

Ancient 411

Chapter 411 - 205: Youzhu, My Youzhu

Gu Jianlin turned around in astonishment, looking at the young woman surrounded by bodyguards.

"You don't know me, but you can call me Miss Lan. I'm the alchemist invited by the Third Master."

Miss Lan sat in the back row. The guests who originally came for the auction had been ushered out. Her face was hidden behind a black curtain by the bodyguards, and her voice was ethereal: "I'm on the Divination Master path. This is my unique ability for spiritual communication. You can directly imagine your voice in your mind to communicate with me; no one else will hear it. But please don't misunderstand—I'm not here to cover for you in front of that red-haired woman."

She spoke with restrained indifference: "I simply don't want to expose Sister Moon Princess's identity."

Her gaze lingered on the pair of despicable lovers before her.

Tang Ling clearly sensed hostility. A flash of strange color crossed her vermilion eyes, but she said nothing more.

Despite her claim that she had been sold to work in the Sword Tomb, both the President and the Silver King treated her as a direct successor. Her strength and talent were unquestionable, which had fostered her unapologetic arrogance.

She looked down equally on ninety-nine percent of people in the world, never caring about the hostility of outsiders.

As long as they didn't bark in her presence, that would suffice.

Gu Jianlin frowned and said: "Are you Moon Princess's friend?"

Being able to recognize his identity suggested she might be trustworthy.

This judgment sprung from his trust in Youzhu.

"Yes, I'm very close friends with her. I know most of what she has been through."

Miss Lan sat upright in her seat and said calmly: "How are her injuries?"

Gu Jianlin replied, "She's recovering quite well. No danger for now."

Miss Lan nodded slightly, then suddenly changed the subject: "In the Dark World, auctions are highly ritualistic events. You must have seen it just now. It's out of respect and tribute for the King. When the King was alive, he enjoyed traveling the world for auctions, collecting interesting items."

Gu Jianlin couldn't understand her meaning.

"Compared to the Ether Association's merit system, the transactions in the Dark World are much bolder, much freer."

Miss Lan added: "It's also an opportunity for the candidates to advance their positions."

Gu Jianlin vaguely caught a trace of something in her tone.

"Originally, Sister Moon Princess should have attended today as well."

Miss Lan's next words explained it to some extent: "But she was injured."

Gu Jianlin fell silent for a moment.

"The auction is about to start. Turn around and don't look at me."

Miss Lan spoke softly.

Gu Jianlin turned around, gazing at the screen lighting up in front of him.

Tang Ling glanced at him.

Gu Jianlin shook his head, indicating nothing had occurred.

At the forefront of the Holy Temple was a platform ascending and displaying today's auction items.

Meanwhile, information about the items appeared on the screen behind for guests to reference.

"Mythical Weapon: Whale Swallow."

"Appraisal Report: This is a Mythical Weapon unearthed from the Wilderness Sea on the first level of Qilin Immortal Palace. It has been buried for over two thousand years. Its form is a bronze sword. When drawn, it evokes whale songs with immense destructive power."

"Condition: Spiritual Deficiency."

"Starting Price: Fifty Million."

The screen displayed an azure bronze ancient sword, along with the faint, rippling shadow of a massive whale vibrating through the void.

The faint whispers of whale songs echoed within the Holy Temple, as if in a dream.

As for the genuine article, it rested sealed inside an archaic golden sword box, wrapped in dense layers of talismans.

This was a Mythical Weapon needing restoration, yet owing to its rarity, it immediately stirred a massive commotion among the guests, pushing its price to a shocking two hundred million.

The individual who ultimately won the bidding for this Mythical Weapon did not rise to receive any adulation from others.

Instead, they left the venue discreetly to claim their purchase.

Then, a crisp bell rang out.

It came from one of the six private boxes at the top of the Holy Temple—the box belonging to Second Master.

The person who had won the Mythical Weapon suddenly froze their steps, their expression darkened considerably.

"No wonder they left in such a hurry—there hadn't been anyone begrudging the result earlier."

Tang Ling remarked indifferently.

Gu Jianlin also noticed that everyone around them bore mocking, amused expressions, clearly enjoying the spectacle.

"This too is tradition in the Dark World. Having the wealth to win an auction item isn't enough. If someone wants to forcefully buy it from you, then you must stay and duel for it. You can fight yourself or have someone substitute for you, but ultimately you need to win to secure your bid. Otherwise, your bid becomes invalid."

Miss Lan spoke faintly: "This, too, is one of the King's traditions. According to legend, in the early years when the King was young and short of funds, he often couldn't afford his desired items. So he carried a handbell, using its ring to summon challengers for 'cordial and friendly negotiations,' persuading them to forgo their offers."

"Cordial and friendly negotiations, indeed."

Gu Jianlin suddenly noticed ancient bells placed outside the six private boxes.

"Those bells work in the same way. If there's any auction item you must acquire, you can try ringing one of them. But once the bell tolls, it determines victory and defeat—and life and death."

Miss Lan explained: "The King loved dueling. He often clashed with others at auctions, leading him to create a Mythical Weapon named Prison. It could generate a sealed barrier, allowing grievances to be settled within that space. The property of Prison was this: once the barrier formed, only one person would walk out alive."

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"Therefore, although the Mythical Weapon 'Prison' is no longer present, the Dark World has preserved its tradition."

She said, "It's just that very few people would ring that bell."

It seems the Red King's status in the Dark World truly rivals that of a Holy Master.

Unmatched by anyone.

Gu Jianlin shook his head, turned around, and mouthed the words: "Interested?"

Tang Ling narrowed her eyes and nodded slightly. "Interesting, but not as good as my Extreme Thunder."

Seeing these two interact like this, Miss Lan's gaze grew colder.

"Today, there is an auction item called the 'Moonstone Heart.' It is an extraordinarily rare extraordinary resource, a plant that only grows in the Ancient God Realm. It must be bathed in the blood of an Ancient God Seed to bloom. Lord Youming's followers harvested it from the Silent Swamp on the first floor of the Qilin Immortal Palace, costing the lives of six Fourth Rank individuals."

She said coldly, "According to our plan, Sister Yue Ji was supposed to seize the Moonstone Heart here. It is an essential resource for her to advance to the Fifth-Order Moon Master, but she was gravely injured because of you."

For a moment, Tang Ling turned her head to look at the boy beside her.

Because Gu Jianlin's expression finally showed a hint of emotion.

"Sister Yue Ji's sacrifice for you is something you'll never truly comprehend. If she hadn't wasted so much time on you recently, she could have advanced to the Fifth Rank last month."

Miss Lan's tone turned icy: "When Sister Yue Ji underwent her first talent test at the age of eight, her compatibility with the Ghost Slayer Path was nearly perfect. This means that her inner resolve runs deep—extremely deep. After joining the You Ying Group, she underwent a second test. In the entire organization, there's no Ghost Slayer with talent surpassing hers."

"As such, the senior leaders of the You Ying Group hold her in high regard and have promised her immense opportunities. But for you, to stay by your side, she gave up countless precious chances."

She paused: "As a result, within the organization, those with lesser talent have surpassed her in rank. To this day, she remains at the Fourth Rank, teetering on the brink of mediocrity."

Gu Jianlin remained silent for a long time, thinking to himself, what an idiot she is.

