

Ancient 651

Chapter 651: The True Skylark, Final Curtain Call

The roar of cannon fire filled the air as the Judgement Court's airship fleet was retreating.

"Vice President, are you alright?"

A woman in a black suit appeared extremely solemn; she was a Sixth Rank Angel on the Priest path, a key council member of the Judgement Court faction, and the Vice President's personal secretary, codenamed Ye Ying.

At this moment, her pupils quivered slightly, her face full of incredulity, as if her faith had been shattered.

The cabin was drenched in blood.

Rhein sat in his seat, his upper body bare, his white suit long stained with blood.

His face was expressionless, but a gruesome and terrifying wound stretched from his left shoulder to the right lower rib, even exposing his bones and organs, a truly horrifying sight.

Logically, such an injury should quickly heal under the Holy Light Skill.

But Rhein's body continued to bleed, nearly draining him dry.

"Skylark."

He recalled the previous battle, the overwhelming sense of oppression like mountains of corpses and seas of blood, as if the very fabric of space and time was shattering. A single slash from nowhere tore apart his Sword Qi and Sword Array, alongside ripping his Sword Bone, leaving wounds that couldn't heal in a short time.

The most crucial point was that, although she was a member of Dusk, she had mastered the Heavenly Person's Breathing.

Her use of the Heavenly Person Realm far surpassed his own.

In the world today, only one person could defeat her in the Heavenly Person Domain.

And that was the President!

"Vice President, what are you going to do?"

Ye Ying suddenly panicked, as the man before her stood upright, sword in hand, ready to move forward.

"Even though Skylark hasn't mastered Heavenly Personification, none of those Saints can handle her. I don't know if Thunder has succeeded in his ascent, but according to prophecy, she should survive."

Rhein stepped out of the cabin, his back glowing with golden light, as ethereal as the Holy Spirit, while the Sword Intent surged in his eyes. He said softly, "Tianshu and the others can't hold on; persisting for ten minutes before Skylark is already quite good. If I leave now, they will all die."

However, just as he opened the cabin door, howling winds and snow rushed in.

Boom!

A bloody lightning bolt pierced the sky, and a helicopter exploded instantly!

The Third Saint, Tianshu, defeated!

Another massive phantom shattered into fragments mid-air, someone spitting blood as they plummeted toward the sea.

The Fourth Saint, Disaster Star, defeated!

The ghostly Spiritual Body that shrouded the wind and snow burst on the spot, breaking into countless fragments!

The Fifth Saint, Hui Feng, defeated!

Blood-red lightning flashed across the sky, and two intersecting blazing swords were annihilated instantly!

The Sixth Saint, Shaking Light, defeated!

Next, a burly man was blasted into the Ice Sea; his colossal body, like The Immortal of Colossal Spirit, sent waves skyward, shattering the surrounding ice, startling schools of fish.

The Seventh Saint, Giant, defeated!

Thus, except for the First Saint of the Judgement Court, virtually all members were defeated, and decisively so.

Tianzhou and Xingye had been killed half a month ago.

Qing Zhu, known as Li Qingsong, was now bedridden, rendered useless.

The newly promoted Saints, though combat-qualified, couldn't hold the line alone.

Amidst the violent tremors of space and time, a withered, emaciated man was frozen in mid-air, no matter how turbulent the Elemental Turbulence above his head or how fiercely his Golden Core burned in his throat. Even releasing more violent mental Thought, he couldn't break through this constraint, as if an invisible hand was gripping his throat.

"You've got some skills, but too bad you're hideous."

An ethereal and indifferent voice echoed, as if from the horizon yet close to the ear.

Boom!

The man was pierced by an invisible blade, spurting blood as he fell to the ground.

The First Saint, Tianji, defeated!

The helicopter hovered in mid-air, its rotor blades whirring.

Someone sat at the cabin door, like a girl on a swing, the wind tousling her ink-black hair.

Her face wore a charming ghost face mask, like a demon born from a cluster of Mandala Flowers, her deep crimson dress blooming like flowers, skirts floating in the wind.

Only a pair of enchanting and beguiling eyes shimmered with a hazy glow.

For some reason, despite such formidable combat power, no killing blow was delivered.

It was as if she was toying with a Wild Dog.

In this manner, the Saints of the Judgement Court were all defeated.

And Dusk had dispatched only one person.

But she was likely the strongest.

"Who exactly are you?"

In the cabin of the Alchemy Helicopter, Rhein stared across the distance at this exceptionally talented woman, his slightly dim double pupils full of vigilance. He spoke coldly: "With such immense combat power, you can't be an unknown nobody. If not for you mastering the Heavenly Person's Breathing, I might have considered you an Ancient God."

Without hesitation, he raised his hand, pressing it against his heart: "How did you learn the Heavenly Person's Breathing?"

Two Alchemy Helicopters flew side by side, racing through the snowstorm.

In the distance were the Deep Blue and Blue Bird, locked in a standoff.

The situation was extremely tense, on the brink of eruption.

Rhein's fingers on his heart ignited with golden flames, and his gaze grew ever colder.

"Originally, I thought you weren't worthy to speak to me."

Skylark gazed into the blizzard, her disheveled hair covering her beautiful eyes: "But you actually want to self-destruct, using the power of the Heavenly Person Realm to take me down with you? I heard you went to great lengths to seize that position, willing to die here?"

Chapter 652: The True Skylark, Ultimate Curtain Call (Part 2)

Rhein said coldly, "Without a doubt, you are the great enemy of the Order World. If I could take you down, I wouldn't regret dying. If you were to survive, even if I took over as President, I might not be your match. In matters of right and wrong, any member of the Ether Association would make such a choice."

Skylark glanced at him unexpectedly and said indifferently, "No wonder Taihua chose you back then."

The world trembled violently.

Accompanied by the tremor of the first level of the Qilin Immortal Palace, the golden Stairway to Immortality materialized in the sky, with intertwined golden tree roots so magnificently grand, suspended high in the heavens!

Dimensional turbulence penetrated the entire world, and a pitch-black void diffused at the edge of the sky.

It expanded madly, as if to devour everything.

Rhein suddenly turned his head to look, his eyes showing a shocked expression.

It was the Stairway to Immortality!

Suddenly, he realized he had made a fatal error.

Facing Skylark, such a formidable Ghost Slayer Path, he shouldn't have been distracted for even a tenth of a second.

Boom!

Time and space shattered, and Skylark abruptly disappeared without a trace!

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In the depths of the volcanic crater formed by the body of the Kui Bird Ancestor, in the hell where extreme cold and intense heat intersect.

This was the main battlefield, and also the final confrontation, where the super strategy group dispatched by the Order World fought against the Kui Bird Ancestor who had defected to the Vermilion Bird Clan, a pinnacle battle that even those below the Holy Land Level were unworthy to witness.

Piercing sword marks, terrifying blades of light, and the scattered Holy Light.

Blood splattered in the hell of flesh and blood.

As well as the sounds of painful wailing.

The volcano was on the brink of eruption, and even the ice barrier sealing the exit was about to melt.

Molten lava surged turbulently like waves.

Terror-inducing cold spread, freezing everything in its path.

