

Ancient 581

Chapter 581: Penglai Fairy Island!

On that massive island, the ruins erupted with blazing golden light, akin to the brilliance bursting forth from a polar night, except it was a magnificent gold, as if an ancient fairyland was opening its gates to the mortal realm.

With a deafening roar, the heavy armored vehicle sped toward the golden light's source.

Gu Jianlin struggled to maintain his balance and had no choice but to stab his blade into the metal plate on the roof to stabilize himself forcibly: "I didn't study the Sunflower Manual. This is the effect of my Mythical Weapon—it just looks a bit more handsome."

In contrast, Moon Princess resembled a martial arts master, casually crouching on the vehicle's roof with ease. She reached out to touch his body, her eyes filled with doubt as she remarked, "So hard, and without warmth. No breathing or heartbeat—is this really a shadow? What kind of technique is this to transform you into the Ghost Slayer Path?"

She couldn't fathom how, every time they were apart for a short while, this guy always managed to come up with something new.

"Yeah, I have a growth-enhancing Mythical Weapon now too."

After Gu Jianlin said this, he suddenly realized she had been staring at his face the whole time.

That look in her eyes was very peculiar.

Moon Princess puffed her cheeks and turned her head, clearly delighted to reunite in this place.

But the unexpected part was—this guy had become so much better-looking.

You're a man!

Originally, she believed her advantage lay in her beauty.

But she had to admit—Gu Jianlin's current form was absolutely stunning.

One fleeting glance was enough to make hearts race uncontrollably.

She felt a pang of jealousy.

And admiration.

"What's wrong?"

Gu Jianlin turned his gaze toward the golden light emanating from the island.

"Nothing... I have no interest in talking to girly little ghosts!"

Moon Princess snorted softly but stayed close to him.

"You're the girly little ghost."

Gu Jianlin frowned: "It's just my appearance that's changed. My gender hasn't."

Moon Princess shot him a sideways glance, her beautiful eyes devoid of emotion: "How can you prove that? Go ahead, let me see."

Gu Jianlin responded with a quick chop to her head.

For some reason, whether as siblings or anything else, their personalities always seemed to clash.

At that moment, the heavy armored vehicle jolted violently.

A petite black silhouette floated in front of them, standing amidst the wind and snow.

Above her head, a terrifying Elemental Turbulence was forming.

Lu Zjin!

The Heavenly Master Path at Zero-tier granted Divine Sense, that is, spiritual detection capabilities—but no combat power.

The First Order was referred to as Alchemist, also known as Two Forms.

At this stage, one would wield the powers of Earth, Wind, Water, and Fire, greatly enhancing their combat abilities.

The Second Rank was called Mage, also known as Four Symbols.

This stage allowed the fusion of the four elemental powers into turbulence, unleashing devastating lethality.

The Third Stage was termed Mind Master, capable of unleashing immense mental powers.

The Fourth Stage was Refiner, mastering the Beast Taming Technique—essentially telekinesis in modern terms.

The Fifth Stage was called Feathered People, capable of condensing the so-called Golden Core.

Now, five types of turbid flows—Earth, Wind, Water, Fire, and Spirit—converged mid-air, accompanied by a radiant golden Golden Core hovering.

This was Lu Zijin unleashing her strongest killing intent despite not being at her peak!

The Golden Core absorbed the energy of the Elemental Turbulence, suddenly plunging downward!

"Get out of the way!"

A sharp shout from Lu Zijin rang out in mid-air.

The two troublemakers on the vehicle's roof immediately utilized Space Jump to dodge—they sure knew the perks of high mobility on the Ghost Slayer Path.

Still, they couldn't help but feel suspicious.

Was Lu Zijin deliberately retaliating against their flirtatious bantering?

As the armored vehicle was on the brink of destruction, an elderly voice rang out.

"Star Shifting!"

That was Old Master Si, employing his Divination Master ability to deflect the enemy's attack.

Unfortunately, Lu Zijin was also an experienced master and held a Minister-Level rank—such a trick was unlikely to escape her notice. She snapped her fingers without hesitation, and the Golden Core exploded prematurely!

With a resounding bang, the heavy armored vehicle was overturned by the dreadful energy and suddenly flattened.

Yet, mid-air, it exhibited a bizarre suspension.

This was thanks to Xia Yu, who was also a Heavenly Master, and a Fifth Stage Feathered Person. She used telekinesis to forcibly stabilize the vehicle.

She kicked open the car door and floated in mid-air.

Si Wei'an also jumped out from one side's door, landing in the snow.

Only Old Master Si, unable to move spryly as an elderly man, stumbled into the snow, hitting his head and yelling furiously: "Si Wei'an, get your secret weapon out and finish them off! Stop stalling!"

The old man was, of course, referring to the fragment of the Qilin Wedge.

Si Wei'an's face twisted into an enraged expression. Just as he was about to curse, a piercing blade cry echoed overhead!

It was like the wails of countless Evil Spirits in Hell, directly disrupting his spirituality. A chilling flash descended from the sky, slicing off his arm in a spray of blood.

He roared skyward in fury, only to be kicked and sent flying!

Bam!

He smashed into the ice mountain, but fortunately, a massive skeletal Spiritual Body appeared behind him, burning with pale Ghost Fire.

It crazily devoured the life force of those monstrous creatures.

Moon Princess landed lightly, vermillion dragon horns sprouting from her head. Her alluring blood-red eyes shimmered with eerie beauty. Her down jacket had already been torn apart by the wind; black sailor attire rippled, her skirt swaying.

Her legs, wrapped in black stockings, bent slightly while her black leather shoes embedded into the snow.

A mighty killing aura spread in all directions.

"Oh, Miss Yue Ji, haven't you caused enough trouble this time? Wouldn't you consider coming back with me?"

Xia Yu's evening gown fluttered in the cold wind, a hint of admiration in her beautiful eyes. Golden ornate patterns adorned her face, her eyes transformed into phoenix-like ones. Her once-pinned hair now cascaded freely, hints of majestic feathers emerging, and behind her, phantom phoenix tails appeared!

Evolutionary State!

The Vermilion Bird Clan's Evolutionary State!

Moon Princess had met this woman before. She was one of the Twilight Candidates, possessing an Evolutionary State—and a rather unconventional orientation.

In the chilly wind, an exotic scent wafted, stirring her most primitive desires.

But thanks to her resolute mindset, the image in her mind was of a cold and indifferent face. The imagined scene featured the two of them in her bedroom, as the headboard repeatedly struck against the wall, forcing her to stifle her sounds, with clothes strewn messily across the floor.

Her cheeks flushed as a faint hint of annoyance surfaced in her enchanting eyes.

At this crucial moment, a fierce dragon roar descended from the heavens.

Gu Jianlin's jet-black hair billowed as blood-red dragon horns emerged from his head. His ethereal face was marked by grim determination. The crimson at the corner of his eyes was as vibrant as blood, and an overwhelming killing intent dispersed the drifting snow!

He gripped the blade, its edge vibrating furiously, accumulating spirituality.

This was preparation for a Combination Skill—a beheading strike.

"So beautiful."

Xia Yu's gaze momentarily lost focus. She had never seen such a stunning individual—a single moment had her ensnared by unparalleled beauty and charisma, so much so that she couldn't even bring herself to evade the strike.

Crunch!

Split in two!

Yet her body fractured like paper, while she reappeared fifty meters away, her eyes still transfixed with amazement.

She seemed to gaze upon the world's most beautiful sight.

Gu Jianlin, currently in Shadow form, was utterly unaffected by her exotic charm.

No matter how alluring someone was, they paled in comparison to Thunder and Moon Princess.

That was T1-level.

Above that loomed an old monster, the ultimate T0-level entity.

Everyone else? Just average.

Gu Jianlin landed, raising his hand decisively. The blade surged with pitch-black lightning and lashed downward!

Ancient Forbidden Curse—All Heavens Divine Thunder!

Moon Princess followed suit, raising her Demon Extermination Sword, its blade ignited with searing flames and scattered with obsidian ash!

Ancient Forbidden Curse—Residual Fire Ashes!

With a deafening explosion!

Lightning and flames surged forth.

The troublemakers on the roof had thrown their blades!

Old Master Si was filled with terror and hurriedly attempted to use Star Shifting to dodge.

But alas, he couldn't outpace the blade's light!

His scream echoed skyward, his left palm was sliced by the lightning, the wound charred black.

His right shoulder was grazed by the fiery blade, the injury deep enough to expose bone!

He was both startled and furious, never imagining that his Divination technique could fail.

Nor had he anticipated such formidable reinforcements on the enemy's side.

"You're asking for death!"

Old Master Si sneered, his heart seeming to thrum as though something within was about to explode.

Even after being battered so heavily, Lu Zijin remained utterly vigilant.

After all, this man was a Sixth Stage veteran schemer with hidden tricks.

Moon Princess remained fixated on him, her lithe figure tense.

Gu Jianlin suddenly remembered—Si Family had a secret technique known as the Sorrowful Corpse Cycle.

