

Ancient 511

Chapter 511: Bai Ze, Understanding Everything, Foreknowledge of the Future

BOOM!

A rumbling thunder roared across the icy expanse, as rolling black clouds surged forth, countless searing and fierce streaks of lightning interweaving, like a womb brewing disaster, radiating an overwhelming presence.

Mythical Weapon·Extreme Thunder, unleash!

Tang Ling's fiery red hair danced wildly in the wind and snow, with pristine white horns sprouting atop her head. Her vermilion eyes shimmered with bloody flashes of lightning, and her raised hands seemed to hold the boundless brilliance of thunder.

The radiance illuminated her exquisite, graceful silhouette.

So beautiful it took one's breath away!

"Evolver!"

Even Lin Lan, a Sixth-Rank Ghost Slayer, couldn't help but feel a chill from the sheer terror of this presence. He instinctively unsheathed his blade, preparing to go all out and behead this formidable foe in one decisive slash.

"Don't panic."

Gu Jianlin said calmly, "She's an ally."

Ah Lan and Ah Yue were both stunned, seemingly entranced by this sharp yet alluring young maiden they had never encountered before.

In an instant, countless streaks of blood-red lightning fell from the sky, inundating the area like a tidal wave. It wasn't just a violent release of energy—it carried an overwhelming aura of death. Touch it, and you perish!

The blizzard was ripped apart.

The scarlet lightning drowned scores of the living dead.

"Gu Jianlin!"

High in the sky, Tang Ling descended while shouting, "Divine Sacrificial Fire! Press it to the ground!"

Without hesitation, Gu Jianlin unleashed his Evolutionary State. Savage and majestic Qilin Horns emerged atop his head, sinister black tattoos appeared on his cheeks, and even without an Ancient God Transformation, he pushed his output to the max!

There was no delay, no need for explanations, as trust was absolute.

His hands crossed, conjuring an argent Ghost Fire, which he pressed onto the frozen ground!

Priest!

BOOM!

The frozen ground trembled as intricate, blood-like threads pulsing with surging vitality emerged from the ice, only to be completely absorbed by him, forming two drops of Ancient God's Blood within his body!

So that's what it was—whatever these blood threads were composed of, they seemed to encapsulate the essence of life itself.

In the depths of the storm, countless flickering shadows ceased their motion, freezing in place.

A piercing sound came from above; a lithe and graceful shadow plummeted from the sky.

Without hesitation, Gu Jianlin reached out, catching her securely.

Another princess carry.

Silence.

Lin Lan widened his eyes at the sight of the man and woman, stunned at their Evolutionary States.
"Evolvers—you're both Evolvers! My God, when did Evolvers become so common?"

Ah Lan and Ah Yue also opened their eyes wide, scrutinizing their forms.

Gu Jianlin silently looked at the girl in his arms. In her combat form, she exuded an intoxicating blend of charm and sharpness, like roses and swords dancing together. Her cashmere hat had long been blown into the air, and her crimson hair cascaded like petals, half-concealing her eyes.

Sadly, her layers of clothing hid her snow-white, shapely legs from view.

At that moment, a thought crossed his mind. He turned expressionlessly and said, "See? I have one too."

Lin Lan was dumbfounded, replaying the moment of the Heavenly Divine Thunder in his head, unable to deny that this girl's allure was downright mesmerizing, outshining his own Charming Ladies by far.

Both in combat prowess and beauty, as well as presence.

Even with her figure wrapped in a fur coat, her elegance and balance were evident.

"What do you have as well?"

Still in the boy's arms, Tang Ling felt oddly snug and warm.

Though he looked so frail.

"Oh, nothing."

Gu Jianlin had just been feeling annoyed at that clueless goof earlier, so he decided to flex a little by comparison.

In terms of beauty among the thunder-wielders, only the Moon Princess could rival her so far.

Everyone else? Step aside.

Old monsters don't count.

"Why are you here?"

He asked out of curiosity.

Tang Ling lifted her bewitching vermilion eyes and gave him a long, lingering look, her voice soft: "Next time, don't do something this dangerous again—at least wait for me. To be honest, the truth doesn't really matter that much to me anymore. But if you end up losing your life over it, I'll feel guilty for the rest of mine."

Her voice carried a rare tenderness, likely a reflection of her being genuinely moved.

Earlier, she had felt like nothing more than a tool to him.

Gu Jianlin didn't care about her at all, simply forming a team with her out of necessity, not even treating her as a friend.

Now she understood.

This boy was a doer, not one to waste words lightly.

Someone who would charge into the Sea of Eternal Life for you without a word couldn't possibly not care.

Gu Jianlin froze for a moment, unsure what she was referring to.

He had killed four Twilight Candidates to secure his own advancement.

To ensure Minister Lu's safe escape from Balensa City.

And most importantly, to vent Youzhu's grievances.

Oh. He figured it out.

"Was it because of Tang Zijing?"

Gu Jianlin blinked.

Tang Ling gave a faint "hmm."

In the thunderous girl's imagination, this boy must have followed clues about his great-grandfather into this place.

When in reality, Gu Jianlin had been beaten here by the Kui Dragon Ancestor.

But since neither of the two liked talking much, they didn't delve deeper.

Just then, Lin Lan stared intently at the red-haired girl and then at the Extreme Thunder Great Sword in her hand, suddenly struck by realization: "Extreme Thunder, heir of the Sword Tomb—you... you're the Princess?"

His face turned pale with shock.

Ah Lan and Ah Yue could clearly sense their man's mental state collapse.

Tang Ling leaped from the boy's arms, a wary expression crossing her face. She drew her sword and asked, "Who are you?"

Gu Jianlin explained, "Lin Lan, former Night Watcher member, a key witness."

He briefly recounted what had happened earlier.

Tang Ling listened and nodded in understanding, remarking, "Quite the unexpected gain."

Lin Lan seemed metaphorically to taste lemons, not expecting this boy, normally so quiet, to snag the Princess.

The designated successor of the President, no less.

"Jealous?"

Gu Jianlin glanced at him and smirked.

Lin Lan gritted his teeth. No, he wasn't envious—he was jealous!

The kind of green-eyed jealousy that makes you want to roll on the ground.

"I was a bit late getting here—are you hurt?"

Tang Ling brushed off the snow from the boy, inspecting his arms and abdomen to make sure he was unscathed. After confirming all was well, she adjusted his collar and softly said, "You're not wearing enough. Hold on."

She pulled a scarf from her backpack and wrapped it around the boy's neck.

Then drew out a rabbit-ear muffs headpiece, placing it snugly on his head.

"Hmm, no taking them off."

She nodded approvingly at the boy. "Or you'll catch a cold."

Feeling awkward, Gu Jianlin suddenly noticed frost on the girl's lashes, her delicate pale hands reddened from the cold, her fur coat soaked with snow. Clearly, she had been through an arduous journey.

The buttons of her coat weren't even fastened in her hurry.

Lin Lan looked like his soul had left his body upon witnessing this scene. That was the Princess!

Years ago, he had seen this girl once at headquarters. Back then, she was a cold, doll-like figure of perfect art.

When he tried to greet her, she had shot him a glare and said one word: "Scram."

Who would've thought that the Princess would one day act like this, dusting snow off a man and tying his scarf?

"If someone captures this scene, you'll single-handedly become the number one public enemy of the association's men!"

He thought bitterly: "You're doomed!"

"Thanks."

Gu Jianlin touched the earmuffs and scarf, feeling a wave of warmth, but couldn't help doubting: "How did you find me? You didn't run into danger, did you?"

For the Sea of Eternal Life to be this large, her being able to track him down was uncanny.

"I have a unique ability."

Tang Ling's crimson hair gradually turned snow-white, and she said softly, "The power of the Bai Ze Clan."

Gu Jianlin froze. "An evolution?"

Tang Ling hesitated before responding, "No, it's from the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion, the power of the Bai Ze Venerable. According to legend, the Bai Ze Clan can speak, understand the will of all things, and comprehend the affairs of gods and spirits. Unlike the divination methods of Spirit Mediums or Divination Masters, Bai Ze's innate ability is foresight—to peer into the future and unravel all things."

Gu Jianlin felt it was incredible that this girl possessed the abilities of the Bai Ze Clan.

"Didn't the King of Qing tell you?"

Tang Ling's gaze turned strange. "I thought you'd met them—the Ancient Gods from the Tiyan Pavilion often visit the King of Qing."

Gu Jianlin was stunned, recalling that his senior brother had mentioned these people.

The black-robed, otherworldly beings he once saw.

Claiming they had come to collect the President's remains.

Those bizarre individuals were actually of the Ancient Divine Race.

"The previous President was a Sword Sect member. The current President is a Sword Sect member. The Golden King is from the Sword Sect. The Silver King is from the Sword Sect. Even Rhein and Lin Dong belong to the Sword Sect. The Sword Sect is the most prevalent path within the Ether Association, as only members of the Sword Sect can become President. Understand?"

Tang Ling, noting his genuine lack of knowledge, patiently explained, "And all of this traces back to the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion."

"Wait."

Gu Jianlin fell silent for a long while, sensing how bizarre this was. "You're saying the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion was established by the Bai Ze Clan and that these Ancient Gods are actually on humanity's side?"

Tang Ling shook her head. "Not exactly. The true Bai Ze Venerable remains slumbering in Yun Mengze, but two thousand years ago, he took an experimental step—splitting off a part of himself imbued with human emotions. He believed humans and the Ancient Gods could coexist peacefully, and only then could the solution to the apocalypse be discovered."

"Two thousand years ago, Emperor Qin was a close confidant of Bai Ze, so Bai Ze continues guarding the Qin Emperor's Mausoleum in Lishan to this day."

She paused. "Humanity's ability to infiltrate the Ancient God Realm owes much to the Bai Ze Clan."

Gu Jianlin found it surreal, though, moments later, he seemed to grasp something.

"So that's why you were chosen to be the next President's successor?"

He asked curiously, "If you're so important, why would they let you enter this place?"

Tang Ling's vermilion gaze carried a tinge of irony. "You can never guess what the Ether Association's higher-ups are thinking. If they let me in, it's all part of another scheme."

She gazed into the stormy blizzard. "After all, the Sea of Eternal Life harbors the legacy of an Ancient Supreme, containing secrets of ascension and eternal life. No faction would miss this miracle, even if it means confronting a Primordial."

Gu Jianlin understood. "Is humanity planning to take action against the Kui Dragon Ancestor? To seize the legacy of the Supreme?"

"Exactly."

Tang Ling responded calmly, "This is the future I foresaw."

