

Ancient 611

Chapter 611: This Is, the Ancient Supreme!

The Deep Blue raced through the boundless wind and snow. The technical staff who should have been working overtime at night, and the Omegas preparing for battle in the training room, all felt a grand pressure descending from the sky, causing a great upheaval.

Many people's legs buckled, and they knelt on the spot, drenched in sweat.

"Damn it!"

In the incense-filled conference room, a massive wooden desk was shattered with a slap, collapsing with a roar.

Taihua suddenly rose, his breathing changing to a boundary-less state, and vanished in an instant.

Only a fierce wind remained, blowing apart the foreheads of the higher-ups.

Bai Feng's eyes almost exploded, the documents in front of him fluttering like butterflies, clearly feeling the murderous Sword Intent spreading despite being at the Holy Land Level of the Sword Sect Path, almost tearing him apart.

"What just happened?"

Ye Dao Saint said in a low voice with a horrified expression, "It's the first time I've seen the President lose composure like this."

Even those at the slightly lower rank like the Profound Yin Saint didn't dare to speak, trembling in fear.

Even the Night Watchers, led by Han Jing, exchanged looks without daring to ask more.

Only Lin Dong, a Demigod-level Ascender, vaguely sensed something, for the President's mental presence had briefly left this floating ship, transported to a place ten thousand miles away.

This was the last pre-battle meeting convened by the President, where details on the Strategy Group's forthcoming crusade against the Kui Dragon Ancestor in the Dragon Nest needed to be discussed and confirmed. As the team's leader, even Lin Dong had no command authority and must follow orders unconditionally, even obeying commands during wartime emergencies.

Because as long as the President was alive, she would always be the one issuing real orders, never letting others take over.

It's not that she looked down upon the two vice presidents she cultivated.

The old folks equally looked down upon everyone.

"Whew."

He took a sip from his tea cup, his gaze becoming deep.

He wondered what happened to make the President lose composure like this.

Even ignoring the meeting for the crusade against the Kui Dragon Ancestor.

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In Gu Jianlin's resting chamber, a parrot was pecking at bird food, suddenly seeing a golden light rushing in!

Frightened, the bird's body shivered, and several feathers fell off.

Taihua naturally wouldn't pay attention to a stupid bird, suddenly flickering to the boy's bed, eyes heavy.

Gu Jianlin lay quietly on the bed, clearly in a deep sleep state, the child sleeping so obediently, curled like a shrimp, with a quilt covering him like mummy cloth.

This sleeping posture is usually favored by children lacking a sense of security.

Even asleep, he still firmly clutched the sword bag.

"You."

Taihua raised her hand to touch the boy's forehead, sighed softly, and said gently, "Looking across ancient and modern times, besides that unlucky Xu Fu, only you dared to provoke three Ancient Supremes at once."

This President, who has stood at the pinnacle of the world for four hundred years, had a trace of guilt flash in her eyes, mumbling, "According to the prophecy, after Tang Zijing and Gu Ci'an failed, someone would naturally go to Penglai Fairy Island to resolve everything. I didn't believe it and even prepared to act personally. Who would have thought that person turned out to be you?"

Gu Jianlin naturally couldn't hear these words.

In fact, even without hearing, he could figure out what was going on.

Both Gu Ci'an and Tang Zijing were placed in Qilin Immortal Palace by the President.

After all, without the President's permission, they evidently couldn't harness the power of the Heavenly Person's Wedge.

Thus, the President was the first to discern the crises looming over Penglai Fairy Island.

However, if Taihua were to choose again, she would act personally.

Even at the cost of shortening her lifespan.

Gu Jianlin's breathing was long, harmonizing with the rhythm of heaven and earth, and beneath his fair skin, golden veins were visible.

That was the frequency of the Heavenly Person's Breathing.

Not knowing what he dreamt of in his sleep, his brows furrowed, and his whole body trembled.

As if he was having a nightmare.

"Both a Heavenly Person and an Evolver."

Taihua caressed his forehead, whispering, "The path Thunder nearly sacrificed his life to walk through, you've already completed. How did you achieve that, child?"

As one at the peak of the world, she naturally knew there was an issue here.

She even already guessed how he achieved it.

Perhaps, Qing also knew it a long time ago.

Otherwise, despite there being few gifted Divines, Qing wouldn't have specially come to Peak City to find this child.

Even as Gu Ci'an's son, his gifted strength could only be considered excellent, nothing more.

Not enough to warrant such attention from a Catastrophe.

What kind of person the King of Qing is, she knew too well as his master.

The grand vision of the King of Qing is to surpass ancient, present, and future, to become the pinnacle of both worlds, exploring the secrets of the universe, the origin of everything, the cycle of cause and effect, endlessly and infinitely.

In a sense, Qing was the most ambitious person in the world, even more so than Chi.

What secrets does the student chosen by such a person hold?

It's unimaginable.

As the President of the Ether Association and Guardian of the Order World, what she should do most is to immediately kill this child, not even needing to verify her guess. If there's even a hint of suspicion, kill him.

No matter what the King of Qing was planning, it would be futile.

The bet placed by the Ancient Supremes would also come to nothing.

If it were her from a hundred years ago, she wouldn't hesitate at all, and this child would already be a corpse.

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But now, she couldn't do it.

Perhaps it was because this young man's potential could truly become an unprecedented pillar of the human world.

Or perhaps he could sway the Supreme beings' game in the apocalypse of the future.

Or maybe it was his outstanding contribution to the human world that sparked her love for talent.

Alright, none of this matters.

Taihua felt she might have grown old, becoming merciful.

"If you die, at any cost, I will have the Vermilion Bird Clan accompany you to the grave."

She softly said, "Including The Order of the Hidden."

The wind and snow howled outside the window, the chill seeping through the cabin windows, yet unable to approach the young man at all.

Taihua softly hummed an old rural folk song.

It was from the chaotic war period many years ago. She used to sing it to her eldest daughter to sleep. Before every battle, she would come back to see her child, fearing she might fall and never have the chance again, so she cherished the moment.

Unconsciously, three hundred years had passed in a flash, and she had long killed her eldest daughter with her own hands.

After that, she never sang the song again.

Except for tonight.

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Amidst the rolling thunder, a drop of rain fell on the collapsed front hood of the car.

When Gu Jianlin opened his eyes again, dense raindrops spread across the dry asphalt on the highway, the earthy smell mingling with the damp wind, and the willow trees on both sides of the road swayed in the wind.

Before him was burning flame, a never-ending storm roared in, lightning and thunder.

He was in the passenger seat, blood covered his head, before him was a collapsed car front.

The massive truck was engulfed in flames, the driver's cabin already crushed was empty, only traces of burning remained, the leather seat was charred and riddled with holes, as if some monster had been seated there before.

He was back.

This time, he was truly back.

This was Gu Jianlin's deepest nightmare, his first encounter with the Transcendent, that seventeen-year-old boy barged into the world of the Ancient God Clan and Ascenders, henceforth wielding blade and sword.

Just for some reason, on this highway, he had lost all power, like a frail ordinary person, no longer feeling any strength within himself, including the loss of his Mythical Weapon.

This was evidently the authority of the Vermilion Bird Clan, turning him into the helpless boy in the accident.

Even so, he still unbuckled his seatbelt, kicked the collapsed car door with all his might.

With a bang, it didn't budge.

Gritting his teeth, he raised his foot and kicked again, like a madman.

Finally, the car door was kicked open, he emerged from the car, with a head spilling blood, breathing heavily.

Bathing in the storm, he looked around.

No Ghost Car Ancestor, and Old Gu was nowhere in sight.

The highway stretched endlessly into the fog, he seemed trapped here.

Vaguely, a massive shadow appeared in the sky, covering the heavens and earth.

An aged voice, laced with spiteful joy, chuckled hoarsely: "No matter who bets on you, today you are destined to die. This is the authority of the Vermilion Bird Venerate, reincarnation! After countless nirvanas, the great Supreme has been reborn, and you will be buried here, devoured by Him."

This was Xu Fu's voice.

In an instant, his voice turned anxious: "The Vermilion Bird Venerate used me as a medium to leave the authority, aiming to erase a pillar of the human world! You're just a mere Fourth Rank, it shouldn't be yours, why is it like this? There must be some great secret on you."

This legendary alchemist seemed to have a split personality.

One half controlled by the Ancient Supreme, bizarre and spiteful.

The other half cared for humanity, anxious and helpless.