"And I bet she hasn't told you a word about any of this."

Miss Lan said, "Joining the You Ying Group on her own, she has endured far more suffering than you could ever imagine."

Gu Jianlin thought back to the pain he had endured over the past few nights.

It was as though a stone had been dropped into the calm lake of his heart, creating ripples.

Indeed, after losing the teacher who had protected her since she was young, she was just a seventeen-year-old girl.

Fighting her way alone in the world was tough enough, yet she still carved out time to protect him, this burden.

Just how much bitterness and sorrow must she have endured? No one could know.

Even the pain that he's felt is only the tip of the iceberg.

"I can also tell you that Sister Yue Ji does not lack enemies."

Miss Lan said coldly, "Her family has come knocking not once, not twice, but three times already. If she wants to free herself from their clutches, she must become strong enough, with a solid background to back her."

Gu Jianlin's hand on his leg flinched as if electrocuted.

"Senior Brother once said that Youzhu and Sister You Xia's biological mother came from an ancient family within the Dark World. So why did she marry a regular person like Uncle Su, only to later divorce him and abandon the two children?"

He murmured to himself, uninterested in the melodramatic feuds of the previous generation.

The key lies in the fact that this ancient family in the Dark World seems unusually complicated, repeatedly interfering in the sisters' lives and exerting a certain level of pressure.

The older sister working away from home year-round, the younger sister wandering within the Dark World, both weighed down by heavy hearts.

This appears to be the root of the sisters' troubles.

And their deepest secret.

"I'm telling you this because I want you to cherish her. Once you lose her, you'll never find anyone in this world who treats you better than she has. Hah, she even once asked me to give you an alchemy weapon."

Miss Lan said, "Although I don't know why she chose you, I respect her decision. As for the Moonstone Heart, we will strive to obtain it no matter what. As for you, I hope you'll stop flirting with other women."

With that, she turned and left.

The bodyguards followed her respectfully.

Gu Jianlin, still dwelling on the girl back home, was stunned by the last half of her sentence.

This Miss Lan seemed to have misunderstood something.

Tang Ling was just his teammate, nothing more.

Until the Gu Family's curse was resolved, he wasn't planning to think about relationships.

That was his principle.

Yes, his principle.

"Is that your friend?"

Tang Ling raised an eyebrow, a hint of confusion flitting through her vermilion-red eyes: "I feel like she's hostile toward me."

The proud daughter of the Sword Tomb crossed her arms and elegantly stretched her snow-white, slender legs, swaying lightly.

A bit displeased.

"Not really."

Gu Jianlin shook his head, lowered his gaze, and pulled out his phone, opening a chat window with that girl on WeChat.

He stared at it in a daze.

Back in school, he often saw male classmates staring at a chat window, titled with the name of the girl they liked, typing endlessly but never sending anything.

Back then, he didn't understand what kind of emotion that was.

Now he thought he might understand.

"Youzhu..."

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In the luxurious box, Mr. Liu sat on the plush sofa, holding a glass of red wine as he chuckled. "Ha, that coward. The Second Master barely rang the bell, and he immediately surrendered."

The door to the box opened, and Miss Lan walked in, surrounded by security guards.

"Oh, Miss Lan."

Mr. Liu smiled. "Where have you been all this time?"

Miss Lan said flatly, "Nothing much. The next item up for auction is the Moonstone Heart. Although Fourth Master has gone mad, the Si Family's Old Master has taken over. That old guy is even more troublesome. I also spotted that bitch Ye Hua. Since being severely injured by Sister Yue Ji last time, she's been training maniacally and has become terrifying."

She added, "As a Fourth-Rank Shura, that bitch Ye Hua's strength is so overwhelming that even Sister Yue Ji has to go all out against her. Ning Chen and Butcher should win as long as they don't cross paths with her."

Mr. Liu sighed, "In a best-of-five match, we can at most win two rounds. If Miss Yue Ji were here, we wouldn't have to fear Ye Hua at all, and the Moonstone Heart would be securely in our hands."

Miss Lan remained silent.

"What's our likelihood of success today?"

Mr. Liu probed, "Why don't you calculate it?"

Miss Lan murmured, "I've already calculated it, but saying it out loud would render it ineffective."

"I'll do my best to win one round."

Ning Chen said lazily.

"Me too."

Butcher turned and said, "Miss Nightingale, the last round will depend on you."

In the corner sat a seemingly frail girl, who was actually a Fourth-Rank Ruler.

Overlord Path.

With Moon Princess absent, the three of them were the strongest candidates on their side.

They had to secure three rounds if possible.

As for the remaining two, they couldn't hold much hope.

On Fourth Master's side, they also had only three main fighters. It all depended on individual abilities.

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The auction proceeded with two more items within half an hour.

"Secret medicine: Martyr's Blood."

"Quality: Absolute Prohibition."

"Effect: Temporarily ignites spirituality, burns life and soul, amplifies combat ability threefold. The cost is instant death upon use, with no way to reverse it."

This item's appearance sparked fervent bidding from many, driving the price to an astronomical fifty million.

But in the end, a director rang the bell and claimed it, as no one dared challenge him.

"Ancient relic: Heavenly Book Meteorite."

"Quality: Unknown."

"Description: An ancient artifact unearthed from the Returning Burial Forest of the first layer of Qilin Immortal Palace. Suspected to be linked to a Primordial figure, the inscriptions may contain clues to an Ancient Forbidden Curse, making it exceedingly precious."

This item, however, was less desired since deciphering the meteorite relies heavily on chance.

In essence, it's like drawing cards.

If you draw it, you're striking gold.

But the key lies in whether you can comprehend it.

Nevertheless, it was still bid up to thirty million, eventually claimed by an elderly gentleman from Britain.

As for the next auction item, it was an essential material for advancing to the Fifth Rank in the Ghost Slayer Path.

—Moonstone Heart.

It's said that this advancement material is extraordinarily rare, with stringent conditions and environments for its growth, leading to its limited annual distribution and subsequent resource shortage, making competition fierce.

Moreover, the Red King, as the leader of the Dark World, is himself a Ghost Slayer Path adherent.

This motivates countless fanatics to emulate him.

With Ghost Slayer Path Ascenders engaging in fierce bidding, such rare resources become even scarcer.

When the golden box containing the Moonstone Heart rose from the underground, the entire Holy Temple was engulfed in a thick, metallic scent of blood that sent chills down the spine.

"This is indeed a treasure; even the Ether Association only has two of these in its inventory."

Tang Ling crossed her arms and commented indifferently, "This is one of the reasons Ghost Slayer Path is relatively rare. Despite being a top-tier and overwhelmingly strong path, few choose it. First, it requires a sufficiently deep obsession to nurture killing intent; second, you need a sharp perception of space-time; and third, it's outrageously costly."

Gu Jianlin nodded slightly: "And what about the Sword Sect Path?"

Tang Ling tilted her snow-white jaw upward: "Similar story."

Gu Jianlin asked, "Why are you and Ji Xiaoyu, despite awakening early, still at Fourth Rank?"

"Because when you're young, your psyche isn't stable enough. Most of that time is spent building your foundation. Ji Xiaoyu, that little brat, is indeed talented—being the President's descendant—and has had immense resources at her disposal, which essentially allowed her potential to be prematurely squeezed out."

