at him unabashedly, let him hold her without reservation.

Watch him worry over her, watch him act frantic and helpless for her.

It made her feel genuinely needed, an unprecedented importance in someone's heart, greater than the joy of receiving her first birthday gift, outshining the pleasure of wearing a pretty dress and glancing in a mirror, luckier than meeting her teacher at the Qilin Immortal Palace, and far more fulfilling than the occasional teasing seduction.

In some sense, this was their proper first encounter.

An unvarnished, genuine meeting.

Although, for many years, a world had separated them, never interfering with each other.

Gu Jianlin, to Su Youzhu, was the reflection of another world.

And Su Youzhu, to Gu Jianlin, was the shadow that had silently protected him for eight years.

The shadows of their two worlds gradually overlapped.

The memories buried deep in the recesses of their minds sharpened into clarity.

On the school's basketball court, in the corner coffee shop, in the bustling shopping mall.

And on the moonlit coastline, in the brightly lit city.

Loneliness dissipated, replaced by the presence of another.

"I'll share a little secret with you."

Gu Jianlin smiled faintly as well: "I'm not just more handsome than a god."

Su Youzhu's consciousness was fading; she could only feel the scarlet-hued world crumbling as her fragile body trembled and sank further into the abyss.

Fear seemed to consume her utterly.

The colossal Fire Qilin loomed above, its crimson eyes threatening to incinerate the entire world.

As it roared in fury, the world shattered, reeking of death.

Yet amidst the cacophony of a collapsing world echoed the crisp clarity of the boy's voice.

"I'm also stronger than a god."

In that fleeting moment, a spectral light condensed in Gu Jianlin's hand, forming a broken, pitch-black sword!

He flipped the hilt and thrust it into the shattered blood-red Crystal Stone!

BOOM!

The Fire Qilin at the world's end emitted an enraged, unwilling howl.

Because its domain was shattered and crumbled!

A colossal black Qilin tore through the blood-red world with a thunderous roar, ascending dominantly to reign supreme!

Chapter 350 - 181: Candle Dragon Bone, The Second Path, Ghost Slayer!

At the moment Gu Jianlin grasped the Qilin Wedge, his consciousness seemed to traverse into another world.

A world shrouded in darkness, where pitch-black clouds spread like ink.

The nightscape expanded endlessly, immersing sky and earth in utter blackness.

It seemed to be a realm within the Qilin Wedge, not belonging to any specific Ancient God Realm, but rather an isolated space permeated by a dense black mist. Deep within the fog were countless black holes, as if glimpses of the primordial void of the universe could be seen—countless silent celestial bodies floating within a desolate galaxy.

Standing alone amidst the mist, he gazed into the darkness ahead.

A long silence.

Before him stood a heavy coffin of Mo Jade, its body semi-transparent.

Within the coffin, a faintly discernible ghostly presence could be seen.

It was a dark golden Dragon Bone, immersed in scalding molten lava!

For a fleeting moment, Gu Jianlin believed he was hallucinating.

In truth, inside the Mo Jade Coffin was not a Dragon Bone.

But rather a peerlessly stunning woman, silently slumbering within.

Boom!

Upon first laying eyes upon her, the Black Qilin within Gu Jianlin's mind abruptly opened its blazing, furious golden eyes, revealing an unrestrained hunger and greed that burned in the depths of its pupils, exposing its most primal instincts!

—Devour!

Inside the young man's mind, it was as if millions of souls were desperately screaming.

Relentlessly commanding him.

Devour this Dragon Bone!

"I see now. This is what the Qilin Venerable took from the Candle Dragon Venerable, forcing her, over two thousand years ago, to abandon her battle against the Human World and instead hasten to the East Sea, initiating the Supreme War."

Gu Jianlin murmured softly, "The Candle Dragon Venerable sought to stop the Qilin Venerable from devouring the Dragon Bone!"

So it was, everything became clear.

The First Generation Qilin Venerable had been imprisoned in the deepest recesses of the Immortal Palace, cut off from the outside world.