Gu Jianlin smiled relievedly.

Originally thought he'd face this curse at forty.

Unexpectedly, destiny brought him here early.

Since becoming an Ascender, everything he did was to enhance his power, for the day he'd return to this highway, cutting off this damned fate along with the Vermilion Bird Clan behind it.

If the Ghost Car Ancestor came, he'd kill the Ghost Car Ancestor.

If the Vermilion Bird Venerate came, he'd kill the Vermilion Bird Venerate.

If the gods stand in his way, he'll slay the gods; if the Buddhists do, he'll slay the Buddhists.

In Gu Jianlin's world, there is only that little bit, not allowing others to trespass.

But it turned out fate played a colossal joke, when he arrived here, he was still the weak boy, without the slightest power, not even a single weapon.

He held his forehead, suddenly forgetting many things.

Forgot what powers he once wielded, and even forgot his Inheritance Path.

Since entering the Extraordinary World, all memories dissipated.

Xu Fu's spiteful and hoarse voice sneered: "In the world of reincarnation and nirvana, naturally you'll be turned to the weakest state, you won't remember anything, all you possess is despair and fear."

He paused, then shifted to an urgent tone, saying: "Don't forget, quickly recall! If you truly fail to remember, then it's all over! What to do, no flaws, impeccable, how to make you remember? Right, you're not alone here! There's someone who can save you! Hold on, wait for me!"

Gu Jianlin didn't know what this old man was talking about, even forgetting who he was.

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Let someone come to save him.

Who can save him?

He knew he was in a very dangerous place, so he didn't want others to die for him.

The headache was splitting, and the past turned into emptiness.

Above the sky, there seemed to be a terrifying black shadow lurking, looking down on him.

Gu Jianlin vaguely thought that it was the thing that killed his father.

So he took a deep breath, cast aside the fear in his mind, and looked up.

Boom!

In an instant, it was as if his brain was struck by a hammer, almost shattering.

There stood a majestic and noble Divine above the sky, like a creature from ancient mythology, its wings covering the sky with blazing fire, illuminated by flashes of lightning revealing its terrifying profile.

This is... a Divine!

Vermilion Bird!

A tremendous pressure descended from the sky, and Gu Jianlin groaned, almost falling to his knees.

His shoulder suddenly turned into a bloody mess, with dislocated bones.

"Even if you've forgotten, the power itself hasn't been eradicated?"

Xu Fu's demonic laughter sounded again: "Interesting, but how long can you endure? This authority, exercised through me, is a contest of our standings. I once saw the Vermilion Bird Venerate, so in the Reincarnation Nirvana World, I can summon its power to crush you effortlessly."

"If you were at the Holy Land level now, you could recall your past self, but unfortunately, you're not. All you can do now is endure. If your spiritual will collapses, you'll be completely devoured!"

He sighed: "Hold on a little longer, just a little longer! I can sense the potential within you. Just endure a bit more, and when a breakthrough appears, you'll remember everything! Someone is on the way!"

Boom!

Gu Jianlin once again felt the monumental pressure, crimson blurring his vision, knowing his eyes were bloodshot because his neck was almost being snapped, the pain was unbearable.

He saw a terrifying illusion earlier, a giant truck roaring towards him.

A bizarre human figure in the driver's seat smiled at him.

As the truck crashed with a thundering boom, he felt his whole bones shatter.

His organs shifted and bled.

He spat a mouthful of blood, stumbling back a few steps, yet still forced himself to look up.

As if he wanted to see the face of the Divine clearly.

In an instant, a monumental pressure descended again, world-burning flames ignited.

His eyes were burned into terrifying black holes, stumbling back a few steps.

He couldn't see anything.

Thunder roared in his ears, nearly shattering his eardrums, and all he heard was broken noise.

Strange, who is that old man?

Sometimes he reminds him.

Sometimes he curses him.

He even heard that someone would come to save him, but who could it be? It would be better if nobody came.

Gu Jianlin was actually not afraid of death, he just didn't want to die in ignorance.

Nor did he want to die with regrets.

If he could take down his enemy with him before he died, that would be great.

Boom!

His left leg suddenly throbbed with intense pain, his knee shattered.

Almost falling.

For some reason, he just felt that he couldn't fall.

If he fell, his pride and dignity would collapse with him.

His whole life would be beyond redemption.

Even if he was blind, he could feel the gaze from above the sky.

That kind of gaze, looking down at an ant.

Gu Jianlin really hated that kind of gaze, so he once again, stubbornly supported himself to stand up.

With his near-breaking spine, he forcefully looked up and raised a finger!

For a moment, he felt the terrifying thunder once more.

The raised middle finger twisted and broke on the spot.

Even his heart felt constricted, like being squeezed by an invisible giant hand, about to burst.

His memory faded again, even forgetting why he was there.

Yet at this moment, he suddenly heard someone calling him amidst the storm.

Someone was trying to reach him, through the endless storm.

The voice was so familiar, seemingly appearing countless times in dreams, haunting his soul.

Gu Jianlin felt footsteps in the storm, someone broke through it, running towards him with abandon.

Strange, who could it be?

He was skilled in profiling, and in that voice, there seemed to be unprecedented urgency and concern, even hoarseness from shouting all out, a resolution to disregard life and death, and deeply suppressed emotions from years back.

He didn't know who that person was.

Nor did he know how important he was in another's heart.

He ran unconsciously, even with difficulty breathing, his heart pierced with pain, and his bones broken.

With only one leg, he went to find that person.

As if in this world, there would be someone, in his most desperate and painful times, who would abandon everything to come to his side, holding him tightly in their arms, just like so many years ago.

From the endless storm, a girl emerged.

Su Youzhu ran in the storm, her platinum short hair fluttering in the wind, the hem of her nightgown swayed, she didn't know how she got here, only vaguely an old man sent her here.

Her boy seemed about to die here, so she ran on the endless highway without hesitation.

A Divine descended from the sky with monumental pressure, her memory became blurry, her petite body reached its limit, tiny blood beads beneath her fair skin, yet still moved like an agile elf.

The thunder rolled on.

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Gu Jianlin was shaken to the brink of death by the overwhelming pressure. He had really reached his limit. He was just a seventeen-year-old high school student, whose most prominent physical ability was playing as a forward in soccer matches.

Now, his entire skeleton was fractured, and his organs were on the verge of failure.

As a human, he had reached his limit.

Just as he was about to collapse, he heard a familiar voice calling him.

The girl said, "Gu Jianlin."

Upon hearing this name, Gu Jianlin stumbled and almost fell.

Yet his memories suddenly loosened, and someone stood in front of him, helping him up.

It was a handsome man, biting a cigarette, looking at him smugly.

A woman in a suit stood silently beside him, smiling.

A cute and charming girl looked up at him with curiosity.

Gu Jianlin instinctively nodded at them and continued forward.

Ahead no longer seemed like a highway, but an empty soccer field where a chubby, smiling man and a shy, pretty girl cheered for him, someone even handed him a bottle of mineral water.

Beyond the basketball court lay the desolate and quiet Black Cloud City, where a little girl was guiding him.

An old man with graying hair smiled and helped him kick open the door, and light flooded in.

Gu Jianlin gasped for air, yet the endless night lay before him.

A man in a suit stood in front of him, holding a bloody heart in his hand.

An elder in a wheelchair smiled at him, his vigorous palm patting his back, urging him forward.

Finally, a majestic, indifferent woman waved her hand lightly, dispersing the wind and rain.

Vaguely, the sound of the wind and rain faded away.

A white-haired girl stood silently by the roadside, giving him a gentle push.

Gu Jianlin stepped forward and caught the familiar cool fragrance.

Amidst the torrential rain, Su Youzhu finally embraced the young man, and the extinguished past surged back like a tide. On that ravaged highway half a year earlier, she had held him just like this.

Gu Jianlin remembered, the familiar warmth, the seemingly familiar fragrance.

And the voice calling in his ears.

His burned eyes regrew, shattered bones were remodeled, exhausted organs revived, the cold and hypothermic body turned warm and hot, evaporating the rainwater on him.

"Youzhu..."

Though he had lost his memory, the fiery emotions buried deep within his heart had never changed.

In the end, they embraced each other, mocking the impotence of the gods.

Amidst the endless wind and rain, Xu Fu stared at them through the rain curtain, his left eye chaotic and strange, his right eye gentle and kind.

"Didn't expect him to remember, damn it!"