Tang Ling shook her head and explained, "Before I turned 18, my advancement wasn't fast either. Only around 18 was I at my peak. Different people have varying talents, which affects their later progression rate."

Gu Jianlin thought to himself, I see.

Comparatively, Moon Princess and Thunder should have similar natural aptitude.

If neither suffers setbacks.

"Thirty million."

"Fifty million!"

"Sixty million!"

"Sixty million, plus rare secret medicine."

"Seventy million, plus one material of the same rank!"

The first round of bidding almost immediately eliminated most attendees.

The remaining competitors were mostly directors, battling it out.

Eventually, it turned into a climactic duel between Third Master and Master.

After Mr. Liu from Third Master's side made one final bid, their opponent fell silent.

"Seventy million, plus one material of the same rank."

The stunning host softly announced, "First call, second call, third call, sold!"

The auction hammer fell.

The seating area fell silent as death; by custom, a director winning an auction item should be met with applause.

But everyone knew things wouldn't end so smoothly.

Sure enough, the sound of a bell ringing broke the silence.

From Master's private box came a raspy voice: "The old rules—best of five?"

It was the voice of the elder patriarch of the Si Family.

Mr. Liu was utterly unfazed and sneered: "Let's do it; make it quick!"

The tension was palpable.

The audience resembled sharks who had smelled blood, thrilled with anticipation.

The spectacle was about to begin!

In that instant, the previously mysterious and upscale auction hall lit up, and a massive Octagonal Cage rose from the ground. The low, primal drumbeat shattered the silence, reverberating through every soul present.

The seemingly polished and polite guests shed their disguises, revealing the brutality and savagery inherent in their nature—a primal instinct buried deep in their blood: survival of the fittest, kill or be killed!

"Go, seize the Moonstone Heart."

The Si Family elder did not appear, but his hunched yet formidable shadow spread against the light as he said indifferently, "Ye Hua, this is your only chance; do not disappoint me."

A woman draped in a hooded robe bowed slightly in acknowledgment. In the light, her face appeared sinister and cruel, marred by a bloody scar running across half her visage. Her eyes exuded venomous malice, and in her hand, she held a Yingzhou-style tachi, its scabbard carved with intricate patterns that glimmered coldly with unfathomable depth.

"With Moon Princess absent, the Moonstone Heart will surely be ours."

She turned and said, "Xingtong, Yue Tong, let's go."

Behind her trailed a pair of identical twins—also women—dressed in pale sacrificial robes. Their cascading black hair fell like waterfalls, their pallid faces eerily resembling corpses, adorned with disturbing smiles.

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Besides them, there was also a middle-aged man carrying a sniper rifle on his back, and a young man covered in tattoos.

These people were all candidates under Master Four.

As for Master Three's side, Butcher stepped forward first. With each step he took, it felt as though the ground trembled. His two-meter-tall figure was like a demon, exuding an overwhelming sense of power and intimidation.

"Everyone, I'm counting on you."

This brute uncharacteristically serious: "I'll thank you on the boss's behalf later."

Ning Chen yawned lazily, but his eyes were perilously sharp, sending chills down one's spine: "Since it's Master Three's order, then let's fight. Hopefully, the draw won't screw us over too badly."

Ye Ying, carrying a sniper rifle on her back, appeared delicate but spoke with calm determination, utterly fearless: "Sister Yue Ji once helped me, so I'll do my best."

The last two were both Sword Sect members wielding large swords, though their ranks were noticeably lower.

Tang Ling squinted her charming eyes: "Ye Hua? I didn't expect her to join forces with Master Four from the You Ying Group."

Gu Jianlin responded calmly: "You know her?"

Tang Ling replied indifferently, "Yeah, we crossed swords before. She's quite a formidable opponent. At that time, I was only Third Rank and didn't have Extreme Thunder with me, so I couldn't kill her. I heard recently she took down two Omega members, so her strength must've improved significantly."

"And those twin women over there—both are Fourth Rank Cloud Lords, exceptionally powerful Divines. Previously, two captain-level fighters from Peak City District died at their hands, and their corpses were enslaved afterward."

She paused: "As for the other two, I don't know them."

Gu Jianlin mused, "Hmm, I see."

As for the combatants on Master Three's side, they weren't weak either.

Butcher's strength was beyond doubt. While he likely wouldn't use Divine Servant Transformation, his raw combat prowess was already more than sufficient.

Ning Chen, as the personal bodyguard of a director, naturally wasn't weak either.

That young girl carrying a sniper rifle—her exact strength was unknown, but since she was selected, she definitely wasn't cannon fodder.

The last two Sword Sect members, however, were clearly outclassed compared to the others.

This was a best-of-five match with randomized draws, so matchups would depend on luck.

Avoiding an exploit like Tian Ji's horse racing strategy.

"Who do you think will win?"

Tang Ling raised her enchanting eyes toward the boy next to her and suddenly asked: "I remember Moon Princess is quite close to you. She's also a Fourth Rank Shura. If she could obtain this Moonstone Heart, it would significantly benefit her."

Gu Jianlin replied expressionlessly: "Who wins doesn't matter."

With a loud boom!

Deafening cheers erupted within the Holy Temple. At this moment, the auction seemed to transform into the Colosseum of Ancient Rome. People unleashed the malice and madness buried deep within their hearts—a clash between humanity and brutality, civilization and savagery.

The beautiful female host held a microphone as she stood to the side: "First match, Butcher versus Scar!"

Butcher was a Fourth-Order Mad King, already infinitely close to Fifth Rank.

His opponent, however, was merely a Third Rank practitioner of Ancient Martial Arts.

An absolute disparity in raw power, needing no further explanation.

Bang!

Amid the thunderous explosion of Qi Force, the tattooed young man was sent flying out of the Octagonal Cage with a single punch.

His entire skeleton seemed shattered, prompting medical staff to rush in for rescue.

"Unlucky bastard!"

Butcher sneered coldly before swaggering off the stage.

"Second match, Ning Chen versus Black Sniper!"

This battle was equally predictable—a Fourth-Order Mad King facing off against a Third Rank Frenzy Hunter.

The fight ended in under five seconds.

Even the opponent's sniper rifle was shattered, and the scattering fragments fell to the floor around them.

Unfortunately, the drawing wasn't favorable this time.

The strongest on one side was matched against the weakest on the other.

As expected, the next two matches resulted in consecutive losses.

Xingtong and Yuetong, the twin Divine Cloud Lords, utterly crushed the two candidates from Master Three's side.

And these two candidates were defeated in an exceptionally ruthless fashion.

Their bodies were almost flattened, and they were nearly reduced to husks by the Divine Sacrificial Fire's flames.

"Final match, Ye Hua versus Ye Ying!"

The focal battle—the decisive showdown.

Yet in the private booth, Master Three's expression had already soured.

Miss Lan's hand, which was holding a Copper Coin, was trembling slightly. She murmured under her breath: "How did things end up like this..."

Ghost Slayer against Overlord.

The battle would be decided in an instant.

Either the former's shot would claim the kill, or the latter would strike them down with a single blade.

This was a pure contest of raw strength.

If the space freeze's binding could be overcome, victory was guaranteed.

If not, then defeat was certain!

In the Octagonal Cage, Ye Hua drew her blade. The knife's edge vibrated, and the world fell silent!

