

Ancient 681

Chapter 681: First Encounter with the Jiang Family, Moon Princess's Compensation (Part 4)

In the eerie silence, Moon Princess glanced at the young man beside her, gloating.

Let's see how you spin this.

Gu Jianlin was silent for a moment: "What's it got to do with you?"

Jiang Ziyue sighed: "Isn't this for your own good? That's the King of Qing's student, who could take out four Twilight Candidates all at once back in the Third Rank. My cousin Jiang Hanyi died at his hands, and so did your cousin Si Weilan, his body torn in half. Even the old man of your family was beaten up by him. You better pray Qilin is really dead because if he comes back to life, I reckon you'll be the first to die."

Can't take it.

Moon Princess kept reminding herself internally, she's professionally trained.

No matter how funny it is, don't laugh.

But she just couldn't hold it in.

"Is there a possibility that the first one to die isn't me?"

Gu Jianlin suddenly stepped forward, calmly saying: "But rather some people from the Jiang family?"

Jiang Ziyue's smile slightly stiffened.

Including the Jiang Family Members behind him, all showed unfriendly eyes.

Gu Jianlin said indifferently: "What the Jiang family has done to your so-called cousin, you should be very clear about in your hearts. So who really has more grievances against them? Want to place a bet?"

Jiang Ziyue was silent for a moment, then turned to smile: "Brother Xingye really knows how to joke, no matter what, we're family. No matter how much a family fights, we're still a prestigious one, right?"

Someone echoed: "Yeah, back then I really liked Cousin, didn't I?"

The person stepped forward, reaching out to touch the girl in the cat-faced mask.

Like a gentle brother, patting his sister's shoulder.

Moon Princess's eyes were indifferent, just about to draw her sword to cut off his claw.

Slap!

The person's hand was caught.

Gu Jianlin caught his wrist indifferently.

The Jiang Family Member was waiting for this chance, a bizarre blood color flashed in his eyes, the Ancient God's Breath frantically eroding his human genes, the beast-like violent blood propping up his body, squeezing out power.

Even if it was simulated by an illusion, it was strong enough.

At that very moment, Gu Jianlin also raised his eyes, blood-colored vertical pupils seeming to shimmer with lightning and thunder, gripping his wrist with a slight exertion in his right hand, a sound of bones cracking.

"I said."

He enunciated each word: "Stay away."

Moon Princess was shielded behind him, glaring at him a little reproachfully.

The matter she just reminded him of was thrown to the back of his mind, she was touched for nothing, right?

Yet her feelings were inexplicably conflicted, a mix of annoyance for his reckless actions, and a sense of protection and sweetness, the first time she'd experienced such a feeling in the Dark World.

For a moment, Jiang Ziyue opened his eyes, his pupils also filled with scarlet blood.

All the Jiang Family Members also simultaneously mobilized the Ancient God's Breath within them.

The Ether Association's strength lies in the Heavenly Person's Wedge.

From the President's strength alone, blessings extended to every subordinate.

Even the evolvers of the Dark World were reluctant to clash with them head-on.

After the Heaven's Punishment event, the inside of the Ether Association would also gradually open up the Evolution Path.

But the Dark World was different.

They inherently revered the Evolution Path.

Especially the direct descendants of the Jiang family, who had long walked the Evolution Path.

When they all mobilized the Ancient God's Breath, the surging mental pressure was unleashed.

Rumble.

The illusion between them trembled violently.

"Brother Xingye, let go."

Jiang Ziyue's voice became cold and hoarse, as if demons were dancing behind him.

In contrast, Gu Jianlin was alone, appearing somewhat outnumbered.

Those watching the fun thought he was about to make a fool of himself.

A terrifying Dragon Roar suddenly pierced deep into their souls!

In just an instant, the Jiang Family Members were shocked and alarmed, their mental Thought gathering bodies flickering.

This was a sign of impending collapse!

Jiang Ziyue was startled because the boy wearing the golden mask in front of him was gazing at him.