At a critical moment, it could exchange life with its target.

Suddenly, from behind came an outburst of maniacal laughter.

"A miracle, this is a miracle—the ancient golden palace unveiled, the eternal mystery of immortality, the blessings of the Divine Country! This is the true Heavenly Plain, the light of the Supreme Lord of Heaven!" A candidate from Ying Province began to sprint madly toward the island, seemingly triggered by some legend he'd heard.

Many others, upon hearing his words, displayed greedy expressions and followed after him.

Behind them surged frenzied hordes of prisoners, howling in hysteria.

Even among the present Evolvers, many had come drawn by the scent.

With a resounding explosion.

Amidst dazzling golden light shooting skyward, the surroundings of the island appeared to plunge into a fairyland, the radiance so intense it was blinding, even suppressing the fluctuations of spirituality.

For some reason, Gu Jianlin vaguely felt his breathing was being interfered with.

Something's wrong.

This was Heavenly Person's Breathing—it seemed to sense something!

Gu Jianlin frowned and spoke quietly: "Wait, what did that Ying Province man just say? The myth of the Ying Province people, the so-called Land of the Gods Heavenly Plain—how could it be here?"

"I don't know either. Ying Province myths lack much credibility; they always trace back to some ancient Ancient God Clan origin. As for a commoner like him, clearly no academic insight exists," Moon Princess shook her head and replied calmly: "Nothing worthwhile about what he said."

Lu Zijin landed beside them both, expanding a thought barrier, snorting: "Clearly, there's something valuable here. We'll just need to eliminate everyone else and enjoy the treasure ourselves."

That was the thought in everyone's minds.

Legends claimed that all Ascenders who reached this place perished; every anomaly indicated immense danger here.

And danger, of course, signaled opportunity!

"Look ahead!"

Gu Jianlin's pupils trembled slightly, seeing a massive stone tablet emerge amidst the island's radiant golden light.

Four ancient inscriptions were carved onto the monolith.

Penglai Fairy Island!

The crowd shuddered faintly; in this instant, they all realized something.

Over two millennia ago, Emperor, weary from years of conquest and nearing the end of his life, dispatched people across the East Sea in search of immortal medicine.

Why only the East Sea? Why not anywhere else?

Surely, certain legends were circulating about this place.

The so-called Penglai Fairy Island was real—it wasn't in the real world, but rather within the Ancient God Realm.

Almost simultaneously, a deep, hoarse voice echoed in their minds.

"Help me."

"Help me, help me!"

"I beg you, help me, help me!"

The voice was colossal.

Yes, colossal was the only word that could describe it.

As if summoned by an Ancient Giant God.

Or perhaps the agonized screams of a frenzied Evil Spirit.

Amid the bizarre solemnity.

The solemnity carried an undercurrent of dread.

What looked like a golden radiant fairyland possessed a graveyard-like aura.

Accompanying the voice's plea, the massive island seemed to writhe, unleashing overwhelming gravitational force—like an abyssal vortex swallowing everything around it.

Even those who hadn't stepped foot on it could not resist the power and were swiftly consumed.

"Help me..."

Chapter 582: Red King, Moon Princess!

When Gu Jianlin regained consciousness, he lifted his head to see the overcast sky above.

His pupils constricted abruptly, and a torrent of terror exploded in his mind, for the scene before him was no longer the frozen island—it was an ancient, silent city, the city of the Ancient God Clan!

Beneath the starlit sky, the majestic city stood awe-inspiring.

As someone skilled in profiling, his instincts were keenly perceptive to any phenomena. The moment he saw these familiar structures, he quickly processed the connections and was certain that the city before him was what the island ruins looked like countless years ago. This was the legendary Penglai Fairy Island, a relic of the Ancient God Clan.

Interestingly, Penglai today is also an administrative district in the northern part of the Jiaodong Peninsula.

But the word "Penglai" first appeared in Pre-Qin mythology.

It was said to be a mythical island in the East Sea, surrounded by a black Ming Sea.

From the current perspective, the truth about the Ancient God Clan has likely been submerged in fragmented myths. It's true that Penglai was the so-called Immortal Island, yet it didn't belong to the usual dimension—it resided within the Qilin Immortal Palace.

At that moment, he noticed something peculiar about himself.

He had restored his original appearance, his current attire transformed into loose gray pajamas, and the sword bag was inexplicably still in his hand, with Jiuyin lying quietly inside the scabbard.

The Lock of Nonexistence and the Soul Comforting Bell were also in his possession.

However, the secret medicine was gone.

"An illusion? My consciousness seems unaffected, so it doesn't appear to be one."

He lightly touched his body, and all five senses felt authentic, though there was a faint sense of dissonance.

If his guess was correct, this place was some sort of alternate dimension, created by the rules of existence.

Yet he wasn't here in his physical form—it was his conscious entity that had entered this realm.

And his current self was in peak condition.

Dual pathways.

The shadow had not yet coalesced.

All the Mythical Weapons were still by his side.

Interesting.

As he surveyed his surroundings, he realized that he was on an altar, built from ancient, massive stones that—when touched—were utterly free of dust, as though they were newly made.

A bonfire burned in the center of the altar, and within the flames was embedded a decrepit iron sword.

It resembled some kind of revival point.

Curiously enough, the defining characteristic of Ancient God Clan civilization was its rituals.

Well, their productivity was so advanced, they hardly needed anything else.

When civilizations ascend to such an elevated level, they often appear incomprehensible to humanity.

Or simply uninteresting.

Suddenly, he noticed two lines of writing etched on the weathered wall.

"Penglai Fairy Island, the mythical island said to hold the secrets of immortality. Here lies an ancient entity in slumber. I heard its cry for help in my mind. Everyone who was with us must have been dragged into this as well."

"This is a world of illusion. Your consciousness and spirituality shape who you are now. But if you can, avoid dying here, or you will stay trapped in this world forever, unable to escape."

The crisscrossing sword marks were uncannily similar to the massive inscriptions on the glacier.

The handwriting was identical.

"Thank you,"

Gu Jianlin whispered softly.

Evidently, someone had been here before and left these messages for those who came after.

This confirmed that this place was dangerous.

Shouldering his sword bag, he left the silent ancient city. Candles burned atop the city walls, casting light onto the pitch-black night.

"I wonder where Youzhu and Aunt Lu are,"

he murmured, lost in thought as he wandered the deathly still city alone.

Just then, an ancient whisper resounded in his mind.

"Stay alive... save me..."

As quickly as the voice appeared, it vanished.

Gu Jianlin was certain that the voice belonged to a powerful presence, inexplicably trapped in this place.

He continued to explore and soon encountered another line of writing on a wall.

"You will witness the Destiny Reflections of yourself and others. Be cautious!"

This time, the writing seemed hastily scribbled, as if done in a rush.

"Destiny Reflections? What does that mean?"

Gu Jianlin muttered suspiciously, when suddenly, he heard faint, light footsteps.

The Life Rhythm held no effect here.

He abruptly turned, gripping the sword bag, only to gradually release it.

"Don't worry, it's me."

A platinum-haired girl stood before him, her wintry beauty cold as ice, her exquisite features like a painting. Her frosty, detached eyes seemed to glisten with clarity, as if encased in a layer of frost.

She looked as though she had just woken up, dressed in a casual pink-and-white cami-slip dress. The fabric outlined a lithe, youthful figure, her slender, porcelain legs glowing faintly under the hem.

In her hand, she carried a black large sword.

Upon seeing her, Gu Jianlin relaxed: "Is this your real body?"

"Mm."

The Moon Princess seemed relieved too upon seeing his appearance. She said softly, "It seems as though this place depicts us in our truest forms. It's a good thing you reverted; I was a bit worried you'd show up as a little ghost girl."

Gu Jianlin's face darkened: "You're the little ghost girl. By the way, why is your hair color different?"

The Moon Princess snorted, saying, "I felt like a change. My real body just got out of the salon—it took nine hours to dye it."

She casually tied her short platinum hair into a ponytail: "Does it look good?"

Gu Jianlin's gaze followed her strikingly silken strands, trailing along her snow-white neck and delicate collarbone.

Of course, it looked good.

The proximity even allowed him to catch the faint, cool fragrance she exuded.

As his observation grew more detailed, he suddenly noticed something....

"You've grown bigger, haven't you?"

The Moon Princess's vermillion lips curved slightly in a self-satisfied smile. She puffed up her chest, proud as ever: "I hate to admit it, but that pharmacist old crook certainly has rare talent in alchemy. Knowing you like 'bigger,' care to confirm?"

Gu Jianlin nearly had a reflexive reaction at those three words.

Normally, that would be an unmistakably flirtatious comment.

This girl occasionally had a playful streak.

But saying something so boldly unfiltered seemed off.

"You really won't? This is a once-in-a-lifetime chance."

The Moon Princess clasped her hands behind her back and suddenly leaned closer, tilting her petite face up to meet his gaze.

Just then, her adorable nose wrinkled slightly, and her expression turned neutral as she stated, "Something's off."