As expected, space freeze descended!

In that fleeting moment, Ye Ying stood on the ring, raising her sniper rifle as her gun barrel roared.

The world plunged into a mire-like stillness.

Ye Ying's consciousness struggled madly. If the spirituality she unleashed was strong enough, there was a chance to destabilize this domain of space freeze, then unleash the Arrow of Destruction for a one-shot kill. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't shake its hold.

She was just one step short!

One step could mean Heaven's Punishment. A chilling slash flashed by!

Crack!

The gun barrel snapped, blood splattered, and the domain shattered!

Thud!

Amidst the surging blood, Ye Ying was overwhelmed in one strike, a massive wound opening on her body.

Ye Hua, like a phantom, closed the distance in an instant. Her tachi gleamed with an ominous blade light, slicing like a relentless tide of death, leaving countless gruesome gashes on Ye Ying without any intention of stopping.

"What a pity—it wasn't Moon Princess who came."

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This woman slashed dozens of times, blood almost splattered across her entire face, then grabbed the battered girl and tossed her to the ground like trash, letting out a cold and crazed laugh.

Pointing at the girl at her feet, she said coldly:

"Go back and tell Moon Princess, next time we meet, this will be her fate!"

Bang!

Mr. Liu smashed the wine glass in his hand, showing a look of embarrassment and anger for the first time, and cursed under his breath, "That scoundrel relying on others' power! Tomorrow I'll make sure she dies in the sewers!"

Miss Lan said coldly, "Don't be rash, the Moonstone Heart is already gone."

Butcher was even more enraged, almost charging up.

Fortunately, Ning Chen stopped him, otherwise today would truly break the rules.

A huge cheer erupted from the audience, applause like a tide.

Ye Hua raised the bloody tachi high, accepting everyone's praise.

However, in the audience, Tang Ling silently turned to look at the boy beside her.

Because Gu Jianlin had always been expressionless until his eyes turned cold at this moment.

Previously, his plan was to act when the Moonstone Heart was being traded, trying to take it without alarming anyone.

At this moment, he changed his mind.

Because when Ye Hua boasted about dealing with Moon Princess.

She was already a dead person.

Gu Jianlin could feel that due to emotional turmoil, a murderous intent permeated his heart.

The shadow behind him began to tremble violently at this moment.

As if a devil slumbering for a thousand years was about to break free from its cage!

"Wait for me a moment."

Gu Jianlin stood up and left the audience area straight away.

His action was very noticeable.

Because everyone was seated except for the challengers.

"What's he trying to do?"

Mr. Liu was stunned.

Miss Lan saw his move, and the Copper Coin in her hand flipped rapidly, as if she anticipated something, and hurriedly said, "Quick! Stop him! Don't let him come over, and definitely don't let him approach this bell, he can't do it!"

If something happened to this boy in front of her, she really didn't know how to face her good friend.

But, it was all too late.

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Gu Jianlin had already arrived in front of the Third Master's box, where an ancient bronze bell was set up, with a rusty iron mallet hanging beside it, seemingly aged and thick.

On this ancient bronze bell, such words were inscribed.

"The king said, when the Bell tolls, only one of us can survive."

"And when the Bell stops, the opponent's head just falls."

"Both to decide victory or defeat, and life or death."

Boom!

The iron mallet struck the Ancient Bell, its rumbling echoed throughout the Holy Temple.

Unknown what material this bell was made of, its deep sound reverberating unendingly, showing no signs of fading.

For a moment, everyone's gaze turned towards this bell-ringing boy, their eyes filled with inexplicable shock.

Ye Hua was about to leave but her steps froze, the blade in her hand trembling violently.

She turned around incredulously, her eyes full of astonishment and bewilderment.

As if she couldn't believe the bell was actually struck.

Both Xingtong and Yue Tong, these Fourth Rank Cloud Lords, also turned their heads in surprise, pale faces showing strange expressions.

Including the heavily injured Overlord and the bone-fractured Ancient Martial.

Gu Jianlin walked straight towards the Octagonal Cage, as his footsteps echoed in the hall, a searing electric net descended from above, cutting off all paths in all directions, preventing others from coming in to cause trouble and blocking all his escape routes.

"I want the Moonstone Heart, and I'll end the fight before the Bell finishes ringing."

He said flatly, "Are you five going to take me one-on-one, or am I going to gang up on you five alone?"

At this moment, the boy's shadow reflected on the Octagonal Cage trembled intensely, as if ghostly shrouding him.

Chapter 416 - 207: Qilin Forbidden Curse, Candle Dragon Sister Substitutes!

The throne of the Dark World no longer casts a shadow of its king. To commemorate the once-departed ruler, the tradition of tolling the bell was established. When the bell tolls, it signals a deathmatch with no retreat.

The king once quoted Caesar: "I came, I saw, I plundered, I conquered."

This, after all, is the law of the Dark World.

The tolling bell reverberated within the Holy Temple. After a moment of silence, the audience erupted with deafening cheers, as if they could already smell the heavy stench of blood in the air. Forgetting their high-society decorum, they became like drunken spectators at an underground fighting pit. Their fervor surged, blood rushing through their veins!

Bunny girls carried exquisite trays, serving champagne to the excited guests.

The king also once said battles of life and death should be accompanied by beauties and fine wine.

Beams of spotlight pierced through the darkness, illuminating the octagonal cage engulfed in an electrical grid!

The moment Gu Jianlin stepped into the cage, his identity was immediately investigated and displayed on a projection screen—because everyone needed to know who he represented as a candidate.

As long as he was backed by the Third Master, it would be considered within the rules.

Simultaneously, the private boxes of the six directors all lit up, and their gazes fell upon him from every corner.

The tolling bell still echoed. Gu Jianlin stood in the massive octagonal cage surrounded by crackling, molten currents of electricity. The audience's cheers and shouts thundered, blending a futuristic high-tech auction with the primal savagery of an ancient Roman colosseum.

Of course, there was only one reason why everyone was so worked up.

He was going to face five opponents alone!

Madness!

"I've seen plenty of people trying to win favor with the directors, but I've never seen someone as reckless as you," Ye Hua said, his gaze piercing. The dark hood concealed a face twisted with malice, a scar writhing like a centipede. "Or perhaps you don't understand the rules? When the bell tolls, blood must be spilled."

Starsight and Moongaze tilted their heads, their smiles eerily strange.

Nearby, Scar and Black Sniper stared at him with predatory intensity.

An elevated platform rose inside the cage, holding trays of secret medicine.

After consuming the medicine, their injuries were nearly healed, and their spirituality was restored.

"I know,"

Gu Jianlin said expressionlessly. "That's exactly why I'm here."

The audience buzzed with astonishment. His voice, amplified by the cage's speaker system, echoed in everyone's ears.

Five opponents at once—how could he possibly win?

"Interesting. These days, the reckless seem to be multiplying,"

came a raspy chuckle from the Fourth Master's box.

Meanwhile, the Third Master appeared as if struck by lightning, muttering, "Who the hell is this Gu Ting? Is he trying to show off? If he wanted to impress me, he didn't have to throw his life away, did he?"

Miss Lan cast him a sidelong glance, her thoughts conveying her disdain for his lack of self-awareness.