Lin Dong was gasping for breath on the ice layer, his body covered in blood after a fierce battle, and he roared like a lion, gripping a large sword imbued with cold thorns, swinging it down!

The sword's edge emitted a brilliance of gold so intense it reached its extreme, the ultimate culmination of the Heavenly Person Realm compressed into a single point!

Boom!

A brilliant golden Sword Qi burst open, piercing through the bloody deity!

The Kui Bird Ancestor was pinned to a blood-red flesh wall lined with membranes, accompanied by a heartrending, angry roar, as steam-like blood filled the air and dazzling golden brilliance erupted!

As if to tear its body apart!

It was in unbearable pain, the mask of the Kui bird hideous and terrifying, with bloody wings growing from its back, its goddess-like graceful body covered in red feathers, resembling countless eerie eyes opening and closing.

A terrifying blood mist surged, vaguely condensing into countless ghastly ghost faces!

"Quick, now's the time!"

Lin Dong stepped forward half a step, the ten-zhang long golden sword beam delving further into its body, shouting, "Kui's power is unexpectedly strong, I can only suppress it for ten seconds, this is the last chance to kill it!"

The interior of the active volcano was filled with cold and molten lava, the teammates almost on the brink of death, consumed by the flesh wall.

Han Jing alone emitted a terrifying Qi Force, her hands resisting the cold surge and lava on both sides.

Her body swayed, ready to fall at any moment.

The Profound Yin Saint raised both hands, chanting ancient Holy Words, her Life Force suddenly weakening.

Like a candle in the wind.

The near-dead Ye Dao Saint was awakened, once more picking up the broken blade, adopting an ancient and solemn blade stance, releasing the Extreme Intent of Blade Technique, sweeping like a furious storm, with the faint lament of the Sword Soul audible!

In an instant, he disappeared, replaced by chaotic blade shadows like flashes of lightning!

Crack!

Blood gushed like a waterfall, the Kui Bird Ancestor roared, the active volcano was about to erupt!

In the last moment, Lin Dong adjusted his breathing, infusing all his spirituality into one sword, the golden sword beam explosively expanded!

"—Die!"

With a thunderous roar, the golden light of the Heavenly Person Realm exploded forth.

The Kui Bird Ancestor's angry, blood-red eyes were illuminated by the brilliant gold, filled with despair and unwillingness!

Rumble.

The volcano shook violently!

The ice barrier sealing the volcano mouth collapsed, scorching hot winds and extreme cold breath erupted forth!

The first level of the Qilin Immortal Palace trembled insanely.

In the mirror-like fragmented space-time, a blood-red Ancient Dragon dove like a burning meteor, accompanied by the torrential Water of Nether River crashing down, with blinding lightning criss-crossing, apocalyptic thunder resounding, as if the world was moving towards a solemn symphony, welcoming the advent of a Divine!

—In the Northwest Heaven is the Netherworld Country without sun, illuminated by the Candle Dragon!

No creature in the world is as noble and serene as it, it is as if a deity stepped out of myth, descending alongside the Netherworld Country, spawning flamboyant Mandala Flowers and a bloody storm in heaven and earth.

The Dragon Roar resounded through the world!

Candle Dragon Venerable, here descends!

Sure enough, as the ultimate force of violence in the world, even if the strongest among humans allied with two Catastrophes, they couldn't defeat it, it naturally has the strength and confidence to face any enemy, yet it can come and go freely!

In that moment, the doomsday-like world was lit by a brilliant golden light.

Someone walked in the snowstorm, looking up.

Her stature was ordinary, but her back rose inch by inch, like an illusory golden Divine, standing tall between heaven and earth!

At this moment, the radiance of the Heavenly Person Realm illuminated the entire Ancient God Realm, as if the sun from the depths of the Universe ignited, leaving no place for darkness to hide, the scorching light and heat reached an extreme as if to engulf everything.

Chapter 653: True Skylark, The Ultimate Curtain Falls (Part 3)

That was a majestic and imposing phantom, standing between heaven and earth, with a golden halo swirling above its head like a solar ring, and a golden ancient tree rising behind it, blocking out the sun.

"Candle Dragon!"

Taihua said indifferently, "As expected, your consciousness is not here!"

The diving and falling Ancient Dragon seemed oblivious, merely tearing through time and space with force, crashing down.

The aura of destruction surged like a sea tide.

Taihua raised her hands, trying to block the falling world-destroying Ancient Dragon.

This was her duty as the President.

Because the Candle Dragon Venerable was too powerful, they needed three Catastrophes to contain it at Buzhou Mountain.

And as the last Guardian here, she defended all humans in the Ancient God Realm.

Otherwise, once the Candle Dragon descended, all living beings would be slaughtered!

As destruction descended, the world seemed to fall into absolute silence, like a myth recorded only in murals, where the world-destroying Ancient Dragon fell, and a golden giant emerged, wielding a sword to meet the battle!

Taihua extended her right hand, and a golden sword light that pierced through heaven and earth formed in her palm, slashing down!

The Dragon Roar that transcended the river of time was so violent, as the Candle Dragon fell, it appeared like a blood light tearing through time and space, suddenly splitting the world in two, facing the brilliant golden sword light!

And in that instant, something in the void seemed to crack open.

Vermilion Divine Fire erupted suddenly!

Boom!

In that instant, the falling Candle Dragon seemed to sense something, its Dragon Roar furious and violent!

Taihua looked at the figure that emerged from the flames, murmuring, "You are..."

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The Kui Bird Ancestor came with the tide of destruction, a cruel and savage spiritual thought echoing between heaven and earth: "Like a mantis trying to stop a chariot, foolish mortal, you have no idea what a great existence you are opposing. Ultimately, you will die miserably like Gu Ci'an and Tang Zijing, and those pathetic, ignorant ants."

No one responded to the Divine's mockery.

Accompanied by the trembling of the Qilin Wedge, Gu Jianlin faced the ferocious Divine silently, slashing down with his sword.

This battle was one he had longed for, perhaps at the cost of his life, perhaps at some other painful price, but he did not want to retreat, unwilling to be that coward who only backed down. Since that rainy night on Haiqing Highway, he had made a vow in his heart.

If destiny ever brings his nemesis before him, he will surely draw his sword against them.

Neither cowardice nor retreat.

This was his ultimate purpose in coming here.

The Vermilion Bird Clan was the murderer who killed his father.

The culprit of the tragedy of his life.

Whether it was the Ghost Car, the Kui Bird Ancestor, or any other Divine.

It did not matter.

No matter who, he would cut them down with his sword.

Unleash the anger in his heart.

If he couldn't break it with one slash, he'd slash twice; if not twice, then thrice.

Hundreds, thousands, millions of times.

Until death does he part.

And he had a premonition he wouldn't die here.

Because this was his world.

He was... the Qilin Venerable!

The Qilin Wedge trembled, and the power hidden within the Golden Tree Root was awakened. Behind him, an endless gray mist seemed to spread, with a dark, sinister phantom shrouding him.

It was the Black Supreme, the power once left here, now awakened!

If this was the First Generation Qilin Venerable's arrangement, no matter what purpose he ultimately intended, he would express gratitude, thanking him for giving him the strength to reach this point.

Almost in an instant, the Dragon Roar penetrating deep into the soul resounded, as someone ascended the Stairway to Immortality at a speed surpassing time, the intense Lan She fragrance wafting in along with the swaying red skirt.

