

Ancient 481

Chapter 481: The Reviving Ancient City

Gu Jianlin raised his head and saw the woman's face filled with panic and alarm.

He immediately turned to look out the window, his expression growing grave.

After a long trek, the temperature had already dropped significantly.

The barren wilderness was devoid of any vegetation; faintly visible in the distance was an ancient city shrouded in icy winds. The architecture of the Ancient God Clan was marked by a profound sense of mysterious religious fervor. Massive pyramids could be glimpsed, surrounded by countless towering stone statues, and decayed ancient trees suspended mid-air with their roots plunging into the ground.

Balensa City—its name meant the Land of Eternal Life and Rest.

Chen Qing adjusted her headset, pressed down on the accelerator, and sped forward, speaking coldly, "The Eastern Front has issued orders to all units. We are to rendezvous at coordinates 469.125. This location is on Balensa City's outskirts, where the terrain is open and unobstructed, ideal for the Dawn Combat Sequence to sweep through. It's also within the coverage of the Heavenly Person Realm."

She paused for a moment: "Director Chen has also approved this plan—to annihilate the You Ying Group in one decisive strike!"

Upon hearing this, it seemed like there really were no issues.

Lu Qingqing and Zhou Yiming both nodded in agreement with this plan, their eyes lighting up with excitement.

After enduring so many setbacks, they needed to vent their frustration with a fierce counterattack.

Lu Zijin stroked the drowsy Little Princess in her arms, but her gaze shifted to the young man: "What do you think?"

Gu Jianlin couldn't find any flaws in the plan either.

But the next moment, Lin Wanqiu leaned in close and whispered in his ear, "Something's wrong. Something is very wrong here. Can we avoid this city and enter the Sea of Eternal Life from somewhere else?"

Gu Jianlin instinctively frowned. This was the fastest shortcut—by passing through Balensa City, they could reach the Ice Field and, deeper still, the Sea of Eternal Life.

If they took a detour, it might take more than half a month.

By then, even if Minister Lu completed his promotion, it would already be too late.

Lin Wanqiu could tell from his expression that the answer was no. She, too, felt urgent. She continued whispering in his ear, "Four months ago, this place wasn't like this. While the temperature was low back then, this area should have been a tundra. This city used to be encased in ice."

Gu Jianlin froze, turning to glare intently at the city.

At that moment, the tablet's display screen lit up with dense clusters of red dots.

The warriors of the Dawn Combat Sequence had already begun to gather.

Units from every direction were converging on the location.

With a thunderous roar,

The transport truck rushed over the hillside and charged into Balensa City, the howling cold wind cutting like blades.

Roar!

The Black Qilin in Gu Jianlin's mind seemed to sense something, its golden slitted pupils cracking open slightly.

Although Gu Jianlin himself felt nothing yet,

The instincts of an Ancient Supreme had already been triggered.

That meant there was something wrong with this city!

"Captain Lu, what was the temperature the last time you were here?"

Gu Jianlin asked in a deep voice.

Lu Qingqing was locking onto a distant helicopter with her scope. Startled by his question, she hesitated before answering, "It was around minus ten degrees. Eh, it's true—this time it feels much warmer."

Zhou Yiming, positioned atop the truck, felt it most directly. He shouted, "It's just five degrees now—why?"

Gu Jianlin's suspicions were confirmed. This frozen city was gradually warming up.

Lin Wanqiu was right—something was indeed wrong here.

"Quick, stop them immediately! Don't let them fight in this city!"

Gu Jianlin's face shifted between light and dark as he bellowed, "Sister Chen Qing, contact Director Chen at once! If it's already irreversible, they must prepare for the worst, because something will definitely happen tonight!"

Lu Zijin narrowed her beautiful eyes, her gaze heavy: "Is it really that bad?"

Even the Little Princess lifted her head, staring blankly at him.

For the first time, Chen Qing saw him this agitated and unhesitant as she relayed the message.

A moment later, her face darkened as well. In a low voice, she said, "Director Chen has yet to recover, and the Eastern Front has refused our request. As expected, the units here have suffered severe losses from attacks, and the higher-ups are determined to retaliate. Moreover, this operation is being commanded by someone from the Judgement Court."

Gu Jianlin took a deep breath as the Stone Bead on his wrist quaked violently.

Youzhu was getting closer.

This meant that a large number of Twilight Candidates were also approaching.

A parrot stuck its head out from his backpack and cursed, "These idiots!"

At the same time, a stone pillar began trembling violently.

"Not good!"

Zhou Yiming shouted, "Abandon the truck! Run!"

Lu Qingqing's expression changed abruptly—her Eagle Eye had clearly spotted it: a burning helicopter was diving toward them!

"Shit!"

Without hesitation, Gu Jianlin's forehead ignited with pale Ghost Fire as four Ghost Hands emerged behind him.

In an instant, both Lu Zijin and Ji Xiaoyu—the taller and smaller of the lolis—were grabbed by his Ghost Hands.

Chen Qing and Lin Wanqiu were too stunned to react to the miraculous scene before them. Suddenly, they felt themselves being hoisted up, as if carried by invisible ghosts, vanishing from the truck's interior in the blink of an eye.

"The rest is up to you! Retreat!"

Gu Jianlin growled in a low voice.

With a loud crash, he broke through the truck's cabin, carrying four women as he charged out.

Whether it was Lu Zijin, Ji Xiaoyu, Lin Wanqiu, or Chen Qing,

Each of them felt an unprecedented sense of safety.

"What about us?"

The remaining Guardians were stunned into paralysis.

The next moment, Lu Qingqing and Zhou Yiming grabbed the collars of their companions and sprinted, leaping off the truck to escape.

Chapter 482: The Reviving Ancient City_2

Boom!

The transport truck suddenly exploded!

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The blast soared into the sky, illuminating the encampment a kilometer away.

"Heh."

Old Master Si toyed with a copper coin, his face full of chilling malice. He sneered coldly, "A futile struggle of trapped beasts."

The Twilight Candidates donned black hooded robes to conceal their identities in reality. Their attire was uniformly identical, each carrying their respective weapons.

Interestingly, their robes seemed to have been coated with some type of fragrance, emitting a strong scent.

"The warriors of the Dawn Combat Sequence are almost here. Their iron tide paired with alchemy technology—on this flat wasteland, it won't take ten minutes to grind us into dust."

He turned and spoke, "The Think Tank obtained this Soul-snatching Fragrance for you; it's incredibly rare. You only have about half an hour to act. Once the effect fades, you'll be targeted indiscriminately by the things that are about to awaken here, just like everyone else. Whether you survive or not depends entirely on luck."

"Our primary mission this time is to behead Lu Zijin. Whoever takes her head will gain an opportunity for evolution. The two Evolvers among you can also advance further."

"Perform well. You are all Fifth Rank elites comparable to Omega's first echelon. Advancing to Sixth Rank is practically certain. At that point, you'll only be one step away from becoming one of Twilight's members!"

A peculiar light flashed in the old man's eyes.

The Twilight Candidates grew restless, clearly enticed by the lofty promise.

Moon Princess stood silent among the crowd, aware of the urgency of the situation.

But this was different from the last time in the Returning Burial Forest.

This time, her companions were all formidable experts, leaving her little room to maneuver.

Especially that Old Master Si.

A Sixth Rank Divination Master.

With him watching, it would be very difficult to act.

She couldn't afford to misstep; she must bide her time and plan carefully!

"Why not choose a location outside the Heavenly Person Realm to start the battle?"

Jiang Hanyi rasped, "Here, I can't evolve at all. I'm itching to tear apart those greenhouse weaklings. Especially since I heard the King of Qing accepted another student. I wonder if he's in the group. If so, I'd gladly take his head and offer it to the Think Tank."

Moon Princess turned and glanced at her, as if staring at a corpse, coldly replying, "You foolish bitch. If you want to get stomped to death by the Dawn Combat Sequence, no one will stop you. Besides, before spouting nonsense, don't forget how you begged for mercy when Milo had you crushed underfoot."

