

Ancient 631

Chapter 631: Hacker Invasion, the Mysterious Think Tank

He smiled and said, "Yes, your friend just happens to have this kind of illness."

Gu Jianlin's thoughts were like a storm.

He suddenly understood.

No wonder when he first saw Thunder, she had two demeanors.

No wonder she was taken so seriously, even to the extent that the future of the Human World was pinned on her.

No wonder... back then, Tang Zijing wanted to send her to the Sword Tomb when she was six.

Tang Zijing did not sell his great-granddaughter for his own future.

But rather, he had no choice but to do so!

Just like Old Gu, who resolutely chose divorce back then.

"This is a disease that only Ascenders get, where the two split souls will gradually weaken until brain death. The only cure is to practice both the Candle Light Law and the You Ying Law simultaneously."

The Think Tank finished speaking, noticing the shocked expression on the young man's face, covering his mouth: "Ah, accidentally let that slip. Judging by your expression, you don't seem to know what the You Ying Law is, do you?"

Gu Jianlin's pupils constricted violently.

"But the problem is, you already know it."

The Think Tank sighed, "Didn't the King of Qing tell you? Didn't the President tell you? See, they all treat you like a child to be toyed with. Only I am straightforward, why don't you come to my side instead."

Gu Jianlin knew what the You Ying Law was.

That is, evolution!

The essence of the Candle Light Law is to change the rules of the real world, causing great harm to the Ancient God Clan.

And the essence of the You Ying Law is to be able to use the power of the Ancient God Clan in the real world!

Of course, there must be more to it than that.

The Candle Light Law must have more advanced applications, just like the President.

And as for the advancement of the You Ying Law, who knows, it might even allow a Primordial Return like the teacher!

Whichever it is, it is significant for both humans and the Ancient God Clan.

Gu Jianlin mastered both powers simultaneously. If he could reach the end for both, perhaps he would no longer have to consider the constraints of the rules of the real world and could use the power of the Ancient Supreme without restraint.

Or simply use the power of the Heavenly Person against enemies!

"I told you, you will lose someone very important."

The Think Tank said quietly, "But the issue is, since Moon Princess likes you so much, I also don't want you to resent me. Therefore, it definitely won't be me acting; it will be left to fate. Do you believe in destiny? Your friend has almost no possibility of ascending the Stairway to Immortality, as it's not intended for humans. But only by ascending the Stairway to Immortality can they balance the power within them and completely become the ultimate weapon!"

"Of course, I also don't have high hopes for Miss Skylark completing the final evolution."

He shrugged: "Only the Ancient Supreme has the right to enjoy it, right?"

Gu Jianlin remained silent for a long time.

"Why still go?"

He whispered, "Isn't living well enough?"

The Think Tank laughed: "Living is certainly good, but even with the one in a billion chance of ascending to the heavens, people still rush forward because everyone believes they are that Child of Destiny. Next, the Ether Association will stop at nothing to send Miss Thunder up the Stairway to Immortality. And we will do our utmost to help Miss Skylark ascend."

"After all, with a one in a billion chance, what if the other side really succeeds? When the time comes, others have weapons in hand, and yours are empty, the one to be eaten will surely be you."

He laughed: "Alright, I won't talk to you anymore. Rhein is bringing people to blow up our airship, I have to go first. Maybe we can meet in the Dragon Nest... Oh, I forgot, you're in confinement, aren't you?"

Gu Jianlin's expression sank slightly.

"The one who ties the knot must untie it, watch yourself."

The Think Tank chuckled: "Actually, I'm also curious to know, how will you choose? I think both Thunder and Moon Princess like you, they're two super beauties with completely different styles, which one do you fancy?"

Before he could answer, a sudden loud noise erupted.

"Damn it, that kid Rhein has no sense of martial virtue, he's ambushing us!"

He grabbed the toothpaste and toothbrush beside him and turned to leave.

The screen went dark.

Leaving Gu Jianlin alone, silent in place.

He picked up his Sword Bag, looked at Jiuyin and the Golden Crow Scabbard, and fell into deep thought.

"Just relying on Shadow's strength is definitely not enough. If my blood isn't delivered, it will be a big problem. Besides, this is the world of Qilin Venerable, maybe I can really create miracles with the initial power."

He whispered: "I still have to go myself."

But the problem is, he is stuck here and simply can't get out.

For a while.

"The one who ties the knot must untie it?"

Gu Jianlin turned to look at the light curtain at the entrance of the room, lost in thought.

"Taixu."

He took a deep breath and said softly, "Do me a favor, help me call over Nightmare Dawn and them, just say I have something very important I need them to help with."

Chapter 632: Dusk, Skylark!

The Blue Bird floated over the icy plains where snowstorms raged, the alert red light sweeping through the entire cabin.

This was the floating airship of the You Ying Group, an inheritance left behind by the Red King in his early years, now refurbished and maintained by the Six Major Families of the Dark World, used for pioneering in the Ancient God Realm. This is the reason why they could occupy thirty-five percent of the territory on the first level, mainly relying on the alchemy technology's assistance.

"All departments, please pay attention, enemy attack detected, prepare for combat!"

"Warning, the Heavenly Person Realm is approaching!"

"Countdown: three hundred seconds!"

The cold voice of artificial intelligence echoed in the cabin.

"Wow, so scary."

Xing Yun sat at the edge of the bar, gazing at the brilliant golden light outside the porthole, pondering: "No wonder the Think Tank is bending over backward to kill the President. As long as the President is alive, the people of the Order World can leverage the power of the Heavenly Person's Wedge. Especially Rhein, whose mastery of the Heavenly Person Realm is becoming more and more skillful."

She was still wearing her hair in a bun, with a white headband, dressed in a loose red sweater paired with a pleated skirt, her legs wrapped in black stockings and high boots of deerskin, swinging leisurely.

She looked like a beauty, but her expression was silly and dazed.

"I think I should be the one to say that!"

Ghost Eye grumbled, his whole body wrapped in bandages like a mummy: "Lived for over sixty years, never experienced such humiliating defeat, one day I will... Forget it, give me ten more lifetimes and I still couldn't defeat that President, better keep my head down."

The last time they tried to mess with the Ether Association, they paid a painful price.

Xing Yun was fortunately fine, as she was on the Ancient Martial Path, able to resist, attack, and run.