That gaze seemed to reflect the abyssal Netherworld!

In a daze, he had a misconception.

He wasn't facing an evolver.

But rather a genuine member of the Ancient God Clan!

With a smack!

Someone patted his back.

"Ziyue, you've been reckless."

A white-haired young man appeared at some point, still holding a strawberry sundae.

Chapter 682: The Unfathomable Think Tank

The Think Tank has always been elusive; no one noticed when he approached. When he appeared, all whispers ceased, and the Twilight Candidates expressed their respect through silence.

More astonishingly, the moment he appeared, the dream landscape stirred violently, rippling like a reflection in water. The dark, shadowy temple transformed into a sunny beach, where a shirtless man lay on a beach chair, and bikini-clad beauties showcased their graceful figures in the water, with sailboats navigating the sea.

These beach tourists, however, seemed like phantoms, completely unaware of the presence of others.

"I called you here not to have you fight."

He lay comfortably on a beach chair, scooping strawberry sundaes with a spoon: "You all are stronger than me. Look after an old man, will you? Especially you, Xingye. It's been less than half a year since I last saw you, and you've improved significantly. I almost couldn't suppress your spirituality."

The members of the Jiang Family showed a flash of fear and displeasure in their eyes upon seeing him.

"Sorry, Think Tank."

Jiang Ziyue smiled silently, restraining the raging Ancient God's Breath within him: "Just joking."

Gu Jianlin also suppressed the Ancient God's Breath within him, and suddenly discovered something very interesting.

The members of the Jiang Family had a subtle attitude towards this mysterious Think Tank, both apprehensive and guarded.

He couldn't help but recall the conversation he had online last time.

The head of the Dark World conversation was not the Think Tank.

"My dear Miss Youzhu, glad to see you here."

The Think Tank spoke gently without lifting his head: "And my beautiful Miss Xia Yu, why so haggard? Relax, everyone currently in Tokyo has been summoned by me, and sooner or later we will find the result."

"I called you this time mainly for two things, but it can also be seen as one."

He admired the bikini beauties by the coast, scratching his head: "It's well-known that our noble and beautiful young lady is missing, and you have to find her. For the world, the young lady is no longer at the level of strategic nuclear weapons. If you must compare, it's like a Two-dimensional Foil, a weapon of dimensional reduction strike."

"Unfortunately, I don't have her photo, and most of you haven't seen her. But don't worry, once you see her in a crowd, you'll recognize her at a glance. Because no matter where, she is the most beautiful and striking among the masses, highly recognizable."

"The problem is that no one knows her current state, and she is a Ninth Rank Candle Yin God. If she really wants to kill you, no one would react in time, so be cautious not to let her emotions get out of control."

"Don't try to touch her, and definitely don't offend her. If you're male, it's best to find a female to communicate with her instead. Otherwise, I can't guarantee you won't be killed. The young lady loves good food, so using gourmet treats to soothe her is a good choice. As I recall, she likes barbecue but isn't fond of alcohol."

"Of course, you might consider taking her shopping in Ginza since she loves shopping. Or perhaps you could take her to watch an anime movie or go for a stroll in Disney, both are effective ways to comfort her. She loves music too, so maybe take her to karaoke, or join a summer festival with fireworks."

"The premise is not to let her feel annoyed. If she glances at you and thinks you're a gorilla in a zoo, I reckon you're likely still doomed; she doesn't need a reason to kill."

"In any case, you must stabilize her until our people arrive to take her back."

The Twilight Candidates listened in a daze, feeling this task was quite perilous.

Only Xia Yu knew this was true, because many were selected to serve the young lady back then.

In the end, not many survived.

Gu Jianlin remained silent, but an absurd thought flashed through his mind.

He felt these words seemed to be intentionally said for him to hear.

Indeed, all this is too coincidental.

The headquarters of the You Ying Group is in Ying Province.

And he had just taken control of the Si Family, replacing the young master of this family, and the engagement had arrived as scheduled.