After finishing, she suddenly fell silent.

Because those words had been her true thoughts, and she'd let them slip in a moment of irritation.

Dammit.

"What did you say?"

Jiang Hanyi erupted in fury, "Say it again, you bastard!"

"To think the Jiang Family gave birth to trash like you. Even if Wang revived, he'd be shamed because of you."

Moon Princess responded indifferently.

The tension exploded; sparks flew, and a clash seemed inevitable.

Si Wei'an observed the two women nearby, feeling deeply apprehensive.

On the way here, the two had already fought once. Each wielded their evolved forms—Ghost Slayer clashing with Divine. Their combat was ferocious and demonstrated astonishing power.

These two women were unexpectedly the strongest members of the team!

If Lord Youming and the Think Tank hadn't intervened to separate them, the fight might have ended in death.

The intensity of Jiang Hanyi's strength was undeniable. As a descendant of the Jiang Family, her dominance remained consistent. At just twenty-four, she had already reached Fifth Rank as Star Lord and was preparing for her Sixth Rank ascension ceremony.

Moon Princess's situation, however, differed. Despite also being of Jiang Family bloodline, she was an illegitimate child and had received no training growing up. Yet, she had ascended to Fifth Rank as Moon Master.

Thinking back now, the Moonstone Heart had been absolutely key.

"Miss Moon Princess, don't get angry,"

Poison Scorpion stepped forward to console her. "Don't stoop to that woman's level."

He, too, hailed from the Six Major Families of the Dark World. During the earlier clash, he had witnessed the petite girl's prowess and charm, deciding then and there to approach her. He had been trying to strike up conversation ever since.

Meanwhile, Jiang Hanyi was also persuaded to leave, preventing another fight.

Moon Princess gave the man a fleeting glance, "What are you? Get lost!"

Poison Scorpion, far from offended by the rebuff, became even more intrigued.

He was fond of cold, indifferent girls like her.

Old Master Si observed everything silently and spoke through Thought, "Miss, rest assured. Last time was our oversight, allowing this girl to obtain the Moonstone Heart and advance to Fifth Rank. But for this mission, feel free to target her. As the leader of this operation, I'll act as if I've seen nothing."

Si Wei'an overheard his uncle's message and began scheming.

To this day, he suspected the Qilin Wedge fragment had been stolen by this girl.

Jiang Hanyi, hearing this, calmed down considerably and turned away. "Let's move. Time to kill Lu Zijin."

Moon Princess sensed their gazes, instinctively becoming alert.

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A massive military helicopter dove toward the ground, flanked by steel war machines like colossal beasts.

The iron tide of the Dawn Combat Sequence crushed the desolate earth below.

"What? A request for us to retreat? What kind of outrageous demand is that?"

A middle-aged man in a moon-white robe sat within the helicopter cabin, speaking into a communication device, "Director Chen, if you can't provide a compelling reason, we firmly oppose this. What exactly is happening? What are the specifics? Has the information been verified? What does the divination say?"

"If there's nothing concrete, how can you expect us to retreat? I am solely responsible for the Eastern Front, and if anything happens, I'll take full accountability. You won't need to bear the burden!"

He continued, "The You Ying Group has already trampled over us arrogantly. This time, we must show them the consequences, even if the Twilight Candidates show up. They'll be crushed into pieces today."

Communication ended.

Li Hanting sat nearby, quietly asking, "Saint, is it the King of Qing's new student again this time?"

The Profound Yin Saint replied with a grunt, "Who else could it be? What a nuisance."

Li Hanting stared blankly out the window. "Brother Shouheng was killed by him, wasn't he? It's hard for me to accept that someone I grew up with turned out to be a member of The Order of the Hidden."

The Profound Yin Saint said, "None of us wanted to believe it either. But this is no time for personal vengeance. Lord Rhine has issued strict orders; the President's days are numbered, and the handover date is drawing near. Nothing can go wrong at this critical moment. I won't let you stir up trouble."

"I know—I'm not that reckless."

Li Hanting took a deep breath, "Dawn, Poison Master, Nightmare, prepare for battle."

Boom.

Simultaneously, the ground began to tremble violently.

Voices crackled through the communication channels, sounding perplexed, "Did any of you hear something strange?"

The wind howled through Balensa City, as if awakening from slumber.

Chapter 483: The City of the Qilin Venerable!

Dawn City, Observatory Tower.

As the machines operated, beams of holographic projections lit up the pitch-black conference room. These projections, composed of red light, signified an emergency wartime meeting with the highest priority.

Only Chen Bojun sat at the far end of the long table, staring at the Ether Association higher-ups.

"What's going on, Bojun?"

Chen Xingli, the head of the First Department, overseeing thirteen districts along with numerous operations, wore a poker face that made him look like a corporate worker tormented by endless overtime: "Has something major happened?"

The other department heads all exhibited perplexed expressions, unsure why they had been summoned.

The elderly Commander Lu frowned and cast a puzzled glance. As the supreme commander in charge of all warfare within the Ancient God Realm, he too clearly didn't know what was happening.

The two titans of the Ether Association remained silent.

Since the failed reform years ago, Lin Dong had fallen out of favor with the President. Over the years, he rarely participated in such meetings, merely acting as a tool for combat.

Now, this titan and the Night Watchers had reappeared in the conference room, signaling something special.

Rhein stared expressionlessly at this elder—or perhaps rival—with golden heavy eyes devoid of emotion.

Behind him, projections of Saints appeared one after another.

Six Divine Generals were also projected, although they largely remained silent observers.

"Regarding the Silent Wilderness, where our Vanguard was ambushed by the You Ying Group."

Chen Bojun didn't mince words: "The good news is that Instructor Wan and his team have already secured the Ancient God's Blood and are currently recuperating at the camp. Meanwhile, the Eastern Front, led by the Profound Yin Saint, is advancing toward the Silent Wilderness. They've decided to position the battle near Balensa City's outskirts, intending to leverage its flat terrain to annihilate the forces of the You Ying Group."

No one spoke.

Under the premise of no external interference, this strategy was flawless.

Even Gu Jianlin had strongly endorsed this plan at the time.

"But the issue is, Gu Jianlin, an Omega Sequence second-tier B-level investigator, raised an objection."

Chen Bojun paused briefly: "He claims there's a problem with Balensa City."

"What kind of problem?"

"Isn't Balensa City supposed to be a dead city?"

"King of Qing's student? If that's the case, we must treat this seriously."

"Is there any credible evidence? This matter is too significant to take lightly."

The upper echelon began to discuss intensely.

Chen Bojun gave a wry smile, his expression troubled: "No evidence whatsoever."

Upon hearing this, the high-ranking individuals fell silent. Several wore dark expressions.

"Calling an emergency meeting for such a trivial matter? Is this a joke?"

Silence lingered for a few seconds.

Chen Bojun said seriously: "The Profound Yin Saint refused the order to retreat because there's no evidence. But, as someone pointed out earlier, if it's the King of Qing's student, his concerns must be taken into account."

"Xiao Gu believes that during this battle, the Eastern Front might face unforeseen circumstances that could prevent them from achieving strategic objectives. Worse, they could end up sacrificing themselves. Furthermore, exploratory vanguard teams might sustain severe losses, potentially triggering irreversible consequences."

He added, "That's all I have to say. The rest is up to you."

The Ether Association's higher-ups turned their eyes toward one person.

Commander Lu.

"Huai Yin's student, is it?"

He pondered for a moment and ordered, "Better safe than sorry. I'll allocate additional reinforcements to ensure the safety of the Dawn Combat Sequence and the vanguard teams in this mission."

The top officials of the Ether Association nodded in agreement.

Some expressed the need for caution.

Others showed disdain, voicing demands for severe punishment if the concerns turned out to be unfounded.

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Amid the cold winds enveloping Balensa City, a massive explosion soared skyward!

Gu Jianlin plunged headfirst into this magnificent city.

He scrambled for his life with four beautiful companions, darting through the desolate and barren streets of the Ancient God Clan's city. The thoroughfares were impossibly wide, not designed for ordinary vehicles, and littered with enormous footprints.