Ghost Eye was not so lucky, just a step away from the ghost gate, almost beyond rescue.

Dusk often acted in pairs, their duo was nicknamed the Dumb Duo, although their brains seemed not very useful, their combat power was formidable.

Surviving a strike from the President was proof enough.

Enough to go down in history.

At this moment, someone passed by in the corridor, casually saying: "Ghost Eye, calm down!"

Snow Woman walked past him, casually casting a Holy Light, causing him to let out a soft moan.

"We just returned from a mission outside and almost ran into Rhein!"

Shadow Demon, carrying a huge sniper rifle, patted his chest: "What's going on with you guys? Rhein actually came knocking at the door, yet no one went out to battle him. Where are Demon Night and Youyu? Where is Mr. Netherworld? Please, help!"

If Gu Jianlin were here, he would undoubtedly recognize.

These were the two Yingzhou people who mysteriously appeared on Penglai Fairy Island, Yuuki Yocchi and Da He Wang.

There was no doubt that they were also members of Dusk, their strength far beyond the Fifth Rank.

Both being Holy Land Level Ascenders, naturally, they could join forces to break the restraints of the Dark Realm Curtain.

"Sister Demon Night and Sister Youyu went on a mission, Mr. Wang Hai and Mr. Blood Shadow are surveying the terrain. The Think Tank said not to worry, that lady has already awakened." Xing Yun said foolishly.

"You guys weren't here earlier, didn't hear the commotion in the cabin."

Ghost Eye complained: "We were scared to death."

Shadow Demon thought deeply, looking towards the deepest part of the cabin: "Miss Skylark, is it?"

"Don't look."

Snow Woman blocked his Eagle Eyes, softly saying: "That lady doesn't like being watched."

In the silence, low footsteps sounded.

The door of the meeting room opened, and the tall and burly Netherworld emerged, wearing a black long windbreaker, his white shirt soaked with wine, holding a bottle of whisky, looking like a drunkard.

"The Think Tank orders, everyone should mind their business, don't gather here."

He raised his slightly intoxicated eyes, faintly smiling: "Today, it's time for Rhein to suffer a bit."

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This floating ship named Blue Bird had an absolute forbidden zone, off-limits to anyone, whether you were a member of Dusk, or a direct line of the Six Major Families, or a servant, all were treated equally.

On both sides of the narrow passageway, crystal coffins lined up, people wearing blood-colored masks lay in the coffins peacefully asleep, seemingly without breath or heartbeat, like lifeless corpses.

With the friction sound of the coffin cover, Xia Yu rose from the coffin.

This woman seemed to have just experienced a life-and-death struggle, yet her eyes showed no fear at all, just breathing deeply, looking down at her naked delicate body, frowning at the sweat trickling down her skin.

She got up straight away, went to her room first to take a shower, reapply her makeup, pinned her long hair back, then changed into a brand new white long dress, stepping gracefully in high heels as she left.

"Miss Skylark."

Her voice was soft and melodious, yet carrying a hint of apprehension: "I'm back."

A distant ethereal singing seemed to echo in the room, halting abruptly upon hearing her voice.

"Come in."

Someone said softly, the voice remaining ethereal and cool, as if far beyond the mortal realm.

The cabin door opened automatically, and Xia Yu stepped into this forbidden-like room.

In fact, this room was just an ordinary presidential suite, nothing special, just a little more elegantly decorated, with a faint scent of Lan She lingering in the air, the massive floor-to-ceiling porthole reflecting the snowstorm outside, and beside the window, a giant bronze bathtub shrouded in red gauze.

Chapter 633: Dusk, Skylark! (2)

Scattered on the bed were the girl's clothes: a white shirt, black stockings, and black stiletto heels.

A slip dress hung on the bedpost, along with lacy black underwear.

There were even various necklaces and rings, lying quietly in open boxes, flashing with silver light.

On her phone, an old series played, where the male and female leads kissed under a cherry blossom tree.

Initially, when Xia Yu was chosen to serve this young lady, she was not convinced.

Because she was born into the Xia Family, and part of the direct line at that, growing up in London, attending only elite schools, receiving the best education, and in the world of Ascenders within the Dark World, she was outstanding, always surrounded by elite bodyguards and personal servants, it could truly be said she was born to be cherished.

But then one day, the family told her she would become the servant of a great person.

She originally thought she would become a family marriage pawn and intended to fight no matter the cost.

But her parents told her the person she was to serve was a woman.

Curious, Xia Yu inquired around, only to hear that the woman's status was unimaginably exalted.

Moreover, she was a peerless beauty.

This made her even more unsatisfied, as she herself was a top beauty, having seen countless beauties growing up.

No one in this world could move her.

Yet, her parents mysteriously told her that she'd understand once she met the young lady.

When Xia Yu actually met the young lady, she fell for her at first sight.

Her sexual orientation was forcibly bent, wishing only to kneel and kiss her skirt hem.

Miss Skylark was such an extraordinary person, her power godlike in its unfathomability, possessing rare beauty unseen in the world, whether it was the fleeting aurora over Iceland, the howling snow on Mount Everest, or the cherry breeze over Mount Fuji, none compared to her fleeting charm.

This was beauty not meant for the mortal world.

Yet when she stepped into the mortal world, she was touched by a breath of vivid vitality.

She became one with this world, naturally seamless.

"It seems this trip entailed no small crisis for you."

The girl in the bathtub murmured softly.

Even through the red veil, her enchanting silhouette as she stretched, that blood-provoking tempting curve, no artist, no matter how skilled, could capture such a captivating outline.

The floor-to-ceiling window was open, and with low-altitude, slow flight, cold wind poured in.

Her ink-dyed long hair rose and fell in the wind, majestic and complete.

Xia Yu couldn't help but think of the first time she saw her, back when she was bathing at a hot spring inn in Ying Province's Hokkaido, where the snow fell like cherry petals on her delicate skin, a sight mesmerizing to behold.

She hurriedly gathered her thoughts, softly saying, "On Penglai Fairy Island, there's an unexpected person, whose power to me seems extraordinarily strong, especially his Destiny's Reflection, astonishingly powerful."

"Gu Jianlin?"

Miss Skylark chuckled softly, her laughter like a strummed harp string, carrying a hint of ridicule.