Chapter 512 Miss Tang, Please Respect Yourself

Gu Jianlin never expected that the Bai Ze Clan was behind the Ether Association.

This claim needed further verification.

Because he didn't fully understand what it meant for the human nature of an Ancient Supreme to manifest as a separate part of themselves.

It was only when he thought about the Bai Ze Clan's abilities that he suddenly had a revelation.

To comprehend all things, to know ghosts and gods.

Then, could it also empathize with humanity?

This meant the Bai Ze Clan might truly be the Ancient God Clan most capable of communication and mutual understanding.

But the Ancient God Clan was so distant and enigmatic that it felt absurd to him.

"I've never seen one either."

Tang Ling said softly, "Only someone at the level of the President could possibly meet them."

Gu Jianlin nodded, "You just said you foresaw that many people would venture into the Sea of Eternal Life to fight over the Supreme's treasure? Is that the authority of the Bai Ze Clan? Is it based on Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse? Or something else?"

"It's actually the power of Extreme Thunder. I'm still learning Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse."

Tang Ling lifted the Extreme Thunder Great Sword and thrust it into the snow with a thud: "The President once said that Growth-Type Mythical Weapons are alive, created by the Ancient God Clan through their supreme miracles. For example, Extreme Thunder possesses the Bai Ze Clan's power of foresight along with a lethal Yin Thunder effect."

She looked at him suspiciously, "Haven't you also chosen a Growth-Type Mythical Weapon?"

Gu Jianlin was silent for a moment. He took out a rustic knife case from his backpack and opened it.

A blood-red ghost knife lay quietly inside, its blade inscribed with eerie Ancient God Clan runes, emanating a chilling ghostly aura. The hilt was forged of red jade, glimmering as though woven with countless strands of blood.

It was so sharp that snowflakes landing on its edge were instantly sliced in two.

"Jiuyin!"

A flicker of astonishment crossed Tang Ling's beautiful eyes. "How did this end up in your hands?"

Gu Jianlin asked blankly, "What's the matter?"

"This is one of the President's prized possessions, obtained at great cost from the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion."

Tang Ling tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear, her gaze growing more complex. "I fell for this blade at first sight, but because I was sold to the Sword Tomb, I had to choose the Sword Sect Path instead, which wasn't compatible with it. Besides, this blade is quite peculiar. It has an extreme aversion to being touched by men."

"Aversion to being touched by men?"

Gu Jianlin's expression turned odd, thinking that Senior Ji wouldn't have set him up like this.

"That's why I find it strange. Did your teacher give it to you? Even then, it wouldn't make sense."

Tang Ling gave him a sidelong glance. "Since coming to the human world, this blade has never been used, as it can't be touched by men. Occasionally, women could hold it, but even then, it never accepted them. The Ether Association primarily worships this blade, using divination and augury to infer information about the Candle Dragon Venerable."

Whenever old monsters were mentioned, Gu Jianlin felt wide awake. "Any results?"

"Yes, they're sealed in the confidential archives."

Tang Ling replied.

Gu Jianlin glanced at the ghost knife in the knife case and, without hesitation, grabbed its hilt.

Nothing happened.

Tang Ling's beautiful eyes widened in shock. She never expected him to touch Jiuyin without any issue.

Gu Jianlin had prepared himself for resistance from Jiuyin, but to his surprise, nothing occurred.

"Didn't they say Growth-Type Mythical Weapons are supposed to be alive?"

He looked doubtful. "This thing feels dead to me."

No matter how he wielded it, there was no reaction.

Tang Ling rarely showed such an expression. Her bangs fluttered before her eyes, her beautiful gaze filled with confusion.

Gu Jianlin felt as though she were looking at him like he was some sort of anomaly.

But for a split second, Tang Ling's eyes shifted downward, glancing below his abdomen.

"Miss Tang, please have some decency."

Gu Jianlin's face darkened. "Your gaze is extremely disrespectful."

There was no doubt about it, he was male.

Even if he transitioned into the Ghost Slayer Path and became unnaturally beautiful, he was still male.

"Then prove it to me."

Tang Ling leaned closer to him. Her frost-like, delicate face was expressionless as she spoke calmly: "I may not be cute, but I'm still very attractive. At least in the Sword Tomb, I'm considered the number one beauty. At headquarters, only the younger version of the President could compare to me. And I'm not lacking in figure either."

She crossed her arms and snorted, "But I think you're not interested in me... If you're not interested in me, then you're probably even less interested in other women. Or could it be the Moon Princess?"

Ever since the Returning Burial Forest incident, it was known within the Ether Association that the "Chair-Killer" and the Moon Princess shared a close bond. This matter was kept confidential and did not spread outside.

Only Mr. Liu and Miss Lan at the You Ying Group knew about it.

"Before I lift my family's curse, I won't date anyone."

Gu Jianlin said sternly, "So I won't experience pointless feelings either."

Tang Ling snorted, "Then good luck with that."

For a moment, she felt like comforting this boy.

Losing his father and being shrouded in the shadow of death must be a terrible experience.

However, she felt she had been overly familiar with him today and was slightly embarrassed.

"You two, stop whispering over there."

Lin Lan wasn't eavesdropping earlier but had been staring at the ground the whole time. "Come quickly and take a look."

Gu Jianlin followed her voice and looked over, seeing pools of blood squirming on the ground, like live worms coalescing into shapes. Around the mouths, crimson, distorted letters were drawn—a chilling and grotesque sight.

"Wait, this is..."

Tang Ling moved closer to take a better look. As twisted as it seemed, she could still recognize it.

This was Latin!

The mastermind controlling the undead here on the ice field was using Latin!

"Those who set foot into the Sea of Eternal Life shall die!"

Gu Jianlin recognized the writing easily; his academic skills came in handy. "This person is warning us not to enter the Sea of Eternal Life. He should be a Divine Servant, perhaps even a Divine, who has enhanced the power of the Corpse Ghost Skill to control these undead. Everyone, we've now entered the territory of the Kui Dragon Ancestor."

Tang Ling raised her head, narrowed her beautiful eyes: "Is Tang Zijing here as well?"

Gu Jianlin nodded slightly, "Yes."

"Tang Zijing... wait, I think I remember now. The Tang Family elder who fell into the dimensional rift of the Qilin Immortal Palace!"

Lin Lan scratched her head, "Is he still alive?"

Tang Ling said coldly, "I hope he's dead."

If he's dead, there's no more attachment.

Gu Jianlin retorted, "Such filial piety."

"Have you two ever met him?"

Lin Lan asked curiously.

"A Divine Servant of the Candle Dragon Clan, characterized by a body enshrouded in blood mist."

Gu Jianlin asked expressionlessly, "Have you seen him?"

Tang Ling gave him an unexpected look.

Indeed, if Lin Lan had been here so long, she might have encountered him.

"Blood mist... wait, blood mist!"

Lin Lan suddenly remembered something and replied, "If it's blood mist, I think I have seen him. I even fought him here on this ice field. We were evenly matched, but I couldn't hold on for long, and my body gave out. Yet he didn't kill me and just left. Old Gu mentioned this once—he said he might have run into someone he knew from the Ether Association who fell and became a Divine Servant."

He paused. "Old Gu said during the fight, he observed something. The Ancestor's control over Divine Servants isn't absolute, but if it's the Supreme's Divine Servant, then there's no saving them. Old Gu explained that the Ancient God Clan's method of controlling Divine Servants is essentially a type of pollution and parasitism."

"Some people can't endure the power of the Ancient Gods, so they transform into monstrous aberrations. However, those who withstand the power of the Ancient God's Blood are essentially polluted."

"But evolution is different. Evolution is a self-driven change triggered by external stimulation, one that transcends the Inheritance Path to derive the unique abilities of the Ancient Supreme behind the path."

"This pollution, however, can be removed. Throughout history, people have researched methods to do so. Old Gu told me that someone perfected this method in the Sea of Eternal Life. It's an unparalleled alchemical miracle!"

Tang Ling was stunned.

Gu Jianlin softly murmured, "Xu Fu..."

Chapter 513: Ancient God Clan, Ancestral Ancient Gods!

Corpse ghosts pulled the sled, racing across the ice fields, cutting through the wind and snow.

Lin Lan embraced two Charming Ladies on either side, but his face was full of jealousy and distortion, almost like matter separating from itself.

This was a specially made large sled, yet with five people sitting atop it along with supplies and weapons, it felt slightly cramped. So earlier, he patted his thigh, unceremoniously motioning for his two wives to sit on his lap.

Then he threw a smug look, blatantly provocative.

Gu Jianlin couldn't even be bothered to acknowledge him.

However, Tang Ling seemed to catch the provocation in his smugness. Casually, she tossed the Extreme Thunder Great Sword and her backpack onto the sled, then sat on the boy's lap, crossing her long legs.

She gave a deeply suggestive smile.

Gu Jianlin was a little surprised, but he understood the intent behind the girl's actions and turned his head to smile slightly in response.

Lin Lan appeared as though he had been struck by a heavy blow. It wasn't that he thought his Charming Ladies weren't beautiful; it was the sting of his masculinity being thoroughly overshadowed. Back in the day, he was even recognized as a heartthrob by the Ether Association. Yet all he received from the Princess was a single "Get lost," without even a sideways glance.

Besides, he knew the only reason the Charming Ladies took an interest in him was that he was the only living person around.

And not because he was particularly outstanding.

"After ascending to become the Cloud Lord, conveniences certainly abound."

Tang Ling gazed into the endless snowstorm and directed, "Two o'clock direction, up ahead."

Gu Jianlin steered the corpse ghosts to turn without hesitation.

This time, they finally had a reliable teammate with the Bai Ze Clan's precognitive abilities.

Feeling awkward, Lin Lan silently gripped his tachi tightly and asked seriously, "Are you sure Old Gu's method—do we really think it's something Xu Fu left behind? Will we actually find it here?"

That goofy expression of his had vanished, replaced by one of earnestness and somber determination.

Gu Jianlin glanced at him. "What do you intend to do?"

"I want to use it to save my sister."

Lin Lan suddenly said, "That way, she can live under the sunlight and even realize her dreams. Speaking of which, the people on her side should be reliable, right? They won't run into trouble, will they?"

"No, their combat capabilities likely aren't much weaker than ours, and I've left a contingency in place."

Gu Jianlin, sensing the rhythm of his life force, asked, "You've been infected too. Aren't you worried about yourself?"