"Haha! Never seen this before, have you? Ancient God Clan cities are like this. During certain religious ceremonies of significance, they manifest gigantic, primordial mythical forms. These roads are freshly trodden by massive beasts. Have you ever seen the mythical forms of the Ancient God Clan? They look just like Godzilla!"

Old Gu's imagined persona rambled on incessantly beside him: "It's exhilarating!"

Gu Jianlin shot him a cold glare.

Old Gu froze: "You're asking me about this city's anomaly? Uh... I have no clue!"

How unlucky!

With a deafening roar—boom!

A sniper bullet zipped toward them.

Ji Xiaoyu, fully revitalized, swung the enormous nine-zhang-long Fiery Fire Blade and brought it crashing down!

Blade versus bullet!

"Nice move."

Even Gu Jianlin had to applaud this Duobao Child; losing her in the team would be a disaster.

This desolate city gave off a strangely familiar vibe, with temples scattered everywhere, inverted pyramids, colossal statues, and even decayed spaceships!

Had they not been under relentless pursuit, this would've been an archaeologist's dream come true.

Meanwhile, the Stone Bead on his wrist trembled violently.

Within his Life Perception, countless overwhelmingly powerful entities invaded, causing his expression to shift slightly.

Chapter 484: The City of Qilin Venerable!_2

"The Twilight Candidate is here, retreat now!"

Gu Jianlin clutched the Loli Minister tightly in his arms and ducked into a dilapidated ruin.

Lu Zijin's bright eyes glimmered as she wrapped her arms around his neck. Even though they were being hunted, she showed no signs of fear and instead smirked, saying cheerfully, "You know, back when your father and I were being hunted in the Fusang Divine Palace, he carried me on the run just like this. It almost feels like going back in time."

Gu Jianlin hesitated at her words: "Minister Lu, don't tell me you and my father..."

Thinking of that woman, Han Jing, already left him dumbfounded back then.

"What are you thinking? I'm not into old men; I like them young."

Lu Zijin rolled her eyes flirtatiously, then murmured in a dreamy tone, "Who knew you little guys could feel so dependable? I finally understand Youzhu's happiness—I'm so jealous."

Four blazing Ghost Hands floated ominously behind them.

Chen Qing said expressionlessly, "And I've discovered the joy of flying."

Lin Wanqiu looked a bit awkward but still kindly cast a full suite of enhancement auras on them.

Currently, these two older sisters were being carried by the Ghost Hands, lifting them off the ground by their collars, hovering mid-air.

The Shadow scouted ahead of them.

"Which way are you two planning to go?"

Zhou Yiming shouted in frustration, "We should be trying to escape along Balensa City's perimeter and regroup with the main forces! Why are you heading deeper in? Planning for some street combat with the You Ying Group?"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Lu Qingqing lay sprawled atop a spire, taking advantage of the high ground to set up her sniper rifle. Gunshots resounded furiously.

Clearly, the Twilight Candidate from the You Ying Group had arrived.

Groups of Corpse Ghosts, tainted with black Ghost Curses, surged forward like a tidal wave along the wide Divine Path. They pursued anything living indiscriminately, moving at breakneck speeds.

These weren't the sluggish, Parkinsonian zombies from Western TV shows.

This was the ability of a Fourth-Order Cloud Monarch—the Corpse Ghost Skill.

The power to control life and death!

"If you insist on marching toward your demise, I won't stop you. But trust me, some unexpected things are bound to happen. The Eastern Front can't guarantee your survival. There's a slim chance of life only within this city." Gu Jianlin was confident in his judgment—after all, the Black Qilin in his mind had already warned him in advance.

For now, all they could do was fight as they moved.

Gritting their teeth, Lu Qingqing and Zhou Yiming led four Guardians in pursuit, fighting as they retreated.

Ahead of them stood a colossal structure resembling a hive, riddled with countless cavities and defying the icy winds.

Gu Jianlin led the team, planning to rush in and seek shelter.

Unexpectedly, Old Gu shouted almost immediately, "Don't go in there! That's an Ancient God Clan latrine!"

Gu Jianlin gagged on the spot.

"The Ancient Supremes and Primordials obviously don't need to... relieve themselves, but their so-called Ancestors—compared to their transcendent civilization—are just lowly natives and still need bodily functions. That's where waste collects. They use the waste to nourish special plants, improving productivity!"

Old Gu explained confidently, "This stuff is highly toxic to Ascenders and can lead to severe contamination."

Disgusted, Gu Jianlin immediately turned the team around. In his mind, the Ancient God Clan had always been veiled in majesty and mystery.

Who would've thought of something so revolting?

Fine, perhaps he should've expected it after last time's golden toilet incident!

"Don't go there!"

Old Gu yelled again, "That's the Ancient God Clan's womb!"

Gu Jianlin froze in shock, gazing at the odd, egg-shaped structure ahead, tangled in silence.

A womb? Seriously?

"This is an artificial womb of the Ancient God Clan, designed to nurture Ancient God Seeds. Who knows how many years have passed? The remnants of the placentas inside are likely to have rotted, releasing an extremely corrosive energy."

Old Gu shouted loudly.

Gu Jianlin felt suffocated and changed course once again.

This time, Old Gu chimed in once more: "Continue along the Divine Path; up ahead should be the religious Sacrificial Ground..."

Gu Jianlin thought, at last, a somewhat normal location.

However, right then, he suddenly noticed footprints on the ground.

Human footprints—barefoot impressions!

Looking ahead, more of these footprints dotted the barren ground.

Ji Xiaoyu was about to charge in headfirst but was stopped by him.

"Human footprints!"

Gu Jianlin rasped, "And they're fresh! Who's been here just now?"

Chen Qing's pupils glowed an eerie pure white. As a Spiritualist, her perception was unparalleled, capable of analyzing even the skin tissue remnants within the footprints. Her face suddenly turned pale: "Impossible. Three thousand years... eight hundred years... four thousand years... These tracks were left centuries, even millennia ago!"

Lin Wanqiu's complexion was equally ashen: "How could that be?"

"These prints are fresh—how could they be from hundreds or even thousands of years ago?"

Gu Jianlin felt his scalp crawl—this was turning into a horror story.

The next moment, his entire body froze.

"What happened?"

For the first time, Lu Zijin saw such a panic-stricken expression on his face.

Gu Jianlin's throat was dry, unable to formulate words.

Because the Shadow was dead.

Or rather, it had been temporarily dispersed, requiring all his remaining spirituality to reform it.

Yet that wasn't the crucial point.

The critical issue was what the Shadow saw before being annihilated.

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Time rewound by one minute.

It was a massive, ancient altar crowned with an imposing towering sculpture, seemingly a god accepting eternal reverence. Draped in a blood-red robe uncorrupted by eons, the effigy loomed majestically.

This sculpture's surface was etched with the intricate patterns of a Black Qilin.

Scarlet blood flowed around the colossal altar like rivers, the pungent stench overwhelming.

Ragged black-robed figures emerged from every direction along the Divine Path.

They were bald, their sickly white skin laced with bulging, scorching-hot veins.

Mumbling arcane spells, they ripped open their black robes.

Their pale bodies were covered in grotesque and sinister markings, resembling blood-red dragonic tattoos that pulsed as if alive, emitting an ominous dragon roar.

The Shadow, lacking the Lock of Nonexistence, was immediately overwhelmed by the pervasive blood mist upon entering the area.

Its form teetered on the verge of collapse!

Simultaneously, the eerie figures stepped into the Blood River, their bodies rapidly dissolving and mutating in the scalding heat, accompanied by tremendous booms.

Countless crimson bloodlines emanated from the altar, consuming the entire city.

On the Sky-reaching Pillar in the distance, a black silhouette loomed amidst billowing blood mist.

White hair danced in the wind.

Boom!

A scarlet blade of light descended from above.

The Shadow was torn apart by a single stroke!

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Gu Jianlin felt excruciating pain, reliving the Shadow's destruction as if it were his own.