In her hand was a broken blade, the sound of its trembling was familiar.

Boom!

The roots of the Golden Tree lit up with scorching patterns, the Ancient God's Breath, intense as sunlight, was released, a supreme power that merged deep into their consciousness, permeating the soul.

Knowledge from Ancient Times echoed in their minds, finally coalescing into a solar rune deep in memory!

"Weak little one, surrender control of your body to me."

The ethereal, delicate voice echoed in his ear.

Gu Jianlin's breathing changed rhythm unconsciously, as if in the Heavenly Person Realm!

That person's breathing also changed rhythm, similarly in the Heavenly Person Realm!

The ancient, deep voice echoed in the tide of destruction.

It was... Ancient Divine Language!

In a mysterious way, Gu Jianlin seemed to be enlightened, unexpectedly uttering an archaic and bizarre syllable in the state of the Heavenly Person Realm, it was the ultimate judgment from the Black Supreme!

The woman with jet-black hair blowing in the wind also gently uttered a syllable, like a billion souls singing softly at the edge of time, an ethereal and distant song echoing between heaven and earth.

Ancient Divine Language!

The two distinct Ancient Divine Languages overlapped, forming the ultimate rule of this world!

The broken blade and the broken sword slashed down together, the brilliant gold flashed by in an instant!

Boom!

The surge of ice and fire annihilated, the projection the Kui Bird Ancestor had condensed annihilated like a candle in the wind, its last Spiritual Body let out a furious, despairing roar, dragging its soon-to-be-burned body to fall!

"You have actually reached this point..."

Accompanied by the eruption of the volcano, the Kui Bird Ancestor's flesh and soul neared the brink of collapse!

Boom!

The broken blade and the broken sword vibrated, the black Qilin and the blood-colored Ancient Dragon flashed by, like two intersecting lightning bolts, piercing through its phantom, unexpectedly seizing its soul power in unison!

The towering volcano exploded with a violent roar, scorching blood mist rising, flesh and blood flying.

The Kui Bird Ancestor's soul suddenly vanished into ashes.

A bloody rain began to fall on the world, the rich stench of blood spreading.

With just one strike, Gu Jianlin felt his spirit and strength burning out, like a piece of withered wood charred into charcoal, losing consciousness in an instant, falling towards the abyss.

As the flash of blood gleamed and vanished, the Skylark flashed behind him, a cruel glint emerging in the enchanting and bewitching eyes, as the void behind him exploded, a blood-colored Ancient Dragon roared, as if it was about to completely devour him!

Thud, thud!

At the critical moment, this extraordinarily beautiful woman suddenly had a daze.

Boom!

The golden phantom standing high on the Sky Dome collapsed with a roar, the golden sword light exploded between heaven and earth, the clouds seemed to stir up a magnificent golden tide, poised to engulf the entire world.

The blood-colored Ancient Dragon roared loudly, like a non-existent phantom, swaying as it threatened to vanish!

With a boom, the void's gate opened once more, two peerless sword lights intersecting in approach.

Finally, the azure Qilin roared, falling like a meteor, forcibly shattering the dragon's phantom!

As the descending blood-colored Ancient Dragon was annihilated, the Skylark seemed affected by something, momentarily pausing the action of devouring the young man, her eyes turning hollow and vacant.

With a boom, Gu Jianlin and the Skylark collided together.

However, where the soul of the Kui Bird Ancestor vanished, in the remaining ashes suddenly ignited Vermillion Divine Fire, someone walked out of the flames, the godly might of the Ancient Times surging out!

"You..."

The Skylark barely regained her composure, the enchanting eyes reflecting that bizarre figure.

The Vermilion Divine Fire surged forth!

She suddenly snapped her fingers, summoning a terrifying dimension turbulence, sweeping like a storm.

In an instant, she was swept away by the dimension turbulence, disappearing without a trace.

Gu Jianlin was also engulfed by it along with her, unknown where they were transmitted to.

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——According to the Ancient God Chronicles, in the early 21st century, the Qilin Venerable and the Candle Dragon Venerable used part of the Candle Light Divine Tree as a foundation to build the Stairway to Immortality, attempting to break through the rules of the Human World, but were ultimately thwarted by the combined forces of the Order World.

The Kui Bird Ancestor was slain, marking the fall of an Ancient Ancestor, and the door to the second layer of the Qilin Immortal Palace opened.

Thus, history turned a new page.

Chapter 654: The Sacrificed Hero, the Girl's Resolve

The sun was shining brightly in Peak City in June, and the cool sea breeze carried the sound of the sea tide.

Tang Ling awoke from her stupor, and the faces that came into view were both familiar and strange—a middle-aged couple who hadn't closed their eyes in who knows how long, their faces full of fatigue and bloodshot eyes.

"Dad, Mom?"

She hadn't seen this couple for many years, her expression somewhat dazed, as if in a different lifetime.

"Finally awake, thank heavens."

Tang Zixuan seemed incredulous as he tightly gripped his daughter's hands, pressing them to his heart, his voice trembling: "Seven days, a full seven days! We all thought you would never wake up again... It's good you're awake, it's good you're awake! Heaven has eyes and did not take you away from us."

This old man choked with emotion, tears streaming down his face.

Xu Xiu gently touched her daughter's face, then covered her mouth, weeping tears of joy.

This was a critical care unit, where Tang Ling lay on a soft hospital bed, still hooked to an IV drip, wires from machines connected to her body, with medical staff standing by with relieved expressions.

Not just them, even the Pseudo Ancestors from the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion were moved when they saw her open her eyes.

Led by Ji Ye, they half-kneeled on the ground, as if welcoming the awakening of a new king.

"When we found you on the second level of the Qilin Immortal Palace, you had collapsed in the ruins, murmuring someone's name. Thunder, congratulations, you've passed through the thorns of life and death, now standing at the pinnacle of human evolution. In a sense, you are destined to be the new king of this world."

Chen Bojun stood by the bedside, his expression not particularly excited, rather somewhat darkened, yet he forced a smile: "History has been rewritten because of you; the Human World thanks you for your effort and sacrifice."

Lu Zicheng and Chen Qing stood by his side, both expressionless, their eyes pale.

It was like she had been in a nightmare; Tang Ling didn't know how long she had been in a coma, only vaguely feeling that it was all over. The first level of the Qilin Immortal Palace had been conquered, the second level's door opened.

Meaning the Kui Bird Ancestor should also be dead.

She had successfully completed the Stairway to Immortality, gaining a new life.

"Wait."

Tang Ling forced herself to sit up, disregarding the weakness and fatigue in her body, raising her beautiful eyes, she asked softly: "Where is he?"

As she said this, she subconsciously clutched the sheet, extremely tense.

The girl did not specify a name.

But everyone knew who she was referring to.

The Pseudo Ancestors, led by Ji Ye, bowed their heads even lower.

The Tang Family couple also showed a look of hesitation.

In the oppressive silence, Chen Bojun wanted to speak but said nothing.

"Gone."

After a long while, Lu Zicheng lifted his bloodshot eyes and said softly: "Although the rescue work continues, it has been basically concluded that he is no longer. Involved in a Supreme Level conflict, death was certain."