Gu Jianlin, alarmed, immediately responded, "What is it?"

The Moon Princess lifted her detached gaze toward him: "You smell like her perfume."

It was unbelievable—this was a realm of consciousness projection.

How could there possibly be the scent of Thunder's perfume?

"I'm joking,"

the Moon Princess suddenly said. "I just wanted to see if you were sneaking around during the time we were apart."

Taking a deep breath, Gu Jianlin replied, "Firstly, we're not in a relationship. Secondly, I haven't."

He wasn't sure if such a reply even counted as an explanation.

The Moon Princess, however, hummed skeptically: "Your expression tells me you're guilty!"

Gu Jianlin stiffened internally. He was terrible at lying, especially to the girl who knew him best.

For some reason, he sensed a faint killing intent.

The Moon Princess rose on tiptoes, wrapping her arms around his neck. Her soft, slender body pressed against him, her long, porcelain legs clasping his left leg: "If I'm not mistaken, it must be Thunder again, right? At the Ether Association, she's practically your only friend—actually, girlfriend now, isn't she?"

Gu Jianlin felt something was increasingly off. The warmth of her body had a narcotic quality, rendering him disoriented.

Her voice practically accused him of cheating!

The Moon Princess exhaled softly near his ear, her frosty gaze tinged with both allure and danger: "Why? I was here first. I raised you, protected you, and stayed by your side. Am I not as good as her? Even my makeup and style are tailored after the anime characters you like. You prefer natural looks, so I kept my makeup simple. I don't enjoy housework, but I learned to cook your favorite dishes. I measure your size every month and buy clothes that fit as you grow."

She continued icily, "Despite all this, am I still inferior to Thunder?"

A flurry of leading "death questions" had Gu Jianlin's alarm bells ringing.

"In that case, why don't I just kill her?"

The Moon Princess licked her vermilion lips. "That way, you won't have a choice."

Gu Jianlin felt a chill settle in his heart—something was definitely wrong with this girl.

"Let's go find Aunt Zijin,"

he said, attempting to gently push her away.

"What for? If she dies here, no one would interrupt us."

The Moon Princess offered a rare smile, her moist eyes brimming: "Why don't we do something fun together?"

Her smooth, flawless skin seemed almost within reach, her petite figure tantalizingly outlined beneath her cami-slip dress, exuding a fatal allure.

Gu Jianlin silently clenched his fists, veins bulging across the back of his hands.

"To avoid losing the upper hand, I've decided we should get everything done here first."

The Moon Princess sneered: "We aren't related by blood. Once the deed is done, even our parents wouldn't object. In fact, I know they've considered our relationship in the past."

"Anything I desire, I must possess,"

she declared, lifting her dainty face, her vermilion lips drawing ever closer. "And that includes you."

Yet at that moment, a tremendous killing intent erupted from above!

Dodge!

In that split second, a fierce burst of sword Qi tore through the air, threatening to split the girl in two!

Swish!

The Moon Princess vanished abruptly, reappearing atop a nearby stone pillar.

Her platinum hair swayed in the wind, her regal, moonlit presence breathtakingly stunning.

Boom!

Gu Jianlin's forehead ignited with pitch-black Ghost Fire, and his bones crackled audibly.

The Moon Princess standing opposite him was undoubtedly not herself.

Because the real Su Youzhu had already appeared at his side. Her platinum hair glimmered as she stood there, dressed in a pink cami-slip dress, with slender, snow-white legs adorned in fuzzy slippers.

By comparison, the real one seemed far more vivid.

Her toes were painted black, while her fingernails alternated between shades of blue and red.

A stray lock of hair stood adorably on her head, her dress rumpled with creases.

She was unmistakably more vibrant and real.

In her hand, she held a black Demon Extermination Sword, its blade quivering faintly!

"Are you alright?"

Gu Jianlin's expressionless gaze landed on her as he closed the distance and clasped her hand.

Though silent outwardly, his inner turmoil had already peaked.

All he could think about was her safety.

Su Youzhu murmured a soft "Mm," lips curving faintly as she felt the strength of his grip on her hand.

"Who are you?"

Gu Jianlin's cold voice rang out as he stared ahead. "You're not my sister."

Su Youzhu's gaze turned icier still, affronted by someone so arrogantly trying to steal her place.

Swish!

The other "Moon Princess" flipped the black large sword in her hand, her tone haughty: "I am your sister, just not the one you think. I am her Destiny Reflection, her future self!"

Crimson dragon horns burst forth from her forehead, and her blood-colored, eerie vertical pupils brimmed with a deadly menace. A vivid streak of crimson eyeshadow appeared at the corners of her eyes, as a Red Dragon mask coalesced upon her face!

A storm-like pressure surged forth, overwhelming all.

Gu Jianlin stepped in front of the now-confirmed real Su Youzhu, raising a hand to shield against the fierce gusts, his heart pounding heavily.

The mask!

This Moon Princess had summoned a mask.

Thus far, aside from himself, only his teacher and senior brother had managed to condense the Ancient God's mask.

The rank of the girl across from him didn't seem particularly high, yet her strength was terrifyingly overwhelming.

"Don't look so surprised,"

the blood-eyed Moon Princess said coldly, locking her haunting gaze on him. "Because I am the Red King—Moon Princess!"

Chapter 583: Destiny Reflection, The Owner of the Cry for Help

Gu Jianlin looked up at the girl under the moonlight. His thoughts, as sharp and meticulous as ever, connected the so-called Destiny Reflection with everything happening before him. He quickly understood what was going on.

He blocked the girl beside him and lifted his head, saying, "The Red King, Moon Princess?"

Su Youzhu, however, didn't want to bother with the details—she just wanted to kill this detestable imposter.

To steal someone else's prey midway—nothing could be more infuriating.

"Of course, I am the second Red King, the true tyrant! The entire Dark World kneels at my feet. Whatever I want, I take. No one can stop me. I am far stronger than the woman at your side,"

The Moon Princess sneered disdainfully, "Nine whole years, and you still can't secure one man? Perhaps it's time to let me take over!"

Su Youzhu more or less understood then. Her gaze lifted solemnly, and she asked seriously, "Will the future me still like the man beside me this much? Even if I can become a Catastrophe?"

She raised her jade-like fingers and pointed toward a boy standing nearby.

Gu Jianlin hadn't expected that this would be the question on her mind.

"Of course. But you're completely clueless about how to captivate a man. Why not let your consciousness remain here and leave your future self to me? I am your Destiny Reflection. I can break the Jiang Family's fate, prevent the tragedies of the future, and save you from watching your beloved endure so much suffering."

The Moon Princess spoke calmly, "And most importantly, you won't lose him in the end!"

Hearing this, Su Youzhu froze, her eyes fixed on the boy.

Gu Jianlin, however, maintained his composure, holding her hand tightly as he softly said, "Don't worry. Let her finish."

The two of them were both extraordinarily sharp.

What the Moon Princess suggested didn't seem to be referring to emotional separation.

But rather, a parting of life and death.

Judging by her words, his future didn't look promising.

But truthfully, ever since that car accident, he'd already suspected his future might be riddled with scars.

"What will the future hold?"

The siblings practically asked in unison.

On the ancient stone pillar, the Moon Princess's eerie vertical pupils flickered with a trace of confusion. She answered coldly, "I can't see clearly. As a Destiny Reflection, I lack the ability to perceive such a vivid future."

Whether due to some disruption in the rules of this place, she instinctively clutched her forehead and murmured, "Body fat too low... couldn't conceive?... Watch out for the parents discovering!... That rental place... Oh, spirituality fusion ritual... Beware the Candle Dragon; she's always watching. Vermilion Bird, Vermilion Bird, Vermilion Bird... this is the ultimate fear."

Boom!

A monumental killing intent surged forth like a tidal wave, her power spiraling out of control and spreading wide!

Gu Jianlin's mind buzzed as he processed her cryptic words.

Su Youzhu's little cowlick was ruffled by the wind, and her pale face flushed a deep red hue, as if about to spill blood.

She'd heard just the first couple of phrases before feeling like she was struck by lightning.

After that, she couldn't even begin to comprehend the rest.

For a fleeting moment, time and space fell into a swamp-like silence.

"Be careful, she's coming!"

Gu Jianlin roared as shadows silently emerged behind him, instantly activating his Evolutionary State!

The shadow unsheathed its blade without hesitation. Jiuyin reverberated with a joyous hum, its blood-red blade radiating thick ghost energy. The ancient Blade Technique Extreme Intent spread around them, like the descent of an Ancient soul—domineering and unparalleled!

A Combined Skill was on the verge of erupting.

Against even a weakened version of a Catastrophe, they had to go all out.

Alongside the blade's vibrating resonance, vermillion Dragon Horns sprouted atop Su Youzhu's head. Her enchanting eyes glowed with an eerie blood-red light, her spirituality boiling fiercely as she, too, prepared her Combined Skill!

In battles along the Ghost Slayer Path, victories were often decided in mere moments.