"Yes."

Xia Yu explained, "This is the third student of the King of Qing, also..."

"Stop, I know all about it."

Miss Skylark said casually, "An interesting little fellow, did he stab you?"

Xia Yu recalled the young man's unrivaled Sword Force, her pretty face pale, and said, "Yes."

"If someone else had stabbed you, I'd probably have had him killed. But if it's him, you're lucky to be alive; he doesn't see you as worthy of being his enemy."

Miss Skylark leaned against the bathtub, lazily playing with the rose petal-covered water, "Next time you see him, just run. You serve me, I would hate to see you die for nothing."

Xia Yu bowed her head and said, "Understood, Miss."

Miss Skylark no longer stirred the pool water, yet the rose petal-covered surface rippled chaotically, the snow reflection shattered, and even occasionally bright firelight emerged, the open window trembling violently in the wind.

Water splashed in the bathtub, hailstones fell one by one.

In the distance, a huge volcano erupted with a roar, thick smoke veiling the Sky Dome, countless ashes falling like a gray tsunami, interspersed with the fiery blaze of Molten Lava.

A magnificent golden beam pierced the volcano like a sword.

A dragon roar resounded through the Ice Sea.

"Now you know pain."

Miss Skylark laughed softly, "Kui, you did this to yourself."

Xia Yu pondered her mood, vaguely understanding something, turned to take a freshly squeezed orange juice from the fridge, added two ice cubes, inserted a plastic straw, then handed it to her.

Miss Skylark took the orange juice-filled cup, biting the straw, gazing towards the distant volcano.

She was watching the show.

Yet just then, a huge rumbling sounded, golden light rushing forth.

Xia Yu felt the power from the Heavenly Person, her pretty face pale as paper, soul trembling.

"Rhein."

She muttered in terror, her lips trembling.

Within the red veil, Miss Skylark seemed to snort unhappily, the brilliant golden light pierced the snowstorm, reflecting on the bathtub water, shimmering in waves, rose petals seeming to burn.

The blizzard was blown apart, like dandelion fluff, scattered everywhere.

"Is this the Order World's successor?"

Miss Skylark said softly, "Not bad, but lacking something, why did it scare you so?"

Chapter 634: Dusk, Skylark!_3

Xia Yu seemed to be trapped in the shadowy memories of her childhood and only replied in a low voice after a moment, "Rhein's family has always been a mortal enemy of the Dark World. My three elder brothers all died at his hands, including my grandfather, who was captured by him personally. If I hadn't been so young back then, I probably wouldn't have survived either."

"I can smell the detestable scent on him."

For a moment, Skylark seemed to lift her eyes, and a brilliant golden light suddenly flared.

Her breathing suddenly changed rhythm, regal and solemn!

It was clearly the Heavenly Person Realm!

She raised her slender right hand and snapped her fingers crisply.

"Leave!"

As her voice rang out, the Heavenly Person Realm that shrouded the entire Sea of Eternal Life was violently shaken!

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Clang!

Gu Jianlin struck the golden barrier before him with a knife, causing a metallic collision to echo.

His breathing rhythm was clearly at the level of the Heavenly Person, with fierce golden eyes swirling like molten lava, his whole being emanating a strong golden hue, both regal and cold.

He exhaled deeply, panting heavily.

This was his seven hundred and sixty-second slash, yet the barrier before him remained unmoved.

The Think Tank, before leaving, gave him a piece of advice, either intentionally or unintentionally.

To untie the bell, the person who tied it must do so.

This certainly wasn't suggesting that Senior Ji should come back to untie it for him.

Rather, it meant that the Heavenly Person Realm required breaking with the Heavenly Person Realm.

But currently, his rank was too weak, and he was not well-versed in utilizing the Heavenly Person Realm.

This supreme breathing technique, for him now, was just like a buff against the Ancient God Clan, enhancing every Extraordinary Ability, even punches and kicks, but nothing else.

The problem lay in that when the President used it, it wasn't like this at all.

Others were able to perform transformative feats, with halos appearing behind them, cool and majestic.

Why is there such a massive disparity between people?

But it's okay, he's always been the obstinate type.

If he can't slash it open, then slash again!

For a moment, just as he was about to deliver the seven hundred and sixty-third slash, he felt his breathing rhythm suddenly become chaotic, and even the golden barrier before him began to shake violently.

Clang!

After this strike, a crack actually appeared on the barrier!

This wasn't because Gu Jianlin suddenly achieved mastery; within his perception, the Heavenly Person Realm covering the Sea of Eternal Life had momentarily become chaotic, as if an absolute overlord had appeared, wantonly plundering.

This was the Heavenly Person Realm laid down by the President using the Heavenly Person's Wedge.

Its ownership, unexpectedly, became disturbed.

Thump, thump, thump, thump!

Gu Jianlin clutched his heart, inexplicably feeling it race!

After an unknown amount of time, footsteps echoed from the corridor's end.

Nightmare and Lord Meng trudged over, like numb walking corpses.

"What are we needed for?"

These two top-tier supports stood at the doorway, asking woodenly.

Dawn was numbly holding a tablet, gazing at the information displayed, stunned.

"Impossible, absolutely impossible."

Poison Master murmured, "How can it be possible?"

"Why wouldn't it be possible?"

Ji Xiaoyu snorted, "Didn't he just lose? I never liked him anyway!"

Lu Qingqing hurriedly covered her mouth, scolding, "Don't speak recklessly!"

Seeing their blank expressions, Gu Jianlin frowned, "What happened? Why the expressions?"

Everyone exchanged glances.

Finally, Ji Xiaoyu broke free from restraint, laughing loudly: "Hahaha, you didn't know? Rhein lost, and he was seriously injured! Rumor has it that he was severely injured on the spot by someone named Skylark from the Dusk Organization!"

Chapter 635: Nobody Likes Tragedies

As the Guardian of order, the Ether Association has three of the strongest combat forces on the surface.

The President is undoubtedly the strongest. In fact, to this day, people still do not have a clear understanding of her strength. After all, she hasn't seriously taken action for many years, the last time being when she led the human Ascenders to invade the Fusang Divine Palace. Her significance to this world is now not just limited to an individual.

She is a splendid and powerful symbol, a sign of the times.