Playing with a copper coin in her hand, she considered the divination she had performed earlier. The calculation showed there was a 99% likelihood of securing the Moonstone Heart tonight, which is why she had been brimming with overwhelming confidence.

The words she had exchanged with that boy earlier were purely out of contempt for unworthy men.

But now, she couldn't sit still. She stepped out of the box.

Butcher and Ning Chen helped the injured down the stairs, their gazes filled with incredulity as they stared at the boy in the octagonal cage.

From her seat in the audience, Tang Ling crossed her arms, narrowing her strikingly beautiful eyes as she assessed the boy's back.

Her gaze seemed distant, as if realizing something.

Gu Jianlin wasn't acting on impulse. Of that, she was certain.

Chances were, it had to do with that Moon Princess.

"Aren't you worried?"

At some point, Miss Lan appeared at her back.

Even without Extreme Thunder in her arsenal, Tang Ling was unperturbed. She spoke indifferently:
"Worried about what?"

"This time, the Mythical Weapon cannot be used."

Miss Lan calmly asked, "Aren't you worried that he'll die?"

The copper coin in her hand turned continuously, yet still revealed no answer.

"If he dares to enter, he will win."

Tang Ling chuckled lightly. "He's not an idiot."

Miss Lan was momentarily taken aback.

Meanwhile, the lights throughout the Holy Temple dimmed, leaving a single concentrated beam focused on the octagonal cage!

The battle began!

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"Tonight, the bell tolls, and in the octagonal cage, no one leaves alive!"

The beautiful female host shouted excitedly into the microphone, "What madness—unseen in a century. This candidate named Gu Ting will face off against five. Let's bear witness to this bloody carnage!"

Amid thunderous roars, the platform ascended once more, suspending an array of alchemy weapons.

Gu Jianlin merely glanced at them before silently selecting a sheathed Tang Blade.

This was his first time wielding a blade. Until now, he had used chairs, thrones, or simply his bare hands.

Tonight, however, was an exception.

Tonight, he would test his strength without relying on Ancient God Transformation!

As the platform descended, a deathly hush enveloped the arena.

Only the heavy tolling of the bell lingered in the air.

"Let the carnage begin!"

BOOM! The electric grid erupted in dazzling arcs of light. High-voltage energy surged outward, encompassing every corner.

In this moment, the ring offered only life—or death.

Gu Jianlin hefted the Tang Blade in his hand, finding its balance just right.

"Tell me, how do you plan to win?"

Ye Hua locked onto him, smirking coldly.

Gu Jianlin offered a silent smile before making a single gesture.

He curled his finger: "Come."

For a split second, murderous intent flashed in Ye Hua's gaze. He growled, "Kill him!"

BOOM!

Starsight and Moongaze, both Fourth-Order Cloud Monarchs, immediately initiated Ghost Transformation. Pale ghostly flames ignited on their foreheads, their primal and violent instincts magnified exponentially as they dove toward him.

The Fourth-Order Cloud Monarchs wielded the skill Corpse Ghost Technique. In the absence of corpses, the ability might seem limited. But they wasted no time in summoning their Spiritual Bodies. From behind the duo emerged identical, monstrous ghost faces.

Scar charged forward, his right fist gathering terrifying force as he threw a powerful punch!

In the next instant, the roar of a sniper rifle echoed!

The Third-Order Hunter known as Black Sniper was already aiming his weapon with lethal intent!

This was a kill zone.

Not to mention the Fourth-Order Shura lurking hungrily in the background.

No one believed Gu Jianlin could win.

Because it was deemed impossible.

How could he win?

With a thunderous boom!

A black ghostly flame ignited on Gu Jianlin's forehead. The ferocious force of Ghost Transformation unleashed a torrent of negative energy, turning his body into an abyssal hell—a prison for slumbering devils clawing awake in a snarling frenzy!

Simultaneously, phantom-like chains circled his back.

The Lock of Nonexistence erased his presence, tricking the senses of all.

Within the domain of the Lock of Nonexistence, a shadowy silhouette shimmered haphazardly—until it trembled into form!

Qilin Forbidden Curse!

This was his trump card.

His shadow was always poised to awaken.

For a fleeting moment, the shadow coalesced into a solid presence. Although it was merely an illusory phantom, it seemed to breathe with life, its spirituality surging instantly to the Third-Order.

On the Ghost Slayer Path, the First Order is the Ghostly Soul, the Second the Shadow Ghost, and the Third the Ghost Slash!

Senses merged. Thoughts became one.

As the shadow awoke, an unfamiliar emotion surged within Gu Jianlin.

Breathing in the heavens, reigning over all, unrivaled supremacy!

Within his mind, the earth split and imploded. The heavens churned with infernal fire, as though the Netherworld's divine country was consuming the mortal realm. Thunderbolts raged amidst colossal blood-red slitted eyes, eyeing the cosmos with burning ambition!

The feral remnants of the Candle Dragon Venerable's emotions stirred, her instincts reignited!

As the Dragon's Roar spanned the heavens and the earth, the shadow solidified further, even forming distinct features.

Raven-black hair danced like a storm-bound tide. The absurdly beautiful face bore an androgynous allure. Blood-red pupils swirled with imperial malice, a seductive tear mole traced beneath one eye.

Suffocating black mist enveloped its body, embodying the elegance and dread of ghostly divinity!

A mesmerizing figure, overlooking all of existence.

For a moment, even Gu Jianlin was dumbfounded.

The shadow's visage—half of it resembled his own.

The other half clearly resembled the Old Monster!

This was the Authority of the Qilin Venerable, forged by devouring the Candle Dragon Bone.

Manifested into form through the Qilin Forbidden Curse!

Not enough. More!

The dazzling shadow unleashed the aura of the Ancient Wilderness, sprouting stately, menacing dragon horns atop its head. Blood-red slitted pupils burned in its mesmerizing gaze. The ethereal Dragon Roar now bellowed like rolling thunder!

Evolution State!

The world was fractured and wounded in his view, with vivid, intricate cracks mapping each detail.

The Divine Speed Force domain unfolded. Though its immense acceleration placed great strain on the body, skill enhancements diminished the aftereffects to nearly nothing, increasing his speed even further!

In Evolution State, all abilities experienced a dramatic escalation!

The next step was Virtualization!

Suddenly, the shadow distorted and disappeared like a watery reflection fading into nothingness.

This was the enhanced effect of Virtualization: invisibility!

All that could be seen was the black Tang Blade spinning in mid-air, drawing fleeting streaks in the void!

Slash!

CRACK!

Blood sprayed in a gruesome arc as the Third-Order Hunter's head soared skyward.

Battlefield rules: take out the healer first, then take down the overlord!

Gasps of shock and horror erupted.

Ye Hua, had he not been in Virtualization State, would undoubtedly have broken into a cold sweat.

The ghostlike speed! The chilling blade flashed again in a ghostly blur of bone-white light, accompanied by a splash of crimson!

The Ancient Martialist's head joined its predecessor, eyes wide in deathly astonishment.

Godlike precision!

Within a scant two seconds, the team of five was reduced to three.

Ye Hua's expression froze entirely.

The berserk Starsight and Moongaze betrayed disbelief, their faces painted with primal shock.

The only visible remnant of the attack was the ghostly Tang Blade, hanging eerily in mid-air.