This was one of the repercussions.

The side effects of the Qilin Forbidden Curse.

When the Shadow perishes, the pain ricochets back to its original vessel.

Of course, for those on the Divine Path, pain hardly mattered.

"Now it all makes sense."

Old Gu murmured softly beside him, "Kid, did your Shadow catch a glimpse of that colossal statue? That revered deity is none other than the Qilin Venerable. This city... this is the city of the Qilin Venerable."

Gu Jianlin froze in realization.

"But here's where things get messy. The owners of those footprints you saw—those ghostly things—they're converted Divine Servants, enduring through countless ages, their bodies marked by Ancestor Marks."

Old Gu muttered in a low voice next to him, "Those are Kui Dragon Patterns, the predominant motif on bronze artifacts during the Late Shang and Western Zhou Dynasty. That's because those eras were when the Kui Dragon Ancestor was most active."

He paused. "I understand now. The Kui Dragon Ancestor sensed a threat, and so it's raising an army for itself, awakening the buried horrors of this place! Didn't Lin Wanqiu say this was a prison? It interned felons who committed severe crimes—mostly Ancestor-level Ancient Gods."

Gu Jianlin's heart raced with terror.

"Now, take a wild guess: how do you think Ancient God Seeds are made?"

Old Gu smiled faintly. "They're farmed, using the corpses of Ancestors."

Boom!

Chapter 485: Watch You Plant the Flag and Sell Your Head!

Gu Jianlin felt the tremor coming from the ground, this dead city was about to awaken.

The most terrifying thing was that he did not perceive any Life Rhythm.

Wait, he suddenly understood.

This is the city of Qilin Venerable, the insane Ancient Supreme is the pinnacle of the Divine Path, so naturally, it possesses Authority over life and death. Those buried Ancient God Seeds don't need to be alive, they could have been transformed into Corpse Ghosts long ago, thus avoiding conventional detection methods!

Old Gu's judgment was not wrong.

Rather, it was his own judgment that was not wrong.

After all, Old Gu was just a persona he pieced together using existing knowledge, all relying on the secret dossier found last time in the underground den at West Port, a product of his father's wisdom.

His expression changed dramatically, and he roared: "Sister Chen Qing, have the Eastern Front retreat! Retreat immediately! Don't approach this city! It's full of Ancient God Seeds, and they're living Ancient

God Seeds! Because of Qilin Venerable's Authority, they can't possibly be detected. This is a Primordial's plot!"

The greatest danger of this journey to the Sea of Eternal Life is the Kui Dragon Ancestor.

A Primordial in the Ancient God Realm!

And before its death, the Shadow saw a person.

Tang Zijing!

First of all, the leadership of the Judgement Court is undoubtedly foolish, but the warriors of the Dawn Combat Sequence are innocent; moreover, if they don't come, they won't have their combat strength diminished by the monsters here.

The purpose of the Kui Dragon Ancestor is unknown, but preserving the combat strength of this army must be beneficial.

At least the safety of Minister Lu and others can be ensured.

If the danger of the Sea of Eternal Life is confirmed, Minister Lu might as well retreat directly, giving up the position of Divine General.

After all, life is more important than advancement.

Suddenly, a massive roar erupted.

Chen Qing had just finished reporting the information, her pretty face slightly changed: "Not good, enemy attack!"

Lin Wanqiu's face was also very ugly: "I feel the danger too!"

The roar came from afar.

Only to see a person in a black robe crouching on the dilapidated temple, hoisting an Anti-Material Sniper Rifle, with the gun's muzzle gathering crimson radiance, like countless blood-red stars, blazing and scorching.

Overlord Path, Fifth Rank.

Life Player.

"This is the Void Dog Cannon, retreat quickly!"

Lu Qingqing leapt down from the spire: "This is indiscriminate bombing within a kilometer, no one can withstand it!"

Zhou Yiming, with two Guardians of the Lu Family, also fled like mad, surprisingly fleeing toward the city's edge!

Obviously, when the You Ying Group emerged with Fifth Rank strength, only the Eastern Front could provide them with a sense of security!

"Quick, come over!"

Gu Jianlin called out in a low voice: "Grab onto me!"

Everyone was slightly stunned, at this moment they should have immediately fled, so why was he still standing still.

But this young man had been reliable all the way here, he shouldn't be joking with his life.

Thus no one questioned, they all grabbed the young man's wrist.

Simultaneously, the Shadow behind Gu Jianlin reformed, draining all the spirituality from his body in one go.

Space Jump!

Generally speaking, when a Ghost Slayer Path reaches the Third Rank, they gain the ability to Space Jump and can even transport items, the efficiency somewhat related to the weight carried.

Theoretically, it is possible to teleport people, but with so many people it's quite risky.

But it doesn't matter, the Shadow is also Dual Core Drive!

Jump!

Ripples emerged in the Void, enveloping everyone in the flickering light and shadow, disappearing without a trace!

Boom boom boom boom!

Countless crimson bloodlights fell from the sky, covering the city within a kilometer.

Only a vague light jumped continuously, breaking out of the explosion's range!

Thick smoke billowed, flames soared into the sky.

The Gun Ghost put away its sniper rifle, regretfully saying: "It seems the target has some skills, they weren't killed."

"No matter, after Old Master Si's divination confirmation, there is no Fifth Rank in their group. As long as we kill them before they break into the Sea of Eternal Life, it will be fine. Haha, not including a Fifth Rank in the team was to conceal their identity. Unexpectedly, the King's prophecy knows all."

Can Jian licked his lips: "We can play slowly, I think I just saw my fellows."

"I saw two little guys, one is Lu Zijin, the other is Ji Xiaoyu, right? If catching this little one alive to make into a Corpse Ghost, it should be a good choice."

Poison Scorpion said: "Miss Yue Ji, what do you think?"

Moon Princess was silent for a second: "Yes."

In fact, she was thinking, when to stab these people in the back.

Today's situation is a bit dire.

If necessary, she would consider defecting from the You Ying Group.

Si Wei'an suddenly said: "I think I just saw a golden Ghost Hand, that's a Spiritual Body."

He paused: "It is highly likely, a student of the King of Qing."

Upon hearing this, Jiang Hanyi's eyes suddenly shot out a gleam: "Are you sure you didn't see wrong?"

A student of the King of Qing.

Gu Jianlin!

At this moment, almost all the Twilight Candidates were excited, compared to killing Minister Lu to complete the mission, there was actually a greater temptation waiting for them, and that was to kill a student of the King of Qing!

Everyone in the Dark World has an ultimate mission.

That is to prove, red is greater than Qing!

Especially Jiang Hanyi, she had once been directly defeated by a student of the King of Qing, with all her pride and dignity shattered, causing her twisted personality today.

Chapter 486: Watch You Plant the Flag and Sell Your Head!_2

The Moon Princess looked at her coldly, her gaze indifferent as if she were staring at a corpse.

"Wait a little longer. Once those Ancient God Seeds emerge, we'll capture them all in one fell swoop!"

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After the piercing sound of air being torn apart faded, Gu Jianlin knelt in the collapsed ruins, breathing heavily. The repeated space jumps had nearly depleted the spirituality of his Shadow; both his main body and the clone were severely weakened.

"Still alive?"

Lu Zijin peeked out from his embrace, her beautiful eyes filled with astonishment and disbelief.

Ji Xiaoyu glanced left and right, her face blank with confusion.

Lin Wanqiu was utterly delighted. Her conviction grew stronger that as long as she followed this young man, she could reach the Sea of Eternal Life. Without hesitation, she immediately cast the Holy Light Skill and called for the two Alchemists to provide Blue Blood.

"Be careful. We're not out of danger yet."

The voice of Chen Qing's will echoed in his mind, constantly issuing warnings.

Even Lu Qingqing was no longer voicing opposition. Initially, she had thought this boy was all talk, but she later realized his judgment was consistently accurate. Of course, what mattered most was his strength!

No one had seen anything earlier—they were simply whisked away to this place after several consecutive space jumps.