It's hard to say whether Qing and Chi are stronger compared to her, but after all, they haven't crossed paths.

It's just that the President personally admitted that Qing and Chi have actually surpassed her.

But after so many years, it's not necessarily true that she hasn't evolved.

Just below them are Rhein and Lin Dong, both Heavenly Persons as well, possessing the top qualifications to master the Wedge. Since their debut, they have never been defeated, almost invincible.

But now, Rhein lost.

Lost to an obscure woman.

"Although the issue is not particularly serious, this is very demoralizing."

Lu Qingqing pursed her lips and said quietly, "Rhein's aerial fleet was to escort Thunder, even if he himself was defeated and injured, he wouldn't be so quickly incapacitated. We still don't know what Thunder intends to do, but it seems to be something very important."

Dawn also said, "According to the data we just investigated, this woman named Skylark did indeed appear out of nowhere, and no one knows her origin, but she is overwhelmingly powerful."

"And the most terrifying thing is, that person can use the Heavenly Person Realm."

The Poison Master looked incredulous, holding a tablet, said: "I even thought this was fake news."

Nightmare and Lord Meng didn't speak; they specialize in divination and can certainly discern the truth of the messages.

Everyone present knew what this meant.

Although the Heavenly Person's Wedge is still in the hands of the President,

It seems impossible for people from the Dark World to learn Heavenly Person's Breathing.

This would be just like Thousand-Handed Zhujian suddenly growing a pair of Reincarnation Eyes without any warning.

It sounds far-fetched.

Probably only someone like Ji Xiaoyu, without any brains, wouldn't understand the gravity of the issue.

"I understand."

Gu Jianlin calmly said, "Rhein is not reliable; I must personally go deep into the Sea of Eternal Life."

The domain of the Lock of Nonexistence has already been expanded to ensure that the ensuing conversation will not be eavesdropped on.

Everyone looked at the teenager in the room; he was clearly grounded.

But no one knew the reason.

Gu Jianlin swung the knife again at the light screen, feeling the tremors of the entire Heavenly Person Realm. The barrier in front of him seemed to shake, forcibly torn open a crack, which was shocking.

"Within fifteen minutes, I will break through this barrier."

He panted, "This is your last chance, do you want to help me?"

Nightmare couldn't muster a word for quite a while, because this teenager was obviously asking for help, but his tone was like holding a gun to someone's head. It was not off-putting, just felt more like a threat.

Lord Meng had a troubled face, saying: "Mr. San, it's not that we don't want to help, but what you're asking of us is rebellion! We have orders to immediately join up with the Judgement Court's fleet and provide support, let alone you asking us to get an alchemy helicopter over here, which would get us severely written up!"

"Moreover, I must say, none of us seem to have studied alchemy machinery, have we? The remaining alchemy helicopters in the cabin seem to be half-finished, and the components have been disassembled for maintenance."

Dawn looked around: "Has anyone here studied this at the Central Spirit Core Institute? I only have a superficial understanding."

The Poison Master silently turned his gaze to the last person.

"I admit, I have rich battlefield experience, but I have only studied alchemy machinery for three days."

Lu Qingqing silently raised her hand: "I only have a fifty percent certainty."

"Rounding up, that's practically a billion!"

Ji Xiaoyu said fiercely, "Let's do this!"

Actually, there wasn't such deep camaraderie; they could only be considered comrades-in-arms and ordinary friends.

The issue was that Gu Jianlin offered a condition they couldn't refuse.

Because Gu Jianlin had found a way to turn Divine Servants back into humans.

Next, he needed to document this method in a paper to be published on the deep space official website's academic forum. Once verified, it would be adopted officially and applied to new cross-era technology.

And the condition proposed by Gu Jianlin was to publish all their names on the paper.

This was a great merit, an honor to be remembered throughout history.

In comparison, a small reprimand was negligible.

Everyone looked at each other, quickly reaching an agreement.

The Poison Master immediately went to prepare supplies, and she also needed to sneak into the water supply system to poison the guards.

The frontline Strategy Group had already left; only a few Sixth Rank instructors were left here, while their Omega Sequence was the most elite core force. If they truly united, they might have a chance.

Dawn went to find someone to carve an Alchemy Matrix for the Summoning Technique, while also mobilizing other Omegas.

Lu Qingqing went to assemble the alchemy helicopter; her time was limited, she had to be fast.

Lord Meng and Nightmare were responsible for controlling the scene, serving as temporary commanders, divining fortunes for their teammates.

"What about me?"

Chapter 636: Nobody Likes Tragedies_2

Ji Xiaoyu put her hands on her hips and asked, "What should I do?"

"You're crucial."

Gu Jianlin gave her a deep look: "Is there any medicine left?"

Ji Xiaoyu immediately knew what he meant. She quickly fumbled her little backpack and laughed, "You have an eye for this. I just made a bottle of treasure medicine, ten times more effective than last time, absolutely useful!"

When she took out the bottle of secret medicine, even in its sealed state, a foul stench hit them.

Gu Jianlin instinctively held his breath and slashed at the light screen before him.

Boom!

A terrifying tremor echoed from the void, and the light screen before his eyes cracked inch by inch, about to collapse.

"Yihua Plan..."

He took a deep breath and slashed again!

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The Deep Blue roared towards the enormous iceberg, tearing through the snow and wind in the sky.

In the low air, one could vaguely see explosive cannon fire shooting up; a fleet belonging to the Judgement Court was furiously bombing in the air, terrifying spiritual fluctuations erupted on the ground, and the battle was extremely fierce.

The You Ying Group's Blue Bird was also hovering at low altitude, constantly booming and firing shells.

"The water supply system poisoning is complete!"

"Supplies ready!"

"The power system has been taken over by our side, ready to cut power at any time!"

"Alchemy helicopter assembly progress ninety-eight percent, about to be ready!"

Nightmare caressed the crystal ball, connecting with his teammates through his spiritual thoughts, reporting the situation in real-time.

The table was full of copper coins.

Lord Meng kept rolling his eyes, divining to help them avoid danger.

Members of the Omega Sequence were coming and going in the hall, many had already been turned, after all, the temptation of fame is greater than breaking rules, not to mention they weren't sabotaging, just trying to send a boy out, won't affect the overall situation.

When one person commits a crime, tension ensues, but when everyone does it, there's a strange thrill.