And the Qilin Wedge had already been shattered, sealed in various parts of the Immortal Palace.

The ancient Supreme being had been imprisoned, unable even to sense the Wedge's existence.

Indeed, after several hundred, perhaps a thousand years, it might still resurrect.

But clearly, due to certain circumstances, it deemed it couldn't wait and forcibly summoned the Qilin Immortal Palace into existence.

Thus weakening itself to the extreme.

It was an unsolvable deadlock.

Until Gu Jianlin's arrival.

Gu Jianlin had inherited the Qilin Venerable's power, allowing him to act in the real world, effectively shattering the stalemate.

Now, as long as someone awakened the Qilin Wedge, he would be able to sense it and summon it to his hand!

And thus, claim the Dragon Bone!

Everything interlocked seamlessly, one link after another.

"No wonder, when the Kui Dragon Ancestor discovered my presence, the Candle Dragon Venerable immediately descended, even waiting for me in the dimensional tunnel of the Qilin Immortal Palace. She

couldn't fathom how I escaped, nor understand how I managed to traverse between the Ancient God Realm and reality repeatedly."

"The Candle Dragon Venerable must have used the restraints she left behind back then as an anchor to locate me. Now she must be deep in thought, wondering: If those restraints still exist, how did I get out?"

"It's not something divination or fortune-telling could decipher. No matter how weak I might be, I possess the rank of Supreme, and matters concerning two Ancient Supremes—no one can predict the outcome."

"That's right, the Candle Dragon Venerable is acting this way because she's panicked."

Gu Jianlin pieced together everything, sensing he had uncovered a world-shaking secret.

Because the authority of the Qilin Venerable lies in devouring.

"I suspect this space can be opened, but without the Qilin Venerable's consent, no one can take the Dragon Bone away. Thus, the Candle Dragon Venerable is left with nothing but empty threats and temptations, with no alternative. That old monster doesn't worry about others obtaining the Wedge, as they cannot take away the Dragon Bone nor possess the ability to devour it."

Gu Jianlin paused: "But I can. The Qilin Venerable can."

Following the instinct of his soul, he approached the Mo Jade Coffin step by step.

With each step, through profiling, he could perceive the malicious intent of the First Generation Qilin Venerable.

It wasn't directed at him.

But toward the old monster!

Hostility aimed at the Candle Dragon Venerable.

In the unseen depths, it was as if he could hear the venomous laughter of the First Generation Qilin Venerable.

"How utterly insane! How deeply hateful!"

Gu Jianlin gazed at the Mo Jade Coffin.

The Black Gold Dragon Bone immersed within molten lava seemed to come alive.

At that moment, Gu Jianlin raised his hand to his face, and the dark Ink Jade Mask coalesced, a majestic, menacing Qilin Horn rose above his head, his body was covered in pitch-black Dragon Scales, and his golden eyes ignited fiercely.

In his hand, a spectral black broken sword appeared out of thin air, which he reversed and plunged into the Mo Jade Coffin.

Crack!

The lid of the Mo Jade Coffin shattered abruptly, dissipating into darkness.

The Qilin Wedge in Gu Jianlin's hand continued its descent, finally landing on the Dragon Bone submerged in molten lava!

Boom!

From his palm, an immense black hole vortex seemed to expand, suddenly devouring the Dragon Bone!

In the very instant, the Black Qilin deep within his consciousness roared aloud.

Within its golden, vertically slitted eyes that blazed like the sun, appeared a blood-red tint of demonic allure!

The roar echoed like a Dragon's Cry!

Gu Jianlin observed the Black Qilin, its ancient, majestic form remained unchanged, yet it now resembled a black dragon soaring into the void—the Dragon's Roar pierced through the depths of his soul!

At the same time, the Divine projection in his consciousness trembled and flickered wildly.

Silently, a different apparition split off entirely!

It was a blood-soaked youth, his body riddled with gruesome scars inflicted by countless blades, as if treading upon heaps of corpses, the scent of blood unbearably intense.