Lin Lan chuckled nonchalantly. "I'm an experimental subject of the Penglai Ascension Array. That thing both strengthens and destroys me, leeching away my life. I wasn't going to last much longer anyway. As long as I can live until we leave here, settle old scores, take revenge when it's due, and ensure our trip wasn't for nothing, that's enough."

He stretched lazily and said, "Right now, our combat strength is solid. Let's just charge forward!"

Gu Jianlin found his perspective on the man shifting slightly, surprised by his readiness to accept death.

This guy, corroded by the Penglai Ascension Array, was already nearing the end of his life.

Especially as he had already fallen, teetering on the edge of deformation and rampage.

Even the Ancient God's Blood couldn't save him.

"Don't worry, I'll find it," Tang Ling said lightly.

Suddenly, she produced a hand mirror, in which a sharp and enchanting face was reflected.

"What's that?" Gu Jianlin asked, eyeing her mirror.

"The Mirror of Truth, capable of reflecting a different version of myself and activating precognitive abilities."

Tang Ling didn't elaborate much. Instead, she spoke into the mirror, "What lies ahead?"

For a single moment, countless terrifying visions filled her sight. Vague ghostly shadows flitted through the wind and snow; countless twisted and grotesque faces seemed to emerge, as if demons were writhing in a hellish abyss.

The palace amid the ice and snow was so imposing, and in the darkness, it felt as though someone cast a fleeting glance her way, observing her!

Overwhelmed by immense terror, her whole body broke out into a cold sweat, and she nearly fell out of the boy's lap.

Gu Jianlin wrapped an arm around her slender waist and asked, "Are you all right?"

"It's nothing. We're almost there. Be careful," Tang Ling said, her mind still reeling. Shaking her head to signal she was fine, she continued speaking into the mirror: "The Kui Dragon Ancestor's state."

This time, her pupils suddenly dilated as if beholding a boiling sea shrouded in mist.

A massive black shadow emerged from the sea, radiating rage and mania.

Above the surging waters, surrounded by immortal mist, a towering staircase shot sharply upward!

As if it led to the heavens!

The overwhelming pressure seemed to rush forth, stunning the soul.

After a long moment, she slumped exhausted into the boy's arms, panting heavily.

Gu Jianlin, unsure how to console her, recalled how his father took care of him during a fever years ago and gently brushed her long hair, knocking off the snowflakes clinging to it.

"The Kui Dragon Ancestor has indeed recovered its strength. And it seems to be planning something," Tang Ling murmured softly. "Also, I'm not a child. Don't touch my head."

Gu Jianlin's hand froze immediately.

However, Tang Ling didn't seem annoyed or resistant. She continued gazing into the mirror, speaking word by word, "Will any of us die in the Sea of Eternal Life?"

Amidst an overwhelming torrent of visions, this time, she saw herself perishing amid endless snow and ice, her form dissolving like lifeless paper flowers, scattering everywhere.

So tranquil.

So serene.

It didn't even stir any emotional reaction within her.

Tang Ling quietly put away the hand mirror and lifted a strand of hair by her ear.

"What did you see?" Gu Jianlin inquired seriously.

Tang Ling shook her head. "Nothing. We'll all be safe this time."

Gu Jianlin stared at her expression and eyes, emotionless, and after a moment of silence, he vaguely discerned something.

The girl wasn't telling the truth.

This was the strength of a profiler; he knew those he was familiar with far too well.

In other words, among the five of them, someone would die.

"Are there any limitations to precognitive abilities?" he curiously asked.

Tang Ling replied nonchalantly, "With my skills, I can roughly foresee events within a day's time frame, but it's centered around myself and the surrounding environment. For example, I can predict some of what will happen in the Sea of Eternal Life, but if you were to ask me whether you'll become a Catastrophe, I wouldn't be able to answer."

Gu Jianlin nodded, saying to himself, "I see. Can the results of premonitions be altered?"

Tang Ling shook her head. "I don't know. So far, none of my prophecies have ever been changed."

Gu Jianlin nodded again.

But at that moment, they suddenly heard an eerie chuckle.

At the edge of the whirling blizzard stood a massive bronze palace, towering ancient stone pillars rising high into the sky. A broad staircase stretched boundlessly as strange laughter echoed.

In the darkness, a figure sat atop a throne. It appeared to be just a child, yet the laughter was eerily sinister, and a pair of blood-red eyes faintly opened, sinister and otherworldly!

The corpse ghosts growled in terror, refusing to venture further.

"Careful!"

Gu Jianlin sensed the unsettling rhythm of life. Looking closer, he saw the bronze palace pulsing with crimson flesh and sinew. Muscle and membrane quivered as if alive, spreading outward.

Tang Ling, having seen such structures before, instinctively grabbed his hand and whispered, "I've encountered things like this at headquarters. The scientific term for this is the Ancestor's Living Sacrifice. It's created by sacrificing countless living humans. In ancient tribal times, those who committed heinous crimes were offered to the Ancient God Clan in exchange for protection."

"There's a legend in Buzhou Mountain of ancestors forging altars with their flesh and blood, where dragons soared into the skies."

She murmured, "Only those of at least the Ancestor rank have the privilege to conduct such a ritual."

Lin Lan took a deep breath and muttered, "And not just any Ancestor. This one's status is extraordinarily high, comparable to a royal family member in human terms. It hasn't been long since this one awakened. Chances are, they hold immense historical significance. This battle will be unimaginably difficult."

Gu Jianlin's gaze turned heavy. After all this time, they were finally confronting the Ancient God Clan.

And an Ancient God with intelligence!

The snowstorm howled as two eerie silhouettes loomed faintly atop the bronze palace.

One exuded chilling ghost energy, perched atop a stone pillar.

The other was shrouded entirely in a mist of blood, pale hair fluttering in the snowy wind.

"Children, why must you be so unnecessarily stubborn?"

He said calmly, "The great miracle is about to revive. Do you wish to compete to become sacrifices as well?"

Chapter 514: Lord, You're Back?

The snow flurries falling from the sky were suddenly swept apart by a fierce wind. Embedded within the fleshy walls of the bronze palace were countless withered corpses, some still clad in modern clothing. A few were even wearing the school uniforms of Peak City Second High, clutching mobile phones in their hands. Every face was frozen in an expression of sheer terror.

"Bastards!"

Lin Lan took in the horrific sight. As a member of the Night Watchers and a product of their doctrine of order, he had been taught since childhood that, no matter how intense the internal conflicts within the Ether Association might be, one thing was absolutely forbidden.

That was involving ordinary people in transcendent events.

Even the people of the You Ying Group wouldn't stoop to such a level.

Tang Ling's white hair had been dyed blood red. The hand gripping the Extreme Thunder sword trembled violently, blue veins bulging on her pale knuckles. Her delicate figure quivered, overwhelmed by uncontrollable rage.

Gu Jianlin sighed softly in his heart. He should never have let the girl witness this.

"Get ready."

He lifted his gaze and spoke with an expressionless face: "This battle may be tough. Although this Ancestor seems to have just awakened and might not wield overwhelming power..."

Based on the profile, Tang Zijing was undoubtedly at the Sixth Rank, while the other Divine Servant seemed to be at the Fifth Rank level.

Ah Lan and Ah Yue were retreating with the Corpse Ghosts to protect their sole means of transportation.

In the massive bronze palace, the Ancestor seated on the throne slowly rose. They descended the blood-covered steps, accompanied by an ineffable, vast pressure, like the rumble of ancient thunder!

Back then, Wan Rentu, the chief instructor of the Omega Sequence, was right.

The true majesty of an Ancient God far surpassed that of humanity!

Boom!

In the darkness, a pair of blood-red vertical pupils ignited, followed by the chilling sound of a dragon's roar!

A domain silently unfolded, enveloping everything in its path!

"Hell, this domain can forcibly stabilize dimensional fluctuations. With this, it can freely unleash abilities beyond the Fourth Rank without worrying about being teleported away!"

Lin Lan unsheathed his tachi, and the tattoos of a child boy and girl on his body suddenly awoke, letting out silent screams. In a low voice, he said, "You two go first. My life is worth more—I'm the witness here!"

Above Gu Jianlin's head, a menacing and noble Qilin Horn materialized. Black, eerie patterns spread across his face. Without revealing his Supreme Power, he displayed the highest possible Evolutionary State.

Any higher, and he would trigger Kui's frenzied assault.

He was currently stuck in a rather awkward halfway position.

He drew Jiuyin. Though it was lifeless, its durability and sharpness were unparalleled.

His shadow also stirred to life, awakening with tremors.

"Don't worry. Go ahead; I have the Soul Comforting Bell. If you die, I'll just capture your soul," he said coldly. "You can still serve as a witness."

Lin Lan looked as though he'd been struck by lightning. "Are you even human, saying something like that?"

Boom!

Before the words had fully left his mouth, Tang Ling had already charged out wielding the Extreme Thunder sword. Her breathing rhythm abruptly shifted!

This frequency felt strangely familiar!

She could no longer suppress her murderous intent!

The Ancestor emerged from the darkness—a pale young boy, stark naked, his body covered in blood-red Dragon Scales. His crimson vertical pupils were chilling and fearsome, and he bore enormous Dragon Horns!

He roared horrifyingly, unleashing a dragon's roar!

Ancient Divine Language!

This was the Ancient Divine Language of the Candle Dragon Clan. Though its exact Authority was unclear, suffocating soundwaves surged out like tidal waves, sweeping through the snowflakes and annihilating the wind in their path.

Even the blood and flesh began to decay!

This was the power of decay!

For an instant, Tang Ling gripped her roaring Extreme Thunder Great Sword in reverse. Fiery lightning erupted from the blade as she maintained an odd breathing frequency. Her vermilion eyes ignited with searing brilliance, akin to the burning radiance of the sun, dazzling and boundless!

Breathing Technique, Heavenly Realm!

At that moment.

A cold and majestic voice seemed to echo from the void.

"—Heaven and Earth are one with me, and I am one with Heaven and Earth!"

Bathed in a resplendent golden glow, Tang Ling shattered the oppressive soundwaves and thrust her sword forward!

Lightning erupted, Sword Qi roared!

She resembled a Valkyrie cloaked in the Sun God's radiance. Golden particles swirled wildly in the fierce wind, illuminating her sharp yet enchanting face—a figure so sacred, so radiant, yet brimming with a lethal aura!

She challenged the divine!

This was the Breathing Technique—Heavenly Person Realm!

In some sense, it was the strongest breathing technique!

Golden thunder and Sword Qi burst forth, forcefully shattering the Ancient Divine Language's domain!

It was unstoppable!

"My God."