After all, law cannot punish the masses.

As a tremor echoed from the void, Gu Jianlin slashed the light screen before his eyes, roaring mightily.

At this moment, he was fully armed, a black long coat like an eagle's wing, a white shirt underneath, holding a blood-red ghost knife in his left hand, a Golden Crow sword scabbard in his right, two golden Desert Eagles strapped to his belt, a dagger sheathed on his form-fitting pants, wearing a pair of brown snow boots.

He wore data-flashing sunglasses, earbuds in his ears, a mic attached to his collar.

On the Deep Blue, Taixu was their enemy.

But once he leaves Deep Blue, Taixu must ensure his safety.

The last slash!

A shock from the heavenly person realm echoed in the distance, Gu Jianlin took the opportunity to gather strength and unleashed a slash!

A brilliant blade of light burst forth!

With a crack, the light screen imprisoning him was sliced apart by him!

The low and solemn voice of Little Princess echoed in everyone's minds:

"Action begins!"

Bam!

The Deep Blue's power system was temporarily cut!

The lights went out suddenly.

Mist spread in the corridor, toxins in the guards' bodies were triggered, causing immediate paralysis symptoms.

Gu Jianlin swiftly shifted to the Ghost Slayer Path, deploying the invisible state through Virtualization.

With the Lock of Nonexistence, he moved like a ghost through the cabin.

Headed straight for the hangar!

Almost simultaneously, Lu Qingqing was still debugging in the helicopter cockpit.

She suddenly heard heavy footsteps approaching from afar, and her face changed.

"What's going on?"

Instructor Wan fished out a lighter, lighting up his fierce face, and the dark hangar: "Why did the power suddenly cut? An enemy attack? Why would they raid us? We're not the strategic focus!"

After failing to seize the Ancient God's Blood and being toyed with in the end, his mood was foul.

Instructor Zhu shook his head: "I don't know... Wait, who's here?"

But at the critical moment, Nightmare emerged from behind, chanting, eyes rolling white!

Thought control!

Even a moment was enough.

Because Dawn had already reached the two instructors, suddenly crushing the poison bag in his hand.

This was a poison manufactured by the Poison Master and Little Princess together, enough to paralyze these two Sixth Rank Ascenders for a short time.

Nevertheless, given they are still Sixth Rank Ascenders, in the final moment, they still managed to press the alarm.

Enemy attack!

However, all the Omegas on the Deep Blue chose to look the other way.

"Helicopter debugging complete!"

Lu Qingqing yelled and jumped out of the cabin.

Finally, she temporarily unplugged the power to the network system, lest Taixu invade and prevent takeoff.

No matter how advanced the hacking, nothing withstands the ultimate move of a power cut.

The Poison Master hurriedly ran over and tossed a briefcase full of secret medicine inside.

With a flicker, Gu Jianlin appeared in the cabin, sitting in the cockpit.

"There are poisons and secret medicine here, be careful not to mix them up!"

The Poison Master reminded.

Dawn flashed over and tossed a dagger engraved with an alchemy matrix: "The alchemy matrix for the Summoning Technique is engraved, I've checked it several times, it shouldn't be wrong! Go at ease!"

Gu Jianlin took the dagger, slightly nodded in acknowledgment, and ignited the engine.

Boom!

Ji Xiaoyu launched two consecutive Wave Motion Fists, blasting open the hangar's ceiling.

Bright light mixed with snow and wind surged in.

"Woohoo, takeoff!"

Finally, Lord Meng's shout rang in everyone's minds:

"Wait, can Mr. San fly a helicopter?"

Chapter 637: Nobody Likes Tragedies_3

As soon as the words were spoken, Gu Jianlin began to wildly press buttons on the console: "Don't worry, I will!"

The helicopter's rotor blades roared to life, and the helicopter wobbled as it ascended into the air.

The problem was, the helicopter's weapon systems were also activated, and two machine guns burst out, firing wildly!

"He doesn't know shit!"

Lord Meng shouted: "Get down!"

Everyone crouched down, covering their heads defensively, except for the two instructors, who were impervious to the bullets.

It was then that the team realized they had been played.

Of course, Gu Jianlin had just stepped into the Extraordinary World a month ago; how could he have learned to fly a helicopter?

This kid had some nerve.

Wan Rentu was the first to break free from the control of the toxin and mind invasion. Just as he was about to raise a fist to take the helicopter down, he caught sight of the sharp profile of the young man in the cockpit, and hesitated slightly.

Then, without hesitation, he unleashed his Slaughter Domain!

Rumble!

A terrifying pressure erupted, yet the young man inside the helicopter seemed completely unaware.

"What are you all doing? Do you intend to rebel?"

Instructor Zhu roared in anger, watching as the helicopter flew higher and higher, unable to stop it in time.

Unless they shot the helicopter down directly.

But Gu Jianlin's safety could not be guaranteed.

In the end, they could only watch as the helicopter flew farther away, fuming with hands on hips.

The higher-ups had instructed them to keep an eye on this troublemaker.

Who would have thought, just a moment of inattention, and he caused trouble again.

Wan Rentu stood there stiffly: "Wait, don't we have the Sword Sect?"

"That's right!"

Instructor Zhu slapped his thigh: "We still have the Sword Sect! Crown Prince, Jue Jian! Act immediately!"

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On a deck as wide as a plaza, the Alchemy Helicopter broke through the swirling snow, heading deep into the Ice Sea.

Gu Jianlin sat in the cockpit, reconnected to the network, and Taixu's system integrated again.

"Under my watch, you really are acting recklessly."

Taixu said gloomily: "It seems you consider me not as an artificial intelligence but an artificial idiot."

Gu Jianlin stared at the intricate dashboard, lost in thought: "Don't say that. As a supercomputer, I still respect you. If you're an idiot, then everyone else in the world is a fool. Alright, I'll leave the task of operating the helicopter to you. Make sure to get me to the Sea of Eternal Life, little lady."

He adjusted his sunglasses and pressed a few touch buttons on the frame.

A map immediately appeared before his eyes, preventing Taixu from leading him astray.

"First of all, although I'm a little lady, I'm still your senior sister."

Taixu said coldly: "Secondly, why should I protect you when you're acting against the rules?"