He cursed loudly, then smiled gently, "It's good that he remembered, it's good!"

The heavens raged!

The Reincarnation Nirvana World channeled through Xu Fu began to tremble violently.

Su Youzhu did not look up at the sky but merely hugged the boy in her arms tighter, smiling silently.

Gu Jianlin lay in her arms, gazing at her ice-like face, whispering, "Youzhu."

Su Youzhu softly replied, "Yes?"

Gu Jianlin also said softly, "You're really beautiful."

The swirling clouds were burned to nothing, a vermilion bird cried out piercingly, a terrifying divine punishment gathered in the sky, elements of the entire world coalesced into a world-ending chaos as divine retribution descended.

Su Youzhu suddenly spurted a mouthful of blood, her pretty face pale.

Even though Gu Jianlin had regained his strength, he could not withstand the might of a Supreme. Just feeling the pressure from thousands of meters high, his soul was on the verge of exploding!

His spirituality scrambled, completely powerless to resist.

Boom!

The illusion of the Vermilion Bird descended from the sky, as if it intended to shatter the entire world!

"This is the Reincarnation Nirvana World, and the so-called Destiny Reflection comes from it. I once saw the true body of the Vermilion Bird Venerate, hence I can manifest such a powerful reflection. Even if you remember who you are, if you can't defeat It, it's still a dead end. Think, why does It want to kill you!"

At that moment, Xu Fu let out an ancient call, seemingly overcoming his own demons, his eyes regaining unprecedented clarity: "This is your only chance! You must seize it!"

The Reincarnation Nirvana World summoned the reflection left by the Vermilion Bird Venerate in the past.

The power of an Ancient Supreme, unrivaled in the world!

As the gigantic shadow descended, the world sank into a desperate silence.

Su Youzhu took one last look at the boy, her gaze devoid of fear, no longer cold and indifferent.

Her eyes were filled with tenderness.

She did not know what would happen if she died here.

Would death in the illusion mean the end for her avatar.

And would the death of the avatar have repercussions for her true body.

None of that really mattered.

To her, the biggest regret was that when the boy had the car accident, she wasn't by his side.

Now filling that regret in this way was enough.

Gu Jianlin held her hand, silently feeling her softness.

Suddenly, he came to a realization and looked up at the sky.

That's right.

Why does the Vermilion Bird want to kill him?

For a moment, Gu Jianlin's left eye blazed with intense gold, and his right eye filled with a strange red.

He raised his hand, reaching towards the endless storm.

Slightly hooking his finger.

The world erupted with earth-shattering sounds.

For he too used the Reincarnation Nirvana World to summon a reflection left in the past.

As if the gate to the Divine Country had opened, a black Supreme roared, breaking through the clouds, Its body so immense that it seemed to be the darkness itself, half decayed and withered, the other half covered in terrifying, blood-filled veins, the vivid golden eyes pierced through the endless storm!

—Destiny Reflection, Qilin Venerable!

Accompanied by the world-shaking Dragon Roar, the sky seemed to become an immense Nether River, blood and rain swept across the entire world, a dark red Ancient Dragon soared into the sky, time and space shattered, millions of crimson Mandala Flowers bloomed!

—Destiny Reflection, Candle Dragon Venerable!

Chapter 615: Say It—Call Me Sister

Gu Jianlin from start to finish, could not understand why the Gu Family was cursed.

In the entire world of Ascenders, the Gu Family was just a historically old noble family, even having fallen to the point where it could be swallowed up by small, insignificant families like the Yan family. What right or virtue did this family have to warrant the endless hunts from the Vermilion Bird Clan over the centuries?

Now he knew why.

Because he himself did not know how he managed it, he simply found in his memory that he had once seen the destiny reflections of two supremely powerful Ancients, and thus their Destiny Reflections materialized.

A trace of a smile suddenly appeared on his lips, and he began to laugh lightly.

The storm hit his face, and his smile grew even more exuberant.

"Heaven never seals off all exits."

He raised his hand, gently wiping the blood from the girl's lips.

Su Youzhu's world was shrouded by a massive shadow, clearly unable to see anything, but she could sense the vast divine majesty, as if it was about to crush her delicate body.

Her face was pale, with her short platinum hair fluttering in the wind, partially covering her stunning eyes.

Suddenly, Gu Jianlin stood up and held her in his arms, looking up at the sky: "Don't be afraid, don't look up, just shrink into my embrace, just like back in Peak City High School, today... no matter what, I won't die from anyone."

No one knew what would happen next.

But Su Youzhu gently hummed and rested her forehead against his chest, as if believing that no matter how deep an abyss the world fell into, she could always curl up safely, finding a safe harbor.

She lowered her head, closed her eyes, and held the boy tightly.

Half a year ago, it was Gu Jianlin she held in a car accident, and this time it was he who held her.

Come on, Vermilion Bird.

This is your world, and my world too.

He lifted his head, gazing up at the lofty gods above, yet his eyes brimmed with sarcasm!

Boom!

The world echoed with the sound of collapse.

The firmament burned with golden flames, a pitch-black Qilin covered the sky, and faintly someone stood atop its head, their whole body wrapped in a dense black mist, their features unclear but exuding a mysterious depth.

Qilin Venerable!

The First Generation Qilin Venerable!

The moment it appeared, this world was permeated with boundless vitality and death energy, two completely opposing forces yet harmoniously balanced, as if symbolizing the interchange of life and death.

Blood-red Mandala flowers bloomed endlessly on the highway, the scarlet rain whistling with the wind, and a formidable Ancient Dragon seemed to rise to the heavens with an earth-shattering Dragon Roar threatening to shatter the entire world.

Amidst the blood and fierce winds, a peerlessly beautiful girl emerged from the mist, holding a red umbrella, her ink-dyed long hair fluttering in the wind, her dress like a deity stepping out of a mythical scroll.

As time and space twisted, she gracefully took a step forward, causing the void to shatter like a mirror.

Time suddenly sank into a swamp-like silence, as if to welcome her arrival!

Even the Vermilion Bird perching atop the sky quivered, with a noble shadow vaguely outlined above its head, gender indiscernible, yet seemingly reigning high above!

Rumble!

Xu Fu felt his mind about to explode.

What did he see!

Three Ancients assembled in the Reincarnation Nirvana World!

A tripartite confrontation!

And these were the same three Ancients who once captured him!

Immense fear exploded in his mind. Even as a Ninth Rank Taiyi God, he almost couldn't withstand the ancient overwhelming divine might, clearly a resurrection of ancient mythology before him, gods contending!

At this moment, Xu Fu felt as though he returned to a thousand years ago, reliving the fear of being dominated by three Ancients in succession!

Even for a dying man like him, it was excessively horrifying.

But even more terrifying was this boy.

Too incredible.

To invoke the killing intent of the Vermilion Bird Venerate.

And to be so deeply connected to both Qilin and Candle Dragon Supremes, even able to summon their destiny projections!

No wonder, to be so much under the protection of that Heavenly Person!

Amidst it all, thunder suddenly erupted!

"Vermilion Bird!"

The all-pervading Dragon Roar, Qilin's furious roar, blended together.

After Candle Dragon and Qilin Supremes appeared, they immediately unleashed their killing intent upon the Vermilion Bird!

The sky burned with void godfire, the Vermilion Bird Venerate's clear Phoenix cry resounding across the sky!

Qilin Venerable raised its majestic and enraged golden eyes, lifting both hands within the black mist to form a strange seal, rolling thunder echoed from the void, like a soul-piercing roar!

Candle Dragon Venerable gently sang an ancient ethereal chant, as the ancient and solemn blood-red dragon swirled around her, breaking through the bounds of time and space, a sky-trembling Dragon Roar erupted, the void trembling and collapsing!

Whether it was Qilin's roar, or Candle Dragon's Dragon Roar.

Both culminated in an ancient syllable!

——Ancient Divine Language!

Qilin's Ancient Divine Language signified the death of matter.

Candle Dragon's Ancient Divine Language marked the collapse of Karma!

The endless highway shook and collapsed, countless cobweb-like fissures spread to the world's end, steel guardrails twisted and withered, and the willow trees on both sides of the road suddenly withered and decayed, disintegrating into dust!

The dark clouds above the sky burned, lightning and thunder vanished, engulfed by darkness.

Even the storm across the sky extinguished, buried in the tides of destruction.