Lin Lan murmured, "This is the Heavenly Person Realm... No wonder the President is so smitten with her. She's only twenty and already has this ability. Compared to her, even Rhein's talent is mediocre! Kid, how on earth did you manage to court her? Do you even know what she represents to this world?"

Gu Jianlin thought to himself, I didn't court her. Shut your obnoxious mouth.

The appearance of the Heavenly Person Realm left even the two Divine Servants deeply wary!

"Tang Zijing, since you betrayed humanity, I'll destroy everything you sought to achieve."

Tang Ling gripped the Extreme Thunder Great Sword with both hands and darted forward. A streak of cold Sword Qi surged forth!

The boy's pale face was illuminated by the close-range golden radiance. His body exploded with dense blood mist, clearly suppressed and injured by the Heavenly Person Realm's power!

The terrifying aura was seemingly weakening!

However, at the critical moment, he suddenly raised his hand and grabbed the Extreme Thunder blade!

Boom!

Thunder and Sword Qi ravaged the area. His entire arm was charred and blackened, revealing translucent white bone beneath the mangled flesh.

Yet the Ancestor remained eerily motionless, gazing into the golden glow reflected on the sword's blade.

"Superior to Fusu."

Lost in ancient memories, he whispered softly, "Far inferior to Zheng."

His faint, drifting voice seemed like the murmurs of antiquity!

The era to which this Ancestor once belonged became clearer.

At the very least, it predates the Pre-Qin Period. The exact time of his burial remains uncertain.

But two things were certain.

First, this Ancestor had crossed paths with a father and son from human history.

Prince Fusu!

Emperor Qin, Zheng!

Boom!

Tang Ling's golden radiance in her eyes burned to the extreme. The sword's edge vibrated violently as she spoke emotionlessly: "After all, I've lived only twenty years since my birth. Of course, I'm no match for the First Emperor."

She coldly asked, "May I know your title?"

As she spoke, the golden light of the Heavenly Person Realm burned fiercely.

The Ancestor's lips trickled crimson as he whispered, "Too many to recall."

Though his body emitted ominous sounds of collapse, he remained free of terror or wrath. His voice carried an edge of pity: "I didn't expect to see a Chosen One here... I smell the Supreme Power upon you. It seems Bai Ze Venerable has chosen you. Isn't this life pathetic?"

For a fleeting moment, time sank into an abyss of silence, where all of existence stilled.

At the critical juncture, Tang Ling grew vigilant, condensing a blazing golden aura to shield her entire being!

"Heavenly Person, entertain me."

The Ancestor tilted his head, his eyes revealing a savage glint. Clenching his fist, he struck out!

He seemed to sense something and said indifferently: "My Master never considered you true adversaries. Your pitiful, fragile species shouldn't covet this divine relic, especially those behind you."

"You're pitiful."

He paused, then continued: "Mere ants testing the waters."

Bam!

A terrifying Qi Force detonated.

Even weakened, the Ancestor's casual punch remained on par with Fifth-Rank Ancient Martial strength!

Tang Ling was violently blasted away, suppressing the blood surging in her throat. Without the defensive power of the Heavenly Person Realm, she would've been flattened into a pulp on the spot.

At that very moment, the two Divine Servants made their move!

High above the bronze palace, Tang Zijing had been amassing energy for a long time. The billowing wind and snow coalesced into a ten-meter-long gale of sword Qi that surged with earth-shattering momentum—on the verge of tearing apart the heavens!

With one devastating slash, he aimed at the fragile girl dancing like a butterfly amidst the storm!

"Even a tiger avoids eating its cubs; what kind of abomination are you?"

Lin Lan teleported instantly. The space before him shimmered like a mirror, reflecting the raging sword Qi with a thunderous roar, making it manifest!

The Sixth-Rank Ghost Slayer ability—Mirror Reflection!

Boom!

Two surges of sword Qi clashed in a massive explosion!

Lin Lan vanished like a phantom, his tachi slicing through the storm with a dazzling arc of blade light.

"I didn't kill you last time, and yet you came back to die," he said as he turned, his voice chillingly calm.
"How long can you last this time?"

Bam!

Tang Ling slammed her Extreme Thunder sword into the ground but was nonetheless forced into a series of retreating steps by the immense power.

The blade left a deep trench in the ground.

She only stopped when she collided with a firm chest.

"Are you okay?"

Gu Jianlin's voice was low as he murmured near her ear. "How strong is he?"

"If translated into human Ranks, his current strength is only equivalent to the Fifth Rank, but incredibly potent—unequaled to anyone I've faced before. Compared to him, even my Evolutionary State seems lacking. I've gathered most of the materials needed to ascend to the Fifth Rank, and if I complete the ritual, I might just exchange a few blows with him," Tang Ling whispered.

"This entity is undeniably a noble figure of historical prominence!"

As Tang Ling spoke, Gu Jianlin noticed the Divine Path's servant descending like a flood from the sky!

"An Ether Association Evolver?"

The Star Lord snarled, "Your blood must be delicious!"

A storm of stars converged above his head, and behind his frame, a massive claw-like Spiritual Body materialized.

At the crucial moment, Gu Jianlin switched the pathway within him.

His appearance underwent a complete transformation, beauty bordering on the demonic.

His Evolutionary State shifted from Qilin to Candle Dragon!

His Dragon Horns emanated a regal aura, his blood-colored vertical pupils burned with intensity, and the crimson trace at his eye... vivid as blood... was mesmerizing!

In an instant, his Shadow awakened from slumber, manifesting the colossal golden skeleton of The Immortal of Colossal Spirit behind him. As it let out a bellowing roar, it began to grow inch by inch until a massive skull took form. Each movement was marked by unrelenting darkness.

Shadow's Qilin Evolutionary State rumbled with Dark Shock!

Dark Shock Burst!

Boom!

The Star Lord was engulfed in a pitch-black glow, terror flashing in his eyes.

There was no trace of Life Rhythm!

Where had this mysterious ally come from?

Gu Jianlin gripped Jiuyin, the ghost knife once wielded by Candle Dragon Venerable. It trembled faintly as if resonating with something.

"What on earth is that form?"

Tang Ling was momentarily stunned. "I swear you're changing how I view men!"

Gu Jianlin coolly shook the ghost blade, his voice flat. "What, are you turning into a lesbian? Like I said, I'm a real man. I just happen to look slightly more stunning in this form."

Boom!

The snowstorm dispersed violently.

The Ancestor materialized before them in an instant.

But in that fleeting moment, there was a trace of bewilderment in his eyes.

"Venerable Master."

He murmured with a dazed expression. "You have returned..."

Chapter 515: The Secret of the Candle Dragon and Qilin a Thousand Years Ago

For a fleeting moment, Gu Jianlin almost felt his heart stop, the veins on the back of his knife-wielding hand bulging.

Tang Ling stared at him with a look as if she'd just seen a ghost. Moments ago, she had merely thought he possessed an ethereal beauty, almost otherworldly. As a man, he bore an unparalleled, breathtaking appearance, one that could make any self-assured beauty feel completely overshadowed in his presence.

What truly sent chills down her spine was that an ancient Ancestor had actually addressed him as "Lord"!

It was like a tale straight out of a ghost story.

"You've actually succeeded already?"

The boy's otherworldly slit pupils were filled with bewilderment, his hand, poised to crush their throats, freezing midair and trembling slightly. His voice was desolate: "Why have you become so weak? Is this the price you had to pay? If that is the case, why didn't you just use the Stairway to Immortality to reincarnate? After Xu Fu completed the array, we have been awaiting your arrival."

He paused: "Using the legacy left behind by the Qilin Venerable, the Stairway to Immortality has already been perfected for your needs."

A surge of immense dread exploded in their minds.

Tang Ling seemingly realized something, her beautiful eyes filled with horror.

Because, in the foreseen future she once described, she claimed to have seen a ladder ascending to the heavens, seemingly endless.

And with a single sentence, this Ancestor unraveled the great secret.

The so-called Penglai Ascension Array was nothing more than a prototype.

This was not something meant for human use.

Rather, it was designed for the needs of an Ancient Supreme!

The Candle Dragon Venerable!

Gu Jianlin's thoughts were like a raging storm, countless revelations crashing through his mind in that instant.

The Ancient Supremes had always been trying to break the rules of the mortal reality, and the Divine War at the East Sea over two millennia ago had hidden truths. The Candle Dragon and the Qilin—two supreme beings—had been locked in a game all along.

The Candle Dragon Venerable won, but where exactly lay their victory?

The answer was now clear.

They had been preparing a way to shatter the rules of reality.

And Xu Fu was chosen by them—an unrivaled Alchemy Master in human history.

Alchemy itself was not the focal point.

The key was that he was human!

As for why the location was chosen to be the Sea of Eternal Life, the answer was even more apparent.

This place had always served as a prison crafted by the Qilin Venerable to punish sinners.

Countless lives of the Ancient God Clan had been entombed here over the ages.

And the authority held by this Ancient Supreme happened to be—life itself!

In the beginning, the first five Supremes journeyed across the depths of the universe in search of a place to reside. At that time, open warfare had not yet broken out between them. Even when skirmishes occurred, casual visits among them weren't uncommon. Thus, it wasn't impossible that every Ancient God Realm would contain its own Sea of Eternal Life, as the Primordials and Ancestors of the Qilin Clan also wielded the authority of life.

However, the most powerful authority undoubtedly rested in the hands of that Black Supreme.

Two thousand five hundred years ago, the Qilin somehow acquired the Candle Dragon's Dragon Bone.

And drained the entire East Sea of its life, scheming for something monumental.

The Candle Dragon Venerable decisively abandoned their confrontation with humanity and descended upon the East Sea in full force to declare war.

In the aftermath of the war, the Candle Dragon seized the Qilin's achievements!

Thus, the Penglai Ascension Array was born.

The Lin Family had misunderstood something all along. The so-called human transmutation was never meant for human use.

It was merely a rudimentary experiment.

The true array existed within the Sea of Eternal Life!

If Gu Jianlin's guess was correct, this "Stairway to Immortality" required an enormous amount of life essence. Humanity was merely insignificant embellishment—back during the East Sea War itself, who knows how many Ancient God Clan members perished?

Now, everything connected.

Including Kui—it was clear that their objective wasn't simply to heal themselves using the Sea of Eternal Life.

Because Kui, most likely, had treacherous intentions.

Both were mistaken for old monsters, yet as a Primordial, Kui's reaction was entirely different compared to this boy before them!

"Kui betrayed me."

Gu Jianlin spoke with detached indifference; his voice was cold and mechanical, carrying an ethereal yet unnervingly rigid quality.