Chen Qing's voice was hoarse as he said softly: "Master Lin Zhengchun from Laojun Mountain personally came to Peak City, but found nothing. The Heavenly Destiny Pavilion also made a prophecy, that there are no traces of him left in this world."

The sunlight shone on Tang Ling's ice-cold side profile, but brought no warmth to her.

The voice next to her ear seemed to be stretched to the horizon, the world in front of her darkened at that moment, she shed no tears, yet felt as if it rained within her heart, the raindrops falling into an endless abyss.

"Undoubtedly, Gu Jianlin is a hero of the Human World. According to the divination results, it was he who led you up the Stairway to Immortality and opened the second layer of the Qilin Immortal Palace, facing the soul of the Ancient Ancestors alone, ultimately caught in the conflict between the Qilin and Candle Dragon Supremes, vanished without a trace."

In the end, she couldn't tell who was explaining, speaking softly: "Vice President Lin Dong was a step too late."

With a crash.

The cables were torn, the apparatus trembled, exploding with a rumble.

The girl on the hospital bed lifted her eyes, her pupils blazing with fierce golden, her white hair dyed red.

"Get out."

She said softly.

"What?"

Someone didn't hear clearly, the Tang Family couple even wanted to gently touch her.

"I told you to get out!"

Boom, the hospital room trembled violently, the girl's fierce and icy voice resounding like rolling thunder.

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A clear sound of a gavel echoed throughout the Court at Black Cloud Base, the trial after a day and night finally concluded, half a year later, the malicious incident at the Returning Burial Forest was determined to be a miscarriage of justice.

This judicial decision was different from before, as it was personally presided over by the Investigation Bureau's former Chief Superintendent, an elder from the Ji Family known for his impartiality and incorruptibility for the past one hundred and fifty-seven years. Although supposed to be retired and enjoying his later years, he was specifically requested this time, signifying great importance.

It's important to know that inviting out this kind of senior cadre, even two Vice Presidents would not suffice.

It had to be the President personally requesting.

In this judgment, the Night Watcher provided irrefutable evidence, especially Lin Lan, a living witness.

The Judgement Court on the other hand, apart from presenting some existing evidence, remained silent, no one attempting to aggressively debate anymore, essentially voluntarily conceding.

When the last gavel sound struck, the grievances of eight years were finally washed away.

Chapter 655: The Sacrificed Hero, the Girl's Resolve (Part 2)

All's well that ends well.

However, as the protagonist of this trial, Mu Feng did not feel any joy. He only walked out from the dark hall to meet his companions in the refuge, and his two daughters.

They were all Unclean, yet from now on they could live under the sunlight.

Because the latest technology had been developed, named Heavenly Blood.

In conjunction with the Summoning Technique, it could completely eradicate spiritual pollution.

Humankind had taken another great step forward in the struggle against the Ancient God Clan.

Although this technology was very expensive at the moment and couldn't be immediately spread worldwide, even the faintest flame in the dark seemed so bright that it could warm the heart.

This should have been a day worth celebrating, but they all felt anxious.

Because such a crucial judicial trial was missing one vital person.

The one who brought hope to them.

Outside the Court's hall, someone strode over with members belonging to the Night Watcher behind them. Each of them was dressed in pitch-black suits, stately and solemn, like mourners.

Lin Dong led the group at the front, with Han Jing following expressionlessly.

Uncle Mu brushed past his companions and walked to face them.

"SSS-level investigator, Mu Feng!"

Lin Dong raised his hand to his chest and said in a deep voice, "Welcome back to the team!"

Han Jing placed her hand against her chest, and all the Night Watchers followed suit, as a sign of alertness.

Mu Feng was silent for a second, then softly asked, "Where is Xiao Gu?"

Lin Dong clenched his fist without a change in expression, forcing himself to meet his gaze, eyes filled with guilt.

Han Jing bit her lip hard and replied hoarsely, "I'm sorry."

Those three light words.

Yet they were akin to a thunderbolt on a clear day, shattering the last bit of hope in his heart.

In that moment, Mu Feng stepped forward boldly, grabbing the collar of the Demigod in front of him, lifting his bloodshot eyes, and roared, "Bastard! Bastard! He was only seventeen! He was still a child! He hadn't even grown up, hadn't married! How could you fail to save him? Old Gu had only that one child!"

"Do you think you did right by him? Did I do right by him? What face do I have to live on!"

He turned his head and shouted, "And you, Old Gu saved your life! He had only one son, how could you let him disappear! You bastards! Bastards!"

As the lofty Demigod, Lin Dong could easily kill this man before him with a flick of his finger.

However, compared to absolute strength, the old man's roars were more hurtful, like the sharpest knife in the world, stabbing harshly at the heart, making it twist in agony.

Han Jing's eyes were empty and pale, ultimately at a loss for words, said nothing.

The Night Watchers all bowed their heads in guilt, especially Fu Qingxuan, who gritted his teeth, eyes reddened.

The people from the refuge also heard these words, as if struck by a bolt of lightning.

Mu Qingge wanted very much to take her sister away; she didn't want this young girl to be hurt anymore.

However.

With a clatter.

The wooden carving in Wanwan's arms fell to the ground.

That was her proudest work. Since she heard the code name of her big brother, she learned to search the internet, collected various tools, and spent half a month carving a cute little Qilin.

She originally planned to give it to her big brother when he returned from the mission.

Now, she would never have the chance.

"Waaah."

She wailed aloud, heart-wrenching cries.

Mu Feng finally lost all his strength, collapsing to the ground, disheveled.

If he could, he would give his lifetimes to bring back that big boy.

Alas, there was no "if."

"Bastards, you people are bastards... Old Gu, I'm sorry."

The old man broke down, howling in despair, unable to rise for a long time.

On the witness seat in the hall, Lin Lan sat dazed, listening to the voices coming from outside. When he didn't see the boy today, he had thought the fellow was hospitalized again from a severe injury, hence his absence.

Unexpectedly, he was no longer alive.

Ha, hahaha!

"How could it be, must be a joke?"

He lightly tugged at the corner of his mouth, laughing numbly.

Even someone like him came back alive, and even regained his status as a Night Watcher, awaiting treatment.

He even brought back the entire harem to live in the real world.

Not to mention he had two adorable daughters and hadn't gotten the chance to brag.

Yet that fellow, was gone.

With a thump.

He turned his head back, dumbfounded.

Lin Wanqiu had fainted by the table, seemingly shocked by the news, unable to accept it.

Nie, the Deacon sat silently opposite her, crumpling the documents into a ball, tossing them into the trash, covering his face with his hands, not sure what he was thinking, his hands trembling slightly.

And the audience seats were struck silent.

Nightmare sat dazed in her seat, smiling silently, "It must be a lie, it must all be a lie. My divination must have gone wrong. That fellow only knew how to kill others, who could kill him?"

"That's right, my divination was also wrong."

Lord Meng said softly, "Mr. San shouldn't die so easily, right?"

Dawn and the Poison Master fell into silence, exchanging glances.

Lu Qingqing turned her head, only to see the Little Princess utterly frozen.

The medical prescription in Ji Xiaoyu's hand fell to the ground, lost and disheartened.