Killing intent surged wildly, blade met blade, and it all ended in a flash.

It wasn't just about power.

It was about intent to kill, and the courage to act.

"Good, that's exactly the spirit!"

The Moon Princess said indifferently.

No earth-shaking explosions followed—only cherry blossom petals scattered like snow, swept away by the roaring wind.

A streak of crimson flashed briefly—like lightning slicing through the stillness of the night—splitting the silence apart, tearing through the air, leaving a massive fracture in the Void that echoed thunderously!

Time and space solidified, yet the dragon-like blade's hum reverberated through the stillness.

No one knew what power she had unleashed.

Though her Rank remained within the bounds of the Fifth Rank, her methods were of Catastrophe Level.

As though stopping all foes who stood in her path!

Under these circumstances, Gu Jianlin could no longer hold back. His shadow flickered into the void, the isolated and annihilating blade seemingly slicing through time, leaving a chillingly brilliant scar in the darkness!

Crack!

A single snap—it was the sound of a blade breaking!

The shadow was suddenly severed in two, and the black large sword shattered in response, the invincible Sword Force crumbling apart!

Like lightning, Su Youzhu dashed forward, her trembling blade reflecting an unbearably bright light. In one stroke, she struck downward!

The stillness of time shattered like a mirror, the sound of flesh and bone tearing resounding horrifyingly!

Blood splattered across the night sky.

The Moon Princess fell behind them like a tattered silhouette. Her black Demon Extinguishing Blade lay in fragmented pieces, leaving only the desolate hilt in her palm. A gruesome slash cut through her body, blood gushing like a waterfall. Even the mask on her face had shattered.

This was only a Destiny Reflection, not a true Catastrophe-level being.

Its power, though formidable, was merely a facade.

In a one-on-one fight, the siblings had no chance.

But two-on-one? Exploitable weaknesses emerged.

Gu Jianlin silently endured the shadow's collapse, then caught the falling Jiuyin and carefully sheathed it back.

"That was close."

He exhaled a breath of stale air from his chest.

Just a moment ago, his true body had been prepared for a sacrificial strike. Thankfully, they had won in the end.

Su Youzhu flicked her blade, pouting, "If you hadn't shattered her blade, the one dead might've been me."

As the blood splattered, the Moon Princess's mask crumbled into flecks of crimson light. Looking up at the night sky, she surprisingly let out a soft laugh. "Well done. When you return, make sure to properly learn how to keep a man's heart. And if all else fails—just take him by force. Once you've consummated, he'll have no choice but to take responsibility..."

She paused briefly and added, "Being tsundere is out of style these days."

With a bang, she dissolved into a flurry of cherry blossoms, drifting away into the night.

A breathtakingly beautiful sight.

Su Youzhu stood silently amidst the shower of sakura petals, listening to her words, lost in thought.

Gu Jianlin had a fair idea now—this was a rule of Penglai Fairy Island. You'd encounter your Destiny Reflection, while also receiving vital information, though there was a simultaneous risk of getting killed.

The Ancient God Clan was undoubtedly the clan of fate.

Indeed, that wasn't a lie.

"Looks like the future you have a high likelihood of becoming a Catastrophe."

He spoke softly.

A clever way to shift the topic.

Su Youzhu was still a bit flustered; the impact of those words earlier had been too strong.

Particularly the first line.

How could it be like this!

Her cheeks burned hot, and then all at once, she heard ancient murmurs ringing in her ears.

"Are you okay?"

Gu Jianlin quickly stepped forward and steadied her by the shoulders.

"I'm fine, but I heard the voice calling for help again. It says congratulations on passing the trial,"

Su Youzhu replied softly, her eyes clouded in confusion. "It says I'm the second person to overcome my Destiny Reflection, and that I qualify to save it from here. It will continue guiding me."

For a moment, her petite figure tensed, and she shuddered ever so slightly.

Gu Jianlin rarely saw her so unnerved. His brow furrowed as he asked, "What else did it say?"

Su Youzhu lifted her gaze, her eyes filled with shock. "It said its name was Xu Fu..."

Chapter 584: Beware of Bad Women!

Gu Jianlin heard the name, and a chill ran down his spine.

Speaking of the Qilin Immortal Palace, one cannot avoid mentioning this legendary figure. He was the Gatekeeper of the Ancient God Realm, the builder of the underground palace beneath the sea, who achieved Changsheng 2,500 years ago. It is now confirmed that he has become a Divine Servant.

He was a famed Alchemist during the Qin Dynasty, explicitly recorded in the hidden annals of history as an Ancient Cultivator following the Divine Path. Furthermore, he was a top-tier Alchemy Master of his time, and even today, his craftsmanship continues to amaze people. Many places within the Qilin Immortal Palace bear his marks, making him a true legend of his era.

There are countless mysteries surrounding this man.

For example, what exactly happened to him back then?

Why did he suddenly abandon his duties as Gatekeeper and disappear without a trace?

Most intriguingly, why did Xu Fu leave behind such a secret passage leading to the tomb of the Qilin Venerable?

And now, Xu Fu is trapped here, attempting to call for help.

"I haven't heard his voice. Perhaps only by defeating the Destiny Reflection can one earn the right to speak with him. There's a Reflection of your fate here, so there must also be one of mine. Who knows how many people have died in this place?"

He looked around and faintly heard the clash of battle coming from afar.

"Xu Fu said I should seek the bronze gate. Only by passing through it can I rescue him. And I will receive an unimaginable reward. This place holds the treasures left by the Qilin and Candle Dragon Venerables!" Su Youzhu clutched her forehead, clearly displeased by the sensation of conversing with someone within her consciousness. She found it truly vexing.

Fortunately, she had experienced something similar during her audience with the Qilin Venerable, so she was able to endure it.

Faced with such an eerie situation, she was not afraid.

For the most frightening encounter of her life had been her audience with an Ancient Supreme.

On the contrary, the fact that the Supreme did not kill her but sought to use her gave her a sense of confidence.

Gu Jianlin vaguely deduced the source of her audacity.

He wondered how she might feel if she learned that even her Venerable lacked absolute certainty in this endeavor.

"Xu Fu said someone else has been here before, but they failed to rescue him."

Su Youzhu mused skeptically, "He claimed the things here are of critical importance."

Gu Jianlin was well aware of their importance; these treasures likely held the key secrets to the struggle between the two Supremes.

Only after the voice in Su Youzhu's mind faded did she realize one thing.

They were still holding hands.

A mixture of awkwardness and peculiarity began to fill the air.

Just as Gu Jianlin was about to let go, she tightened her grip and interlocked their fingers.

"The so-called Destiny Reflection is still quite useful—it at least gave me several hints."

Su Youzhu leaned against him like a lover, resting her head on his arm, and said softly, "Indeed, in nine years, my progress has only been so little. As a beautiful girl, my self-esteem has already been deeply wounded. So I've decided to be more proactive from now on, lest I miss another opportunity."

Though her words were confident, Gu Jianlin noticed the faint irritation in her gaze and her slightly flushed cheeks.

The real blow to her self-esteem had, perhaps, come from the direct demonstration provided by that Destiny Reflection earlier.

It also hinted at possibilities about their future relationship.

A hint of sweetness lingered in her heart.

But the potential for an unhappy ending brought a sense of unease to her thoughts.

"Don't worry too much. A Destiny Reflection is merely a glimpse of possible futures. A senior I once met said that destiny is in your own hands; it's not unchangeable."

Gu Jianlin said with a blank expression, "Could you let go of my hand now?"

Su Youzhu retorted with a stern face, "No."

There was no helping it. He couldn't very well pry free or push her away.

So, Gu Jianlin walked forward, holding her hand, as if they were strolling along a lakeside in their apartment complex.

His arm picked up a soft sensation—it definitely felt larger than before.

"Stick close to me and don't wander off; I've got thighs to cling to. Actually, I'm curious—what will your Destiny Reflection be like?" Su Youzhu's platinum short hair fluttered in the wind. Her lacy pink dress danced around her porcelain-white, smooth thighs, and a cool, fragrant scent wafted toward him.

"Alright, you've got thighs to rely on."

Gu Jianlin glanced at her legs but quickly redirected his gaze nonchalantly.

A line of lyrics surfaced in his mind: "I admit the world holds some temptation for me..."

The Jiuyin sword in its sheath trembled slightly: "This Female Sacrifice is excellent. Just eat her already!"

"Your sword is shaking,"

Su Youzhu turned her head back with mild curiosity.

"Don't mind it."

Gu Jianlin couldn't very well say the sword wanted him to sentence her to immediate execution.

They wove through the colossal ruins of the city, encountering the remains of numerous bodies along the way.

Without exception, they were all candidates from the You Ying Group, most likely killed by their own Destiny Reflections.

"Are these people all yours?"

"Don't say 'ours.' I'm a defector now. These were all pawns raised by the Si Family."

"When I came, I saw Third Master and his men. It seems they care about you a lot to have come to rescue you."

"Mm, Third Master is indeed a decent person."