The Jiuyin in his grasp let out a faint resonance.

At that moment, profound anger and an uncontrollable sorrow flashed across Kui's eyes.

"Do you wish to punish them?"

The entity murmured softly: "Please, offer me as a sacrifice. I am willing to slumber once more, becoming your power."

How to sacrifice...

Gu Jianlin found himself genuinely clueless, even contemplating a return to the Qilin Immortal Palace to consult his good sister for guidance.

Tang Ling's gaze toward him brimmed with terror. She didn't even know who he truly was.

It was as if he were possessed by the Candle Dragon Venerable!

"No, that's not right."

The Ancestor seemed slightly disoriented, perhaps because they had just awakened. They muttered to themselves: "You aren't the Venerable. You're a man! You're an impostor—how dare you wield that blade, and how dare you wear that face? Who are you? You despicable usurper of divine semblance; you deserve to be buried at the end of time!"

Suddenly, they drove a hand through their own heart, their face contorting into an insane grimace as terrifying Dragon Scales began to sprout, their mouth grotesquely protruding, blood-stained fangs erupting hideously.

"Return!"

The Ancestor's entire skeleton cracked and shattered, as though they were both destroying and recreating themselves simultaneously!

They were actually attempting to revert to their most Original form.

No longer a human body.

But a colossal, ancient god's form!

And yet, golden light erupted from their body, scattering in every direction.

They roared in agony, powerless to halt the corrosive invasion of this force.

The Heavenly Realm suppressed this transformation!

Such was the might of the Heavenly Realm, capable of reducing an Ancient God to their weakest!

In that moment, a strange rune flickered to life on the boy's forehead, an eerie halo spreading forth.

With a thunderous boom!

The icy, snow-covered world vanished.

What replaced it was an eternal night shrouded in shadow, with only a sinister red glow piercing the darkness.

Tang Ling realized the severity of the situation the moment she saw the red light. Her gaze turned hollow, her lips trembling: "This is bad. It's consciousness invasion! This Ancestor holds a high status—such abilities are within their grasp!"

As a Princess of the Headquarters, she naturally possessed ample knowledge about the Ancient God Clan.

Gu Jianlin didn't know what "consciousness invasion" meant but sensed an overwhelming mental force erupting from the boy, rushing forth like a raging sea tide to engulf their minds.

So, that's it.

Back in the Ancient Tomb, the Pharmacist Old Thief had remarked on the formidable learning capabilities of the Ancient God Clan.

Apparently, they could directly invade consciousness, pry into memories, and comprehend one's thoughts.

He couldn't allow that to happen.

Neither his thoughts nor the girl's beside him.

Without hesitation, Gu Jianlin grasped the girl's hand, and within his mind, the Black Qilin suddenly snapped open their slit pupils!

At that instant, the Ancestor—with those sinister slit eyes—raised their hands to clutch their own head.

Gu Jianlin mimicked them, lifting his hands to the entity's head in turn.

Bloody-red slit pupils locked onto golden ones.

Boom!

A searing pain erupted in Gu Jianlin's mind as the Black Qilin roared, breaking through the darkness!

The boy's blood-red slit pupils began bleeding profusely, and he released a howl of rage, as though it were the roar of a dragon: "Who are you? You're a usurper! How can you usurp such immense power? You are so vile... No, that's not right."

They stopped mid-roar, their anger and madness giving way to sudden clarity. In a soft tone, they said: "What exactly are you? So insignificant, yet so magnificent. How could this world produce a creature as strange as you?"

Bang!

Gu Jianlin successfully invaded their mind, extracting fragments of the Ancestor's broken memories.

Chapter 516: A Stunning Moment with a Slash!

Gu Jianlin gazed into the mental sea of this Ancestor, and it was from a first-person perspective.

The turbulent memories of Ancient Times surged forward like a flood, immersing him in the boundless river of history. From the cold depths of the silent universe to the majestic Ancient God Realm, the journey ultimately descended upon a battlefield filled with clashing weapons and ironclad steeds.

Amidst the endless yellow sand, a young boy clad in a black robe embroidered with golden patterns stood. He looked so youthful, barely over fourteen, yet commanded tens of thousands of troops galloping across the battleground, overseeing countless lives and deaths.

Clearly amidst the mortal world, yet seemingly detached from its worldly confines.

Golden brilliance lit up his eyes, and his silhouette grew taller inch by inch, illuminating the heavens and the earth.

"An Ancestor—merely so."

A voice, youthful yet majestic, reverberated across the lands like rolling thunder, deafening all: "Once I unite the Six Kingdoms, I shall ascend Mount Buzhou with my own hands, creating unparalleled glory, standing shoulder to shoulder with the heavens!"

Human he might be, yet his dignity was so boundless and vast.

Behind the boy, countless enormous faces gazed upon the world.

They were... countless Great Sages from the Human World!

The radiant golden light swept through the past, accompanied by roars of anger and defiance.

Gu Jianlin's vision was shrouded in darkness.

He didn't know how long he had slept, but when he opened his eyes again, he was greeted by the sight of the tumultuous Nether River.

A pitch-black stone pillar, towering to the heavens, tilted and fractured amid flashes of lightning and thunder. The earth was submerged in the raging black river, its waters teeming with skeletons and remains, seemingly consuming the entire world in their turbulent surge. The fractured sky appeared to flow with molten lava, and crimson blood rain swayed with the wind as a dragon soared skyward.

Gu Jianlin was so insignificant in this world, like an ant.

Faintly, a soft humming sounded.

A woman of unparalleled beauty—it was her mere half-visible profile that stunned the soul—her ink-black hair drifted in the wind, her plain-colored dress unsullied by a speck of dust, and her pale jade-like feet hovered in mid-air.

She held a crimson umbrella, as if she herself encapsulated the entire world.

Above the sky dome was a massive chasm—a divine vertical pupil filled with the fire of God's wrath!

"Humanity has Zheng. As long as he's alive, there's no chance."

Someone sighed softly, their voice resonating across the heavens and earth: "If you insist, it will lead to mutual destruction."

The stunningly beautiful woman said coldly, "You're becoming more and more like a human."

"Since I've come to this world, I must learn to adapt."

The steady voice replied, "I don't see humanity as an enemy. If you stubbornly seek the Primordial essence, it gives you even less reason to destroy this world. In two thousand years, someone will naturally help you find the answer."

The ethereal humming abruptly ceased.

The peerless beauty spoke softly, "Even without you or me, there are three others. Humanity enduring for two thousand years? Surprising."

"I promised Zheng to protect humanity for 1,600 years. His descendants will continue the search for my answer."

The voice lamented, "1,600 years later, humanity will produce its first fated woman. Though you cannot foresee the future, you can sense her presence in the intervals of time and space. If lonely, she will accompany you. She is of utmost importance; she will nurture two people—one named Qing, the other named Chi."

"Qing and Chi?"

The sensuous woman strode amidst the falling blood rain, "I faintly perceive their presence."

"Qing and Chi will be the ones to break the rules."

A laugh echoed lightly, "They will indirectly eliminate many of our obstacles."

In that moment, the sky thundered and roared as if the world was collapsing.

The peerless beauty remarked indifferently, "I somewhat regret sealing you back then."

"Rather than sealing, it was fulfilling."

The calm voice said lightly, "Should you conquer the Qilin, beware of the Vermilion Bird. While the former's potential matches yours, the latter feels immensely dangerous to me... yet, sadly, I can no longer see clearly."

The stunning woman remained silent for a long time, lowering her gaze to the tumultuous Nether River.

A massive dragon corpse nailed within the water lay fragmented, torrents of blood cascading down like waterfalls.

"And can you see why Qiu Niu betrayed me?"

A lengthy silence.

"Even you can't perceive it—it's unquestionably strange."

The peerless woman chuckled softly, "Then I shall wait. See you two thousand years later."

"Naturally."

Accompanied by an apathetic chuckling, the voice replied, "Again, I remind you: beware of Vermilion Bird. Though my vision is blurred now... your nemesis will be born from this."

The heavens grew silent as death.

"My nemesis?"

For a brief instant, the woman seemed to sense something, suddenly spinning around.

An ocean of blood-red Mandala flowers blossomed forth, as if the sea tide was composed of flowing blood.

She turned and cast a gaze that seemed to topple the entire world!

"You. Something feels off."

Gu Jianlin shuddered in terror!

That old monster!

Clearly, he was peering into the memories, yet the ancient being seemed to sense the anomaly—and sensed him!

This was power transcending time, even reversing it.

Breaking all conventional rules completely.

Even in the world of the transcendent, such ability was too nerve-racking!

The Candle Dragon Venerable's mesmerizing vertical pupils encompassed the whole world.

Blood-red mist veiled his vision.

In the end, only a chilling blade's gleam fractured the world; memory shards shattered like fragments!

No technique required.

No method needed.

It appeared casual, but it unleashed the ancient Blade Technique Extreme Intent, lonely enough to sever time itself!

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Boom!

The boy gave a skyward roar, his agonized scream echoing like a tormented Evil Spirit suffering infernal punishment. He seemed to be subjected to extreme torment, blood gushing from his seven orifices as the violent Dragon Transformation was suppressed by the Heavenly Person Realm's power.

The suppression drove him into utter frenzy!

He wasn't the only one roaring in rage.

Gu Jianlin also felt his mind splitting apart; it was the most excruciating pain he'd ever experienced. Even though the Supreme's spirit was resistant to external disturbances, the pain he felt was painfully real.

His world collapsed into ruin, his memory consumed by that blade gleam that severed worlds.

Tang Ling realized the Ancestor's intrusion into his thoughts had vanished. She saw the collapsing boy letting out mournful cries.

Unaware of what had just happened, the girl presumed he had borne everything in her stead. Her beautiful eyes flashed with uncontrollable shock and panic as she clasped his body tightly, retreating hastily.

Boom!

A shadow unleashed an earth-shattering black flash, slicing through the frozen ground!

The Fifth Rank Divine was struck into the earth, heavily injured and vomiting blood.

And that gold skeleton giant, resembling The Immortal of Colossal Spirit, neared collapse, teetering on the brink of ruin!

Another muffled boom resonated!

Lin Lan flickered to the ground; the immense impact pushed him backward repeatedly, blood trickling from his lips.

Tang Zijing stood suspended midair, overseeing from above.

In that instant, a terrifying Dragon Roar pierced the heavens and the earth!

The boy-like Ancestor-level Ancient God's flesh decayed and withered, leaving behind crystalline white bones, emitting a strong stench of blood that coalesced into a dragon and soared into the skies!