From that moment on, she would never have a chance to prove herself again.

Chapter 656: The Sacrificed Hero, the Girl's Resolve (Part 3)

The newly developed drug, no one to show off anymore.

In the future, if she gets into a fight, no one will have her back again.

This world, it seems, will never be the same.

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This day, for the Order World, should have been a day of celebration.

Because the first floor of the Qilin Immortal Palace has finally been cleared, and the gatekeeper boss, the Kui Bird Ancestor, has been slain. They even thwarted the plans of two Ancient Supremes, which had been in motion for 2,500 years. It should have been a cause for celebration worldwide.

Yet today, solemn and serious bells tolled in thirteen branches, an honor given only for heroic sacrifices worthy of being recorded in history.

Historically, only a handful of the top pillars of the Human World deserved the tolling of bells.

And only the President has the authority to make such a decision.

The uninformed just thought the President mourned the loss of a super genius.

But the few who were in the know understood, the President's grief was as if he had lost his own Crown Prince.

On this day, Taixu released an audio message on the Deep Space Network. Investigators worldwide saw this audio message and clicked on it subconsciously. In underground bars in Miami, lavender fields in Provence, underground cellars in Bordeaux, fashion venues in Paris, bays in the Caribbean, people fell silent.

That young, cold voice softly said: "This is an audio message I left after acting on my own. This was my decision, and I coerced my teammates into becoming my accomplices. Please do not trouble them, because everything was my own personal will. I am about to head to the depths of the Sea of Eternal Life to face my nemesis."

"This is a decision I made after returning from Penglai Fairy Island. The Vermilion Bird Clan is a cage I must break free of, and a truth I must pursue in this life. Now the opportunity is before me, and I have no reason to back down. Moreover, I carry the legacy and the unwavering will and hope of my predecessors."

He paused: "I have left everything I gained on Penglai Fairy Island to this world, hoping it can become better and less dark and sinful. If something were to happen to me, please tell my mother and sister I'm sorry. Perhaps without me, they can live better."

The investigators of the Ether Association listened to this audio and heard the ancient, solemn bell tolls.

Only a very few who were in the know understood the struggle in the youth's heart.

The Gu Family is a cursed lineage.

It seems the young man had discovered something, and even with his talents, he had no confidence to resist it, so he was truly prepared to face death at any time in every action.

Taihua sat in the shadow of the office, afternoon sunlight streaming through the window, dust swirling.

"What a foolish child."

She said softly.

She of course knew what that child was thinking.

Since returning from Penglai Fairy Island, Gu Jianlin had vaguely sensed something and realized that the curse he bore was no simple matter and might involve three Ancient Supremes all at once.

Of course, he wanted to live, but he was also prepared to die.

Before embarking on actions even he was uncertain of, he had left his last words.

This child was never someone who would patiently endure for the sake of a grand future plan.

When truly angered, even if there was only a one in ten thousand chance, he would draw his sword to face the enemy.

Rather than turn and flee.

What truly angered him could only be the Vermilion Bird Clan and The Order of the Hidden.

Of course, there might be other reasons.

"Qilin Venerable."

She murmured to herself: "Turns out you placed all your stakes on him, no wonder."

Rhein, clad in a white suit, stood in front of her desk.

This Vice President's injuries were still unhealed, bandages wound around him, his face pale.

"Are you sure it was Skylark who rushed in last?"

Taihua said indifferently.

Rhein nodded slightly: "Sorry, I couldn't stop it."

"Not your fault."

Taihua sighed: "Luckily, you didn't go after all."

She suddenly spat out a mouthful of golden blood, her majestic, cold demeanor cracking with countless golden fissures, as if her body beneath the trench coat was collapsing, pouring out molten golden light.

Rhein's eyes flashed with a hint of chill, without hesitation unfolding the Heavenly Person Realm, resplendent gold enveloping the entire building, threads of golden light converging into countless sharp sword beams.

"President."

He frowned: "Are you alright?"

Taihua covered her lips, waved her hand: "Old, caught off guard."

Rhein's eyes narrowed, realizing the President's final confrontation was with Candle Dragon Venerable.

That Supreme, the embodiment of absolute power and violence, would never resort to ambushes.

Then who in this world could ambush the President and even wound her like this?

"If not for that child finding me the Eternal Bone, I'd likely be gone already."

Taihua looked towards the sunlight outside the window: "Search and rescue operations, do not stop. Keep searching. If alive, see the person, if dead, see the corpse. I will distribute the power of the Heavenly Person's Wedge to the two of you. Anyone who dares to obstruct you, kill without mercy."

Rhein was slightly moved, bowed low.

"If you want to contest this position, struggle as much as you like, might makes right."

Taihua raised her eyes, softly said: "But if that child can't return, all of you for me..."

Before she finished speaking, this four-hundred-year-old elder closed her eyes, leaned back in the large office chair, as if she had fallen asleep, her breathing and heartbeat gradually weakening, life like a candle flickering in the wind.

Rhein's expression subtly changed, immediately took out his phone: "Quick, Medical Department, come to the President's office!"

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The grocery store on the street was filled with the delicate scent of incense.

Huai Yin sat in a wheelchair, sighing: "Life is so unpredictable. I just went to Buzhou Mountain for a fight, and my big disciple, how could he be gone just like that?"

This strongest in the Human World looked at the painting on the wall with a mixture of emotions.

The graceful woman in the painting seemed more vivid, the soaring dragon appeared alive.

About to leap out of the painting, into the sky.

"Master, even in acting, moderation is needed."

Jing Ci fetched a bottle of wine from the cabinet, poured himself a glass, indifferently said: "You and I both know our junior isn't that easily killed. If he truly died, you wouldn't be reacting like this."

Huai Yin waved his hand: "What do you know? When I say gone, I don't mean dead, but kidnapped."

Jing Ci raised an eyebrow: "Who would kidnap our junior? Just snatch him back."

Huai Yin chuckled: "You go, I won't stop you."

Jing Ci squinted: "What do you mean by that?"

Huai Yin didn't elaborate, sighed: "Everyone thinks Candle Dragon Venerable failed in ascending. But would that Supreme, the epitome of power and violence, truly fail? I don't think so. On the contrary, I think she succeeded, and succeeded beyond all measure, perhaps even too successfully."

Jing Ci was silent for a while, thinking he needed to carefully ponder these words.

"Unfortunately, in the end, she was ambushed during her weakest moment."

Huai Yin laughed: "Next, there's going to be quite a show to watch."

At the entrance of Luodong District across the street, a Maybach drove up with a roar.

The security guard at the gate was so startled that he couldn't hold his thermos steady, quickly tidying his clothes, rushed out to greet.

Expecting a big boss, but it turned out a young girl stepped out of the car.

"Is this his home?"

Tang Ling's white hair fluttered in the wind. She was wearing a white casual jacket today with a black vest inside, sky-blue jeans hugging her long, elegant legs, and white sneakers.

Simple, clean.

"Yes, this is Gu Jianlin's home."

Chen Bojun sighed: "But what identity will you use to visit? Colleague? Senior? Teammate? You know, they're just ordinary people, and you'll need to arrange some Mind-bending Tea for them."

Tang Ling was silent for a moment, seemingly resolved, softly said: "I know my limits, let's go."