The Moon Princess had come to his side.

The most frightening thing is that Skylark is currently in his grasp.

Yet, he knows almost nothing about this enigmatic woman.

Now someone is saying her preferences all to him.

"Of course, this is the plan when there's no danger."

The Think Tank changed the subject: "Now let me tell you the second thing, pay attention to these two sculptures."

Two ancient, gigantic sculptures stood on the sea, depicting the opposing Qing and Chi Dual Kings.

"The confrontation between Qing and Chi, naturally, I don't need to say much; you should all understand. These two strongest Catastrophes have divergences on many matters, including... The Order of the Hidden."

The Think Tank spoke softly.

It was like hearing thunder in silence.

The Twilight Candidates naturally had heard of that mysterious organization.

Some had even come into contact with it.

For Gu Jianlin, this mysterious organization was even more of a deadly enemy.

The Moon Princess wrote a series of words on his back: "Don't forget, the Si Family once collaborated with The Order of the Hidden. We can trace this line to investigate and see if we can discover anything."

Chapter 683: The Unfathomable Think Tank

"The Order of the Hidden is too mysterious, some say they are the true rulers of this planet, manipulating the course of history, directing the development of civilization, and inciting wars between the Ancient God Clan and humans."

The Think Tank lazily said, "With the pride of the King of Qing, he would naturally not allow such an organization to lord over him, and his idea is simple. If you don't like it, destroy it. But the Red King is different, he wants to peek into the true masters behind this mysterious organization, trace its real origins, and perhaps even replace them."

Such a taboo secret, yet he spoke of it so easily.

"Who would have thought, before the Order of the Hidden could be dealt with, Qing and Chi started fighting each other, even causing a mess over at Taiqing and Taihua, leading to the Ancient God Chaos two hundred years ago."

He suddenly stood up, smiled at everyone, "The result of these troublemakers' actions is that the Order of the Hidden still hasn't been eradicated, and continues to manipulate the world in the shadows. Who are the beings behind this mysterious organization? A particularly secretive Ancient Supreme? Or some other strange entity? Or is it the collective will?"

This white-haired young man ate a strawberry sundae and smiled, "In any case, regarding the Order of the Hidden, no conspiracy theory is too far-fetched to apply to them, for their people lurk among us."

Jiang Ziyue suddenly saw him walk up to him.

"It could be you."

The Think Tank pointed at him, then looked at the Jiang Family Member beside him, "Or it could be him."

Gu Jianlin also saw him point over.

"Xingye also has a lot of suspicions, after all, your brother once collaborated with the Order of the Hidden."

The Think Tank then looked at the girl beside him, "And what about the adorable Zhuzhu?"

With a whoosh, he disappeared from his spot.

Xia Yu frowned instinctively, seeing the smiling white-haired boy appear in front of her.

"Your Xia Family is also highly suspect."

The Think Tank patted her pretty face and turned away, "I think the young lady has sensed the crisis, which is why she hasn't shown up yet. I can mostly confirm for now, Miyamoto Shosuke is indeed a member of the Order of the Hidden. But what I don't understand is when exactly was this guy developed into an undercover agent?"

"I've sent the information on Miyamoto Shosuke to your phones, I hope someone can find out in the meantime. After all, if even someone like Miyamoto Shosuke, a Holy Land Level Ascender, has issues, I really cannot imagine how many more traitors there are among the Six Major Families."

He paused, "Who does You Ying Group truly belong to?"

In the eerie silence, the Twilight Candidates exchanged glances.

"The President of the Ether Association once said, living is a personal matter."

The Think Tank said calmly, "I quite like that statement, the King often repeated it back then, different people can interpret it differently. I want to tell everyone, if you want to survive in this world, then the only one you can trust is yourself. Those around you aren't worth your trust."

"The Order of the Hidden is currently active in Tokyo, likely planning to target the young lady."

He shrugged, "So this mission is extremely dangerous, but someone must undertake it."