A brutal pressure unleashed a blizzard-like storm, akin to an avalanche!

"Primordial Return! It abandoned its flesh to undergo Primordial Return!"

Lin Lan shouted in alarm, "It's gone mad! It's lost its mind and is rampaging!"

Tang Ling roared, "Run!"

The Corpse Ghost pulled the sled, sprinting frantically. Ah Lan and Ah Yue steered it, their faces petrified in fear.

Lin Lan grabbed the boy and girl's arms, awakening on the sled with sudden jumps and flashes!

Boom!

A blood-red crazed dragon dove from the sky dome, akin to a falling meteor igniting in friction with the air. The Ancient Wilderness's terrifying aura erupted ferociously, its years of accumulated killing intent boiling over!

The world drowned in the ferocity of the Dragon Roar.

Tang Zijiang showed a momentary surprise before flying away without hesitation.

This was an indiscriminate attack. If he didn't leave now, he'd be buried here!

"Can't you directly space jump and carry everyone away?"

Tang Ling's hair scattered messily as she held the boy tightly, shouting in anxiety.

Lin Lan clasped the sled, channeling power and roaring, "I really regret not being Seventh Rank!"

The blood-red light illuminated their faces.

Despair.

Fear.

A loss for words.

Gu Jianlin, engulfed in agony, lost consciousness. He reverted to pure instinct, the Black Dragon within his mind roaring as if consuming this agony, clenching tightly onto the Ghost Knife.

Jiuyin, typically dormant, now trembled uncontrollably, as if awakened from slumber.

On the gleaming blade surface, a pair of blood-red vertical pupils reflected.

A voice, lone and ethereal, echoed from the blade: "Traitor!"

Gu Jianlin's mind contained nothing but the blade's gleam that tore worlds apart. His grip on the knife tightened, veins bulging on his hand as blood-red Mandala flowers bloomed wildly amidst the snowstorm. One slash fell!

It dazzled time itself!

Chapter 517: The Comatose Boy, The Girl Who Refuses to Let Go

This was the first strike unleashed by Gu Jianlin.

There was no need to hone any techniques; the combined skill of the Ghost Slayer Path was already flawlessly innate. The Sword Drawing Slash empowered by Divine Speed Force, accompanied by the Dimension Slash that tore through space-time, the ability of Space Jump, and the final act of Space Freeze!

Four elements fused as one!

But that was not all. The lingering essence of an ancient blade technique's Extreme Intent in his mind awakened an eternal desolation and an unparalleled arrogance, rousing the long-silent Jiuyin. It even unleashed a potent aura of bloodlust, its blade's ringing echoing like a dragon's roar!

Tang Ling was shocked to realize that the boy she was holding had vanished!

The wind stirred her snow-white hair, her beautiful eyes brimming with terror.

"Where is he?!"

Lin Lan roared, forcibly interrupting the Space Jump.

The gale whipped through the short hair of the Charming Ladies, their enchanting eyes mirroring the descent of a blood-red figure from the heavens!

Space shuddered faintly.

This ancient Ancestor, after undergoing Primordial Return, intended to obliterate the entire space.

At this rate, no one could survive!

Boom!

A massive blood-red dragon's shadow descended from above, resembling a meteorite crashing from the heavens. The swirling blizzard evaporated in an instant, and the terrifying pressure scattered the snowdrifts below. The solid permafrost caved in abruptly!

In a fleeting moment, time had frozen solid!

It was as though the entire world plunged into the underworld, where, for just an instant, eerie Mandala Flowers bloomed, their countless petals falling away!

This was a blade technique unimaginable to humankind. The awakened Jiuyin soared skyward like a jet-black dragon, and wherever it passed, space-time decayed and shattered, leaving behind ghastly fissures that exposed the primordial darkness of the universe.

In a flash, Gu Jianlin appeared in mid-air. His long, jet-black hair flowed like a cascade, embodying the most powerful and violent Ancient Supreme. With an imperious, contemptuous posture, he unleashed a single strike. The cold gleam of the blade seemed to eclipse all within the world; everything dimmed in its presence!

A matchless brilliance.

An unmatched severity.

For a fleeting instant, the blade's lonely radiance seemed to sever the threads of time!

The blood-red dragon's descending shadow quaked, and in its eerie, vertical pupils, a millennium of confusion and melancholy seemed to surface. The looming aura of annihilation suddenly halted, torn apart by the ephemeral slash of solitude!

The blade's light was too swift; it vanished in an instant.

Only the fractured blade marks trailing through the Void seemed to pierce the world before violently shattering apart!

"Venerable."

The pale white bones of the Ancestor stood amidst the storm, then knelt upon the ground and fell into a deep slumber.

With a thunderous crash, the blood-red dragon's shadow was cleaved in two. As collapsing space crumbled in silence, the entire Void disintegrated like a shattered mirror and was buried in oblivion.

"What the hell just happened?!"

Lin Lan's mind froze as he mumbled, "Isn't Xiao Gu a Divine? How did he suddenly turn into a Ghost Slayer?!"

The Extreme Thunder Great Sword roared as it came, resting against his neck.

"Forget everything you've just witnessed. Don't tell anyone, or I'll kill you right here and now. Don't think that being Sixth Rank makes you untouchable. I know the poor state of your body."

Tang Ling's voice was cold as ice. "If you force my hand, I'll drag you down with me, and you'll surely die."

The hand gripping her sword hilt was steady, the blade trembling faintly.

"As if I'd dare mess with you!"

Lin Lan's face looked mournful. Then his expression changed. "Oh no! Your man's about to crash to his death!"

In an instant, he used Space Jump and vanished.

Tang Ling looked up in bewilderment, ignoring Lin Lan's nonsense. All she saw was the boy's shadow plummeting from the sky.

He appeared to have lost consciousness.

Lin Lan leaped midair, catching him as he fell, and with another flash, they both landed on the sled.

At some point, Gu Jianlin's entire body had ruptured with countless wounds, making him look like a bloodied figure. Notably, blood poured from his seven orifices, his face etched with excruciating pain as if enduring some torturous agony, his brow tightly furrowed.

The blade named Jiuyin was held tightly in his hand, drinking greedily of the Ancestor's blood, reveling in bliss.

"Give him to me!"

Tang Ling commanded sharply.

Lin Lan froze for a moment as he held the boy in his arms, his face twisting in disbelief. "Your Highness, why are you treating goodwill like donkey liver and lungs? Didn't I hear you're a germaphobe? He's covered in blood—let me handle this!"

"Get lost! Quit running your mouth at a time like this!"

Tang Ling snatched the bloodied boy from his arms, cradling him against herself, before donning a monocle.

As a mist shrouded the lens, her expression subtly changed. In a low voice, she said, "His brain has suffered significant trauma, and his consciousness is barely intact. As for his injuries, they're a backlash from Jiuyin. A long-standing mystery has finally been solved: aside from its unparalleled sharpness, Jiuyin can draw upon space-time to summon power."

Lin Lan's face darkened. "What kind of power does it summon?"

Tang Ling gazed deeply at the boy's blood-soaked form and murmured, "The power of Candle Dragon Venerable!"

Lin Lan shuddered with fear. "This blade is absurdly overpowered!"

"That depends on whose hands it's in. That strike just now was likely a casual slash from an Ancient Supreme in antiquity, recorded by Jiuyin and reproduced at a heavily weakened scale."

Tang Ling spoke softly. "Even so, it remains a slash of Candle Dragon Venerable's. It's beyond what he can withstand."

At that moment, Gu Jianlin's trembling hand made a slight movement.

Jiuyin quivered, and on its blade, eerie vertical pupils flickered to life. It let out a mocking voice: "A mere human with some insight. You even recognized my title! But what's the fuss about killing one Ancestor?"

The blade sneered. "In my prime, I never slew the nameless!"

Lin Lan's expression was ghostly pale, as if facing an abyssal foe.

Tang Ling raised a hand to calm him, her sharp gaze fixed on the blade as she asked solemnly, "Are you Jiuyin?"

She knew that all evolving Mythical Weapons possessed consciousness.

Extreme Thunder did.

Jiuyin, naturally, did too!

"Woman, you've got good eyes!"

The blade vibrated with pride. "I suggest you leave immediately. The chaos earlier disturbed a terrifying entity, especially the thoughts left behind by that Ancestor. That entity is now using its Authority to kill you."

Boom!

A ferocious blizzard swept in from afar, obliterating everything in its path.

From a distance, it appeared as an endless expanse of white—a terrifying bloodstorm.

A Catastrophe of annihilation!

"Run! Get inside the palace! Any other route is a deathtrap!"

Lin Lan seized the sled, ignoring the Corpse Ghosts entirely, and in a flash, jumped into the bronze palace.

Tang Ling, cradling the unconscious boy, sprinted to one side of the massive gate, abruptly shifting into her Evolutionary State.

Ah Yue joined her, helping to push the bronze gate of the palace.

"Push harder!"

Lin Lan and Ah Lan strained from the other side, slamming the gate closed at the final moment before the raging storm could consume them!

Bang!

The entire bronze palace trembled violently, and the heavy door began to crack under the pressure.

Ah Lan, drawing upon the Ancient Martial Path, used his own body to brace against the bronze door.

Ah Yue condensed a barrier with her telekinesis, forcibly sealing the gaps, her face pale as paper.

"It's not enough! There are other gaps in the palace!"

Their faces were ashen, nearly frozen into statues.

The violent wind and snow surged in through the cracks in the bronze palace, the extreme cold roaring like a monstrous beast.

"Let me handle this!"

Stripping off unnecessary garments, Lin Lan stood tall, roaring like a true warrior. Empowered by Divine Speed Force at its peak, he unleashed a tempest of blade strikes!

Against the tide of the blizzard, mirror reflection was useless.

Reflecting the storm only worsened the cold's brutality.

As for Space Freeze, it barely held for an instant.

Only the Divine Speed's Dimension Slash could hold the storm at bay!

Boom!

The Extreme Thunder Great Sword plunged into the ground, unleashing searing lightning.

Tang Ling retreated to a corner, shielding herself from the all-encompassing blizzard. She removed her heavy fur cloak and pulled the boy's face close to her chest, using her remaining body warmth to keep him alive.

The temperature continued to drop. Her frost-white hair gradually became laden with snow.

Frost crusted her long, curled lashes; her cold, beautiful face was utterly bloodless.

The piercing wind lashed at her back, almost freezing her solid, her bones and flesh nearing collapse under the relentless cold.

Even the protection of the Sword Bone proved inadequate against such brutal fridity.