Gu Jianlin replied earnestly: "If you don't help me, I'll dive straight into the sea and die."

Taixu: "..."

"Besides, I have other options."

Gu Jianlin said coolly: "I can parachute and walk, it's all the same. I've always been this way. Once I set my mind on something, I'll attempt it a thousand times, ten thousand times. Don't try to stop me."

Taixu sighed faintly: "Do you really like Thunder?"

"Not really."

Gu Jianlin replied calmly: "I think Tang Zijing is a mole; he must have very important information. I can't just watch him die without knowing. Also... I don't like tragedies."

Taixu continued to inquire: "So it really has nothing to do with Thunder?"

Gu Jianlin looked down at the Golden Crow Scabbard, silent.

In his hand was a Dagger inscribed with a Summoning Technique matrix, and a vial of secret medicine for removing Deformations.

He carefully stowed both items, his eyes firm and composed.

"Alright then, autopilot mode engaged."

Taixu snorted, lightly saying: "I am the world's most elite helicopter pilot, I assure you can pass through the barrage on the front lines. Distinguished Omega Sequence, hold on tight!"

Rumble!

The rotor blades roared, slicing through the snowstorm.

Ying Changsheng looked up, watching the hawk-like helicopter depart, deep in thought.

"So now, can you move the sword away?"

Mu Qingyou said coldly: "We won't act."

The black-robed individuals from the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion turned to look at the girl in front of them.

Tang Yun, shrouded in his hood, held his sword horizontally in front of them, Sword Qi erupting: "Wait until he's farther away to speak; he's going to save my sister, none of you can stop him."

After some time, Ying Changsheng withdrew his gaze and said lightly: "So, in this action at the Sea of Eternal Life, aside from raiding the first layer's gatekeeper boss, Thunder is indeed the most important piece? As far as I know, the Heavenly Personification pioneered by the President is something no one else, besides herself, has been able to adapt to."

He paused: "Even Rhein and Lin Dong, the two vice presidents, can't."

Mu Qingyou was unwilling, but couldn't deny the fact that Thunder's talent far exceeded her own.

"If I'm not mistaken, the one the President hopes for is Thunder."

Ying Changsheng said wistfully: "With the power from the Heavenly Person and the power of the Evolver conflicting within her, she's become extremely weak, so she needs to ascend the Stairway to

Immortality, to absorb the immense Life Force, and complete her final transformation. Finally, to inherit the President's Heavenly Person Seed, thereby mastering the power of Heavenly Personification."

"And all she endures is for the protection of humanity."

Chapter 638: Nobody Likes Tragedies_4

He curiously asked, "Why do so many people in the Sword Tomb dislike her?"

Mu Qingyou suddenly didn't know what to say: "Because of her great-grandfather..."

"No matter what Tang Zijing did, isn't she still a victim?"

Ying Changsheng stood with his hands behind his back, speaking calmly.

Mu Qingyou narrowed her beautiful eyes and questioned, "How do you know all of this?"

Ying Changsheng was silent for a moment, his eyes deepening.

He didn't answer the question, but turned to leave, his lips slightly moving:

"Frida's Schizophrenia..."

This noble young master from the Ying Family glanced at those cloaked Pseudo Ancestors, his gaze profound and serene.

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A massive snow mountain housed a pitch-black aircraft, with terrifying explosions erupting from the sky.

This is the battlefield between humans and the Ancient God Clan, or rather, the hellish clash between Pseudo Ancestors and Ancestors. The cloaked individuals from the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion wielding flying swords, slice through the thick glaciers and snow-covered earth with sword edges seemingly emerging from the depths of hell, cutting through the enemies' fiery bodies at will.

The snowfields churn with numerous thick cocoons, pulsating intensely like hearts. When cut open, monstrous creatures resembling dragons or flood serpents roar out, only to be split into halves by the coarse sword edges!

Terrifying heat steam on the ground, melting the snow, as thick fog rolls.

This is the Dragon Nest the Kui Dragon Ancestor constructed for itself, this ice mountain reaching heights over ten thousand meters.

It has already surpassed Mount Everest.

Mountains have been eroded by its dragon body.

It used its flesh and bones to create a multitude of Ancestors, who serve as its people.

This is an ability unique to the Ancient God Clan; for the exalted Ancient Supreme, creating numerous Ancestors at their peak is easy. Only the conditions to create a Primordial are relatively stringent, for those are tremendously great beings, seen as unattainable gods by mortals.

But for Ancestors, the life level of these freshly nurtured beings is not that strong.

After all, the life level of an Ancestor is actually comparable to that of human Ascenders.

Such hastily hatched beings are likely incomplete and malformed.

Especially ones interrupted before complete hatching; their combat power is notably reduced.

The real threat, however, is not the Ancestors but those Divine Servants!

The Pseudo Ancestors from the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion massacred wildly, all to escort one person to the mountain top.

Booming!

Terrifying dark clouds lingered over the sky, their grotesque profiles fleeting amid lightning and thunder, as vast volcanic ash spread out as if to engulf the world.

A towering snow mountain had a staircase seemingly forged from molten lava, leading straight to the sky.

The sides of the staircase bore numerous grim bones, ascending felt like treading over countless corpses.

Primordials have methods to easily alter terrain; this is the nest it built for itself.

"The clock chimes summoning everyone, as they gazed deep into the essence of time, beneath them walked a stranger, shocking a few odd dog barks, followed by silence, I widened my eyes staring at you, they gently guided you to leave, as something seemed to stir in the darkness," someone softly said.

This is a poem by Rainer Maria Rilke, an Austrian poet.

It's named "Hypnosis."

When Tang Ling was very young, her great-grandfather often recited this poem.

Actually, childhood memories had already become quite blurry.

But she doesn't know why those forgotten memories surged along with the wind and snow.

Suddenly she recalled many years ago, it was just like this snowy winter, her great-grandfather held her as they left their northern hometown, arriving at a southern city named Magic City.

At that time, the Tang Family had many siblings, but they all vanished one by one, leaving only her to be doted upon. She once believed it was a favor only she could receive, only to later realize how ridiculous it was.

At that time, she thought she was on a tour; she remembered seeing a poster at the cinema entrance for "5 Centimeters per Second," where the main characters were separated by a passing train. There were giant Christmas trees on the street, piled with gifts from merchants, and the aroma of octopus balls filled the air.