Only Gu Jianlin could see it—the gorgeously ethereal silhouette, hovering amidst the mist, exuding an intoxicating blend of supreme monstrosity and ancient grace, forged from his cold indifference and brutal decisiveness, yet tempered by the remnants of that paramount Supreme.

A divinity incarnate.

Blood rained down like a crimson downpour.

The Candle Dragon Shadow wielded the Tang Blade with an almost dance-like grace, enacting a ballet of unparalleled brutality.

This was its first battle after awakening.

Gu Jianlin exerted no conscious control over its actions, merely allowing its instincts to dictate its every move.

As such, its movements were not just his—

But dictated by the vestiges of the Good Sister lingering within.

The Good Sister's strategies, her demeanor—they were mimicked perfectly.

And so, every slight tilt of the head, every gaze or flourish, radiated a beauty that stole breath.

"You asked me how I was going to win?"

Gu Jianlin spread his hands, his face devoid of emotion. "What do you think?"

Chapter 417 - 208: The Bell Tolls, The Head Falls

This is Gu Jianlin's bottom line.

Extraordinary Ability, Mythical Weapon, Breathing Technique, Forbidden Spell.

When combined, these occasionally produce some miraculous effects.

For instance, the Candle Dragon Shadow, which inherently lacks any Life Rhythm, becomes invisible in its Virtualization State, and with the Lock of Nonexistence erasing traces of existence, the outcome evolves into something akin to a ghost that doesn't exist. It becomes extremely difficult to detect and observe, making it his strongest assassination method!

Even though the moment of blade execution requires it to materialize.

And the Virtualization also comes with a time limit.

But it was already more than sufficient.

The Ghost Slayer Path inherently emphasizes high speed and high damage—focusing on striking once and retreating far away if unsuccessful.

The combat instincts left by the Candle Dragon Venerable didn't display advanced swordsmanship techniques—likely because, at such a level of power, there's little need for trivial techniques. But there's an indelible grace in her use of the blade.

Strength, angle, posture.

Breathtakingly exquisite.

Splat.

Blood dripped onto the ground, blossoming like a crimson sea of flowers, drop by drop, cascading.

The Candle Dragon Shadow gripped the Tang Blade, like a seductive Mandala blooming—lonesome, cold, and eerie.

"What the hell is that thing?"

Ye Hua's throat stiffened as his blood went cold.

As for Xingtong and Yue Tong, they stood fully alert, afraid that the next person beheaded would be them!

After a brief silence, the audience seating was so quiet you could almost hear the heartbeats clearly. Then it erupted into thunderous cheers—someone even sprayed champagne onto the ring, driven to wild excitement.

Such a brutally swift, blood-soaked scene thoroughly awakened their primal instincts.

"Did you see clearly just now? How did the blade move by itself?"

"That guy is a Divine. Could it be his Spiritual Body, using some method to turn invisible?"

"Isn't it possibly related to Sword Sect Path's Sword Control Technique? Could he be Fifth Rank?"

"Kill! Keep killing! Leave no one alive!"

Mr. Liu rushed directly out of his private box, laughing arrogantly. "Hahaha, splendid kill! Slay them all for me, leave no one standing! Worthy of being the candidate I invested in—I knew it would work out! Old Master Si, and Si Wei'an, you really thought Third Master Liu is a soft target, easy to trample, didn't you?"

Old Master Si hadn't shown himself yet, but let out a cold snort.

The other board members could tell very clearly—this elder seemed visibly displeased.

In the hazy distance, the entire auction venue trembled faintly.

It felt as if countless demons' shadows thrashed against the walls, like a wild scene of chaotic revelry.

"Hm?"

Tang Ling raised her head to look toward that private box, seemingly drawn to an incredibly horrifying aura.

"That is the Si family's Old Master—a seasoned powerhouse from a century ago, petty and vengeful."

Miss Lan, however, didn't glance toward the private box. She focused her gaze on the youth inside the Octagonal Cage, where the copper coin in her hand had stopped flipping. "You knew all along that he had this kind of ability? So you weren't worried at all?"

She finally understood why today's divination signs had been so peculiar.

Because the Moonstone Heart could indeed be obtained,

but not by them.

It seemed likely that the boy would win it through the life-and-death match.

"Heh."

Tang Ling swept some red hair from her forehead, vermilion eyes indifferent—as if she'd anticipated it from the start.

But inwardly, even she felt doubtful.

Gu Jianlin was a Third Rank Great Fate Master. He hadn't yet switched to the Sword Sect Path, making it impossible for him to possess Sword Control Technique.

His Spiritual Body was the Four Ghost Hands, which shouldn't have such speed.

Truly strange.

No matter what this technique was—undeniably, it was a tremendously powerful killing move. If not an Omega-level prodigy, the likely outcome was Insta-death. Even she felt a chilling sense of unease.

Let alone everyone else.

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Killing intent enveloped the Octagonal Cage like Shura Hell.

With every drop of blood blooming.

The murderous aura grew denser.

Gu Jianlin, in his berserk state, alone already exuded an overwhelmingly oppressive atmosphere.

And the presence of the Candle Dragon Shadow—that was the killing intent of Ancient Wilderness, of a godlike entity!

"We must kill him, or none of us will survive today. The next strike must take his life!" Ye Hua, crushed under the horrifying killing intent, showed cracks in his focus as he screamed madly.

Xingtong and Yue Tong exploded into action, their entire beings unleashing pitch-black domains, targeting his physical body!

Because that elusive Tang Blade still hovered behind them!

At the same time, Gu Jianlin raised his hand, his palm gathering pitch-black particles!

Dark Shock Burst!

With a tremendous boom, darkness erupted, obliterating the structure of the Octagonal Cage. Even the descending electrified net was briefly dispersed, the ground quaked violently, and the metallic flooring collapsed into dents!

The clash was evenly matched!

Gu Jianlin only felt the wind whistling past his ears as the twin sisters closed in from front and back to lock onto him!

The twins moved in flawless harmony, using blade-like fingers to slash at his throat, but he reacted swiftly—raising both hands to firmly grip their wrists, engaging in raw physical contest!

Simultaneously, a massive ghost face behind the twins roared forth, merging pitch-black particles yet again!

Boom!

Darkness detonated once more!

In the critical moment, the Four Ghost Hands ignited and materialized, blocking the strike for him.

Using the dark radiance from the Dark Shock to conceal their presence, the Four Ghost Hands remained undetected.

Within an instant, he retracted them.

But as a result, Gu Jianlin was sent flying backward, sliding toward the edge of the electrified net.

Chapter 418 - 208: The Bell Tolls, A Head Falls_2

Neither Xingtong nor Yue Tong could figure out how he managed to block that strike, but the two of them combined had an overwhelming advantage. Without hesitation, they closed in again, unleashing another storm of relentless fist shadows!

Their fists ignited with the Divine Sacrificial Fire, determined to press the young man to his death!

Two fists cannot fend off four hands. Even as Gu Jianlin tried to parry, two of his ribs snapped under the pressure, his left arm suffered a near-shattering fracture, and the Divine Sacrificial Fire began consuming his life force.

But this was not the most dangerous part.

The real killing blow came from the spiritual manifestations of the two ghost faces, brimming with violent Dark Energy!

With a bang, a kick landed squarely!

Gu Jianlin raised a single hand to block, but the force of the upward sweeping leg sent him hurtling into the air.