Still, she did not move.

Chapter 518 Tang Ling: Am I the Female Sacrifice?!

The bronze palace was ravaged by the biting blizzard, as if swallowed by an abyss.

No one knew how much time had passed.

The howling wind of the blizzard gradually faded.

The lightning emitted by the Extreme Thunder Great Sword flickered in the darkness, eventually dimming into a faint spark.

Tang Ling had lost consciousness, clutching the boy in her arms as she collapsed.

Everyone was breathing.

They were all still alive.

Thunk.

Lin Lan could no longer hold on. Both his stamina and spirituality had been utterly drained. He tossed the Tachi in his hand to the ground. Despite his usual nonchalant demeanor, he had stood at the very front, shielding the women and children in the corner. At this moment, his role as a Night Watcher was unmistakable.

"Ah Lan, Ah Yue, block all the gaps in this palace immediately. Make a mud pipe that won't crack for venting smoke. If we don't raise the temperature soon, none of us will survive—we'll all die," he ordered.

He flung the Tachi away and collapsed directly to the ground.

Breathing heavily, his body was entirely limp.

Only two Charming Ladies still had the strength to move, their naturally cold-resistant physiques allowing them to remain active.

At moments like this, the superiority of the Heavenly Master Path became evident. Ah Yue, who could manipulate the four elements—Earth, Wind, Water, Fire—as well as Telekinesis, braved the icy winds to dig up frozen soil from outside. She then thawed it with high-temperature flames, mixing it with melted snow to seal every gap in the bronze palace.

Before sealing the space, Ah Lan dragged in the heavy sled and the frozen supplies it carried.

As for the frozen Corpse Ghosts, they were left outside for now.

Finally, a makeshift clay vent pipe stretched up to the palace's ceiling.

A bonfire was set ablaze using the specially-carried Ghost Wood stored in their backpack.

Ghost Wood burned steadily.

The temperature gradually rose.

Fortunately, the bronze palace wasn't particularly large—about the size of an ordinary chapel.

Otherwise, warming up the space would have been far more challenging.

This showcased Lin Lan's survival expertise, along with the racial advantages of the Charming Ladies.

In under five minutes, the place was transformed into a makeshift refuge.

"Go take care of your husband," Ah Lan said to her sister. "I'll check on the others."

She retrieved a tent from her backpack, setting it up. Then, she spread out a carpet and moved the boy and girl inside.

Initially, she intended to separate them.

But then she realized that, whether from the cold or sheer muscle tension, Tang Ling was clutching the boy's head against her chest with a death grip—it was impossible to pry them apart.

Applying more force might have dislocated her hands.

Resigned, Ah Lan could only stuff the pair into the same sleeping bag.

"That girl's backpack has secret medicine. She's the Princess from HQ—she's bound to be loaded," Lin Lan muttered, having been dragged into the tent to huddle for warmth with his "little wife." Between gasps, he added, "I taught you how to read before, didn't I? There's something called Recovery Liquid—pour it into them immediately. Remember, in the human world, there's no shortage of secret medicine. When in doubt, rely on those. Even if I'm not around in the future, you'll know how to raise our kids properly."

Ah Yue murmured in acknowledgment and held him tightly in her arms.

Ah Lan, meanwhile, retrieved the secret medicine from the backpack and fed it to the tightly-entwined boy and girl.

Once everything was done, they finally breathed a sigh of relief and sat down to rest.

"That Ancestor is far too powerful. If it weren't for the fact that he hasn't fully recovered to his peak, we'd all be dead by now. I have to admit, even though they're a different species, their battle willpower truly commands respect," Lin Lan said between labored breaths. The firelight illuminated his face, still etched with lingering fear. "And that Ancestor was merely one of the sentinels guarding the Sea of

Eternal Life. The truly terrifying monsters remain in the depths of the sea. The worst part is, that thing has already set its sights on us. It's just that the distance is still too great, so it can't reach us for now."

He paused. "If my guess is correct, its top priority right now is recovering to its peak state."

In other words, what had just happened...

Was nothing more than the monster sneezing.

And it had nearly wiped them out.

Truly terrifying.

Ah Lan and Ah Yue wore blank expressions, clearly unable to comprehend.

As the fire burned brighter, the temperature in the refuge climbed to over ten degrees Celsius.

After a lengthy silence, Tang Ling awakened from her unconsciousness. She could feel her once-frozen, stiff limbs slowly warming up as blood flowed through her veins again. Her body teemed with renewed vitality—a sensation brought on by the Recovery Liquid.

"Unbelievable... still alive," she murmured softly.

This Princess from HQ had never been in such a disheveled state before. Her soaked white hair clung to her forehead, her once-dignified gaze rendered chaotic. She was entirely drenched in melted snow, with bloodstains scattered across her body.

But most importantly, she noticed something peculiar against her chest.

Her cheeks flushed red as she reflexively tried to push the boy away.

But then she stopped herself, remembering it was she who had carried him here in the first place.

Forget it, she thought. Considering how injured he was, she might as well let him stay in her embrace.

It was warm and comfortable—he could even double as a pillow.

After Gu Jianlin had been fed the Recovery Liquid, the wounds covering his body had begun to heal.

But his expression remained one of excruciating pain.

"What's going on?"

She asked softly, "Why hasn't he woken up?"

Ah Lan and Ah Yue exchanged glances, their confusion evident. "We clearly gave him the medicine," they said.

Lin Lan forced himself upright, his expression grim. "This kid's mental state is off. Who knows what he really is? Honestly, if he didn't look so much like Old Gu, I'd suspect he was an Ancient God!"

Chapter 519 Tang Ling: Am I the Female Sacrifice?!_2

Tang Ling glared at him fiercely: "What did I just tell you?"

Lin Lan wisely shut his mouth.

Tang Ling then looked at the boy in her arms, her expression becoming complicated.

The strangeness and peculiarity of it all inevitably made one think.

This is not an ability humans should possess.

Gu Jianlin.

Who exactly are you?

Unintentionally, in his dream, Gu Jianlin seemed to have dreamt of something, struggling painfully.

He instinctively held her tighter.

The sound of a heartbeat could be heard.

As if one could hear the boy's deep-seated confusion, helplessness, and fear.

Tang Ling, being of the Sword Sect path, must have a firm will and the ability to empathize with all things.

Thus, she could feel the emotions this boy was conveying.

Like a child seeking comfort from a nightmare.

Truly stubborn.

Tang Ling stroked his hair, took out a wet wipe from her pocket, and wiped the blood off his face.

She then remembered that the boy was only seventeen, not yet an adult.

How much suffering must a child endure to reach this point?

"Forget about this, you can't offend me."

Tang Ling turned her head, speaking coldly: "If the Kui Dragon Ancestor in the Sea of Eternal Life awakens and wants to use something left by Candle Dragon Venerable to make a big move, then all the forces will find a way to come in. And they won't enter on foot like we did, but will use ways like space-time transmission to avoid falling into dimensional turbulence."

She took a deep breath, her expression serious: "If I'm not mistaken, the dimensional level here will continue to upgrade."

The higher the dimensional level, the stronger the spiritual fluctuation it can withstand.

At that time, those Holy Land Level Ascenders will definitely flock in.

Judgement Court, Night Watchers, Ying Family, Sword Tomb, and the major families.

Or even Divine Generals.

And the Six Major Families of the You Ying Group, even the most mysterious Dusk.

There might even be a piece for the Ancient God Clan!

Ascender organizations from other countries will probably want a piece too.

Once the news of the Sea of Eternal Life gets out.

"Hey hey, Your Highness, I promise I won't say a word!"

Lin Lan clearly felt that the other side truly had the intention to kill him, worried he'd become a traitor:
"Old Gu is a close friend of mine, his son is like my own! I promise..."

As soon as he finished speaking, the silent Jiuyin suddenly floated up and slapped him hard with the back of its knife!

Slap!

Lin Lan was dumbfounded.

"Bold slave beast, how dare you act recklessly!"

The blade of Jiuyin reflected a pair of eerie vertical pupils, scolding: "Speak nonsense again, and I'll chop off your head!"

Lin Lan was shocked: "What the hell? Slave beast?"

Ah Lan and Ah Yue exchanged glances.

The so-called slave beast is actually a special term from the Ancient God Clan.

It roughly means the same as poultry to humans.

In ancient times, the Ancient God Clan would domesticate human traitors who came under their command, calling them slave beasts.

Tang Ling watched coldly on the side, not knowing why watching this fool "eat dirt" always felt satisfying.

However, Jiuyin turned its blade again, examining her.

"This human girl isn't bad."

It said with satisfaction: "Can be a Female Sacrifice!"

Tang Ling was momentarily dazed, her cold voice rising: "Female Sacrifice?"

What kind of broken sword is this!

However, at this moment, the parrot in Gu Jianlin's backpack stuck out its head, not knowing its species, still bouncing around despite the dangers it had faced.

"Sin Slave, Female Sacrifice!"

It yelled defiantly.

Jiuyin was clearly an intelligent, growing Mythical Weapon, taking a deep look at the bird.

Showing a look of astonishment.

It fell silent, returning to the boy's hand.

As a Mythical Weapon once used by Candle Dragon Venerable, it hadn't awakened for a long time.

Not since it was broken.

But this time, it felt the presence of the Venerable.

The boy in front of it was a bit peculiar, it didn't even know his origins.

Just an instinctive sense of closeness and familiarity.

Ancient Supremes, though of different genders, cannot reproduce offspring.

They can only use bones and blood to create something akin to themselves.

This boy is likely created by the Supreme for such an attempt!

Isn't he the son of the Venerable!

Wait, the Venerable abandoned me, so why protect their son!

No, the Venerable abandoned me not because of heartlessness, but because I wasn't strong enough.

Must prove myself again, return to the Venerable's side!

"This boy's will has collapsed, not sure if he can hold on himself. If possible, on the Ice Field of the Sea of Eternal Life, there is usually a kind of worm called Snowfoot Worm and a special shrub called Heavenly Cold Wood. You should mash the woodchips and the worm's body together, and mix with virgin blood for him to drink."

Jiuyin said proudly: "It can help him recover quickly!"

Lin Lan heard this and retorted: "How clean and hygienic!"

Tang Ling also felt a chill at this.

"Wait, do we have a virgin here?"

Lin Lan's own two wives definitely weren't, he turned his head and blankly looked at Her Highness, couldn't help but say: "Your Highness, don't tell us the two of you have already hit a home run!"

Gu Jianlin remained oblivious in his slumber.

Tang Ling glared angrily, her cheeks burning: "Get lost! I can use Extreme Thunder!"