Whatever tantrum she threw, no matter how unreasonable her requests, they were always fulfilled. Sometimes she felt like a princess, receiving the world's affection.

That once, her great-grandfather again satisfied her requests, taking her to eat and play at the snack street, holding her to watch an animated movie, playing fireworks in the snow like other children, and seeing the sea.

Until one night, her great-grandfather led her to a place called Deep Space Building.

At that time, a dignified woman approached, inspecting her as if examining goods.

Many years later, she finally understood that woman changed her life.

"My name is Taihua, you can call me President, from today onwards you're my successor, I will arrange specialized teachers for you, be mentally prepared, my demands will be stringent." That woman named Taihua turned and walked away without mercy, as someone led her to a car.

She thought she encountered a trafficker, crying out for her great-grandfather.

But her great-grandfather stood amidst the swirling snow, looking at her expressionlessly, then turned to leave.

Chapter 639: No One Likes Tragedies

From that moment, the world of the Ascenders opened its doors to her.

Tang Ling was still a princess.

But no longer the princess of the Tang Family.

Instead, she was the princess of the Order World.

She enjoyed the resources of the entire Order World but lost all affection.

Of course, what also came with it were the endless pain and torture as a test subject.

It was at that time she learned where her brothers and sisters in the family went.

Everyone had become test subjects like her.

Those who survived were sent to the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion.

The ones who didn't make it became bodies in a grave.

This is also why she disliked the Order World.

Tang Ling recalled the past, a hint of blood unconsciously slipping from her lips. She silently gathered her frost-white hair that was messy in the wind, carrying the Extreme Thunder Great Sword as she walked on the scorching stone steps.

The wind blew her gray wool coat, making a flapping sound.

From time to time, terrifying roars echoed in the air as the Pseudo Ancestors flying with swords cleared obstacles for her.

On the endless stone steps, someone blocked her path at some point.

A thick, nauseating blood mist spread, obscuring his appearance.

"Tang Zijing."

Tang Ling paused slightly, the Extreme Thunder Great Sword behind her trembling as it levitated, faint lightning bursting forth.

Sword Control Technique.

At this moment, she was already a Fifth Order Sword Soul.

The cost, however, was that when she looked back at the blood mist, her eyes held no emotion, only a cold murderous intent as if the bonds of blood no longer existed, along with her obsessions and familial love, all obliterated in the past, leaving only an unforgettable hatred.

The Sword Sect Path's cost was like this, their cultivation rituals were relatively simpler.

Yet more idealistic.

The Fifth Order Sword Soul's ritual, only had a simple phrase.

Let go of obsessions.

In the blood mist, it seemed no longer a person, but some terrifying monster.

He raised a pair of crimson eyes, breathing like a beast, and drew the iron sword from his back.

It was a sword seemingly forged from dragon bone, rough and savage.

For Tang Ling, letting go of obsessions was no longer so difficult.

Indeed, Tang Zijing was her great-grandfather, once the person who loved her the most in the world.

Yet it was also this person who personally sold her to the Order World.

Making her a test subject, enduring so much pain, and facing trials of life and death.

In the end, this person stood in her way.

Moreover, he became a traitor to humanity, committing so many atrocities.

Whether public or private, she should wield her sword.

How disappointed she was the first time she saw the man in the blood mist.

Now the murderous intent in her heart was just as fierce.

"Actually, I once thought the last person standing in my way would be you, but I never thought it really would be in the end." Tang Ling closed her eyes, recalling every bit of the past fourteen years.

Back when she was cultivating in the Sword Tomb, she still harbored naive thoughts, always fantasizing that her great-grandfather would return to pick her up, and didn't practice her sword seriously.

Until one day, a mentor coldly said, your great-grandfather will never come back, he betrayed humanity.

She refused to accept it, picked up her wooden sword to go down the mountain, but was mercilessly knocked down by her senior brothers and sisters.

She was certainly not someone who would admit defeat; knocked down, she got back up, swung her wooden sword and went up again.

Again and again, year after year.

On this path, she always walked alone, until recently when she found a companion.

A true friend.

But she still deceived that friend.

When she ventured into the Sea of Eternal Life, she had already given up hope.

The reason she said so was simply to prevent him from risking himself for her.

After the Kui Dragon Ancestor's death, the Divine Servants it created would naturally die too.

But she couldn't wait any longer.

Tang Ling fumbled out a bottle of blood from her pocket; she didn't know whose blood it was. The Pseudo Ancestors of the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion insisted she drink it, saying it could balance the two forces within her.

To avoid conflict arising again.

She didn't believe in such effects, but figured those people wouldn't need to deceive her.

She tilted her head, drinking the blood in one gulp.

"This world has always been so cruel, never leaving a way out for the weak. Opportunities lie ahead; if you don't devour others, they will devour you. Your cousin was sent by me, your cousin too, and before you, there were your brothers and sisters — all the same."

In the enveloping blood mist, Tang Zijing hoarsely said, "The Tang Family just happens to produce valuable people like you, and I must step over you... to move forward. I just never expected you to be so outstanding."

His response was the sudden thundering of the sword's edge.

"Yes, you should regret it, I survived."

Tang Ling coldly said.

She was surprised to find that after drinking that bottle of blood, the conflict between the two forces within her truly eased, no longer so violently chaotic but reaching a subtle balance.

Although her physical problems weren't solved, it allowed her to fight without worry.

She took a deep breath, her eyes glinting a magnificent gold, the Extreme Thunder Great Sword burst forth a blazing golden thunderlight for the first time, suddenly slicing through the overwhelming wind and snow, slashing towards the man in the blood mist!

Almost simultaneously, the Pseudo Ancestors on flying swords roared in, slashing down with sharp sword lights!

Chapter 640: Nobody Likes Tragedies_6

Tang Zijing let out a cold laugh, and the swirling snow gathered, focusing on the sword's edge.

Sword Qi surged, metal clattered!

Accompanied by the roar of the helicopter, Gu Jianlin finally saw that majestic snow mountain.

Rather than a snow mountain, it was more like an active volcano covered in snow, with terrifying dimensional turbulence appearing over its summit, pitch-black clouds roiling at the extreme height, nurturing flashes of lightning and thunder.