No one knew what kind of ability this was; most likely, it was an effect of some Mythical Weapon.

But whatever it was—if it could save lives, it was valuable.

You should thank good old Candle Dragon Sister.

Gu Jianlin gasped for breath. Without the inheritance passed down by the good sister, he might not have made it this far.

The abilities of the Ghost Slayer Path were already practical, and with the Dual Core Drive, it truly allowed him to escape with four or five people in tow.

Rumble.

Suddenly, the unexpected occurred!

The massive Divine Path ahead grotesquely bulged and cracked, with countless rocks and debris tumbling down. Faintly, enormous horns began to emerge from underground, accompanied by a monstrous roar that seemed to pierce through the soul.

"They're here!"

Gu Jianlin forced himself to his feet and stared into the distance.

A massive horde of beasts was approaching. They appeared to be deformed Qilins, their bodies shrouded in pitch-black inscriptions, with half of their forms resembling dragons. Their grotesque crimson veins bulged ominously, a horrific sight.

"Damn it!"

Chen Qing suddenly spoke up, "Overlord Path, Fifth-tier Fate Player! Ghost Slayer Path, Fifth-Order Moon Master! Sword Sect Path, Fifth Order Sword Soul! Divine Path, Fifth Order Cloud Lord... Three of them!"

The lips of the two Alchemists began to tremble as they fell into despair and fear. Even basic arithmetic was enough to tell them how bad things were; most of their side consisted of support personnel, with only two combat-capable members at the Fourth Rank.

This was an unmanageable fight.

Lin Wanqiu's delicate face turned pale as she murmured, "Six Fifth Orders? How could there be so many?"

"They are all Twilight Candidates."

Lu Qingqing had always advocated for linking up with the Eastern Front, but now deafening roars erupted outside the city, as countless terrifying monsters burst forth from the ground, madly surging toward the scent of living beings.

They were bound to collide with the Eastern Front!

Steel torrents.

Monstrous corpses.

If caught in the middle, they would be crushed to pieces.

Yet within this city, there were six Twilight Candidates right now.

No matter how one looked at it, this was a dead end!

Just then, a chilling laughter rang out.

"Ladies and gentlemen, attack! Kill them!"

The roar of sniper rifles reverberated once again, accompanied by the shrill sound of flying swords tearing through the air!

They were here!

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The steel tide raced across the desolate wilderness—one hundred heavy metal combat vehicles, fifty Alchemy-modified military helicopters, and even armored combat tanks for special operations, all fully armed.

Fifteen hundred nano warriors from the Dawn Combat Sequence advanced steadily, driving into Balensa City.

"No signs of living corpse activity detected."

"No Life Rhythm detected ahead."

"No traps discovered. Finished."

Aboard one of the military helicopters, the Profound Yin Saint gazed down at the ancient city below and spoke dispassionately: "This city does seem to have some archaeological value, but since the You Ying Group is courting death, they can hardly blame us."

He added, "Hanting, get ready."

Li Hanting strapped on his Sword Box when a voice came through the communications channel.

"Retreat immediately! Do not approach this city! It is filled with Ancient God Seeds—living ones. Due to the Authority of the Qilin Venerable, it's utterly impossible to detect them. This is a scheme of some Primordial!"

The Nightmare repeated the warning from the third squad.

Li Hanting frowned. "Commander, what do we do?"

The Profound Yin Saint furrowed his brow. "A mere Third Rank, spouting nonsense about the Qilin Venerable? Retreat is out of the question now, but just in case, immediately request reinforcements from Dawn City."

Boom!

The earth shook violently.

The ground burst open, flipping over several heavy armored vehicles with a deafening crash.

The helicopters circling in the sky were affected as well, swaying like panicked birds.

Countless thunderous roars filled the air, akin to rolling thunder!

On the vast Divine Path, Zhou Yiming and two Guardians of the Lu Family were hurled away. Amidst the towering dust clouds were countless enormous black shadows, their pairs of blood-red eyes savage and bloodthirsty!

"Enemy attack!"

In an instant, gunfire and artillery erupted like a storm of thunder!

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With a deafening crash!

The collapsed ruins were toppled by a massive black shadow. It was a grotesque creature—half Qilin, half dragon—already corrupted by the Corpse Ghost Skill. It rampaged through the desolate city, driven by nothing but an insatiable lust for slaughter and destruction!

However, this was a city, and the number of monsters was limited.

In one-on-one combat, they could handle it.

The most critical factor was that the Dusk Sequence forces from You Ying Group had already begun their relentless bombardment!

A thunderous explosion rang out as Ji Xiaoyu was flung into a pile of rubble, bouncing dozens of meters like a battered leather ball. Fortunately, as a Mad King of the Ancient Martial Path, her thick skin and robust physique kept her unharmed!

Chapter 487: Presumptuously Displaying Your Skills!_3

"Little Princess!"

Lu Qingqing shouted hurriedly.

The next moment, an arrow shrouded in a thick, decayed aura pierced through the air.

As the arrow entered her Rectangular Domain, its speed slowed down progressively, the piercing sound reminiscent of a vengeful ghost's wail.

She drew her twin pistols in reverse grip and unleashed a torrent of terrifying Energy Bullets!

Boom!

"You better worry about yourself!"

A chilling Iron Sword shot straight into the sky, crackling with blazing Sword Qi, descending in a devastating slash!

At the very last moment, the surrounding sand and dust surged around Lu Qingqing, condensing into an indestructible Sandstone Shield, blocking the sword falling from the heavens. However, it shattered with a resounding crack!

Ancient Forbidden Spell: Sandstone Shield!

Amidst the deafening impact, she was inevitably flung backwards, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

The dark red twin pistols trembled violently in her hands, as if brewing some catastrophic force.

In the shadows of the shattered ruins, Chen Qing panted heavily, his perception blanketing the entire area.

Lin Wanqiu hid behind him with two Alchemists, tending to their injuries.

In the previous explosion, everyone had been seriously injured.

When Ji Xiaoyu and Lu Qingqing crashed over, the thunderous noise left their faces growing increasingly pale.

This was truly the point of no return.

Gu Jianlin looked up, gazing at the majestic domain descending from the heavens, still a few kilometers away.

"Looks like the heavens seek to destroy me."

Lu Zijin, a department minister, naturally saw through everything as well. She said softly, "Historically, those targeted by The Order of the Hidden rarely had good outcomes. Even if they escaped their control, they'd be erased. Most likely, I'll follow in your father's footsteps, Xiao Gu."

She took a deep breath, fumbling for something behind her. "Let's go out and fight them."

Gu Jianlin regarded her seriously. "Minister Lu, are you still holding a trump card?"

"I do have one."

Lu Zijin paused for a second. "But with so many Fifth Ranks, it won't be enough to deal with them all."

Even in her prime, dealing with so many Fifth-Rank Ascenders would be difficult and exhausting.

"Alright."

Gu Jianlin looked at her seriously. "Then save it. It's not time to give up yet."

He pulled out a bottle of Blue Blood and drank it down in one gulp, then turned and ran!

Everyone was dumbfounded, especially those familiar with the young man—they were utterly shocked. Running away in the heat of battle was absolutely not his style, let alone abandoning his comrades to escape alone. Such an act would be a colossal humiliation for him.

That was an insult a million times worse than death.

Lu Qingqing and the two Alchemists, who didn't know him well, froze on the spot.

No one expected that, at the critical moment, this guy would actually run away!

In that instant, the shadow of despair enveloped them.

From the distant temple dome came a cold sneer.

"Trying to run? Today, no one is leaving here alive."

Jiang Hanyi's forehead ignited with pale Ghost Fire, and a colossal ghost face began forming faintly behind him. "Master... oh no, I should call you Mr. Si now. Which one is the student of the King of Qing?"

Si Wei'an, also in Ghost Transformation, suddenly locked eyes on the retreating figure. "Found him!"

The Gun Ghost and Can Jian approached with their respective weapons, smirking coldly.

"Just about ready. Let's make our move."