At the end of an ancient temple hung a lifeless corpse, its chest pierced through by a massive cavity.

Lu Zijin's face was frozen in despair, drenched in blood.

"Whew, so my future self was pretty formidable, huh?"

Someone slumped against the ground, letting out a long sigh of relief.

Gu Jianlin followed the sound and saw a petite girl dressed in a Gothic Lolita outfit, collapsed against the wall, utterly exhausted.

Chapter 585: Beware of Bad Women!_2

"Is this real or fake?"

Su Youzhu clung to his arm, her narrowed beautiful eyes flashing with a sliver of murderous intent.

Lu Zijin turned her head to glare at this shameless couple, especially at their interlocked fingers, and immediately fumed: "What kind of timing is this? At a dungeon raid, and you're still feeding us dog food? Do you two even have a shred of decency?"

Well, it seemed to be real.

Because the one who had just died suddenly exploded into a myriad of crystalline fragments scattering in all directions.

"You guys must've encountered your own Destiny Reflection too, right? Seems like I might actually have a chance to return to the Order World someday because that guy... was actually a Divine General! It was so overwhelming that I almost threw up stomach acid! So damn strong!" Lu Zijin forced herself to stand, hands on her hips with a commanding presence, reverting to her usual self like a feisty old auntie.

Her tone, however, carried a hint of smugness—after all, she had fought it solo.

"How did you manage it?"

Gu Jianlin was visibly shocked: "That was a Divine General."

Su Youzhu mused thoughtfully: "If it's a Divine General, they should possess Heavenly Person-level power, right?"

"Yes. I've heard Old Gu mention before that these Destiny Reflections do reflect your future fate, but they aren't able to fully replicate your future power. For example, Divine Generals are infused with a portion of the Heavenly Person's Wedge, but clearly, that guy didn't have it, so he couldn't actually use it either."

Lu Zijin scoffed coldly, her small tiger-like teeth grinding: "The things revealed were mostly garbage information anyway."

Gu Jianlin thought, the old auntie seemed to be gritting her teeth in frustration now.

"What kind of garbage information?"

This sparked Su Youzhu's curiosity—always in the mood for gossip.

Lu Zijin huffed: "That jerk said I'll still be single at forty!"

An eerie silence fell.

At moments like this, it was best to hold one's tongue, lest you risk getting beaten up.

Lu Zijin turned to them: "Did you guys get any significant information?"

Gu Jianlin waved his hand to indicate he hadn't encountered any Destiny Reflections yet.

Su Youzhu, on the other hand, shook her head vigorously. She definitely couldn't bring up what had just happened.

"Anyway, be cautious. I keep feeling like there's something fishy about this place. Especially since Old Master Si is here too. As a Sixth Rank Divination Master, he may lack combat capability, but his dungeon strategy skills far surpass ours. Whether it's predicting auspicious outcomes or finding treasures, we can only rely on luck, while he can manipulate the flow of fortune."

Lu Zijin lowered her voice to emphasize: "You must've heard the screams for help too, right? That mysterious figure called himself Xu Fu, which implies there could be some earth-shattering treasure hidden here."

Gu Jianlin murmured his agreement. Suddenly, they heard the shrill sounds of agony echoing from the sacrificial ground behind the temple.

It was the sound of blades slicing through the air, mingled with the despairing wails of people.

Sharp footsteps trampled the ground, rubble shattered, and the earth was split apart.

Even from a distance, one could feel the overwhelming murderous aura.

"What now?"

Lu Zijin glanced at them and whispered: "My Divine Sense is picking up a massive spiritual fluctuation."

Su Youzhu's beautiful eyes trembled slightly: "It's troublesome."

Gu Jianlin shook his head, saying: "We're outmatched; it's too strong."

They had no idea who was causing this bloodbath or how many intruders had already been slaughtered by him.

At this point, retreat was not an option.

The group advanced through the temple, where the towering bronze temple stood solemnly under the night sky.

The mentioned bronze gate—right before them!

The vast sacrificial ground was littered with corpses, severed limbs forming grotesque piles like small hills, blood flowing like rivers.

A man walked past the mountain of corpses, dragging a blood-stained tachi. The hem of his long black coat fluttered in the wind, resembling the wings of a hawk. The suffocating killing intent emanating from him seemed enough to make even time and space tremble.

Clad in a black long coat, a white shirt with a black tie, his tall frame exuded an imposing aura.

His short hair swayed lightly in the wind.

When he raised his head and removed the dark sunglasses from his face, what was revealed was cold, chiseled features.

Notably, his left eye was an eerie blood-red pupil, while his right eye gleamed fiercely as a golden eye.

Meeting his gaze was akin to being transported straight into the depths of Hell!

Lu Zijin's reaction was like a cat with its fur standing on end; her pupils contracted into needles as her telekinesis surged forth.

"Is this really how future you turns out to be such a buzzkill?"

Su Youzhu gripped the hilt of her blade, her throat visibly tightening: "This oppressive feeling."

Her delicate, pale legs trembled uncontrollably.

Gu Jianlin quietly stepped forward to shield them. To be honest, he also felt a lack of confidence because the person before him was simply terrifying. Just those two eyes alone revealed an unimaginable depth.

The most critical detail was that the man's breathing frequency matched that of a Heavenly Person.

And the ground bore the savage remnants of blade marks.

If Gu Jianlin were to wield a blade now, it would still require channeling the essence of some old monster.

But these blade marks were wholly different—bleak, fierce, and incomparably bloody.

Just one glance was enough to sting the eyes.

And this was achieved without borrowing an old monster's power.

In terms of pure swordsmanship, this Destiny Reflection was already at a master-level realm, with combat instincts carved into the marrow.

"Greetings."

The man said expressionlessly: "I've been waiting for you. Just finished cleaning up some trash."

Leave it to Gu Jianlin—even in such a brutal setting, he remained polite.

Judging by the ruthlessness of the scene, at least a hundred people must have died.

Even if the three of them combined forces, it would require an entire night of battle.

Yet, this man had simply referred to it as "cleaning up trash."

Gu Jianlin fixed his gaze on him: "Hello, are you... my future self?"

Swish!

In an instant, the man appeared directly in front of him, a fierce gale stirring up clouds of dust and debris.

No killing intent spilled forth.

Yet, Gu Jianlin's pupils darkened as if shrouded in shadows.

"Don't be so tense. I have no intention of fighting you, because a Destiny Reflection is just an echo. Even if I were to kill you, I still wouldn't be able to leave here."

The man gazed deeply at him, speaking in a calm voice: "I don't know why, but compared to the Destiny Reflections of others, I'm inexplicably powerful, even to the point of faintly resisting the rules here. In contrast, I'm happy to see how you are now. Compared to myself, you seem genuinely happy and content."

This was where a good personality truly shined through.

Gu Jianlin's Destiny Reflection might have a cold, expressionless face, yet it was unexpectedly polite.

Gu Jianlin couldn't help but feel a sense of relief.

Yes, this was him.

Forget all those slanders calling him some "Chair Killer"; those were blatant smears.

However, the man's words unintentionally revealed a larger truth.

That future Gu Jianlin was neither happy nor content.

Lu Zijin cast him a discreet glance.

Su Youzhu visibly bristled, muttering to herself—how could he not be happy being with her?

"Can you tell me your identity?"

Gu Jianlin curiously asked.

The man was just about to reply when a hint of confusion flickered in his eyes, as though lost: "Sorry, I'm a bit uncertain. Fourth-generation President of the Ether Association? Catastrophe-Green King? Catastrophe-Red King? Order Destroyer? Dark Monarch? Supreme Lord? Master of Qilin Immortal Palace, Lord of Buzhou Mountain..."

The sheer string of titles was so shocking it felt like a thunderclap to the mind.

Lu Zijin's beautiful eyes widened. After all, the current President was only the third generation!

How could the fourth become Xiao Gu?!

Taking up the mantle of the Green King seemed plausible.

But becoming the Red King made absolutely no sense.

And as for Dark Monarch and Order Destroyer, their meanings were unclear, but the names alone were terrifying.

Su Youzhu's pupils trembled slightly—as she heard the term Supreme Lord mentioned again.

This was supposed to refer to the one worshipped by The Order of the Hidden!

"No need to be so shocked. It seems my fate is incredibly uncertain."

Gu Jianlin could vividly sense that this Destiny Reflection had already begun to destabilize and fragment.

It went to show that matters concerning the supreme position were inherently ambiguous.

What truly baffled him, though, was the final title.

Lord of Buzhou Mountain.

What—did this mean he'd actually surpass the old monster and usurp them someday?

Suddenly, the man returned to his composure, looking toward the young Gu Jianlin.

In his mind, a message rang out.

"Beware of dangerous women."

Chapter 586 Xu Fu's Conditions

Gu Jianlin understood himself very well. If not for some major setback in the future, he would never have said such things.

He cast an inquiring glance, wanting to know the true identity of that wicked woman.