Chapter 616: Come On, Call Me Sister_2

Absolute silence suddenly descended, only ethereal singing seemed to come from the distant end of time, someone softly humming in the silence, yet like a heavenly punishment, majestic and furious, secretly concealing the origin and demise of the universe, karma, and rules!

Boom!

The karma of this world was suddenly overturned, and time and space roared and twisted, as if wanting to return to the origin!

The Vermilion Bird Venerate spread its wings to fly, its wings covering the sky and the sun, roaring with might!

The Reincarnation Nirvana World is His authority.

It's unknown what effect His true body would achieve.

At least for now, the Vermilion Bird Venerate was trapped in a situation of one against two!

His noble and magnificent mythical body crumbled in decay, disintegrating like burning dust, with terrifying light and heat collapsing in a roar like an extinguished sun, on the brink of falling.

Not only that!

Even the time and space He was in twisted like a vortex, mercilessly shredding the sky-covering wings, devouring the splendid burning phoenix feathers, even the phoenix cry piercing through heaven and earth was drowned.

His very existence was about to be forcibly erased!

This was the killing intent of the Qilin Venerable!

Also the dominance of the Candle Dragon Venerable!

The Vermilion Bird soared to the sky, and at the moment of imminent collapse, it cried out to the heavens!

The world seemed to burn in an instant, and in the blazing flames, countless vermillion phoenix feathers were reflected, breeding numerous vague souls, flapping their wings to soar to the high heavens as if to be reborn in fire!

Nirvana!

This was the Ancient Divine Language of the Vermilion Bird Venerate!

The crimson phoenix sings, with that lofty, with phoenix tree rising, with that morning sun.

The crimson phoenix's body covers with fire, never extinguishing in its lifetime!

Only to see His crumbling mythical body recondense, and the forcibly erased karma rewinded!

Nirvana Rebirth!

For a moment, the Qilin's golden vertical pupils suddenly burned.

Boom!

The Qilin Venerable suddenly stepped forth, raising both hands to make a tearing motion!

Accompanied by the Vermilion Bird's angry cry, the sky-covering wings were forcibly torn off, and the burning red blood poured down like rain, falling on the collapsing highway, igniting terrifying Divine Fire!

Crack!

The void shattered like a fragile mirror.

The Candle Dragon Venerable flicked his fingers, and the time and space of the entire world concentrated at a point and collapsed, shattering!

Even though the Vermilion Bird was reborn in Nirvana, it was unable to resist the combined attack of two Ancient Supremes, and the time and space He was in suddenly collapsed and cracked, His mythical body also shattered, crumbling into the void!

The world resounded with the sound of collapse.

The Vermilion Bird, burning with Divine Fire, finally shattered, decaying and dissipating like a thousand-year-old weathered corpse, the bursting light shards fell like meteor rain, ultimately swallowed by the endless abyss.

There was no doubt that the Vermilion Bird, facing the joint force of the Candle Dragon and Qilin, collapsed on the spot!

The reflection of an Ancient Supreme was buried in darkness.

Only the black God and the blood-colored God stood high above the heavens.

Epic majesty.

Mythical grandeur.

Even if it was not the true bodies personally present, just relying on authority to create a Destiny Reflection, they possessed world-destroying might, clearly a revival of ancient mythology, a world-shattering battle between gods!

The Reincarnation Nirvana World, falling towards the abyss!

Gu Jianlin held the girl in his arms, silently feeling the terrifying momentum of world destruction, his eyes calm.

This is the power of the Ancient Supreme.

The tip of the iceberg of power.

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As the medium of the Vermilion Bird Venerate, Xu Fu was already on the brink of death.

In fact, he was originally a dying man.

The Ancient Divine Language of the three Ancient Supremes almost all applied to him alone; the reason he hadn't turned to dust on the spot was that the gods intentionally kept him alive as a battlefield.

It was equivalent to the three Ancient Supremes taking turns bombarding him, yet not letting him die.

This was even more excessive than the three consecutive captures back then!

Truly unbearably humiliating, at this moment he even resented his rank being so high, otherwise, even if the three Supremes joined forces to extend his life, he would still choose to turn into ashes on the spot, dying to express his will!

After the sky-covering Vermilion Bird dissipated, the resounding phoenix cry returned to silence.

This aged elder also appeared on the highway, his body illusory, indistinct.

Ready to vanish at any moment.

However, at the last moment of life, he completely regained the dignity and consciousness of being human.

He knew how great the sins he had committed were, so he wanted to do something for humanity in his final moments.

At the very least, he had to send the two children away!

"It's easy to invite a god, but hard to send them away."

Xu Fu staggered forward, raising his withered right hand as the remnants of his spirituality surged, attempting to give a final command to this broken world using his residual control over the Reincarnation Authority.

For a moment, Gu Jianlin, holding the girl in his arms, felt the waves around him.

As if he was about to leave this world.

Suddenly, a silent stillness descended.

Xu Fu suddenly found himself unable to move, including his thoughts which fell into a pit of despair, a feeling terrifyingly familiar, belonging to the authority held only by Candle Dragon Venerable!

Only one thought remained in his mind.

It's over!

With a loud bang!

The old man was swallowed by the twisted space-time, vanishing without a trace!

Gu Jianlin's eyes were filled with terror as he felt a horrifying pressure descending from the sky, his blood ran cold.

He could only hold the girl tightly in his arms, forcing himself to look up.

Above the sky, someone cast a fleeting glance.

In an instant, the sound of footsteps echoed faintly through the mist.

On the verge of collapse, a highway endured the wind as an extraordinarily beautiful girl with long, ink-black hair and a red umbrella walked gracefully, her red dress delicate like a veil, her bare feet unstained by the rain pools beneath.

The rain pools rippled, reflecting an enchanting and graceful curve, causing one's blood to surge.

"Qilin."

An ethereal and clear voice, both gentle as a girl's and filled with arrogant dominance over the world.

Gu Jianlin was startled and alarmed, silently holding the girl tighter, rigidly turning his head.

This was his closest encounter with a god.

He also saw the most unforgettable beauty of his life.

The stunning girl with dragon horns bent down to look at him, her ink-dyed black hair slightly damp in the mist and rain, sticking to her snowy, delicate cheeks, half-hiding her enchanting seductive gaze, a trace of crimson like blood at the corner of her eye.

Those blood-red eyes, with an alluring tear mole at the corner.

Especially those eyes, distant and ethereal, yet vaguely mocking.

No other girl in this world could compare to her in beauty; with every step, enchanting Mandala flowers bloomed, the grace and beauty in her movements enough to capture all beings.

She seemed to exist only in a mythical fairyland.

Under the vast starry sky, where auroras shine in splendor, amidst swinging winds and rain.

Of course, not just beauty.

But also a terrifying sense of oppression that toppled the heavens and earth.

"No... little Qilin."

Candle Dragon Venerable smiled slightly, her soft breath close enough to touch: "You swallowed my Dragon Bone, quite bold."

A strong scent, akin to Lan She, lingered faintly in the wind.

Along with a sense of bloody wind and rain.

Boom!

Gu Jianlin felt his mental will collapse, in front of him only her beauty that could overthrow nations, and an ancient dragon rising to the sky fiercely, as if seeing the overwhelming Nether River, shattered Sky Dome, and bloody winds and rain.

The girl in his arms had vanished too.

Only he remained, standing bewildered in the midst of the Nether River.

A tingle ran up his spine to the base of his skull.

It seemed like fate played another huge joke on him.

He had avoided this old monster for so long, not expecting to be caught like a turtle in a jar here.

Moreover, this old monster seemed to have seen through his mystery.

A single call of "little Qilin" scared him out of his wits.

Obviously, it was just a Destiny Reflection created by the Reincarnation Authority, how could it be so powerful!

"Candle Dragon Venerable..."

His throat rolled, his voice hoarse.

"Candle Dragon?"

Candle Dragon Venerable gently held an umbrella for him, her bewitching gaze glancing towards him, her vermillion lips curving into a slight arc, seemingly mocking as she said: "Didn't I help you settle the Vermilion Bird, shouldn't you call me good sister?"

Chapter 617: How Much Do You Like Me?

Gu Jianlin heard the violent pounding of his heart in his chest.

Like a drumbeat.

Except for the Vermilion Bird Clan, the stunning girl before him was probably the most fearsome adversary of his life, the ultimate nightmare of the human world for millennia, and indisputably the pinnacle among the Ancient Supremes.