Poison Scorpion wore a sycophantic grin and said, "Miss Yue Ji, I'll protect you."

Moon Princess said nothing, already contemplating what kind of thunderous move to unleash to inflict maximum damage in one strike.

And in that fleeting instant—

Gu Jianlin had already fled a hundred meters away. He tore off his sunglasses and sand-proof mask, even yanking down his collar. From his backpack, a parrot popped its head out, puffed up its chest, and gazed at the world with undisguised arrogance.

The next moment, the parrot screeched in its shrill voice: "Gu Jianlin, heir of the King of Qing, is here! You Youying Group's rabble, do you dare engage me in battle? You, descendants of Chi, only know how to bully women. What a joke!"

It paused, its voice rising higher and higher, as if to rend the heavens themselves: "You market yourselves as warriors, but killing you is easier than slaying dogs or pigs! Why not prostrate yourselves and beg for mercy now?"

Such audacity.

Such arrogance.

Such... rage-inducing mockery!

Those few sentences ignited the Twilight Candidates' fury like a wildfire!

"Kill him!"

The Twilight Candidates erupted with rage on the spot!

Chapter 488: I'm Home!

In the bone-piercing cold above Balensa City, the heavens reverberated with the hoarse mockery of a Great Emperor: "Look at you, flaunting yourself like a commodity, I could kill you as easily as slaughtering dogs and swine. Your blade and axe are but air! Why not kneel and plead for mercy?"

It bellowed: "Oh, how pitiful! The inheritors of Chi are nothing but a flock of worthless chickens and dogs!"

Gu Jianlin had fled farther and farther away, with the parrot's voice drowned in the cold wind.

The Dusk Candidates, led by Jiang Hanyi, lost control the moment they heard this. Consumed with rage, their fury ignited in their hearts and spurred their boldness, inducing an immediate blood rage!

There was a sudden deafening boom!

From their backpacks erupted muffled rumbling sounds—alchemy technology-made rocket thrusters roaring to life, spewing searing flames and dense smoke as they launched skyward with a thunderous burst.

Four Fifth-Rank warriors shot forward at an astonishing speed to engage the enemy.

Only two individuals refrained from giving chase.

Su Youzhu was hardly zealous about You Ying Group's ideology and thus didn't feel personally insulted. Her mind went blank instead, instinctively convinced that the young man had gone mad, courting death.

After the initial shock, an overwhelming sense of dread and unease washed over her.

Her hand clutching the Tang Blade trembled uncontrollably.

The very disaster she feared most had still occurred. Any student of Qing couldn't escape their fate—crossing swords with the inheritors of Chi, or even being besieged by the entire Dark World, was inevitable.

Especially since Gu Jianlin had walked into it himself, willfully throwing out provocations.

The girl's instincts urged her to rush after him, but she ultimately restrained herself.

Firstly, even if she joined the fray, the best she could manage was to take out one of the Dusk Candidates, hardly enough to shift the tides of the battle. Secondly, that guy wouldn't have made such a reckless decision without a reason—he must have had some kind of plan, at least enough to keep himself alive.

The couple's Stone Beads still adorned both their hands.

Gu Jianlin surely knew she was nearby.

Thus, his strategy became painfully clear.

Gu Jianlin would draw the majority of attention, while Su Youzhu's role was to save those in peril.

A resounding boom followed. Si Wei'an chose not to pursue anyone; instead, a grotesque grin spread across his face as he charged straight toward Minister Lu. Behind him, the skeleton Spiritual Body condensed in an aura of dense, obsidian-black light!

"The head of a Minister—I'll take it for myself!"

Immense pressure surged in all directions, as pitch-black light flickered, teetering on the verge of extinguishment!

Su Youzhu cast a cold glare at him and abruptly transformed into a shattered shadow, chasing right after.

Boom!

Minister Lu heard the thunderous roar in midair and spotted the skeletal Spiritual Body descending from the skies.

And the man's savage, deranged grin.

She, however, felt no panic—only a sense of absurdity.

No one could comprehend the scene that had just unfolded.

When Gu Jianlin initially departed, it filled everyone with despair, helplessness, and the sorrow of abandonment.

Yet, in the blink of an eye, the situation flipped entirely.

Gu Jianlin unleashed a provocation, luring two-thirds of the enemies away, plunging alone into the depths of the ruins.

In the end, only two Dusk Candidates remained!

"Look out!"

An unidentifiable voice shouted.

For Si Wei'an had already descended, the pitch-black Qi Realm flaring chaotically, its light illuminating the faces of women and girls alike.

And in that fleeting instant, the sound of a blade being drawn sliced through the air like the wails of countless souls shrieking in Hell. The Void quaked violently, innumerable overlapping ripples spreading outward, like the surge of an ocean tide!

Fifth-Order Moon Master ability: Soul Blade Sound!

Its function was to disrupt spirituality, disintegrating the enemy's Extraordinary Abilities!

Si Wei'an grunted, his spirituality surging into violent disarray. Even the skeletal Spiritual Body behind him began to disintegrate in agonized wails, while his black Qi Realm edged toward collapse!

A flickering, petite shadow darted past in a flash. Crimson dragon horns sprouted atop her head, her blood-red eye shadow vivid as gore, and her scarlet, slit-pupilled eyes brimmed with a regal arrogance that could intimidate the heavens.

The Tang Blade trembled and erupted with a tidal wave of luminescent slashes!

Crack!

The skeletal Spiritual Body was torn asunder by the blade's light, leaving obsidian scars in the Void where its edge had passed!

This was Dimension Slash—a strike that cleaved through space and time!

Just as the final strike was about to sever the opponent's head, a torrent of stars seemed to gather above, the galaxy boiling over as if a scalding celestial river churned. Guided by spirituality, dark energy and dark matter converged and cascaded like a supernova explosion, as countless terrifying, incandescent starbursts descended!

A Fifth-Rank Star Lord's ability: Star Fall!

The amalgamation of dark energy and dark matter pouring from the Void.

Though spiritually conjured, and lacking the destruction-level output suggested by physics for such forces, it retained unique properties!

Chief among them: incredible descent speed and the ability to pierce through space-time!

In facing Ghost Slayers, most opted for attack as their defense!

Boom!

As the stars fell, knife lights crisscrossed in all directions, blades cleaving through the stars!

Su Youzhu displayed swordsmanship that was as godlike as it was ghastly. Meanwhile, she unleashed a kick midair with tremendous force!

Bang!

With a thunderous blow, Si Wei'an was sent hurtling away like a cannonball!

This was a testament to her evolved physical prowess!

"Still standing there? Are you keeping vigil for your future self, who will die due to hesitation?"

Su Youzhu's icy, arrogant voice rang across the battlefield.

The crowd felt as though they were hearing a feminized version of Xiao Gu throwing out taunts.

Chapter 489: I'm Home! _2

As arrogant as ever.

First beat up the enemy, then disdain your teammates.

Lu Qingqing instantly reacted, drawing the dark red spear from her waist.

Mythical Weapon, Blood-colored Rose.

Unleash!

The muzzle roared abruptly, and a massive dark red energy bullet erupted with a deafening roar.

It carried the effect of the Arrow of Destruction!

Boom!

A tremendous explosion echoed, mushroom cloud surging into the sky, black smoke billowing.

This was the raw destructive power of the Overlord Path.

At the same time, Su Youzhu leapt into the air, delivering a charged slash that shattered the nebula above the firmament!

Boom!

A cascade of starlight fragments exploded, wilting like petals around her.

Beautiful.

Lu Qingqing looked up at this girl. She, too, was undeniably stunning, but in comparison, she felt utterly subdued, like cheap rouge next to exquisite porcelain.

"Huh?"

Ji Xiaoyu recognized this older sister; she'd seen her last time in the Returning Burial Forest.

Wasn't this her mentor's lover?

Pah, what mentor!

Lin Wanqiu watched this scene and found it all too familiar, recognizing instantly that this girl was none other than the Moon Princess!

"So this is an evolver? Truly beautiful," Chen Qing murmured softly.