"Cough cough."

Ah Lan and Ah Yue helped smooth things over.

Lin Lan suddenly understood: "Alright, once I recover, I'll go out to find these materials!"

He struggled to his feet, lighting a torch to examine the dark palace.

"Huh?"

He suddenly felt something was off.

Tang Ling frowned, asked: "What is it?"

Lin Lan looked around, only to see the flesh had completely evaporated, even the corpses had turned into sinister white bones, the ground leaving traces of an Alchemy Matrix, evidently used for the resurrection of that Ancestor.

The center of the palace was a bronze Ancient Coffin, with its lid open.

There were ancient artifacts looming within the coffin.

At the end of the darkness was a giant iron throne.

Engraved with countless dense markings.

Logically, this bronze palace is a relic of the Ancient God Clan, the presence of writing is normal.

Except, this is not Ancient God Clan script.

"Isn't this the Night Watcher's cipher?"

Lin Lan was shocked: "Old Gu has been here!"

Tang Ling also widened her beautiful eyes, knowing about Professor Gu's great reputation.

Didn't expect to find traces he left here.

Everyone knows Old Gu is unparalleled in archaeology.

Recalling the vastness of time and space, feeling hopeless grief.

No, that's off-track.

In short, it's very impressive.

Anything left by Professor Gu means value!

"Wait."

Lin Lan scratched his head, muttering: "There was a recent resurrection ceremony for an Ancestor here, planned by Tang Zijing and another Divine. If that unknown Latin Divine doesn't understand the Night Watcher's cipher, that's normal, but Tang Zijing surely knows, why didn't he erase these traces?"

Tang Ling was slightly taken aback, looking at those cipher texts, she asked solemnly: "I don't know if my great-grandfather can recognize this writing, but as a Night Watcher, you should be able to recognize it, right?"

Lin Lan nodded slightly: "Of course!"

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Gu Jianlin was sinking into his nightmare, suffering unbearably.

Peering into the memory of that Ancestor already brought him significant psychological pressure.

The final strike from Candle Dragon Venerable further shattered his spirit.

The mind of an Ancient Supreme is immune to external interference, but if it's the same level, that's another story.

The memory of that Ancestor brought him many crucial pieces of information.

For instance, the President, and the Green and Red Dual Kings, were all born opportunely.

The Ancient Supremes were not unaware of their existence, they even foresaw their emergence.

But they did not interfere.

They were even pleased to see these people grow.

No wonder, the teacher's view is correct.

The true enemies of the Ancient Supremes are always the same kind, not humans.

The stunning woman appearing in the memory was naturally Candle Dragon Venerable.

The other one was most likely Bai Ze Venerable!

Every exchange between two Ancient Supremes is invaluable!

It even mentioned the Vermilion Bird!

Candle Dragon Venerable's nemesis would be born because of the Vermilion Bird.

What does this mean?

Candle Dragon Venerable is so powerful, how could there still be an enemy?

If there is, the most suspect should be the Qilin.

Or perhaps himself, the Second Generation Qilin.

How could it have anything to do with the Vermilion Bird?

More importantly, Candle Dragon Venerable once asked, not knowing why the Ancestor of her clan betrayed.

This statement had such a strong sense of déjà vu.

Gu Jianlin could only think of one organization.

The Order of the Hidden!

Supreme-Level means!

Chapter 520: Gu Jianlin: I am Her Husband

Gu Jianlin woke up from the chaos, his mind filled with fragmented flashes of a blade, a pain as if it were shattering his skull.

First, his consciousness was hazy; second, his mental state was disoriented to the extreme—even moving a finger felt impossible, like his entire body was falling apart. Likely, this was the aftermath brought by Jiuyin.

He hadn't expected to see the old monster again, and her terrifying power shocked him once more.

If Qilin rules over life and death, then the power Candle Dragon controls is time and space. And not just simple teleportation or destruction—it can even interfere with the past and the future.

The mysteries of the Extraordinary World defy explanation.

If one must use science to explain them, they could only be attributed to abilities in the quantum domain.

He was absolutely certain about one thing.

When he borrowed the Ancestor's memories and saw the old monster, she had already sensed him in that very instant.

Thus, the old monster used her past self to mercilessly strike him with a blade.

If not for his equivalent Supreme Level status, he would likely have been reduced to ashes and suffer complete mental obliteration in that single strike.

The memory he glimpsed carried an immense amount of information, yet he couldn't delve deeper into thought.

Because it hurt too much.

"Hsss."

He sucked in air sharply in pain, his eyelids twitching uncontrollably.

"Awake?"

Tang Ling's cool voice came through.

Gu Jianlin felt a soft, elastic touch at the back of his head, only to realize he was resting on her lap. Frost-white hair like snow fell across his cheeks, occasionally brushing against the tip of his nose.

Her snowy complexion carried a warm glow cast by the flickering firelight.

She wore only a loose knitted sweater and black fleece-lined thermal wear, while the firelight illuminated her porcelain-like face.

The fur coat, on the other hand, was draped over the boy's body.

"Well, at least we're still alive."

When trapped in the nightmare just now, one major reason he managed to hold on was the faint sensation of being embraced by someone—a warmth and softness constantly enveloping him, acting as his shield against the cold wind and rain.

Such moments where he was protected were rare.

The last time was with Youzhu.

As for Old Gu, he didn't count—what's touching about being shielded by a coarse old man?

"I don't know how you managed to switch onto the Ghost Slayer Path, or how you awakened Jiuyin to unleash such a terrifying strike. Since you won't tell me, I won't ask. Everyone has their secrets. But once this matter gets exposed, you'll find yourself in a very dangerous situation."

Tang Ling raised her hand and tied her long hair into a neat high ponytail: "Even if the King of Qing can protect you, at most, he can shield you for two years. Besides, he has his own agenda—he's not going to guard you all the time."

Gu Jianlin chuckled silently; it seemed he had indeed exposed far too much this time.

Tang Ling's gaze towards him was complicated because she had figured a lot of things out.

Whether in the Underwater Palace, the incidents in Returning Burial Forest, or the one-versus-five on the Bren Hill, and finally facing four Twilight Candidates alone in Balensa City—

This boy seemingly possessed both a main body and a clone, following different paths.

Whether he was truly human, that was hard to say.

"Aren't you curious?"

Gu Jianlin asked softly.

Tang Ling paused in silence: "Curious, but afraid to ask."

Gu Jianlin was taken aback: "You're afraid to ask?"

Tang Ling pressed her crimson lips together, saying nothing. She simply didn't want to hear an unsettling answer.

Because she didn't know what she would do then.

"This isn't the time to discuss this. Your injuries are severe this time. Lin Lan and his two wives gathered materials and fed you some medicine to wake you up. But the dosage wasn't enough, and you're probably still in pain. They're out looking for more medicine now." Tang Ling awkwardly changed the subject.

Her fingertip had recently been pricked, squeezing out a few drops of virgin blood.

However, she didn't mention a word about it.

"I see."

Gu Jianlin realized he was inside a bronze palace now, with all surrounding gaps tightly sealed.

A bonfire burned warmly, making the space cozy.

This was a temporarily modified shelter.

But at that moment, he noticed he was still gripping the ghost knife named Jiuyin.

Jiuyin trembled faintly, its blade reflecting a pair of eerie vertical pupils.

"How is it?"

A proud and dignified voice echoed in his mind: "Isn't this Lord useful?"

Gu Jianlin's heart jolted with shock—the voice wasn't nearly as pleasant as the old monster's.

But the tone was terrifyingly similar.

"Your body is still too weak. Just one use of this Lord left you so frail. How do you plan to lead this Lord to dominate the battlefield in the future? But, considering your potential, this Lord reluctantly accepts you. Work hard in your cultivation—One Strike Ancestor is merely the beginning. This Lord's most glorious days were when I slew Primordials!"

Jiuyin yearned eagerly: "Owning this Lord—that's your blessing."

After obtaining Jiuyin, this was the first time Gu Jianlin heard it speak to him.

It turns out growth-type Mythical Weapons genuinely possess life.

With their own distinct personalities.

Strangely, this knife had quite the character.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Gu Jianlin."

Gu Jianlin replied with his consciousness: "Please guide me."

"Good. Having a descendant like you is the first step to my clan's revival!"

Jiuyin said arrogantly: "So, while no one is around, devour this Female Sacrifice first."

Gu Jianlin froze, turning his head to glance at the silver-haired girl beside him.

What nonsense!

Tang Ling looked at him suspiciously: "What's wrong?"

Gu Jianlin shook his head, signaling he was fine, and replied in his mind: "Female Sacrifice?"

"Isn't she the Female Sacrifice serving you? I must say, you're quite impressive. This woman, no matter the era, is an unparalleled masterpiece, with extraordinary talent! I've even sensed traces of the detestable Bai Ze Clan's aura! This is a top-notch cauldron; you should dual cultivate with her now!"

Jiuyin commanded loftily.

Gu Jianlin didn't know how to respond: "We don't share that kind of relationship, and I can't move right now."

"Oh, playing coy now?"

Jiuyin retorted unhappily: "What kind of era is this? Didn't anyone in the human world teach you? The Hehuan Skill is vast and profound; female dominance is common. You don't even understand this? Does the Ancient Joy Sect still exist? Based on your age, you should be about eighteen. How can you be so ignorant?"

Gu Jianlin exhaled deeply, suppressing his rising blood pressure.

Once upon a time, he was the one mocking others.

How had the roles reversed?

Not even a knife could get away with this.

"As the son of the Lord, you're truly bringing shame to her!"

Jiuyin chided.

Gu Jianlin froze, understanding something vaguely.

No wonder this knife recognized him.

Besides possessing a part of the old monster's power—

The main reason was his existence itself, too unique to ignore.

So unique that this seemingly not-so-bright weapon misunderstood.

"You've got it wrong."

Gu Jianlin responded coldly: "I'm not Candle Dragon Venerable's son."

Jiuyin was stunned: "How could that be?"

Gu Jianlin said icily: "I'm her husband!"

Boom!

A shockwave of immense fear exploded within Jiuyin's consciousness, the blade trembling violently.

The knife seemed utterly petrified.

Gu Jianlin said nothing further; he was simply toying with the knife for now, with zero sincere intent.

Suddenly, Tang Ling handed him a freshly written document: "Take a look; it might be important to you."

Gu Jianlin blinked in surprise: "What is it?"

"A cipher message your father left here. Lin Lan cracked it and passed it to you."

Tang Ling spoke softly: "The contents recorded here are terrifying."