Compared to the majority of the Ancient Supremes slumbering in the real world, Candle Dragon Venerable was the ultimate terror because she truly had the ability to live in the real world, her shadow present throughout history, and she was like an immensely powerful nuclear bomb capable of world destruction, God knows when she might be detonated.

Even though he, too, held the dignity of a Supreme, he was reluctant to face such an opponent.

Since their first encounter, he had been avoiding her for a long time.

If possible, he hoped to wait until he ascended to the Demigod Domain before meeting this Supreme again.

Unfortunately, there's no such thing as "if."

"Scared to death? Speechless?"

The chilling intent to kill swept over like a storm, accompanied by the girl's cold gaze!

Gu Jianlin heard her voice, his mind roaring with echoes.

Like every cell was screaming in terror, his trembling soul urged him to flee!

Candle Dragon Venerable would step in not because she was on his side.

But because compared to him, who was weak, the Vermilion Bird was more difficult to deal with.

Without eliminating the Vermilion Bird, the Reincarnation Nirvana World would remain the dominion of that one.

Even Candle Dragon Venerable would gain no favor.

"When swallowing the Dragon Bone, weren't you afraid at all?"

Candle Dragon Venerable lifted her beautiful eyes, a world-swaying smile tinged with a hint of coldness.

Gu Jianlin felt his scalp tingle, thinking that since he had already swallowed it, what more did she want? She couldn't retrieve it now!

Bang!

Candle Dragon Venerable suddenly raised her delicate, soft white hand and pressed it against his chest.

Gu Jianlin could feel she wasn't using much force, her gentle, boneless hand so delicate and warm, yet in his ears, the roaring sound of time rewinding resounded, the world in front of him distorted and spun, past events rushing towards him.

It was as if he had fallen into a chasm of the past, a flood of memories rushing forth.

The rental house he lived in as a child, at five years old playing with his game console on the bed. At the First Experimental Elementary School, wearing his school uniform with a backpack on his way to school. At the East Sea Road Civil Affairs Bureau, watching his parents part ways, he gazed blankly at the tide by the sea. And him writing vigorously in the exam room, a powerful kick on the soccer field.

Sweating profusely during night runs, solitary focus and emptiness while playing games alone in the study, the happiest moments were shopping with that man and secretly learning to drive afterwards.

Then the car accident on the highway, his despair and struggle in the hospital, the life-and-death experiences after becoming an Ascender.

All the forgotten details emerged, even including the trivialities of everyday life.

Seventeen years of life flowed out in the quiet passage of time.

Reflected in the eyes of the girl.

Without a doubt, Candle Dragon Venerable intended to make a move on him.

But before doing so, she actually took the time to spy on the boy's past without missing any details.

For a true Ancient Supreme, the scale of time was not as narrow as it was for humans.

Seventeen years of time to them seemed like leaves in the wind, fleeting in an instant.

Especially since Candle Dragon Venerable was not some ancient undead suddenly resurrected after a thousand-year slumber; she had truly lived in the human world, evident from her attire.

Barefaced, her breathtaking beauty needed no adornment, her ink-black hair slightly curled, her dark red short dress blooming like a lily, her snow-white delicate legs so perfect, every line flowing smoothly and elegantly, as translucent white as jade porcelain, with even black leg rings wrapped around them.

Intricate and delicate earlobes adorned with dangling blood-red crystal stone earrings swaying in the wind.

Like a goddess stepping out of mythology, descended into the human realm.

Even with a touch of mortal existence, she became more enchanting.

She silently observed the boy's past life, absorbed with interest.

In those enchanting, seductive eyes, there was even a faint trace of mockery.

For Gu Jianlin, it was an unprecedented humiliation because he couldn't even make a move, as if the time and space he was in had been frozen, violated by the woman standing at the pinnacle of two realms before his eyes.

Yes, violation of privacy.

This was something he was very wary of.

Yet, unexpectedly, he couldn't feel any disgust or resistance.

Instead, he felt a sense of affinity towards this absolutely beautiful girl before him.

It was a feeling coming from deep within his bloodline.

This was no love at first sight, for no matter how beautiful she was, she was the most terrifying being in the world.

Gu Jianlin wasn't someone motivated by lust; he quickly found the root of the problem.

Dragon Bone!

Because he had swallowed the Dragon Bone of the old monster.

That was why he felt an inexplicable sense of closeness towards her.

Not just that, Candle Dragon Venerable's gaze towards him also held a subtle, indescribable meaning.

Moreover, Candle Dragon Venerable had already seen through his background.

He was the second generation Qilin Venerable.

He was not the legendary Black Supreme.

After Candle Dragon Venerable had seen through this, her attitude towards him even held a bit of curiosity.

Not like before, where her contempt was unconcealed.

Until, in his memories, Gu Jianlin uttered the words "good sister."

Candle Dragon Venerable lifted her chin, gazing at him even more mockingly.

This was bad.

Gu Jianlin knew what he would say next.

As he expected, when he uttered the words "old monster," her gaze grew terrifyingly cold.

Gu Jianlin was horrified.

He could feel it.

In that instant, Candle Dragon Venerable truly wanted to kill him.

In his heart, he roared madly, but he couldn't stop the torrent of memories from flooding forth.

"So that foolish blade Jiuyin is also in your hands."

Candle Dragon Venerable sneered, "Just how much do you like me?"

As soon as the words fell, she was slightly taken aback.

Because she heard the words spoken by the boy.

"I only love the Venerable."

Even though Candle Dragon Venerable knew it was a lie to deceive Jiuyin, she still fell silent.

Gu Jianlin noticed her gaze was fixed on him.

As if she wanted to devour him whole.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Candle Dragon Venerable gave him a deep look.

Gu Jianlin felt his memories were frozen, stuck in the car accident on Haiqing Highway.

Candle Dragon Venerable stared into his eyes for a long time.

In those bewitchingly beautiful eyes was reflected the overwhelming image of the Vermilion Bird.

A moment later.

Her gaze actually showed a hint of seriousness.

Gu Jianlin vaguely guessed what caught this woman's attention; it must be the Vermilion Bird Venerate.

For a moment, he felt a slight loosening in the time and space that confined him. So he didn't hesitate to awaken his dormant spirituality, his altered breathing resonating with the rhythm of the world, brilliant golden light illuminating!

——Heavenly Person Realm!

His right hand suddenly erupted with the shrill cries of a thousand birds, shooting out fierce electric light.

Within the domain of the Heavenly Person Realm, the All Heavens Divine Thunder turned into a brilliant gold, suddenly striking at her chest.

Surrendering without a fight was never his style.

Because the Reincarnation Nirvana World was about to collapse, and the Destiny Reflection before him could disappear at any moment.

Even expending her energy a fraction of a second earlier could mean a chance at life!

Crack!

The Heavenly Person Realm indeed helped him break free from the shackles of time and space.

Gu Jianlin leaned forward in a charge, golden eyes exposed as his hair fluttered, thrusting his fingers like a blade!

Boom!

Thunder roared.

Candle Dragon Venerable merely glanced at him indifferently, and the violently attacking lightning dissipated in her hand, even the domain of the Heavenly Person Realm vanished as if it had never appeared.

"You, little Qilin, are quite fierce."

Her red lips curled up, as if looking at a child with a fierce but harmless temper.

She didn't take him seriously at all.

Indeed, it wasn't even sarcasm.

It was amusement.

Just like an adult would never take a three-year-old's attack seriously.

An Ancient Supreme wouldn't be wary of a seventeen-year-old boy.

Even if Gu Jianlin held a Supreme's status.

"The Candle Light Law is indeed an ultimate weapon to us, but it depends on who wields it."

Candle Dragon Venerable raised her delicate hand, gently caressing the boy's cheek, speaking softly, "Didn't Taihua teach you how to use your Heavenly Person Realm? You've even managed to use the All Heavens Divine Thunder like this."

Her smile was mocking, she said wistfully, "I used to erase weaklings like you with a wave, but since you've been in touch with the Transcendent for less than a month, I'll tolerate your embarrassment for now."

Gu Jianlin vaguely sensed the time and space around him solidifying once more, cold sweat sliding down his back.

Her right hand gently caressed his face.

Yet he didn't find it enticing.

Because her demeanor and actions resembled someone playing with an amusing toy.

At that moment, Candle Dragon Venerable lowered her head, leaning close to his face.

A breathtakingly beautiful face, so close.

They stared into each other's eyes.