Snap.

A snap of fingers.

The sunny beach vanished, replaced by a hospital.

The doors to the intensive care unit were open, the attending physician and nurse moved back and forth, and the white-haired old man lying on the hospital bed was faintly visible, wearing a respirator, with lines inserted all over his body.

The complex and precise instruments showed life and mental fluctuations.

All indicating that this old man was gradually stepping towards death.

The Twilight Candidates slightly changed, while the Jiang Family members quickly lowered their heads, showing respectful expressions.

"Jiang Ruoxu, the grandmaster of the Jiang Family, the King's younger brother."

The Think Tank said calmly, "He is also a Candle Yin God, and one of the strongest Evolvers today, his practice of the You Ying Law has reached an unimaginable depth. After Grandmaster Jiang passes away, a part of the Holy Corpse will probably be extracted. When you ascend to the Sixth Rank, you can cultivate... Primordial Return."

Like speaking of the secrets of evolution, he softly said, "Like the King of Qing resisting Heaven's Punishment, performing Primordial Return in the real world, what a tempting allure?"

Gu Jianlin's heart stirred.

This is the You Ying Law, the ultimate secret of wielding Ancient God Power with a human body.

For the Ancient God Clan itself, the significance of the You Ying Law is to break free from the constraints of the real world!

So that's it.

Though not knowing what the Holy Corpse is, it seems this cultivation method differs somewhat.

Not every Evolver can practice.

Instead, it requires the Holy Corpse extracted after predecessors pass away.

Those in the Dark World naturally prioritize benefits, unlikely to risk lives for others without cause.

Primordial Return is a treasure no Evolver can refuse.

"Oh, there's one more thing."

The Think Tank suddenly remembered something and seriously said, "This is a personal request of mine. I've heard the Qilin of the Ether Association has also disappeared, which is quite interesting. If you can find him, be sure to bring him to me, whether through negotiation or coercion by force, or even using beauty to lure him."

"Recently the moves of the Ether Association seem out of sorts, as if they've lost their Crown Prince."

He scratched his head, "This lord is quite dangerous, act within your means, as for my offer... I can tell you a huge secret, only I know."

Before the Twilight Candidates could respond, a snap sound was heard.

The Think Tank clapped his hands, revealing a gentle smile, "In any case, that's the situation. If anyone can find Miss Skylark, don't try to hide her in a golden house, you won't be able to handle it. The same goes for Mr. Qilin, don't attempt to solo him, no one below the Holy Land can defeat him, trust me."

"Before adjourning, there's a small matter to deal with."

He threw the strawberry sundae into the trash and drew a dagger from his pocket, "We have a traitor among us. Everyone knows my temperament, the thing I hate most in life is a traitor."

Where the Think Tank passed, people automatically parted ways.

"Isn't that right, Xingye."

He stopped, smiled, and asked.

Gu Jianlin was horrified because the white-haired young man stood in front of him.

Even though turbulent waves surged in his heart, outwardly he showed no expression.

"Sorry."

The Think Tank's eyes turned cold, suddenly turning and stabbing the dagger in his hand!

Crack!

A Twilight Candidate's eye was pierced, blood spurted out, and a wail erupted.

Strangely, he couldn't move at all, like livestock awaiting slaughter, utterly miserable.

"Xingye, if I'm not mistaken, this is your good friend, right? The illegitimate son of the Xia Family head, doesn't get along with relatives, but has been your good friend for over ten years, grew up in the same kindergarten, went to the same elementary school, then middle school and university, inseparable, very close."

The Think Tank grabbed the young man's collar, slowly pushing the dagger into his eye socket, his smiling expression as fierce as a beast, "Xia Yuan, what were you doing the night the young lady had an accident? That restaurant is your property, right? Miyamoto Shosuke had close contact with you that night at ten."

He softly said, "What offer did the Order of the Hidden make you to betray me?"

The piercing scream abruptly stopped.

The young man named Xia Yuan suddenly shattered into fragments and vanished into the dream.