"I can't recall her name, nor can I remember her appearance. I am merely a reflection of destiny and cannot see the full picture of the future. I only have a vague intuition. Moreover, the matter involves very high-level entities. In short, you must exercise caution, or else you will suffer greatly in the days to come." The man drove his sword into the ground and sat down cross-legged.

The faint starlight reflected off his expressionless face, and his silhouette seemed so desolate in the darkness of the night.

This future version of Gu Jianlin seemed to exhibit little change in personality—still cold and distant towards others, yet unfailingly polite. Even after killing so many people, he carried no scent of blood on him.

Lu Zijin studied him with interest and asked curiously, "Does Xiao Gu have a girlfriend in the future?"

The little spark of gossip reignited her curiosity.

Su Youzhu appeared impassive but secretly perked up her ears to listen attentively.

Gu Jianlin's face darkened, feeling like they were taking advantage of his plight.

"Is Aunt Zijin still this nosy?"

The man glanced at the young man before him and gave a slight nod. "He should have one."

He didn't seem entirely certain, though.

But what he said next left everyone stunned.

"A Floral Evil that lasted a full ten years."

He smiled silently. "Not an easy feat, was it."

Gu Jianlin felt a strange gaze from beside him and couldn't help but explain, "You can't completely trust the words of a Destiny Reflection."

If the curse wasn't resolved, how could he possibly approach women?

People truly underestimated his self-control.

Su Youzhu snorted softly. She had just been about to ask if the girlfriend in question might be herself.

"Boring!"

Lu Zijin pouted. "I thought I was about to uncover some major secret."

Gu Jianlin couldn't be bothered with their antics and instead asked seriously, "Who taught you your Sword Skill?"

The man answered, "Uncle Mu."

Gu Jianlin suddenly understood. "Has the Gu Family's curse been lifted?"

The man fell silent for a moment. His gaze grew lost in confusion, and he murmured softly, "It's not a curse."

This statement should have been earth-shattering.

But in reality, even Lu Zijin didn't show much surprise. She simply said, "Old Gu had suspected as much back in the day. If explained in layman's terms, the Gu Family was indeed cursed by the Fusang Divine Palace. But in the terminology of the Transcendent, it's absolutely not a curse. That is, assuming the Ghost Car Ancestor you witnessed is real."

Su Youzhu, who had also experienced the events back then, remembered vividly the Ancient Times' oppressive might she had felt. It was as if her soul was on the verge of being shattered. That was why she had arrived late and was only able to perform emergency aid on the boy in the passenger seat.

"What makes the Gu Family so special?"

Gu Jianlin frowned as he asked.

The man shook his head and said, "I can't tell either. I only have some vague and fragmented impressions. This matter is far more complex than you think. But while you're on Penglai Fairy Island, you should uncover some answers."

Gu Jianlin looked toward the massive bronze palace and fell into deep thought.

"The Sea of Eternal Life itself is an extraordinary place, and the origins of Penglai Fairy Island are even more mysterious. There are things here that even I find astonishing, and they are of critical importance. Don't underestimate me. Even though I'm currently only at the Fourth Rank, at the point in time when I was reflected, even Rhein and Lin Dong together were no match for me."

The man spoke softly, "My existence here is an anomaly. Perhaps it's because of your unique nature that I've managed to break through this realm's rules and gain faint awareness of certain truths."

He lifted his head to gaze at the night sky and said calmly, "Pay attention."

He raised his hand and gave a casual wave!

A thunderous roar erupted!

The clouds in the sky were swept away, revealing a canopy of stars now shining brilliantly in the darkness.

Heaven knows what kind of god-defying technique this was.

An overwhelming surge of energy rose into the sky, so immense it defied observation.

As the starlight brightened, it illuminated the titanic shadow lurking in the night sky.

No.

Not just one.

The first to come into view was an enormous Black Qilin, like a gathering of dark clouds standing atop the heavens. It exuded such ancient majesty, embodying darkness itself, with life and death intertwined.

Opposite it rose a Black Dragon spiraling into the sky, coiling between heaven and earth. Its presence was regal and imposing, as though it had leaped straight out of ancient mythology. It radiated a profound and ancient beauty that inspired awe.

They hovered loftily in the high heavens, so grand and sovereign.

Beyond reach, beyond comprehension.

"Qilin, Candle Dragon."

Gu Jianlin softly uttered their ancient names.

"Like you, I heard the cries for help from the deepest part of this city. I also cannot determine whether this person is Xu Fu or his condition. But this extraordinary world is impossible for mortals to construct. Only two Ancient Supremes could create such a realm; otherwise, the rules of destiny could not exist here."

The man analyzed, "I'm not suggesting that the Qilin and Candle Dragon collaborated. In my understanding, they've always been sworn enemies. The more likely scenario is that one Supreme's creation was taken over by the other."

Gu Jianlin was thoughtful. Since this was his own Destiny Reflection, it carried considerable credibility.

"I don't know who trapped Xu Fu here, but this place might prove to be exceedingly hazardous."

Chapter 587 Xu Fu's Conditions_2

The man said seriously, "Besides your group, there's another party that has already entered the bronze palace. If I'm not mistaken, it should be a director from the You Ying Group, Old Master Si from the Si Family, and two Twilight Candidates."

Gu Jianlin raised an eyebrow. "You didn't kill them?"

The man shook his head and explained, "In everyone's destiny reflection, my power is the strongest, which caused my awakening to be the latest. By the time I became conscious, they had already gone in. On top of that, I have to admit, Old Master Si is a sly old fox, truly adept at clearing dungeons. Si Wei'an, that lunatic, and the woman with them."

He deliberately reminded them, "That woman is very dangerous—not because of her own strength, but because of the one she serves. I only vaguely sensed a familiar aura, but it was enough to make me feel an extreme sense of danger."

Gu Jianlin turned his head to glance at the girl beside him.

Regarding the You Ying Group, he truly didn't know much.

Su Youzhu pondered, "Xia Yu? If I'm not mistaken, she serves that enigmatic woman."

Lu Zijin asked curiously, "What enigmatic woman?"

For a moment, the man's expression flickered again with a trace of distraction as he heard what she said.

"I don't know either. That enigmatic woman can't even be said to be a member of Dusk; she was merely invited to provide assistance. Allegedly, she's a trump card prepared by the Think Tank, someone even the Netherworld treats with courtesy."

Su Youzhu shook her head lightly and said in a soft voice, "The Think Tank is far too mysterious. He's the successor chosen by the Red King, and no one has ever been able to decipher his motives."

Lu Zijin listened, baffled. "Alright, I did hear the President mention something like this before—that Think Tank of Dusk is definitely not to be underestimated. Even the Ether Association's multiple assassination attempts against him have all failed."

Gu Jianlin then recalled Old Gu's message at the time—indeed, the Think Tank was mysterious.

At this moment, the man suddenly rubbed his temples, as if in pain, and said with a furrowed brow, "Apologies. My power is too strong, and I probably won't last much longer before I dissipate. Even my memory and consciousness are becoming blurred. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Gu Jianlin froze, not expecting his destiny reflection to be this cooperative.

Lu Zijin's eyes sparkled with curiosity as she asked, "Can you still fight?"

Su Youzhu gave her a deep look and said, "Aunt Zijin, really?"

The man was silent for a second. "Yes."

Lu Zijin instantly beamed with joy. "Then go help us finish off Old Master Si and his group!"

Su Youzhu covered her forehead with her hand—she knew this would happen!

Gu Jianlin was dumbfounded, not expecting such a tactic to exist.

A long moment passed.

The man stood up, unsheathed his tachi, and nodded slightly. "Understood."

Oh my god, he actually agreed!

Su Youzhu covered her face—this must be a loophole in the dungeon!

"What a good kid," Lu Zijin said cheerfully, floating gently in midair and ruffling the man's hair.

Suddenly, the man turned around to look at the boy, leaving a final remark.

"Remember to let yourself be happy."

Saying this, he casually ripped open the void with a wave of his hand and stepped inside.

In an instant, time and space mended themselves, returning to silence.

"Xiao Gu, it seems that your future self is really reliable," Lu Zijin commented with satisfaction, "Even though all those impressive identities are a bit intimidating."

Su Youzhu, however, stared thoughtfully at the departing figure.

Despite her cold demeanor, she was remarkably perceptive.

She had keenly caught onto the loneliness and solitude in that man's heart.

In other words, Xiao Gu's future might truly be unhappy.

It seemed that being powerful had nothing to do with being happy.

As a Profiler, Gu Jianlin had long realized this, but he said nothing.

How his future self felt was a matter for the future.

In the present, at least, he was not yet at the stage of pursuing happiness.

At that moment, an ancient, hoarse whisper echoed in his mind.

"Congratulations, you have passed the test of destiny reflection."

The voice was weak, yet gentle. "You are the sixth person to overcome the destiny reflection, possessing the capability to free me from here. I will continue to guide you. Quickly, find the bronze gate. There is no more time left. Only beyond the gate can you save me."

The ancient muttering should have caused mental disarray and distress.