Xingtong recalled her ghost face spiritual body, merging seamlessly with it. The black radiance almost completely swallowed the overhead spotlights.

The next moment, Yue Tong leapt into the air alongside her ghost face spiritual body.

Roundhouse kick, hook punch, knee strike, hammer blow!

After this relentless combo, even though Gu Jianlin managed to block, it was impossible to tell how many bones in his body had been shattered.

This was the price of his lack of expertise in hand-to-hand combat.

He committed it to memory.

"It's over."

Xingtong and Yue Tong spoke in unison.

For they had already drawn the young man's blood!

"Die!"

Gu Jianlin suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood. Black Ghost Curses spread across his body, his Life Rhythm drained of vitality.

He was on the verge of death.

In the battles of the Divine, such situations were all too familiar.

As long as they didn't die outright, there was always a chance to devour and recover.

The twins were well aware of this fact. Behind them, the ghost faces condensed into massive black flashes, bursting forth in an instant!

Boom!

Two enormous bursts of radiance intertwined in midair, and as Gu Jianlin plummeted downward, his hands spread open.

Dark flashes illuminated both his hands, surging forth!

Without the synergy of spiritual bodies, his Dark Shock could not match theirs!

But in a critical moment, Xingtong and Yue Tong suddenly spat out blood!

Ghost Curse Technique!

A curse delivered across the air!

Boom!

The dark Negative Energy erupted again, disintegrating into dust as it dissipated mid-air.

Xingtong and Yue Tong felt the suffocating murderous intent envelop the entire Octagonal Cage from behind. They caught a fleeting glimpse of an icy knife light slashing across their vision, sharp enough to make their eyes sting!

In the nick of time, they sidestepped and recoiled. A sliver of cold light struck out lightning-fast!

The Candle Dragon Shadow took action at this moment—for a single, decisive kill.

After all, while these two Cloud Lords weren't weak, attempting a direct attack without guaranteed success might expose the Shadow's presence. Thus, it opted for the most reliable method!

Crack!

Accompanied by a scream of agony.

The transcendent silhouette flickered briefly, its blade casually slicing through the Void, casting a cold glimmer as blood sprayed like a fountain!

Dimension Slash!

The twins' upper and lower halves were severed, and crimson blood gushed as if from a waterfall!

With a resounding crash, Gu Jianlin fell to one knee. His shirt had been shredded, his body marred with horrifying burn scars, his bones shattered, and half his torso caved in.

If not for the last-minute summoning of four Ghost Hands for protection, he would have perished on the spot.

With a heavy thud.

He lunged forward, Divine Sacrificial Fire igniting, turning the ground beneath him into scorched wasteland.

Life Force began recovering rapidly, bones reconstructing, flesh mending.

Gu Jianlin gripped the twins by their necks with both hands, trying to snap them outright.

Yet, unexpectedly, even after being bisected and drenched in blood, the twins clung tightly to his hands. Their horribly twisted, savage faces bore expressions of sheer madness—this was the true nature of the Divine!

For one fleeting moment, silence reigned.

Time seemed to sink into a quagmire of stillness, black and white spreading like ink stains. Everything within its path froze solid, as if the colors of the world had drained away into an aged, monochrome palette.

Ye Hua completed her charge in this moment.

She found the perfect opening.

One strike to end it all!

Space Freeze. Space Jump. Dimension Slash!

A three-in-one combo!

This woman had mastered a combined skill of the Ghost Slayer Path!

"You're strong, a worthy opponent, but... it's futile."

Ye Hua said coldly, "Die!"

Within the domain of Space Freeze, only she could move!

A fleeting, shattered silhouette streaked forward. Leveraging Space Jump, she materialized at point-blank range, her vibrating tachi emitting a low hum.

A single slash descended!

For a moment, the audience held their breath.

The outcome was imminent!

The current of time streamed past like a rushing river. Within the silent domain, Ye Hua dashed with ruthless speed, savoring the imaginary sound of her blade severing a head, envisioning the young man's skull soaring high into the air!

A single breath—a short span of time.

But it could also feel impossibly long.

Especially for those who also wielded powers over time.

At this moment, the Candle Dragon Shadow completed its charge as well.

The ability mastered at the Second Rank of the Ghost Slayer Path was called Dimension Slash.

It could also be named Shattering Sky Slash.

Essentially, it used the cracks of the world to sever space and time.

Capable of bypassing most defenses in existence.

Moreover, slicing through the same fragment of space repeatedly could collapse vast swaths of the Void!

The Candle Dragon Shadow wielded the power of the Supreme, its abilities further enhanced.

After being strengthened, the effects of Dimension Slash were brutally straightforward.

One charged strike to annihilate the Void!

Boom!

The elegant, ethereal silhouette suspended outside the Space Freeze domain unleashed its built-up strike, slashing through with a thunderous explosion!

The Space Freeze domain crumbled instantly, collapsing into ruin as a massive black hole engulfed it in an instant, leaving no trace behind.

Chapter 419 - 208: The Bell Tolls, A Head Falls_3

At the same time, Ye Hua's Killing Blow tore through the void, erupting with a sound like a ghost's wailing!

Clang!

This strike was suddenly blocked by a blade that appeared out of nowhere!

An invisible figure wielding a Tang Blade blocked the strike!

Both sides used Dimension Slash, resulting in the Time-Space Gap mutually canceling and annihilating.

A massive dread erupted in Ye Hua's heart, for she discovered her Space Freeze domain was broken, and her killing blow was blocked. A bone-chilling cold spread in her heart.

What is going on, what just happened!

This can't be!

Endless confusion, impossible to comprehend.

But she had no more chances.

Crack!

Gu Jianlin snapped the twin's necks and turned abruptly.

Ye Hua saw the Ghost Fire on his forehead and his pitch-black pupils, terrifying her.

As if seeing a demon.

"Die!"

Ghost Curse Technique!

Ye Hua spat out a mouthful of fresh blood suddenly, her spirit disoriented for an instant.

Gu Jianlin grabbed her throat with his backhand, preventing her from using Divine Speed Force to escape, as the Divine Sacrificial Fire suddenly ignited.

Her Life Force burned, Ye Hua emitting a piercing scream of agony.

Almost at the same time, a chilling blade light flashed briefly.

Ye Hua's head flew high, her hood falling away, revealing a hideous face.

Blood splattered once more.

The hall fell silent.

Just at that moment, the Bell ringing in the hall was drowned out in the void.

Ye Hua's head hit the ground.

Falling precisely at the youth's feet.

All eyes focused on the shattered Octagonal Cage, on the ragged youth.

Covered in blood yet filled with killing intent.

No one saw the stunningly beautiful phantom standing behind him, as if embracing him.

As if merging into one with him.

Blood blossomed like a sea of flowers.

Incomparably beautiful.

"Anyone else want to fight me for the Moonstone Heart?"

Gu Jianlin stepped on the head beneath his feet, opened his hands indifferently: "This is the outcome."

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The Bell ceased, heads rolled.

After a brief silence.

Immense cheers, spraying champagne, and lit lights.

As if the entire auction erupted.

One against five, a complete victory!

For a fleeting moment, in the boxes of the six directors and the elders of the You Ying Group, a sense of trance.

As if they glimpsed the king from two hundred years ago.