There's no doubt, no one dies in dreams.

Yet Xia Yuan really died.

Because every Twilight Candidate knew, no matter what the Think Tank did in dreams.

In the real world, someone would replicate his actions.

"Meeting adjourned, everyone disperse on the spot."

The Think Tank flicked his hand, and the dream once again turned into a pitch-black temple.

The Twilight Candidates vanished like reflections in water, leaving one after another.

Gu Jianlin was the last to disperse, suddenly realizing someone watched him in the darkness.

"Congratulations on your engagement."

All along, the Think Tank watched him with a smile, cheerfully saying, "I always care for my subordinates, so I prepared a special gift for you. After the meeting, enjoy it with our Miss Youzhu."

Chapter 684: Gu Jianlin: Have I Become a Male Sacrifice?

The mist-shrouded terrace just happened to overlook the city's horizon, the brightly lit night sky resembling a sea of stars, with the Imperial Palace, home to the royalty of Ying Province, just below, hidden amidst lush greenery.

It was as if overlooking the multitude of beings.

This was a top-notch luxury residence in Tokyo, just completed this year, and equipped with a special barrier. Only Ascenders with spirituality could glimpse its full view, reaching an astounding height of two hundred meters. It belonged to the You Ying Group of the Dark World, symbolizing not only wealth and status but also absolute power.

"Still haven't found it?"

The old man poured himself a cup of sake and said indifferently.

This was a very old man, his silver hair neatly combed back, his face deeply lined like the rings of a tree, only his eyes deep and sharp, like a lion of the grassland or a wolf of the snowy field.

Jiang Chunyang.

Nowadays, within the Six Major Families, there is a very distinct class hierarchy.

The Jiang Family is at the head, followed by the Zong Family.

Next in line is the Xia Family and the Si Family.

Finally, the Liu Family and the Zhao Family.

Undoubtedly, the Jiang Family is the main family of the Red King, playing a critical role in the Dark World.

And this old man is the most senior member of the Jiang Family, bar none.

Of course, Jiang Chunyang is also the most senior member of the Ascender world, having personally participated in the creation of the Golden Age of human civilization two hundred years ago, and being from the same era as Taiqing and Taihua.

"No."

The Netherworld said, holding a cigarette in his mouth: "Ever since appearing and killing Miyamoto Shosuke, there has been no further sight of her. The young lady should still be in Ying Province, only she felt threatened and is unwilling to show herself."

He laughed, "What, are you anxious as well?"

Jiang Chunyang drank his sake, gazing at the brightly lit night view, and said indifferently, "The existence of The Order of the Hidden does indeed cause a headache. I thought with the means Yan Li left behind, I had cleaned up these little ghosts, but it seems they have still managed to infiltrate the upper echelons, which makes me a bit embarrassed."

"Even Buzhou Mountain is urging us; I've never seen those people so nervous before."

He paused, sighing, "Perhaps it's because the Candle Dragon Venerable failed in ascension and must slumber for three thousand years. For the first time, those people have lost their sense of security, so they are impatient to retrieve this weapon."

"I'm more curious about the young lady's true identity."

The Netherworld shrugged: "If she were an Ancestor, it shouldn't be like this. Could she be a Primordial? It's crazy, luckily in all these years only such a monster was created, otherwise the Ancient God Clan would indeed invade on a grand scale."

Jiang Chunyang suddenly put down his cup.

"What a pity."

His eyes flickered as he said calmly, "I heard your Aunt is critically ill and in the intensive care unit. If the young lady were here, perhaps she could try to kill her and seize the Heavenly Person's Wedge in one stroke."

Like hearing a thunderous roar in silence.

This statement would likely shake the entire Ascender world.

Because since the debut of that Order World's Guardian, in more than four hundred years, no one has ever dared to say such a thing, as she is undoubtedly a pillar of the sky, possessing unimaginable strength.

Even during the peak conflict between Qing and Chi two hundred years ago, no one ever had such an idea about her.