But Gu Jianlin remained utterly unaffected. He turned toward the direction of the voice, where the depths of the bronze palace lay shrouded in endless darkness, faintly revealing the hunched figure of an old man.

"Why should I save you?"

He asked calmly, "Are you Xu Fu?"

After a brief silence, the aged voice replied, "Yes, I am Xu Fu."

Gu Jianlin said expressionlessly, "I know you're Xu Fu. Why should I save you?"

Xu Fu sighed and said, "To save humanity."

Hearing those four words, Gu Jianlin frowned again.

"Save humanity?"

He asked coldly, "You clearly betrayed humanity, so why do you want to save it now? Don't assume I don't know—while the Ancient Supreme can indeed control you with the Ancient God's Blood, the choice of life and death is still in your hands."

As someone with the Qilin Authority, he understood this all too well.

Anyone controlled by the Ancient God's Blood could not betray the Supreme.

But if they wanted to end their life, there were plenty of ways to do so.

For a moment, Xu Fu chuckled softly. "It seems you're not a simple child. You even understand the rules of the Ancient God's Blood. Yes, I am controlled by it, enslaved by that great existence. But I cannot let myself die because I bear a great mission."

Gu Jianlin heard this and narrowed his eyes. "The Penglai Ascension Array? The Stairway to Immortality?"

With a rumbling sound, the bronze palace trembled violently.

Xu Fu sighed deeply again, his voice lingering. "Impressive. It seems you have already come into contact with ancient secrets. Before you, only two others were privy to such knowledge."

Gu Jianlin thought to himself—it really was as expected. Some had come here before them.

But they had failed to rescue this legendary figure.

"No matter what I say now, you won't believe me. Then come beyond the gate to see for yourself," Xu Fu murmured after a pause. "In this place, I guard creations capable of saving all Ancestor God Servants in the world, including the Fallen and the Unclean. I can also tell you that I protect miracles jointly created by two Ancient Supremes, which must be brought to the human world."

Gu Jianlin was slightly shaken inside.

As expected, Old Gu would never lie.

If he said there was a way, then there truly was.

It turned out Old Gu's reasoning stemmed from this alchemical master who had survived for over two millennia.

Of course, this method might not have been Xu Fu's original creation.

After all, Ji Xiaoyu had once found a so-called formula at Buzhou Mountain.

It was highly likely that an old monster had concocted it.

After a long contemplation, Gu Jianlin questioned, "So what's your purpose? Do you want freedom?"

Deep laughter echoed from the darkness.

Xu Fu seemed to drift into memories, his voice hoarse with laughter. "No, I just want to meet the Emperor. If you're willing to take me out, I'll give you the divine treasures left by the gods."

Gu Jianlin raised an eyebrow. "Do you tell everyone this?"

"Of course not. I've only ever told you," Xu Fu replied.

In the unseen depths, Xu Fu's voice was somber. "And only you."

Gu Jianlin asked calmly, "Why?"

In answer, only a meaningful laugh came.

The old man's hunched figure in the dark seemed to grow sharper, giving Gu Jianlin a profound look.

"If my perception isn't mistaken, you possess the frequency of the Heavenly Person's Breathing."

The aged voice paused briefly. "But you're also an Evolver, aren't you?"

Gu Jianlin's pupils constricted slightly. Back when he had been swept into this ordeal, the Heavenly Person's Breathing had already been stirring.

This meant that something in Penglai Fairy Island was connected to the Heavenly Persons.

Xu Fu's next words cemented his suspicions.

"If that's the case, then you won't be able to resist this temptation."

Chapter 588: The World of the Heavenly Person Realm

As the sigh dissipated, the old man in Gu Jianlin's line of sight silently vanished, as if he had never appeared.

"Talking in riddles again? You're really one for cliffhangers, aren't you, for someone who belongs to ancient times."

"Turns out defeating the Destiny Reflection isn't necessary to hear that cry for help. If this person truly is Xu Fu, his current condition is indeed abnormal. We must stay cautious. After all, Xu Fu is still a Divine Servant of the Candle Dragon Clan, and he's under the control of someone at the Supreme Level. Betraying his Master is impossible for him."

He furrowed his brows and said, "It's just a pity that Xu Fu didn't provide me with more information."

After a brief exchange, he realized that he had obtained the most information among them.

Neither Su Youzhu nor Lu Zijin had heard anything beyond that plea for help and the promised treasure.

As for what truly lies ahead, no one knew.

At this point, there seemed to be no other path to take—after all, they didn't even know how to leave. All they could do was follow the guidance and move forward.

The enormous bronze palace looming in the darkness was unimaginably vast. Its builders and users couldn't possibly be human; only the towering Giants of mythology who could move mountains and fill seas might have created such a place. This was their temporary abode.

The palace appeared to have at least eight entrances, and the one they had entered was only one of these.

Boom.

When the bronze gate was slowly pushed open, golden brilliance unexpectedly illuminated the darkness.

Gu Jianlin's breath abruptly shifted, as he subconsciously entered the rhythm of the Heavenly Person's resonance. Spirituality surged like tidal waves in his mind, as though reaching some critical threshold, yet unable to break through the constraints.

"The Heavenly Person Realm!"

Lu Zijin widened her beautiful eyes with surprise. "Inside here lies the Heavenly Person Realm!"

Su Youzhu instinctively gripped the hilt of the Demon Extinguishing Blade. Had she engaged her Evolutionary State earlier, she might've been severely wounded by now.

The scene unfolding before them was utterly inconceivable.

Deep within the dark palace, golden luminosity spread like a tide—a thousand strands of magnificence and grandeur.

Enormous, eerie sculptures stood solemnly on both sides of the Divine Path, still carrying the Ancient God Clan's intensely religious aesthetic. Giants clad in tattered Divine Robes had their heads bowed, while on the left side were Qilin totems, and on the right, carvings of Candle Dragon motifs.

Bathed in splendid golden divine radiance, they exuded an air of solemn reverence, yet appeared grotesquely unsettling.

"I'm not surprised by the presence of the Heavenly Person Power here, as I had already sensed it before coming. What I can't comprehend is why the Heavenly Person Realm is here at all." Leading the group, Gu Jianlin tightly gripped the Jiuyin, using the glow from the Heavenly Person Realm to examine the sculptures and ancient murals around them, his expression solemn.

Indeed, anyone sharp-eyed could sense that something was amiss.

The Heavenly Person's Wedge is an artifact of the Human World, wielded only by the President of the Ether Association in each generation.

The current President, Taihua, was a master of leveraging the Heavenly Person Power.

Every campaign to carve new territories in the Ancient God Realm relied heavily on the power of the Heavenly Person Realm.

Within the domain of the Heavenly Person Realm, humanity held an overwhelming advantage.

Take Omega in the past for instance—top-tier talents could match the Ancestors from the Ancient God Clan.

Under the influence of the Heavenly Person Realm, Ancestors couldn't undergo Primordial Return, and their combat abilities were significantly diminished.

This meant Omegas no longer had to gamble their lives to defeat an Ancestor.

"The Heavenly Person Realm's incursions into the Ancient God Realm are gradual, consuming the President's strength in the process."

Lu Zijin suspiciously remarked, "Based on my calculations, the range of the Heavenly Person Realm's coverage is at least seventy kilometers from this site, spanning the entire city of Peak City. This couldn't happen unless the President herself came in advance and laid down the Heavenly Person Power here. But that's clearly impossible—unless she intended to confront the Kui Dragon Ancestor directly."

She glanced back, watching the massive bronze gate slowly closing behind them with a resounding boom.

"I've heard rumors that the President doesn't have much time left. Her goal must be the Supreme Level—not the Primordial."

Su Youzhu scanned the surroundings warily and calmly said, "This must be a tomb."

Her expertise now began to shine.

Old Gu was recognized worldwide as a top-tier archaeologist, as well as a master-level strategist.

He was capable of carving paths through the Ancient God Realm repeatedly as a Cheater and emerging unscathed, a feat legendary beyond words.

Su Youzhu was his sole personal disciple.

"These sculptures should be made from a type of meteorite called living meteors, symbolizing eternal vitality. The Ancient God Clan used this special material to construct sculptures for their tombs, as they are an immortal race. For them, the deceased will inevitably resurrect."

Raising her jade-like fingers, the girl tapped on a nearby sculpture and mused while examining it closely, "This implies that an Ancient God Clan is buried here. Its rank is unknown, but resurrection is certain."

Lu Zijin gave a thumbs-up. "With the Heavenly Person Realm here, would resurrection still work?"

Gu Jianlin wasn't sure either—his full attention had been captivated by the murals on the dome above. "Take a look at this."

The dome of the palace was covered in ancient murals painted with blood-like pigments, sparkling brilliantly under the golden glow.

The murals depicted solemn and fearsome beings. They churned within a boiling sea while half the sky remained shrouded in darkness. Torrential rain fell in black sheets, while golden flames scorched the clouds, casting skeletal figures that gazed down on the Azure Sea like ominous sentinels.