Gu Jianlin had rarely been this close to a girl, only to find her enchanting eyes like blood, bewitchingly alluring, her vermilion lips so vividly delicate, her breath as intoxicating as Lan She, enticing and entrancing.

He could sense an overwhelmingly domineering mental intention forcefully invading his mind.

A foreign consciousness expanded.

It fused with his own consciousness, indistinguishable from one another.

Fragmented memories of hundreds of thousands of years surged into his mind, as if to burst his world apart!

Almost simultaneously, the depths of Candle Dragon Venerable's pupils shimmered with countless black spells, emanating an eerie, profound glow, as if converging into an ancient dragon soaring to the heavens, merging into the depths of the soul.

Spiritual Fusion Secret Technique!

The Ancient Supreme had also reclaimed the seeds planted two thousand years ago!

Gu Jianlin's usefulness had been exhausted.

"Should I devour you, or keep you?"

Candle Dragon Venerable seemed to have made a quick decision, her eyes playful.

Gu Jianlin's mind was a chaotic darkness, he could only watch as her hands reached for his cheeks, blood-red nails glinting coldly, just like their first encounter in the depths of the Qilin Immortal Palace!

"Since you like me so much, why not come back to Buzhou Mountain with me."

Candle Dragon Venerable smiled, raising her enchanting, mesmerizing slitted eyes, her voice carrying an undeniable authority, "I'll be sleeping for the next three thousand years, you protect your good sister."

Three thousand years!

Gu Jianlin felt a chill all over, which, to him, was tantamount to death.

He wanted to struggle, yet it was all in vain.

In the face of such an insurmountable gap, as Fourth Rank, he had no room for refusal at all.

Candle Dragon Venerable's hands drew closer.

Being touched by such perfect hands should have been an extremely enjoyable thing.

But now it had become his greatest nightmare.

Yet in an instant.

Slap!

Someone knocked those hands away.

A towering killing intent filled the world, and Candle Dragon Venerable's ink-black long hair fluttered.

In her enchanting, mesmerizing, slitted eyes, surfaced a chilling killing intent, along with unconcealed loathing!

Because someone stood before him.

That person was shrouded in black mist, yet wore a crazed, sinister smile.

Qilin Venerable!

Chapter 618: The Old Monster and the Little One

Gu Jianlin felt the world collapsing, the time and space behind him shattering like a fragile mirror, a massive black hole releasing terrifying attraction, as if wanting to devour him.

The terrifying gravity seemed to pull time to an interminably long stretch.

It also allowed him to see clearly everything happening in front of him.

When the man enveloped in black mist appeared, this world was torn apart by the giant Black Qilin, with a rolling black mist behind it, as if a sea of death, at the end of which stood a pitch-black throne.

"Qilin."

Candle Dragon Venerable lifted his eerie and alluring blood-red vertical pupils, no longer mocking and playful as before, a towering killing intent roaring like a bloody storm, evidently taking the stance of facing a life-and-death enemy.

The ancient and majestic blood-red Ancient Dragon soared into the sky, its Dragon Roar piercing through heaven and earth.

In an instant, the beautiful girl vanished without a trace.

Instead, a blood-colored Divine presence appeared, entrenched between the Netherworld!

The God of Zhong Mountain, named Zhu Yin, considers light as day, darkness as night, breath as winter, exhalation as summer, does not drink, does not eat, does not rest, breath becomes wind. Body length a thousand miles. In the east of no shadow. It is a creature, human-faced, snake-bodied, red-colored, dwelling beneath Zhong Mountain.

Candle Dragon!

Qilin Venerable also opened his arms, the giant Black Qilin devoured him, surging to the sky like an ancient beast, accompanied by a storm of black mist, roaring like thunder, the sound shaking heaven and earth!

This is Primordial Return!

The two Ancient Supremes, confronting each other in their most primordial postures!

Only Ancient Supremes can make each other go all out, unleashing thousands of years of killing intent without any reservation!

They conversed in the Ancient Divine Language, like terrifying roars, akin to rolling thunder.

"Qilin, your schemes are exhaustive; the little creation you made is indeed interesting."

Amidst the Dragon Roar reverberating through the river of time, there seemed to be the sound of a girl's cold sneer: "You can't stop me; in the world created by Vermilion Bird, I possess the power of time and space, far stronger than you."

Sure enough, the initial arrival of the two Supremes was because the young man had pried open the Authority of Reincarnation.

When Vermilion Bird's Destiny Reflection collapsed, this world should have dissipated.

Yet Qilin and Candle Dragon broke free from the constraints of the Reincarnation rules, moving freely with supreme methods.

Gu Jianlin's rank is too weak, naturally unable to suppress them.

Candle Dragon possesses the power of time and space, able to communicate past and future, in an instant reversing the guest and host roles.

Perhaps Qilin Venerable can also interfere with time and space by some means, but clearly is slightly inferior!

Accompanied by the furious roar of Qilin, the deep and hoarse voice carried endless malice, mockingly saying: "Candle Dragon, you've stayed in this world too long, never found a way, and increasingly resemble humans. If you really think you can win, why use my method? They are about to awaken."

Clearly in the Ancient Divine Language.

Yet also like the language of humans.

In that brief instant of exchange, the time and space intensely oscillated.

Uncertain how many open and secret confrontations had occurred.

In that moment, the world fell into deadly silence.

The firmament suddenly shattered into pieces, pouring out scorching molten lava, the earth also engulfed by the roaring Nether River, ominous white bones scattered in the pitch-black water, as if to engulf the entire world.

Two terrifying cracks burning with endless netherlight spread out, those were the God's vertical pupils!

Intermingled with flashes of lightning and thunder.

"So what?"

Candle Dragon Venerable coldly spoke: "I am about to ascend."

In the dark world bloomed countless blood-red Mandala Flowers, the blood-colored Candle Dragon entrenched at the extreme part of the firmament, accompanied by the gathering Ancient Giant Thunder, plummeting down like a meteor!

Boom!

World collapse!

Only the pitch-black Qilin soared upwards, half decaying body surging with ominous death, the other half brimming with vast vitality, the world along its path became an abyss of alternating life and death, primordial souls roaring to break through cages, spreading like endless mist, obscuring the sky and sun.

In the howling storm, the Azure Sea overturned, mountains collapsed.

Time and space filled with infinite Dark Energy and Dark Matter, as if the world's dark side reversed.

About to explode!

Boom!

The war between gods must return to the most primitive slaughter!

Like a majestic ancient painting, the Black Qilin rising to the sky was forcefully torn and penetrated, the dark world about to devour everything also collapsed with a boom, amidst the tumultuous mist, countless Resentful Souls shrieked shrilly!

Clearly its own existence shattered, yet issued bizarre mad laughter.

Qilin Venerable's Destiny Reflection also dispersed in this world.

A line of poignant blood light pierced through, the ancient foreboding Candle Dragon also collapsed with a boom.

The stunning girl mercilessly shredded its body.

Her condition seemed not good either.

Originally a peerless Goddess of overwhelming beauty, now almost reversed in growth.

In just a moment, Candle Dragon Venerable transformed into a petite and exquisite young girl, still wearing noble Dragon Horn, tender features stunningly beautiful, in the intriguing eerie blood-red vertical pupils, flickering with ominous killing intent.

Wrapped in a red short dress, the diminutive figure fell towards the black hole like a blood light!

Gu Jianlin was shocked, in a flash seeing the petite girl closing in.

Snow-white jade fingers, pointed towards his brow.

Danger!

Extreme danger!

Even if just an ordinary point, seemed to contain vast energy.

Almost capable of tearing apart his body and consciousness!

With a thunderous sound, his mind swayed, mental world teetered precariously.

At the critical moment, the Golden Phoenix Feather suddenly burst out with blazing golden light, the Heavenly Person Realm suddenly descended!

Brilliant golden light soared to the sky, engulfing the girl like flames!

The right hand of Candle Dragon Venerable pointing at his forehead suddenly fell, no longer advancing an inch.

Gu Jianlin regained consciousness, able to feel her Destiny Reflection exhausted, on the verge of collapse.

"It seems you are still one move short."

He exhaled a breath of foul air from his chest, feeling relieved, and said, "Old monster."

This was the first sentence he spoke to her.

"Old monster?"

Candle Dragon Venerable looked at him coldly, her vermilion lips curling into a playful arc, saying chillingly, "Compared to the Qilin, you're much more interesting. I hope the next time we meet, your mouth is still so tough, little thing."

Gu Jianlin fell into the black hole, expressionlessly saying, "I hope we don't meet again."