Chapter 657: Thunder vs. Moon Princess, Skylark and Qilin

This was Tang Ling's first time visiting someone else's home.

Especially since she had to face Gu Jianlin's family, so before coming, she made thorough preparations, researched their family data extensively for a full four hours, before daring to visit.

After all, they are his family, and must be treated with care.

When sitting on the sofa, her hands were clasped on her knees, her pale fingers slightly tightening.

"Leave it to me, don't be nervous."

Chen Bojun noticed her anxiety and comforted her from the sofa.

"Come, sit down. Hey, Old Chen, it's been years since I've seen you, how have you been?" Shi Jing was in a great mood recently because their son was supposedly going straight to Qinghua, and she was so happy that she went around showing off to colleagues and relatives. She was even considering buying a car, after all, her child was grown enough to get a driver's license.

In contrast, Su Hao appeared much more composed, serving tea to the guests.

The couple was very polite to the unexpected guest.

The man didn't stand out much, dressed like an ordinary office worker.

That white-haired girl, on the other hand, was too beautiful, with a serene cool demeanor, her tall and graceful figure evident even in loose sportswear, especially those long legs that were hard to miss.

The main thing was that hair color, no one knew how it was dyed, it seemed so natural.

"Zhuzhu, come out and meet the guests."

Shi Jing called out, but there was no response.

Su Hao then knocked on the door and reprimanded: "Hurry up and come out, don't be rude!"

In the pink-decorated bedroom, Su Youzhu was playing games at her computer, her platinum short hair loose, a face mask on her delicate face, and a pink-and-white camisole nightgown that highlighted her girlish charm.

This was the advantage of the Yin Yang Twin Jade, with her avatar fighting in the Ancient God Realm, while her true self stayed home as a recluse.

Ever since the Penglai Fairy Island event, they managed to catch up with the final battle. Countless ancient tokens fell from the Sky Dome with little effort, they acquired the key, then fought monsters and enjoyed the scenery.

Lu Zijin completed her ascension, becoming a true Holy Land Level, temporarily escaping the Ancient God Realm.

And her avatar also teleported out, thinking she would become a wild Ascender, but unexpectedly, she received a mysterious invitation from the Twilight Candidate, personally sent by the Think Tank himself.

Even the Liu family was vying for her, while the Si Family, who should have been identifying her, had no response.

It was very strange.

But if she could return safely, it wouldn't be a bad thing.

The only thing that worried her a bit was that Gu Jianlin's shadow suddenly collapsed.

Only Gu Jianlin had reassured her before the shadow avatar collapsed, telling her that his true self just had a minor accident and would come home later, so she could relax.

She turned off the game, washed her face in the bathroom, and walked out of the room in her slippers.

As soon as she opened the door, she was stunned.

Because she recognized the two people in the living room.

The Omega Sequence General Supervisor, Chen Bojun.

The Overlord Path, Seventh Rank Annihilation Arrow.

The Order World's Princess, Tang Ling.

The Sword Sect Path, Fifth Order Sword Soul.

"This must be Xiao Gu's sister."

Chen Bojun smiled gently: "Truly beautiful."

Tang Ling looked up, surprised that the guy actually had such a beautiful sister. She seemed like a cold older sister, akin to a delicate porcelain doll, emanating an aura of aloofness.

Her looks were comparable to hers, her body proportions just as enviable.

Just a bit flat.

"Sister is just a term to make the two kids closer, there's no blood relation in essence. Come on, Youzhu, don't be so rude." Su Hao waved.

Shi Jing came over with a plate of snacks, pulling her well-behaved daughter next to the coffee table.

Su Youzhu slightly nodded, acknowledging the greeting, but her eyes remained on the white-haired girl.

After all, she was the Order World's Princess, her looks and strength top-notch, it was unsettling. Luckily, that guy was aloof by nature, probably wouldn't pursue actively.

"As for whether she's infatuated, let her imagine things."

She thought to herself.

Tang Ling glanced at this dainty and exquisite girl, surprised at how beautiful the guy's sister was, and that they had been living under the same roof for half a year, both adolescents, who knows what might happen.

But thinking of his stiff and indifferent nature, she felt relieved.

Nothing would happen anyway.

"Even if she wants to do something, she won't have the chance."

She said softly: "Just infatuation."

Their eyes met, and sparks subtly flew.

Su Hao, being an old hand in the workplace, instinctively sensed some friction between the two girls, and he soon realized the reason, likely due to Xiao Gu.

They were adolescents, spending a lot of time together, feeling something was only natural.

He, as the father, didn't find it problematic. After all, they had no blood connection, weren't on the same household register. If something did happen, it could be resolved internally.

Xiao Gu was, of course, great, not only impeccable in character, but even his genes were enviable.

Su Youzhu was a problem child, entrusting this kid sounded reassuring.

Chapter 658: Thunder vs. Moon Princess, Skylark and Qilin

Still, we have to look at Xiao Gu here. His life is destined to have infinite possibilities. There will always be new girls liking him in the future. How to choose then is his own business, and no one else should interfere.

"Old Chen, has there been any result from the investigation I asked your department to conduct last time? Xiao Gu always says his father did not die in a car accident, and I think it might not be impossible. After all, Old Gu solved so many cases in those years. Although it benefited society, it would also have attracted enemies." Shi Jing said carelessly, completely unaware.

She just thought the white-haired girl was very beautiful, just like her own bargain daughter.

Rarely did she see such beautiful girls outside.

"By the way, is this your daughter?"

She curiously asked, "How did you bleach this white hair? Does it hurt? How much did it cost?"

Su Hao was at a loss for words.

Su Youzhu was also speechless about this mother.

"My daughter? Don't dare!"

Chen Bojun shook his head and said, "She is here for Xiao Gu."

As soon as this sentence came out, the whole family perked up.

Su Youzhu clearly felt the alertness.

While Su Hao was somewhat puzzled.

Shi Jing widened her eyes, curiously asking, "Girl, who are you?"

"Hello Auntie, my name is Tang Ling."

Tang Ling remembered what happened in the dream before. She lifted a strand of hair by her ear, her beautiful eyes rarely soft, and she gently said, "I am Xiao Gu's... girlfriend."

For a moment, Su Youzhu bit off a cookie, raising her beautiful eyes, which looked icy cold.

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The cruise ship's horn echoed over the sea.

A gentle and polite voice came over the broadcast, in both Chinese and Japanese: "Attention passengers heading to Yokohama, attention passengers to Yokohama. After fourteen hours of sailing, we are about to dock. Please carry your luggage and prepare to disembark. Pay attention to your personal safety, and have a pleasant journey."

This was a giant cruise ship from Huaguo Feng City heading towards Ying Province Yokohama.

Zhong Guoqing called his daughter in the corridor: "Quickly pack up your things, don't let the client wait too long, don't forget that our job depends on your boss's goodwill, don't delay others' business."

"Got it, Dad."

Zhong Li came out with her suitcase, weaving through the crowded stream of people.

Since the West Port Forbidden Zone incident, the father and daughter had been assigned to work at Tianhe Pharmaceutical.

And this corporation has a renowned Alchemist.

Codename, Pharmacist.