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A broken Golden Tree stood tall in the world between the sea and sky, its golden radiance illuminating two towering silhouettes.

One wore an ebony mask, the other a crimson mask.

Their towering figures were so immense, they seemed to blot out the sun and moon.

Tiny humans knelt trembling on the shore in worship.

Gu Jianlin found it incredulous. He gazed at the murals, attempting to use his profiling ability.

A blood-stained sea, shattered islands, and a scorched sky.

Two Gods gazing at each other beneath the massive Golden Tree.

A man's frenzied laughter.

A girl's stunning beauty, captivating all creation.

Su Youzhu stared at the dome and softly said, "The Qilin Clan and the Candle Dragon Clan—this records an ancient war. Dragons and Qilin clashed over the Azure Sea, their blood staining the entire ocean. Countless islands sank, and tsunamis engulfed the vast ocean. The strength of the Gods flowed from the Ancient Gods, even affecting reality."

"Oh, you could understand all that?"

Lu Zijin grinned and said, "You're truly my little lifesaver."

"The murals of the Ancient God Clan have a certain logic, since much of their writing is composed of lines hidden amidst the details of the murals. This depicts a history of glorious war—how the Candle Dragon Clan defeated the Qilin Clan and seized the Divine Tree."

Su Youzhu tilted her head, her gaze confused. "Why the sun?"

Lu Zijin clasped her hands behind her back and curiously asked, "The sun?"

"Yes, the sun."

Su Youzhu thought carefully and whispered, "I heard my teacher mention before that the Candle Dragon Venerable symbolizes the Netherworld's sun, while the Vermilion Bird Venerable symbolizes the Human World's sun. Both Supremes were born bathed in the radiance of the sun, so in the Ancient God Clan's original creation myth, their origins are tied to Zhu Zhao, the Candle Light God!"

She added, "In the oldest myths, Zhu Zhao was the holy deity born at the creation of heaven and earth, the master of the sun. Opposite of it is You Ying, the You Ying God; Xuanming Venerable, and Bai Ze Venerable, who were born bathed in moonlight."

Lu Zijin fell into deep thought and asked, "What about the Qilin Venerable?"

Su Youzhu shook her head and softly said, "I don't know."

Lu Zijin looked puzzled. "And the broken Divine Tree—what is that? The Golden Tree?"

Su Youzhu nodded. "Yes, that tree."

Gu Jianlin rubbed his forehead with his hand; he knew what the Golden Tree was.

Back in the Destiny Mud Tablet, he had once seen this ancient Golden Tree.

But it was different from the one depicted in the murals.

In the murals, the Golden Tree was incomplete, standing in the world between sea and sky.

But on the Destiny Mud Tablet, the Golden Tree pierced heaven and earth, seemingly extending into the boundless depths of the universe.

"According to the teacher's conjecture, two Supremes were born bathed in sunlight, and two were born bathed in moonlight. So what about the final Supreme? The Qilin Venerable must have an origin as well—we just don't know it yet."

Su Youzhu tried to continue interpreting, but unfortunately, there were no further clues.

"So, this creepy place is actually a tomb built by the Candle Dragon Clan?"

Lu Zijin tilted her charming face upward and analyzed, "Wait, I just realized—why hasn't the Qilin Clan's Ancient Gods appeared in the Qilin Immortal Palace up until now? Could they all be asleep here?"

The possibility of this hypothesis was high.

But there was no need to panic excessively.

For some reason, the area was enveloped by the power of the Heavenly Person Realm, which suppressed the Ancient God Clan.

Gu Jianlin listened to their conversation, but his thoughts wandered further.

Because back then, he had glimpsed the process of the birth of the Ancient Supremes in the history of the Ancient God Clan.

The Ancient Supremes were far more than five in number.

And the Qilin Venerable was the last Supreme to be born.

If the Candle Dragon and Vermilion Bird symbolize the sun and Bai Ze and Xuanming symbolize the moon,

then perhaps what he once saw—endless radiance and profound darkness—might correspond to this.

So what power did the Qilin Venerable and those unhatched planets represent?

Could this be the reason the Qilin Venerable was feared?

"I originally thought the Candle Dragon Venerable came to the East Sea to seize the Dragon Bone, but now it seems that's not the case."

Gu Jianlin softly said, "What the Candle Dragon Venerable wanted was that tree, yet she didn't take it away but left it on the East Sea. If my guess is correct, she did so to let it grow in the Qilin Immortal Palace."

He continuously tried using his profiling ability, feeling his head splitting with pain.

Su Youzhu turned her head to look at him, tiptoed closer, and reached out to massage his temples.
"Feeling better now?"

Gu Jianlin nodded slightly.

Damn couple!

Lu Zijin rolled her eyes, too lazy to deal with them.

When she passed through the wide Divine Path, three tightly shut Stone Gates appeared before her.

Engraved upon the stone walls was a line of text:

"Beware—they are about to awaken!"

The carving marks, made by a sword's edge, were even more hasty and reckless this time.

Gu Jianlin thought that the one who left these words was likely the previous strategist.

Although they hadn't succeeded, they kept warning those who came after.

"Who's about to awaken?"

Lu Zijin pouted. "The Ancient God Clan?"

Su Youzhu remained silent, walking back and forth between the three Stone Gates.

"What are you doing?"

Gu Jianlin asked curiously.

Su Youzhu casually pointed to the middle Stone Gate and said, "Picking at random. My teacher once told me that when you don't know where to go in the Ancient God Realm, just pick at random. Wherever you choose, leave it to fate."

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Lu Zijin shrugged: "This is Gu Ci'an's old trick, you didn't know?"

Hehe.

Gu Jianlin had no choice but to keep quiet. After all, he hadn't sensed any trace of Life Rhythm behind any of the three stone gates, so he figured he might as well pick one at random.

However, when the middle stone gate was pushed open, what appeared before them was enough to make everyone jump.

It was a pitch-black burial chamber, where crimson blood flowed like a river, seemingly simulating the current of a waterway.

A massive black stone coffin hovered in mid-air, bound tightly by chains from all directions.

The coffin was sealed shut without the slightest trace of life emanating from it.

This was a burial method unlike anything ever seen before. In the Blood River, ancient burial goods were flowing along—some were corroded swords, golden-forged armor, and even crystalline bones exuding an eerie phenomenon!

One particular bone was astonishingly crystalline, like the most precious jade in the world, suspended in the Blood River.

Its radiance flickered intermittently.

At times dimming, at others illuminating the darkness.

When Lu Zijin saw the singular bone, her beautiful eyes gleamed with sudden light: "Longevity Bone... no, that's an Eternal Bone!"

Su Youzhu's beautiful eyes widened in shock upon hearing those three words.

"What is an Eternal Bone?"

Gu Jianlin frowned and asked.

Once again, he felt the shame of being a cultural illiterate.

"Didn't you study the law of energy conservation? Theoretically, even the Ancient God Clan aren't truly everlasting perpetual motion machines. What sustains their immortality is the Ancient God's Breath, but when they die, they disperse vast amounts of Life Energy. In the burial customs of the Ancient God Clan, they often use lower-tier lives for sacrificial purposes. Bathed in the Ancient God's Breath, the bones of the sacrifices undergo a material transformation."

Lu Zijin's beautiful eyes stayed fixed upon the bone as she muttered: "Normally, such mutated bones are called Longevity Bones, which can only be used by Demigod-level Ascenders and above. Otherwise, why do you think they live so long?"

"As for an Eternal Bone, that's even rarer—it possesses the ability to resurrect the dead."

Su Youzhu glanced at the black stone coffin and spoke softly: "Generally speaking, Eternal Bones are only born from the burial chambers of Primordials, and even then, the probability is negligible. There's another possibility: if a deceased ancestor-level Ancient God possessed Supreme Bone Blood, there's a chance they can evolve into a Primordial, and posthumously, an Eternal Bone might incubate. Legend has it these bones carry the power to defy fate itself."

Gu Jianlin thought to himself, so that's how it is.

Even Supreme Bone Blood alone isn't enough.

It also requires endless time to precipitate and complete the final evolution.

Senior Ji really didn't lie to him.

In the Sea of Eternal Life, there truly are treasures capable of extending one's life!

"The way to distinguish a Longevity Bone from an Eternal Bone lies in its peculiar radiance. One glance is enough to drive most people mad."

Su Youzhu's delicate face turned pale as she muttered: "Which means, if the entity in this coffin wakes up and consumes this Eternal Bone, it could form an Eternal Life Cocoon, evolving from an ancestor-level Ancient God to a Primordial-level Ancient God."

Lu Zijin released her telekinesis and attempted to extract the Eternal Bone: "Enough talking, grab it and let's run!"

However, the moment the Eternal Bone was enveloped by telekinesis and lifted out of the Blood River—

Gu Jianlin suddenly heard the sound of a heartbeat.

It wasn't his own.

Nor was it from the two girls beside him.

He raised his head, his face twisted in horror as though he'd seen a ghost.

As if he had witnessed the Evil Spirit in the coffin smiling at him.