Two hapless alchemists looked utterly smitten, only to each receive a flick to their foreheads.

"She's taken."

Lu Zijin smiled slyly, looking at the petite figure descending from the sky: "Not bad at all. All my spoiling over the years didn't go to waste!"

Clap.

Su Youzhu landed lightly, sheathed her bloodstained blade, and turned around.

The blood-red vertical pupils behind her feline mask showed no emotion.

Lu Zijin had been Old Gu's teammate back in the day. Their relationship had always been strong, so naturally, she knew this aloof and icy young beauty. She even considered herself a senior figure to her.

Even after Old Gu's incident, Su Youzhu managed to remain hidden for so long.

It was thanks in no small part to Lu Zijin's care.

But now, Lu Zijin couldn't help but find Su Youzhu's gaze peculiar: "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Su Youzhu didn't mean to stare. The side effects of the Candle Dragon Forbidden Curse were just too overwhelming. She couldn't help but see this fox spirit in a bad light as she muttered, "I'm not looking at you; I'm looking at the vixen!"

Lu Zijin: "..."

"He hasn't even held me that long. Who do you think you are?"

After saying this, Su Youzhu suddenly covered her reddened lips, visibly awkward.

The crowd fixed her with strange, knowing gazes.

So that's it.

Everyone here could see through it at a glance.

This must be Gu Jianlin's lover, stepping in to save them for the sake of her man.

"Heh, you jealous of me too?"

Lu Zijin glared: "Ungrateful brat!"

Although the Moon Princess belonged to the You Ying Group, for now, she stood aligned with their side.

As such, no one said much more.

Except Lin Wanqiu, whose gaze carried a trace of melancholy. Now she understood why that boy didn't fancy her.

"Oh no!"

She suddenly realized: "Xiao Gu!"

The boy had lured away four Fifth Ranks all by himself!

He might have the combat power of a Fourth Rank, but he was really only a Third Rank!

The Moon Princess remained silent, but her hand trembled as she gripped her blade, her knuckles turning white.

"Don't worry, trust him."

Lu Zijin said softly, "I was backed into this corner largely because of the interference of the Red King—a figure who's been dead for more than a century yet still influences the world. Truly terrifying. But remember, the dead can never triumph over the living. Xiao Gu is the student of the King of Qing."

She paused: "So, he won't lose."

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Military strategy says,

When the enemy retreats, pursue. When they halt, disrupt. When they tire, strike. When they flee, chase.

Gu Jianlin panted heavily as he trudged along the vast Divine Path, sprinting toward the depths of the ruins. Behind him, terrifying roars echoed, mingled with the hiss of sword qi and the thunderous roar of gunfire!

Bam!

A high-caliber sniper bullet whizzed past, the sheer wind slicing through his hair.

"Is this all the King of Qing's student can manage?"

The sinister voice of the Gun Ghost echoed from above: "All you know how to do is run?"

The rushing wind from the descending sword qi drowned out the taunt. A majestic streak of sword qi fell from the heavens!

Crack!

Gu Jianlin barely dodged in time, yet his back was still grazed, blood splattering out!

The intense pain made his vision blur momentarily.

The wound on his back was so deep his spine was nearly visible!

"I've heard of the infamous Chair Killer, supposedly possessing the combat prowess of a Fourth Rank. But recklessly provoking us? That's foolish. Today, just like your senior brother, you'll perish right here!" Can Jian sneered coldly, his iron sword trembling as it charged with energy.

"Offering yourselves for slaughter? Overestimating yourselves!"

Poison Scorpion cackled maniacally.

Jiang Hanyi remained silent, though her twisted, sickly expression contorted into a maddening grin. Her face flushed beet-red, like a ripened shrimp, unable to suppress the laughter rising from her throat—she laughed hysterically!

The King of Qing's student!

This was the King of Qing's student!

The thought of crushing him, trampling on his pride and dignity.

Watching him die slowly in despair, begging for mercy on his knees.

It thrilled her to no end!

"I'll take your head as a gift for the King of Qing!"

Jiang Hanyi laughed maniacally, launching wave after wave of Dark Shock.

The relentless bombardment left Gu Jianlin with no choice but to keep dodging, blood gushing from his seven orifices.

He couldn't even find a moment to restore his vitality.

Though the four Twilight Candidates were in a state of blood rage, they were far from irrational.

They even used communication devices to contact Old Master Si.

The resulting divination? Utmost auspice!

So kill!

Kill ruthlessly!

Gu Jianlin indeed appeared battered and beaten, but in many ways, this was deliberate; a feint to bait their relentless pursuit.

He had already fled nearly four kilometers.

Only one more kilometer to go.

The glorious golden light overhead grew dimmer, signaling the edge of the Heavenly Person Realm!

"Run faster!"

Old Gu cheered him on from the sidelines: "Perseverance means victory! Up ahead should be the Sacrificial Temple of Balensa City. Every Ancient God Clan city has one, built by enslaved Ancestors to glorify the Supreme's greatness and sanctity."

"When an Ancient Supreme descends upon this city, they'll sit on their throne to judge the guilty!"

He urged: "Make it to this temple for victory—use these four to complete your ritual!"

Gu Jianlin gasped for air. In front of him rose a staircase that seemed to pierce the heavens. Activating his Ghost Transformation, he surged forward, ascending the steps. Enormous eerie statues flanked the sides, bowing in worship.

As if welcoming the arrival of a god!

The oppressive force behind him intensified; the shadows of the four Twilight Candidates loomed closer and closer.

Gu Jianlin stepped onto the final stair, greeted by a colossal palace seemingly forged of gold. It stood against the cold wind, a battered glory that spanned countless eras, yet remained pristine, dazzling!

In its presence, humanity felt insignificant.

A structure of epic scale.

Majestic, towering magnificence.

An overwhelming religious mystery filled the air!

As if witnessing myth come to life, a floating Golden Statue resembling a mighty Qilin stood at the end of the temple. Its golden vertical pupils blazed intensely, swirling with primordial thunder!

The Golden Throne stood amidst heaven and earth, nearly aflame!

The final leap!

Gu Jianlin vaulted forward, breaking into the grand temple.

Then he stopped abruptly!

Bam!

Jiang Hanyi landed first. A pale ghost fire flickered on her forehead. Behind her loomed a massive, ferocious ghostly face, like a demon crawling up from Hell—monstrous and terrifying.

At the same time, frightful Qilin Horns grew from her head, bizarre Demon Runes sprawled across her body.

Scales even began to emerge.

She had evolved!

"The prey has nowhere left to run. Whoever claims this glory next, do it by your own merit."

Can Jian and Gun Ghost strolled in side by side, their eyes mocking like hunters toying with their quarry. Gun Ghost gritted his teeth: "And that damn parrot—I'm contemplating the most painful way to kill it."

"What were you thinking, running outside the Heavenly Person Realm's coverage?"

Poison Scorpion sneered: "Miss Jiang is an evolver."

Jiang Hanyi grinned brutally as she stepped forward: "Run! Why aren't you running anymore?"

Miss Jiang.

A descendant of the Jiang Family?

Gu Jianlin turned around. Though covered in blood, his expression remained calm.

"My apologies,"

he said softly, "I... I'm home."

Chapter 490: Ancient God Transformation, Qilin, Candle Dragon!

After Gu Jianlin spoke these words, the silver-white Lock of Nonexistence was unleashed to its utmost, weaving through the Void like a translucent web, constructing an illusory and transparent domain that erased the sense of existence here.

The boy's calmness and indifference sent an inexplicable shiver through the hearts of onlookers.

Yet the divination indicated supreme fortune, and they did not overthink it.

Instead, their sole focus was to eliminate him as quickly as possible.

After all, delay breeds chaos!

In an instant, killing intent boiled like a turbulent sea!

"Strike!"

As Twilight Candidates, they were no mere amateurs. No matter how arrogant they appeared outwardly, they retained a high degree of vigilance and opted not to engage one-on-one—they all charged together!

The greatest rule in the Dark World is that there are no rules!