From then on, father and daughter lived a modestly prosperous life as Unclean, without worrying about medication issues, except that their lifespan would be much shorter than others, but living a normal life was still very nice.

Later, after some inquiries, the father and daughter learned what kind of person they had encountered.

A super genius of the Ether Association.

Codename, Qilin.

In the Dark World, this name was famous, the most fierce record was one against four.

Killed four Twilight Candidates.

Incredibly formidable.

For the Zhong family father and daughter, working for such a person was a heavenly fortune.

At this moment, Zhong Guoqing's expression changed.

Zhong Li's pupils reflected a strange pallor because she also sensed an unusual smell!

It was the smell of blood!

The West Port Forbidden Zone cruise ships had all dispersed because the second layer of the Qilin Immortal Palace had opened, and the person who obtained the key could traverse independently, no longer needing to enter those singularities.

Thus, the cruise ships gathered over the East Sea had all left.

Especially recently, as if the Ether Association lost their Crown Prince, they've been sweeping everywhere taking people along.

In just three days, they've destroyed two hundred wild Ascender organizations.

If you don't run now, you're just waiting to meet King Yan.

To be safe, the Zhong family chose an ordinary cruise ship.

But unexpectedly, something still happened here.

"Hurry!"

Zhong Guoqing pulled his daughter along to avoid getting involved in a major incident.

As proved, those who don't watch the commotion always find the road wide open.

Because just now, in the passing VIP cabin, someone was one second away from killing them.

A black-haired girl retracted her gaze expressionlessly, holding a blood-red Tang Blade emanating eerie ghost energy in her left hand and a dark golden scabbard in her right hand, not emitting a trace of killing intent.

The blade's edge glimmered with a chilling gleam, reflecting her enchanting and captivating eyes.

In the cabin's restroom, a young and beautiful waitress's head was plunged into the toilet, her neck already cut by a blade, scarlet blood flowing out, diluted by the spray from the head, flowing into the sewer.

In her hand she held a dagger, clearly a dangerous assassin.

Buzz buzz.

Jiuyin trembled slightly, seemingly with great intimacy, then was mercilessly stowed into the Golden Crow Scabbard.

Skylark gently closed the restroom door, suddenly leaning tiredly against the wall, pressing a hand to her forehead.

With an extraordinarily rare beauty, her ink-dyed long hair cascaded like a waterfall, wearing a black and white lace dress, the hem barely covering her thighs, black over-the-knee socks binding her leg's flesh, and black leather shoes on her feet.

The stray hair scattered over the enchanting eyes, reflecting a hazy light under the sun.

But her lips constantly oozed blood, which she wiped with a tissue from the bag.

She didn't know who had injured her.

That person should be very skilled.

She also couldn't remember what had happened before, only that she was doing something very important related to her future and destiny. In the end, she succeeded, but something must have gone wrong.

Leading to this situation.

She wearily sat up, coming to the bed in the cabin.

On the bed lay a black-haired boy, sleeping very honestly, like someone about to be buried.

"Who on earth is this?"

Skylark softly murmured.

Ever since she woke up, she found someone lying beside her.

Someone who should be useful to her, otherwise she wouldn't have taken him while fleeing.

Skylark found written in blood on his hem, two words.

Food.

Elegant yet incisive handwriting.

She also attempted to write a few words on the wall with her right hand, confirming a point.

It's her own handwriting.

"Food? This boy is food? I'm not part of the Cannibal Tribe."

Skylark's head ached, unfortunately, she couldn't remember anything, her own state wasn't great either. She always felt like sleeping, barely managing to bring this boy onto the ship, only to encounter a chase again.

Yes, a chase.

Someone unknown was trying to track them.

Clearly harboring killing intent toward the two of them.

"Soul Comforting Bell, Lock of Nonexistence, Sword Scabbard, Jiuyin? Quite a few nice things."

Skylark took out a stolen phone, searched for their current location, booked a couple's hotel online, and softly said: "Yingzhou Island, not a bad place."

Skylark looked at the boy, hesitating for a long time, pondering whether or not to kill him.

But then she thought, why not give him a chance.

When he wakes up, let him act as the male sacrifice to take care of her.

Ever since she woke up and found this person lying by her side, she had no memory of what had transpired.

He must be someone useful to her.

Skylark, feeling a headache coming on, sadly could recall nothing.

She lay on the bed, resting, and kicked the boy slightly, but he didn't awaken.

Strangely enough, despite her strong aversion to people coming near when she fled from Huaguo Feng City, she felt a sense of innate closeness to this boy.

It was as if he were her own son.

Such a strange feeling.

With the sound of the ship's horn, the cruise ship was soon docking, seen through the porthole as crowds of men dressed in black swarmed in, each carrying a large guitar case on their back, clearly holding some kind of dangerous weapon.

There was a Holy Land Level aura mixed among the group that looked like mere small fry.

Run.

Skylark glanced at the boy, sighed, and disappeared with him in an instant teleportation move.

Chapter 659: The Male Sacrifice Ascends to Fifth Rank

The recent dark web has been very lively.

The biggest power in the Order World is the Ether Association, currently focused mainly on the East, but also has allies in Europe, America, and even Africa. Ascenders around the world are closely watching their every move, afraid of missing key historical progress or opportunities for evolution.

After all, the civilization accumulation of Ascenders basically first spread out from the East.

Such as the development of Breathing Techniques, then to Original Forbidden Curse and Ancient Forbidden Curse, even to the application of Mythical Weapons.

Including the development of alchemy technology and the widespread use of Combined Skill.

When the first level of Qilin Immortal Palace was conquered, the world waited for their latest progress.

However, the problem is, the Ether Association made no moves.

They're just looking for a person.

Looking for a person at any cost.

The Ether Association mobilized resources from a total of thirteen districts, and with an extremely tough attitude, ordered their allies in various countries, causing a huge stir among Ascenders worldwide.

When someone painstakingly figured out who they were looking for, they often expressed a sentiment.

The Crown Prince of the Order World is missing.

However, more people are curious because they have only heard of a Princess in the Order World.

Where did the Crown Prince come from?

What's more unexpected is that the Dark World is also in upheaval.

The You Ying Group couldn't sit still.

Because their young lady is missing.

This is a very dramatic scene, the Ether Association symbolizing order lost its Crown Prince, while the You Ying Group representing darkness also lost their young lady.

The difference is that the former acts like the President lost his own grandson.

Whereas the latter seems more like the Six Major Families lost their nuclear bomb.

It's quite funny.

The largest organizations in the two worlds made a joke simultaneously.

And at this crucial moment, a secret message spread among the world's upper echelons.

The President, gravely wounded, is hospitalized.

The Taiji Hospital in Magic City is already the hospital with the best medical conditions in the Ascender world; tonight, Holy Land Level priests and alchemists are all busy, a red light shines in the top-level intensive care unit, no one can enter.

Not even Catastrophe.

As the first pillar of the human world, Taihua is seriously ill and hospitalized, with only three people qualified to visit.

King of Qing, Silver King, Golden King.

Besides them, even her direct descendants can only wait obediently downstairs.

"Who in this world could ambush the Master?"

The Golden King said in a deep voice: "Ancient Supreme?"

This is a majestic middle-aged man like a lion, dressed in loose white martial arts attire as if he were an old man practicing Tai Chi in the park, but his demeanor is not gentle and kind-hearted; rather, it is fierce and aggressive.