The friction of the lightning seemed to ignite a heavenly fire, with a terrifying divine aura spreading high in the sky.

At the summit of the volcano, the frontline Strategy Group would clash with an Ancient Ancestor.

Beep beep.

An alarm blared inside the cabin.

They had traversed dozens of kilometers through enemy fire with the help of Taixu, avoiding an attack from the Judgement Court and evading the bombardment of the Dark World.

However, now the fuel was depleted, and the helicopter hovered like a bird with broken wings in the turbulent air currents.

"Honored Omega Sequence, the fuel is depleted."

Taixu's calm voice sounded: "Prepare to parachute."

"No, no need to parachute."

Gu Jianlin, having switched to the Divine Path again, looked below the helicopter, saw the crisscrossing flying swords and the soaring blood mist, and felt the unusual Life Rhythm.

"Crash it directly."

He said coldly.

Taixu was stunned: "Are you sure?"

Gu Jianlin nodded: "There's no time."

He took a deep breath and switched to the Ghost Slayer Path again, grasping his sword bag tightly.

The helicopter plummeted in mid-air, like a meteor, crashing violently toward the mountainside.

At this moment, the battle had reached its climax, with a Sixth-Order Divine Servant created by a Kui Dragon Ancestor confronting a Fifth-Order Super Genius from the Order World and five Pseudo Ancestors from the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion.

Blood stained the snow red, and the iron swords shattered amidst the clashes, scattering all over the ground.

The roaring sound overhead descended from the sky.

Tang Ling, however, was undistracted, her entire being radiating with brilliant gold, the Extreme Thunder Great Sword erupting with blazing light, with faint thunderous sounds piercing the Sky Dome.

Extreme Thunder, release!

Ancient Forbidden Curse, All Heavens Divine Thunder!

The thunderous sounds pierced the sky, the sword unleashed with thunderous power, piercing the blood mist and burning the snowstorms!

In the depths of the blood mist, Tang Zijing issued a hoarse roar, as the sword intent he gathered was even more majestic and furious, cutting decisively against the oncoming thunder!

But the problem was, the Ancient God's Breath within him was infinitely suppressed.

Instead, the brilliance of the Heavenly Person Realm grew even more intense!

Just as the sword edges were about to meet, a massive shadow descended from the sky!

Boom!

Tang Ling was blown away by the sudden explosion, spinning like a falling leaf, hurled into the thick snow, where she reversed her grip and plunged the Extreme Thunder Great Sword into the ground to steady herself.

Not only that, Tang Zijing was also blown away, crashing hard onto the stone steps!

This was an intruder who brazenly charged into the battlefield.

The Pseudo Ancestors acted without hesitation, wielding their iron swords in slashing arcs, Sword Qi surging!

At this moment, someone took a deep breath, and the rhythm of breathing suddenly changed!

Moonlight swept forth like a tide, a cold domain suddenly spread open!

Breathing Technique·Realm of Freedom!

The moment the iron sword stepped into the domain, it lost contact with its owner and fell uncontrolled to the ground.

Tang Ling saw the cold moonlight, and disbelief filled her beautiful eyes.

"Wait, stop!"

She shouted loudly, halting the Pseudo Ancestors' assault.

Because within the burning helicopter's wreckage, someone tilted their head back and drank a bottle of Spiritual Secret Medicine, and vanished in an instant!

Tang Zijiang was startled, even if he saw nothing, he could still sense the target approaching through his sharp sword sense, and without hesitation, vibrated his sword edge, delivering a slashing strike!

A dragon-like blade's cry resounded!

The boy in the black windbreaker suddenly appeared, his pupils filled with dazzling gold, and time suddenly plunged into a quagmire of silence, with mottled black and white spreading out, freezing the snowstorms in mid-air.

The Sword Qi ceased its whistling, and the world's clamor came to an abrupt halt.

Yet, it was only for a moment, as this silent world began to tremble.

Tang Zijiang forcibly broke through the space freeze domain with his own spirituality.

The strongest Extraordinary Ability of his rank, yet against higher-ranked Ascenders, its effect was less than ideal!

However, Gu Jianlin only needed a mere moment.

In that moment, it was as if an Ancient Divine was possessed, the blood-red Tang Blade resonated to its extreme, the fleeting blade light seemed to traverse eons, lonely and resolute, like a falling star!

It was the world's oldest Blade Technique Extreme Intent, an indestructible sharpness that could even slice through time!

Bam!

The boy's body resounded with a cracking noise.

This was Jiuyin's current limit, the blade light once unleashed by a good sister!

Though Tang Zijing was battle-hardened, he had never seen such a solitary blade light, breaking through the snowstorm with a chilling aura of extinction as if even life and death had been severed with no escape.

Because it was too fast!

Snap!

His sword was cut off, the blade light leaving a grisly gash in the void!

The blood mist burst open, revealing a pair of horrific and terrifying faces.

Half of Tang Zijing's face had undergone Dragon Transformation, covered with ominous scales, while the other half had feathery patterns, his blood-red eyes filled with black blood threads and astonishment.

Gu Jianlin suddenly flashed in front of him, directly plunging a dagger into his chest!

Snap!

Blood spurted, but golden patterns spread from the wound.

Tang Zijing roared to the sky, letting out a pained scream.

Taking advantage of this, Gu Jianlin reversed his hand and poured a bottle of secret medicine into his mouth, delivering a punch to his chin.

A foul stench spread, and Tang Zijing groaned, his teeth shattered.

But after all, he was a Sixth-Rank Sword Sect.

In just an instant, Gu Jianlin heard the sound of trembling from all directions.

These were fragments of shattered iron swords, manipulated by the Sword Control Technique, whistling through the air!

Boom!

Even though he responded immediately, the exploding Sword Qi still injured him.

Gu Jianlin was blown away, his chest torn with a bloodcurdling wound, his body covered in blood marks!

All this happened too quickly.

Tang Ling only saw the boy rocketing over like a cannonball, and without hesitation, she reached out to catch him, crashing with him into the solid glacier, snow tumbling down to bury their faces.

"Are you crazy?"

She widened her beautiful eyes in disbelief: "What are you doing here?"

Gu Jianlin sucked in a breath from the pain, giving a silent smile:

"Nothing, just wanted to give back what this world owes you, all at once."