Above Jiang Hanyi's head, a ferocious star cluster began to coalesce, the cosmic river of stars igniting into blistering flames. She herself charged forward like a frenzied beast, her hands thrusting up a pitch-black domain, where countless arcs of energy flashed, dark particles converging like the sand of the sea, emanating faint rumblings!

At the same time, the Poison Scorpion, also a Star Lord, activated his powers.

The star cloud on the dome above expanded with a thunderous boom, the cosmic river burning hot and torrid, a vast energy riot pulsating!

BOOM!

These two Divine beings closed in under their Ghost Transformation, their hands brimming with darkness surging forth!

Gu Jianlin's hair fringe brushed upwards in the raging wind. The explosive power of these two Star Lords was overwhelming; black phantoms flickered as they flanked him from both sides, enclosing him in the expanding pitch-black domains!

At the critical moment, the shadow behind him manifested, enveloping him fully!

Space Jump!

BOOM!

A terrifying explosion rang out like thunder, dense darkness shattering and blasting through the Void with apocalyptic force. Had he not escaped in time, he would surely have been obliterated!

BOOM!

The ferocious roar of a sniper rifle echoed—a weapon amplified to its absolute limit!

Gu Jianlin flickered into the air above the temple, and an instant later the rumbling of the sniper rifle resounded!

The deafening gunshot and the piercing bullet hurtled at him simultaneously!

CLANG!

The shadow casually slashed with a dagger, sending a chilling gleam slicing through the air. The incoming bullet was cleaved in two, tearing open the Void to reveal the primordial darkness of the universe.

The Gun Ghost retracted his weapon, growling, "My Eagle Eye sees it—a high likelihood this is a puppet or some other ghostly trick! Ghost Slayer Path, at least Third Rank—stay cautious!"

Can Jian drew an iron sword from his back, and with an explosive torrent of Sword Qi shattered it in an instant.

"Don't worry, I sense it too—I'll trap him!"

With a loud bang, fragments of the iron sword hovered in mid-air, their sharp edges aimed at the boy!

Sword Qi surged in a storm-like frenzy, roaring forward!

It's no surprise these Twilight Candidates could discern the shadow's existence after mere moments of engagement.

Countless broken shards of iron seemed to become sharp blades, converging like a school of relentless fish. The tempest of Sword Qi intertwined furiously, akin to a raging sea tide!

This strike was meant to be fatal. The shadow abruptly virtualized, the torrent of Sword Qi passing through!

Gu Jianlin, however, would never endure such an assault head-on. His breathing rhythm shifted deeply, and icy radiance flared in his eyes.

Breathing Technique·Realm of Freedom!

In an instant, cold moonlight cascaded like tides, erupting ferociously!

BOOM!

The spirituality within his body was utterly exhausted, nullifying all Extraordinary Abilities within the domain.

"Current intelligence aligns perfectly—Third Rank Great Fate Master, wielder of the Realm of Freedom, hasn't yet fused his growing Mythical Weapons. One Mythical Weapon possesses concealed barrier effects, while the other remains unknown!"

The iron shards spraying across the sky began to fall like wilting petals. Poison Scorpion grinned savagely as he charged forward, the wolf-headed spiritual body at his back radiating dense black light, turning himself into a bomb that detonated violently!

A titanic explosion rippled, blackness fracturing inch by inch.

"So, the King of Qing's student is this easily unraveled—a worthless pretender," Poison Scorpion scoffed.

Jiang Hanyi pierced through the blast's mist, her savage laugh reverberating. "I'll gladly take the final strike then! Seems today is my lucky day—first I'll kill the King of Qing's student, then that mongrel Moon Princess, and lastly even an Ether Association minister!"

Fragments of starlight scattered and ignited fiercely; the entire Golden Temple flickered in chaotic light.

Terrifying energy converged, swirling like the womb of catastrophe.

Hovering at the brink of detonation.

Through the dense smoke, Gu Jianlin traced a parabolic arc mid-air, his corporeal shadow gently catching him. Both his true form and his double skidded along the ground before halting atop the massive Golden Divine Seat!

BOOM!

"Go to hell!"

Jiang Hanyi charged ahead, laughing maniacally!

Her right hand raised, a blood-red ring on her middle finger erupting in flames. A blazing inferno engulfed her fist, expanding violently within moments.

This ring was a Mythical Weapon!

In her Evolutionary State, her spirituality intensity and physical attributes were greatly amplified.

Even the output capacity of the Mythical Weapon surged dramatically.

She became akin to a burning meteor, the searing waves of heat rising and falling, intense and molten!

For a fleeting instant, Gu Jianlin sat upon the chair, raising his pitch-black gaze.

"Do you truly believe you've seen through me?"

His eyes began to blaze fiercely with golden light, his expression devoid of emotion. "If you really understood me, how dare you utter such words about the Moon Princess in my presence?"

BOOM!

Heaven and earth trembled!

Ancient God's Blood merged into his body.

The colossal Golden Temple, along with the Ancient God's Breath from all directions, roiled like turbulent sea tides, pouring into a bottomless vortex as he ravenously absorbed it in mere moments.

In that instant, Jiang Hanyi's pupils constricted violently—she realized the Ancient God's power within her was being devoured at an alarming rate. Her Qilin Transformation features were rapidly fading; Qilin Horn cracked inch by inch, scales shed, and Demon Runes vanished!

The power that had almost torn her apart was forcibly stripped away!

"You dare use this stolen power against me?"

The black-haired boy upon the Golden Divine Seat raised his hand to his face, condensing the pitch-black Ink Jade Mask. Fierce and majestic Qilin Horns sprouted atop his head, blazing golden eyes ignited with divine thunder from Ancient Times!

In the deepest recesses of his mind, the Black Qilin roared loudly, asserting its will like the Lord of the World!

Immense power, uncontrollable fury, divine wrath—these forces nearly shattered his weak mortal frame, but in destruction, he attained creation and ascended to the realm of divinity!

In the depths of his soul, echoes resounded like the universe's silent lament!

Ancient God Transformation, Qilin!

No, not just that!

After Gu Jianlin's Ancient God Transformation, his shadow trembled violently.

The ethereal figure began to grow solid, crimson Qilin Horn piercing through its crown, and blood-red vertical pupils surged with lightning and thunder. The fiery crimson mark at the corner of its eye burned richly, flowing like spilled ink.

Arrogance befitting the ruler of the world.

Indifference acquired over billions of years.

A pressure steeped in Ancient Times' epic legacy!

The Candle Dragon's earth-shattering Dragon Roar resonated throughout the universe, awakening an ancient god with unparalleled beauty. Standing at the terminus of time, immortal and indestructible!

Ancient God Transformation, Candle Dragon!

BOOM!

Jiang Hanyi was overwhelmed by the tsunami-like oppressive roar, her mind unraveling. The divine wrath's mere breath resembled a hurricane of destruction.

She was crushed to the point where she could barely breathe.

The other three Twilight Candidates felt the same—an unstoppable calamity seemed to loom over them.

Upon the Golden Divine Seat, two ancient Deities stood side by side, appearing like sovereigns at the end of the temple.

They gazed down on humanity, frail and insignificant like ants.

The Qilin and Candle Dragon's roars echoed across the Ancient God Realm, time itself seemed to reverse, rolling backward.

For a moment, it was as if the clock had turned back two thousand years!

The resurrected Balensa City trembled furiously, its massive statues crumbling and collapsing, kneeling in submission!

For an instant, all the Corpse Ghost Ancient Divine Species within Balensa City emitted cries of panic and terror—they disregarded all attacks, throwing themselves flat on the ground, bowing in fear and reverence!

Countless Ancient Divine Species prostrated themselves, forming quaking waves like a tumultuous sea.

The cacophony of cannon fire resembled a grand liturgy.

They worshipped this ancient city of the dead.

They worshipped... the resurrected Ancient Supreme!

"Gods!"

The Eastern Front's communication channels erupted with voices trembling in awe.

They seemed to be worshipping a divine miracle.