Especially his eyes, which seem capable of shooting swords and blades.

The Silver King looks like a woman in her early thirties, clothed in a black long coat resembling an eagle's wings, lined with a gray shirt, her appearance slightly plain, yet her aura cold and aloof.

"I don't know either, a new era is about to arrive; who knows if some new ghostly thing will emerge. I asked the Master at the time, but she didn't say who that person was. Actually, I think even she's unsure."

Huai Yin, not in a wheelchair today, wore a brown shirt and shorts, looking like an old man vacationing by the sea, a pipe in his mouth, sitting in a chair: "It's fortunate that back then, if the Master and the Lord hadn't fought to the death, otherwise, the person would reap the benefits, and troubles would be great."

After a brief silence.

The Silver King glanced at him, said coldly: "You have the audacity to say that? After we reviewed the situation, we realized when you were at Buzhou Mountain, you didn't exert your full strength, right, senior brother?"

The Golden King also turned his head, his eyes flickering with a chilling sword light.

"You can misreport the food, but you can't misinterpret the speech!"

Huai Yin glared: "Who was slacking? I certainly wasn't!"

Both are Catastrophe, Silver and Gold may not be as strong as him, but not far behind either.

This familiar rhetoric and tone, they heard countless times over the past hundred years.

"Don't look at me like that."

Huai Yin waved his hand, said calmly: "Your comment is as if the Lord used full power; He simply didn't want to focus energy on us, not because she doesn't care about us, but because she doesn't see us as enemies."

"Haven't you noticed that this time the Lord seemed strange? Candle Dragon Venerable is a very emotional person, especially when He went by the name Su Xiang, He didn't differ from ordinary humans. You guys have seen that dragon perched on Buzhou Mountain, whenever meeting Him, He would first mock my weakness."

He paused: "Some precious ancient intelligence, if it weren't for Him finding fighting boring and willing to say a few more words to us, you probably wouldn't know until now."

Silver and Gold fell into brief silence.

"This time, the Lord didn't say a word from start to finish."

Huai Yin raised his eyes, said serenely: "Most importantly, this time at Buzhou Mountain, even a Primordial didn't appear, don't you find this strange? If it's the ascension moment, why didn't anyone guard Him? Doesn't this situation feel familiar? Yes, two thousand five hundred years ago, when Qilin Venerable was enhancing the Stairway to Immortality, there were hardly Primordial guarding Him either."

Chapter 660: The Male Sacrifice Ascends to Fifth Rank (Part 2)

The Silver King squinted his eyes and said lightly, "There's only one possibility."

The Golden King said in a low voice, "They don't trust their own Primordial."

"Mhm."

Huai Yin said leisurely, "The Ancient Supreme are incredibly powerful. No matter how many Primordials there are, they can't threaten them. So why are they so wary? I think it's because after ascending the Stairway to Immortality, the Supremes undergo a certain transformation, making them too weak at that stage."

"Looking back at history, the Candle Dragon Venerable seemed to have experienced a rebellion by the Primordials."

The Silver King pondered, "Are you suggesting the Order of the Hidden again?"

A cold glint flashed in her eyes as if recalling past events.

The Golden King raised his eyebrows, frowning deeply.

"The Order of the Hidden is just the name they've evolved into today."

Huai Yin remarked, "No wonder they could drive Chi so mad back then. These people are truly terrifying. Look, even the Candle Dragon and Qilin would be cautious. They must have prepared the safest escape routes for themselves. After all, the Ancient Supreme have the ability to glimpse destiny, but we do not."

Having said that, he coughed violently, covering his lips with a handkerchief, coughing up a few drops of blood.

His old ailment had returned.

Ding dong.

The door to the isolation ward in the intensive care unit opened, and the red light turned green.

This indicated that the President was temporarily out of life-threatening danger.

However, the three Catastrophes could clearly sense it.

The Heavenly Person Qi that always enveloped this world had weakened considerably.

"The three Catastrophes."

An elderly doctor with white hair, leaning on a cane, walked over and said shakily, "The President requests your presence. There is something very important he needs to tell you face-to-face."

The Silver King, always in sync with the Master, was more concerned about the elderly's condition and strode over.

"Junior Sister is still filial."

The Golden King turned to look at his Senior Brother, expressionless, and said, "Could it be about dividing the inheritance?"

Huai Yin laughed, "Who knows."

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Yokohama under the night is always so bright and bustling. Looking down the long street, it's all festive lights and decorations, massive signs glowing with colorful Neon, and the aesthetic of the Yingzhou people is always so flamboyant.

The surging crowd seemed to be immersed in a lavish city, with many young couples taking selfies under the ginkgo trees, and beautiful girls in yukatas posing for pictures by the riverbank. Children ran past with ice cream, and in the distant night, a giant Gundam loomed, like a Giant guarding the world.

Skylark vaguely remembered she knew Japanese and had been to Ying Province before. This was not a likable country, its glamorous surface hiding an already bloated decline, but it was fun.

It's great for tourism, but that's about it.

She wore oversized sunglasses, barely covering her stunningly beautiful face. Her long hair, tied with a headband, lay gently on her back. A black and white short dress accentuated her slender waist, and below the skirt were long, slender legs wrapped in knee-high socks. Her little leather shoes tapped crisply on the street.

As the wind blew, a strong scent of Lan She perfume wafted through the air.

Her bangs fluttered, a snow-white delicate chin, and enticing curves, all so attention-grabbing.

Yet no one approached her.

Because beside her was a cold young man.

The young man also wore sunglasses, his half-revealed face showing hard lines. A black suit paired with a white shirt, a pitch-black tie looking expensive, hands clad in white gloves, straight black pants spotless, and crocodile leather shoes polished to a shine, he resembled both a butler and a killer.

Especially notable was the giant guitar case slung on his back, the contents unknown.

The look was peculiar, but not uncommon in Ying Province.

"Is this cosplay?"

"They look like a couple, both so good-looking."

"They really match."

Skylark didn't mind the pointing from passersby, as long as they didn't disturb her.

"Go, buy me some tamagoyaki."

She raised her right hand, nails painted red, strings of silver thread extending from them.

Gu Jianlin moved like a puppet, manipulated by her to queue at a street vendor.

Skylark, like a lover, affectionately linked her arm with his to ward off any advances.

Life isn't easy, the young lady sighed.

Losing memory is truly painful.

In her limited memory, she can't quite recall how she survived before.

Just this noon, after disembarking, she skillfully avoided an unknown attack with her Male Sacrifice, planning to buy some daily necessities from a convenience store, only to encounter another round of pursuit.

This time, the enemy was quite tricky, a Sixth Order Extinguisher from the Overlord Path, hiding on a building across the street with a sniper rifle. Fortunately, she noticed the reflection from a mirror in the convenience store.

She turned back, performed a Space Jump, flashing to the enemy's back, and slit his throat.

She reaped a handsome sum of cash and seized a Mythical Weapon known as Qiansi Puppetry.

As the name suggests, it allows one to manipulate others like a marionette with illusory threads.

This made things much easier, saving her from carrying an unconscious man down the street.

Every time she encountered police questioning, she had to run.