Many in this world want Taihua dead, but no one has ever dared to challenge her directly.

Moreover, in this world, nothing is truly secret. After experiencing the first level of the Qilin Immortal Palace showdown, it was certain that Taihua had indeed pioneered Heavenly Personification, stepping into a brand-new domain of strength.

To go and kill her, and steal the Heavenly Person's Wedge, could only be considered madness.

Even in her critically ill state, such an act would be akin to seeking death.

"Indeed, you are just as crazy as ever; no wonder you could produce a descendant like the King."

The Netherworld shook his head and said, "Back then in the Sea of Eternal Life, I tried to approach, but the Heavenly Person Realm released by Aunt was too dense. Had I entered even in my Evolutionary State, I would have died in an instant. Though both our domains are of demigod level, her Ninth Rank is because there are only nine ranks in total."

"And I am Ninth Rank, simply because I can only be Ninth Rank."

He reminded, "Even if you were to go, at most, you could hold out three more minutes than me?"

Jiang Chunyang slightly raised an eyebrow: "Heavenly Personification is indeed terrifying, especially as the host of the Heavenly Person's Wedge, she stands at the end of history. But if the young lady were here, there might actually be a chance to kill her. After all, her pioneering of Heavenly Personification was too late. Had it been two hundred years earlier, perhaps I wouldn't have wanted to defect from the Order World."

His hand was on the table, rhythmically tapping it.

"How is that plan progressing?"

He suddenly asked.

The Netherworld thought for a moment, "The Think Tank is handling it; the details still need to be executed on the second level of the Qilin Immortal Palace."

The wind chimes on the terrace began to sway as the door was pushed open.

The Think Tank entered, yawning, and sat down beside the round table, pouring himself a drink.

"Think Tank."

The Netherworld was very respectful towards this successor left by the King.

"Here?"

Jiang Chunyang, however, remained expressionless, saying indifferently, "Is everything settled?"

The Think Tank, smiling, said, "Don't talk to me in that tone. I'm not your subordinate. Acting old and wise doesn't work with me; I'm just executing the last wishes left by the King."

Chapter 685: Gu Jianlin: Have I Become a Male Sacrifice? (Part 2)

As soon as these two opened their mouths, the atmosphere became a bit off.

The Netherworld keenly smelled the gunpowder, immediately suggesting they chat slowly, then turned and left.

The night wind howled, bringing the scent of the sea tide.

Jiang Chunyang wasn't angry, he simply said, "The legacy Yan Li left didn't ask you to have the Jiang family's bloodline defiled by outsiders, even the collateral bloodline can't be."

The Think Tank calmly replied, "There was no such rule before Wang died, I'm just cultivating the next generation of red."

Jiang Chunyang glanced at him, "The next generation of red? Is that girl's talent really that good?"

Even as the old family head of the Jiang Family, as proud as he was, he had to admit one thing.

That is today's young generation, whether in order or darkness, are lacking.

The current Omega Sequence is the weakest average in history.

Of course, there are still some monsters in this generation's Omega Sequence.

For example, the Crown Prince.

Also Thunder and Qilin.

Just looking at them makes people envious.

As for the Dark World, there are quite a few outstanding young people, but it's only with fairly good average strength, there isn't anyone with enough heavenly talent to inherit the name of Catastrophe.

"More or less."

The Think Tank shrugged, "You're suppressing a little girl like this, don't you think it's a bit excessive? Those rigid rules of yours should be relaxed, I don't believe you can't see what the Jiang Family is like now. Su Youzhu's talent is undoubtedly the best, at least twice as strong as your grandson."

Jiang Chunyang was silent for a moment, "If she's willing to let go of hatred and change her surname to Jiang, it can be considered."

"But... what's the meaning of marrying her to a useless Si Family member?"

He said coldly, "Does he deserve it?"