Black mist surged, swallowing him.

In the last moment, Candle Dragon Venerable suddenly crumbled to dust, leaving only one last sentence returning to silence.

"I'll come find you again after I ascend, it won't take too long."

She sneered, "After all...don't you want me to be your wife?"

Boom!

The Reincarnation Nirvana World shattered completely.

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Time seemed to pass without knowledge, Gu Jianlin vaguely felt he returned, escaping alive.

It's just a pity his consciousness was still in chaos, his soul seemed to linger in the Reincarnation World, flashing in his mind was her peerless beauty, echoing in his ears was her ethereal voice, even able to feel the intoxicating Lan She fragrance, so bewitching, even maddening.

Candle Dragon Venerable!

For the first time in his life, he met such a beautiful yet terrifying woman, possessing supreme violence and unparalleled grace, like a Mandala Flower growing at the end of time, swaying and blooming, captivating all beings.

Though dangerous, she gave a feeling that even if she killed you, it would be a willing allure.

Especially that kind of bloodline connection, as if wanting to blend with her, never to part.

Without a doubt, this was the most dangerous moment of his seventeen years.

Just escaped a wolf pack, only to enter the tiger's mouth.

The Vermilion Bird Venerate wanted to kill him.

More terrifying was the Candle Dragon Venerable, who not only saw through him with one glance but almost captured him.

If she succeeded, who knows how many years he must sleep, waking, he would be severely toyed with.

Eighty percent chance of being eaten.

"Awake?"

Finally, consciousness returned to reality, a familiar call sounded by his ear.

Gu Jianlin raised his head, a face like an angel appeared in view, those beautiful eyes calm as amber shrouded in mist, just one look could make someone feel a long-lost serenity.

Though they were both beauties, Su Youzhu did not give the suffocating sensation.

Instead, she made one feel refreshed.

"Homegrown flowers are indeed better."

He said softly.

Neither wanting to eat him nor capture him.

"What?"

Su Youzhu tilted her head, looking blankly at the boy in her arms.

Gu Jianlin said nothing, rather stretched out his hand to hug her, feeling her softness and fragrance.

The feeling of being alive was indeed good.

Su Youzhu was a bit baffled, this was the first time this stoic guy had been so proactive.

But when she felt his heart rate gradually calming, a faint smile appeared at the corners of her lips.

"It's good that you're alright."

She gently stroked his hair, said softly, "Welcome back."

Gu Jianlin never thought he would encounter such a big event this time, the relief of surviving made him embrace the girl in his arms, not letting go for a long time, as if only this could bring him peace.

The journey to Penglai Fairy Island was truly perilous.

It involved three Supremes in one go.

Even the Spiritual Fusion Secret Technique, something capable of breaking boundaries.

He gained immense benefits, becoming a true amphibian being.

Possessing the rank of an Ancient Supreme, also mastering the highest Breathing Technique of the Heavenly Person, known as the Candle Light Law!

Perhaps this was the unfinished plan of the Qilin Venerable.

The final fruit was seized by him.

But there was a problem.

Earlier in the Reincarnation Nirvana World, Candle Dragon Venerable invaded his consciousness.

Which means, the old monster also mastered the Spiritual Fusion Secret Technique.

If she ascends, breaking the rules of the real world, she might become like him.

Mastering the Candle Light Law.

Oh my.

This is truly a horror story.

At that moment, a deep and aged sigh sounded.

"How long do you plan to embrace each other? I don't have much time, need to entrust some matters to you."

Xu Fu rasped, "I originally didn't want to disturb you, but after waiting for half a day and not seeing you willing to part even a little bit, isn't this a bit excessive for an old lonely man like me?"

Chapter 619: Loyal and Righteous

The altar in the bronze palace is burning with candle fire.

Xu Fu sits on the mat, silently gazing into the darkness where the intertwined roots of the Golden Tree have been burnt to ashes, leaving only scattered ashes drifting in the cold wind.

"This thing is called the Candle Light Divine Tree, but it is not its true form, merely a root. Back then, the Qilin Venerable created this independent space in his world to serve as its... petri dish? Yes, that's the modern term. I once read the memories of those outsiders to understand the world beyond."

He explained, "If you ask me about the essence of the Candle Light Divine Tree, my answer is that I don't know. In the creation myths of the Ancient God Clan, Candle Light and You Ying were born at the creation of the world, and no one knows whether this is life, or some kind of law, or something else entirely. In any case, people call it Primordial."

He originally intended to continue speaking, but suddenly looked at the sword resting on his neck and couldn't help but say, "Young girl, can you remove your sword from my neck? I'm about to die."

"Sorry, it's not that I don't trust your character, but I fear you might go berserk again. After all, you were captured by three Ancient Supremes. No one knows whether they've planted something like a time bomb in your body." Su Youzhu held the Demon Extermination Sword with both hands, her gaze highly focused, like a sword master concentrating deeply.

However, her pretty face still bore the blush from the earlier affectionate moments, her expression slightly shy and annoyed.

Whether because it was witnessed,

or because it was interrupted.

Gu Jianlin also sat awkwardly on a pill furnace, having to admit that the young lady's caution was correct.

"Well said, it should indeed be so."

Xu Fu sighed, "But why do I feel so displeased?"

He was a Ninth Rank Taiyi God, even in this near-death state, his spirituality had withered, yet if he truly went berserk, two young ones might not be able to subdue him.

"Young girl, wait a moment."

He suddenly raised his hand, a black hole opened in his palm, and a sword, chilling as bone, materialized out of thin air.

The sword's length was approximately nine feet, its entire body shimmering with a golden radiance, as if entwined with scorching Yang Flame.

At the instant Gu Jianlin saw this sword, he felt a tremor deep in his soul.

"I think I've seen this before."

Su Youzhu said suspiciously, "When I followed my teacher as a Cheater back then, it seemed..."

Xu Fu said indifferently, "This sword is named Cong Yun! In the Yingzhou people's mythology, it has another alias called Heavenly Cluster Cloud. It was nurtured from the body of the Orochi, which was also

an ancient Primordial, originally from the Qilin Clan, but later mutated into a monster after devouring the Divine Blood of the Candle Dragon Clan."

"These are experiments attempted by the Qilin Venerable, including the Pseudo Ancestors here, all creations of the Qilin Venerable. I will bury them here together, not letting them out to harm others, so you can rest assured."

"The Orochi was also one of the test subjects, and the creation myth of the Yingzhou people essentially stems from that Black Supreme. Cong Yun was once his weapon. This sword can control dark matter and dark energy, and can absorb life force to replenish itself, though few have earned its approval."

He chuckled, "It's aloof in nature, not talkative, difficult to get along with. Only by using this sword can you pose a threat to me. Try to touch it and see?"

Su Youzhu's eyes brightened slightly; evidently, she yearned for the sword, as it was both powerful and beautiful. Normally buying her a bag makes her happy for days, let alone such a precious artifact.

She reached out and grasped the icy, jade-like hilt, and the sword vibrated faintly as if resisting.

At this moment, Gu Jianlin glanced at the sword.

In an instant, Cong Yun stopped vibrating and obediently remained in the girl's palm.

Successful containment!

Su Youzhu delightedly toyed with the sword, sensing the power emanating from it, then positioned it back against the old man's neck, earnestly saying, "Thank you, Xu Fu. You, who once were captured by Ancient Supremes three times, I will treat this sword with respect, not tarnishing its famed reputation. But should you make any move, I will sever your head."

Xu Fu nodded reassuringly, yet turned to complain, "If you want to cut off my head, I have no objections, but can you stop mentioning my being captured three times by Ancient Supremes so often? Young people should have some manners."

Cough cough.

Gu Jianlin and Su Youzhu both coughed slightly; mainly, this old man was too pathetic.

One feels compassion upon sight.

Should be recorded in history.

"Both Candle Light and You Ying are Primordial, and as the fifth Ancient Supreme born, the Qilin Venerable was nurtured by the Third Power, yet no one knows what this so-called Third Power is. This implies that since there is a Candle Light Divine Tree in this world, there ought to be a treasure representing You Ying." Xu Fu said calmly.

"Where is the true form of the Candle Light Divine Tree?"

Su Youzhu pondered as she asked.

"If nothing unexpected happens, at the topmost layer of the Qilin Immortal Palace."

Gu Jianlin recalled that massive Golden Tree, considering that when the Pharmacist led them deep into the tomb, they likely did not see the outside scenery; otherwise, she couldn't be unaware.