Mr. Liu stood dumbfounded, his chin nearly hitting the floor.

"Third Master, are you alright?"

Ning Chen asked in a low voice: "Should we strongly recruit this person?"

Only Butcher remained with an extremely odd expression, this cold and fierce aura, and the mocking that manifests his words, that black Ghost Fire on his forehead, isn't this just Brother Gu!

The brute finally realized!

So it turns out Brother Gu came to snatch materials for his wife, no wonder he was so fierce.

And he vaguely guessed one thing.

These five people suffered badly for a reason.

Blame it on Ye Hua, who, after winning, stepped on that little girl and taunted her.

Boasting about stepping on the leader as well.

Well, now she has no chance.

Hehehe.

"Butcher brother, sorry..."

Ye Ying slowly awoke after taking the secret medicine.

"Hahaha, don't worry! Someone's already avenged you!"

Butcher grinned.

The audience's cheers nearly shook the dome loose.

Miss Lan felt lost instead.

The Copper Coin in her hand inadvertently slipped to the floor, rolling off who knows where.

Before this, she never understood one thing.

That is, what exactly does Sister Yue Ji like about this boy?

Now, she knew.

"No need to be so surprised, this person will always be beyond your expectations, only things you can't think of, nothing he can't do, just get used to it." Tang Ling stood up, flicked her red hair, cast a meaningful glance at this woman, and turned to leave the audience seats.

Gu Jianlin had just given her a look.

Meaning something along the lines of, that's enough.

Next, they would retrieve their lot and take the opportunity to find The Order of the Hidden's base.

Miss Lan remained silent for a long while, then her phone suddenly started vibrating.

Sister Yue Ji was calling.

Chapter 420 - 209: I Also Have a Good Sister (4700)

Su Youzhu stepped out of the complex holding a tennis bag, walking along the brightly lit pedestrian street.

Her makeup was intricately delicate and cold, her short pale green hair tied into a small ponytail. She wore a loose black casual outfit that barely covered the edge of her hot pants. Slender, snow-white legs were wrapped in knee-high black stockings, and polished black leather shoes adorned her feet. She looked like a real-life figurine, exuding an aura of chilling purity.

Ignoring all the young men trying to chat her up, she entered an encrypted communication channel and calmly asked, "Miss Lan, is my boyfriend at the Youying Association? Did he attend the auction?"

Earlier that evening, after finishing her makeup at home, Su Youzhu glanced at the time and sensed something was off.

She tried calling him again, only to find his phone was unreachable.

Her heart sank at that moment, realizing she'd been played again.

Without hesitation, she ripped off her pajamas, dashed out the door, and headed directly for the West Port Forbidden Zone.

On the phone, Miss Lan fell silent for a second.

To be honest, she had expected the first sentence from the other party to be about the ownership of the Moonstone Heart.

She didn't expect her primary concern to still be the man.

"Yes."

She replied, "He just rang the bell."

Su Youzhu froze for a moment, murmuring, "What? Why would he ring the bell?"

At that moment, even her hand raised to flag a car froze in mid-air.

On the other side, Miss Lan took a deep breath and cleared her throat. "Because the draw was unfavorable. Butcher and Ning Chen both ended up with the other side's cannon fodder. Meanwhile, that bitch Ye Hua has gotten even stronger—she's even mastered a Combined Skill and crushed Little Nightingale."

"It's my fault. I thought we were guaranteed to win, so I told him about the Moonstone Heart."

She added, "And then he went to ring the bell."

For a fleeting moment, the pedestrians on the commercial street could all sense a surging, murderous aura.

The grip on Su Youzhu's phone tightened slightly, the delicate veins on the back of her pale hand becoming pronounced.

Of course, she knew that bitch Ye Hua.

One of her rivals since she joined the You Ying Group.

Ugly, vile, and no match for her in a fight.

But like a cockroach, endlessly persistent in making your life miserable.

That said, one couldn't deny that Ye Hua was fearsomely strong, especially now that she had mastered a Combined Skill.

Her combat power had surged dramatically.

At this moment, Su Youzhu's mood hit rock bottom.

"And then, he requested a one-versus-five, challenging all five of the opposing candidates by himself."

Miss Lan's next remark nearly made her break down.

"What? How could that be? Is it still going on? Can he hold out? Is he hurt?"

Su Youzhu urgently peppered her phone with questions, her icy, delicate face drained of color. She strode across the street, ready to snatch the fastest car she could find and charge straight to the West Port Forbidden Zone.

"It's over."

Miss Lan replied, "All five on the other side are dead."

Su Youzhu's steps faltered. The wind blew a strand of loose hair atop her head, and she stood rooted to the spot, dumbfounded.

Miss Lan continued, "Miss Yue Ji, where on earth did you find this boyfriend of yours? He single-handedly killed all five of them in less than five minutes. He even used Third Master's Golden Card, scaring most people out of their wits. Third Master secured several Extraordinary Resources in a row without anyone daring to bid against him."

"Even Old Master Si was so infuriated he lost his composure and left the venue."

"Your boyfriend should be in the VIP lounge now, claiming the Moonstone Heart."

A barrage of shocking revelations.

Su Youzhu's bright eyes widened. "One versus five? Are you sure?"

Miss Lan made a noise of affirmation: "Two from the Third Rank and three from the Fourth Rank. Ye Hua's head is right here."

Su Youzhu fell silent, her bangs swaying in the wind.

Her first thought was that this sounded utterly absurd.

Her second thought was... her child betrothed had grown up.

"How badly is he hurt? Did a Priest treat him? Make sure to find the best Priest for him. Has he taken the secret medicine? Third Master appreciates talent and shouldn't be stingy, right? I'll head to West Port now. Please help handle things with Third Master—don't let him expose his identity. It's best if none of the other board members get near him. I'm counting on you."

With her tennis bag in hand, Su Youzhu flagged down a taxi and quickly ended the call.

Meanwhile, back at the Holy Temple auction venue.

Miss Lan listened to the busy tone on the phone and fell silent.

From start to finish, this girl hadn't asked a single question about the Moonstone Heart.

It was as if her own advancement didn't matter at all to her.

No, it wasn't that she didn't care.

It was just that, in comparison, that young man was far more important.

Miss Lan had never understood what kind of man could make that ice-cold girl so infatuated.

Now, thinking back to the moment in the Octagonal Cage.

She had no words.

Cold, powerful, and willing to charge into the Octagonal Cage for you, taking down five enemies single-handedly.

And securing the critical resource for your advancement.

Honestly, anyone in her position would probably be overwhelmed with happiness.

"Why hasn't the Ancient God's Blood arrived yet? I was hoping to have a proper heart-to-heart with my candidate! I thought the Chair-killer was already unbeatable, but now there's someone even more monstrous here. Excellent, with that young man under Third Master and Miss Yue Ji on our side, aren't we invincible now?"

Mr. Liu sat in a private box, his grin nearly splitting his face as he instructed a subordinate, "Go, arrange for the best Priest and the best secret medicine to treat that young man! Tell him I admire him greatly. As long as he works for me, Mr. Liu, he'll never go hungry as long as I've got food to eat!"

Ning Chen nodded slightly and turned to leave.

Butcher hesitated, then sighed inwardly. It's not that I underestimate you, Third Master, he thought. You just have no idea who you're dealing with.