"The youngster seems to know quite a bit."

Xu Fu shook his head and said, "The Candle Light Divine Tree was always under the Qilin Venerable's control, later usurped by both Candle Dragon and Vermilion Bird Supremes. Of course, this shouldn't worry you; relay this to your family elders. And as for Penglai Fairy Island, it doesn't hold any Mystery of Immortality, merely a deception."

Chapter 620: Loyal and Righteous (Part 2)

He sighed and said, "The tree roots here are mainly for nurturing the Spiritual Fusion Secret Technique. This technique allows the Supremes of the ancient world, who have adapted to the real world, to master the Candle Light Law. Of course, the tree roots foster more than just this. For instance, during the birth of the Spiritual Fusion Secret Technique, the Spirit Coffin Secret Technique also emerged."

At this point, he suddenly glanced at the young man.

Gu Jianlin instinctively grew nervous, fearing the old man might notice something.

"What's the matter?"

Su Youzhu wasn't aware that he had mastered the Heavenly Person's Breathing.

"The so-called Spirit Coffin Secret Technique allows a person to embark on both the Path of Heaven and the Evolution Path simultaneously, although the conditions for this are extremely harsh. Currently, on Earth, out of seven billion people, it's lucky if even one person can achieve this. Back then, Gu Ci'an and Tang Zijing broke in and took the Spirit Coffin Secret Technique from me."

Thinking about the past, Xu Fu was filled with mixed emotions: "They were two tenacious little fellows whom I deeply admired. Gu Ci'an followed the traces of the Vermilion Bird to enter, while Tang Zijing was here to save someone."

Gu Jianlin vaguely knew who needed to be saved.

Su Youzhu curiously asked, "When did the Vermilion Bird Venerate come in?"

Xu Fu was silent for a moment, then shook his head.

"I don't know either. At that time, I was suppressing myself, falling into slumber."

He candidly said, "When I awoke, I was already controlled by It."

Gu Jianlin and Su Youzhu exchanged a glance and nodded slightly.

"Senior, there's something suspicious about this situation."

He asked in a deep voice, "Back in the Qilin Immortal Palace, a strange being emerged. That thing disguised itself as Gu Ci'an and committed a massacre in the Underwater Palace. I want to know what that could be."

Su Youzhu added, "Even a Ninth Rank Taiyi God would get injured by it."

Xu Fu was slightly taken aback, "Now that you mention it, I did sense it at the time. In the first level of the Qilin Immortal Palace, indeed, something was massacring wildly, and It seemed to have succumbed to extreme madness. The Kui Dragon Ancestor was injured by that thing then and was forced to conduct a ritual."

"After the ritual failed, the Kui Dragon Ancestor had no choice but to risk building a Dragon Nest deep within the Sea of Eternal Life. This was a last resort because the Candle Dragon Venerable would inevitably arrive here, and It would likely meet a dire fate then."

"And the Vermilion Bird Venerate was Its only hope."

So that's how it was.

Gu Jianlin suddenly understood, that ghostly thing could even defeat the Primordial Ancestor.

The closer he got to the truth, the more perplexed it became.

Su Youzhu suddenly asked, "Then was 'Xu Fu's Record' left by you?"

Xu Fu's face subtly changed, and he hurriedly said, "You must not touch that thing; it's a trap! The Qilin Venerable initially controlled me and left a hidden passage that could directly transport someone to Its front. Without exception, those who entered the depths of the tomb were all devoured by It."

Su Youzhu was shocked, thinking that it was pure luck she survived that Supreme's presence.

She realized that the Supreme of the ancient world wasn't worried about being trapped.

Foolish Pharmacist Old Thief!

"What's wrong?"

Gu Jianlin knew what she feared and deliberately asked.

"Nothing, nothing at all."

Su Youzhu feigned calmness, but her heart was racing.

Ha.

Gu Jianlin thought this silly female sacrifice.

"Next, I have something else to discuss."

Xu Fu pointed to the pile of burning ashes: "The roots of the Candle Light Divine Tree were destroyed because they were pierced by a broken blade. The batch of people who entered just now has all been teleported out, and having died in the Illusion Realm, they naturally won't survive when they return outside. But the thing is, the origin of that broken blade isn't ordinary, and I couldn't discern what it was."

Gu Jianlin asked suspiciously, "A broken blade?"

That broken blade was no longer here.

"Was this Old Master Si's backup plan? The Think Tank let him in, no doubt for that so-called lady."

Su Youzhu mused for a moment, "Skylark, that's her codename, the most mysterious member of Dusk."

"In any case, whoever it is, this person's origins are not simple and must be handled cautiously. As for your friends, they've all been sent out and are all fine, each having their fortuitous encounters. Even the two Divine Servants of the Qilin Clan have both advanced." Xu Fu looked around, eyes filled with reminiscence.

"A cataclysm is imminent; the Vermilion Bird Venerable's ambitions are vast, and I still don't know what It intends to do. The Candle Dragon Venerable is about to ascend the pinnacle of violence, and then no one will be able to stop It. The Qilin Venerable has vanished without a trace, shrouded in mystery. Everything revolves around the Candle Light Divine Tree, which is crucial. Humanity must ascend to uncover its secrets! You must take what happened here outside and inform the Guardians of the human world."

He sighed, "Although the Emperor is no longer here, he has successors. The current Order Guardians are indeed talents of the ages, unparalleled through time, unmatched. I believe that with the Heavenly Personification, even if the Supremes of the ancient world were to break the rules of the real world, it would not completely overthrow human civilization."

"Although my Emperor is gone, his legacy can prosper, which is a blessing for the human world. In the end, it's your young people who will protect this world. We old folks need to hold on as long as possible, then bow down so you can step up."

"It is my fortune to have met such outstanding young individuals like you."

Rumbling.

The world burst forth with the sound of collapse.

Time and space shattered like a mirror, reflecting countless illusory scenes.

This was the effect of the Vermilion Bird Venerate's authority, causing chaos as it was about to dissipate.

Su Youzhu suddenly froze.

Because, in the fractured mirror of time and space, it reflected a young girl with short black hair at ear length, wearing a heavy down jacket, carrying a Tachi, and frolicking in the snow.

Suddenly, a head of a living corpse emerged from the snow, grinning fiercely at her.

The little girl was immediately frightened to tears, sitting in the snow howling.

The man snapped his fingers, causing the living corpse's head to explode abruptly, then laughed heartily with his hands on his hips.

The more the girl cried, the more cheerfully the man laughed.

Finally, the man put the girl on his shoulders and marched into the depths of the wind and snow.

Gu Jianlin silently watched this scene, smiling silently.

Su Youzhu covered her mouth with her hand, as those sealed memories roared like wind and snow, moistening her eyes.

"This is my last gift to you. Gu Ci'an must have been someone very important to you, right? Back then, he almost exhausted himself to remove his curse. Even though he's no longer here, you are his legacy. As long as you live and remember him, he hasn't completely disappeared."

Xu Fu turned to face the young man and woman, smiling warmly: "I am also about to reach the end of my life. Thank you for coming here, for rescuing me."

Gu Jianlin remained silent for a moment, then softly said, "Thank you, senior. When I return, I will compile your stories and let the world know that you were never a traitor to the human world; you are a hero."

Su Youzhu, holding his hand, bowed deeply with him.

"A hero..."

Xu Fu laughed silently, but his cloudy eyes became moist, and he softly said, "I apologize for the bad things I did to you. Hmm... could you help me go to Lishan and offer a stick of incense to the Emperor?"

He raised his aged face, his voice tinged with a hint of pleading.

Gu Jianlin and Su Youzhu nodded vigorously: "Of course."

Xu Fu smiled happily, his gaze towards them becoming increasingly gentle.

With a great roar, the world collapsed.

Su Youzhu also turned into a faint shadow and gradually dissipated.

In the last moment, Gu Jianlin felt something in his hand; it was an object resembling a Luminous Pearl, circulating with mysterious light, clearly not a mundane item.

Xu Fu gave him a deep look but did not explain what it was.

The old man laughed three times into the sky, his voice aged yet so joyful.

He finally broke free from two millennia of imprisonment, dying with freedom and dignity.

"Your Majesty, I'm coming to meet you."

As the world disintegrated, he shattered into countless glimmering fragments.

Loyal to the Emperor.

Upholding justice for the human world.

In his final moments, Xu Fu did all he could.