The Think Tank smiled and said, "Thirty years to the east, thirty years to the west, don't underestimate the poor youth. How do you know he's a waste? If you ask me, you are too rigid, why be so constrained by family and bloodline? You are the biggest power holder behind the Dark World, your mind should be broader."

"The President indeed doesn't have much time left, but how long can you live?"

He laughed, "Your legacy must be passed on, are you willing to leave it to direct line waste, or to collateral genius? You wouldn't want to be completely disgraced after your death, right?"

Jiang Chunyang tapped the table, making a 'dong' sound.

"You've hidden that thing's clues so well over the years, do you plan to take them to the grave? The Ether Association is strong because Taihua's genius is transcendent, able to master the core of Candle Light Law, the Heavenly Person's Wedge. Just this Sword of Damocles can suppress this world, constructing a prison of order."

The Think Tank stood up, gazing at the endless night, the exhilarating night wind blew from facing him, lifting his white hair, "If we also had the core of You Ying Law, why would we hide in the dark like mice?"

For a moment, Jiang Chunyang raised his eyes, his pupils like an abyss, filled with endless darkness, terrifying black mist rolling, as if to engulf this world.

Rumble.

The skyscraper trembled, the transparent glass curtain wall seemed to reflect a dance of demons.

The Think Tank didn't turn his head, still overlooking the night, as if unheard.

Long after.

Jiang Chunyang restrained the darkness in his eyes.

"Let's find the young lady first."

He said quietly, "I have no patience to wait for you to search slowly, I've already dispatched the Judge half an hour ago. Everyone who appeared in Yokohama must be thoroughly investigated. Better to kill wrongly than let slip."

For a moment, the Think Tank squinted his eyes, a cold gleam flashed in his pupils.

The Rolls-Royce roared down the long street.

Gu Jianlin returned once more to his residence, the luxurious apartment named Sakuragi Hanamachi.

After the events between illusions and dreams, he felt noticeably alert, realizing he was in a den of dragons and tigers, a place not controlled by the Ether Association but the lair of You Ying Group. Even though there's no danger now, it doesn't mean he's safe.

Because his identity might be exposed.

The Si Family can only trust the old master he transformed into the Divine Servant.

Among others, there might be those who are disloyal.

Perhaps even members of The Order of the Hidden.

The key point is, Si Xingye, although discreet, doesn't lack a social circle.

Even if the Si Family has thoroughly detailed his data, the snippets of daily life are impossible to record, and meeting an acquaintance could really expose him.

Furthermore, the Think Tank makes him very wary.

"The Think Tank's actions feel as if he knows my identity. But if that's the case, despite being opposing forces, why would he help me? I always feel he's hinting at something to me, as if he knows that the woman is currently in my hands, truly strange."

He looked at the nightscape passing swiftly outside the window, murmuring in his heart, "Hopefully, this is just my illusion, but regardless, I must prepare ahead, assuming he already knows."

The most surprising thing is, the Think Tank killed the original close friend of this identity.

Chapter 686: Gu Jianlin: Have I Become a Male Sacrifice?

The kind of ferocity and cruelty that makes one's skin crawl.

This made him increasingly uneasy.

Everything seemed seamless, but it felt like it was all exposed under someone else's watchful eyes.

Once his identity was exposed, there was no doubt he'd be in very dangerous territory.

After all, this is the heart of the Dark World.

Although the native forces of Ying Province are the allies of the Order World, the Orochi Society.

These people have long been flirting with the You Ying Group.

Cannot be trusted.

If possible, he still wanted to continue lurking, at least first get his hands on the so-called Holy Corpse.

As long as he learns Primordial Return, it won't be a loss.

Suddenly, someone poked him in the waist.

Moon Princess lazily leaned on the seat, her serene eyes fixed on him: "When do you plan to marry me?"

Gu Jianlin maintained a serious face: "You're not even of legal marriage age yet."

On the surface, she was asking about the marriage contract, but in reality, Moon Princess was writing a string of words on his leg.

Be aware of your surroundings!

Gu Jianlin gazed out and found that the vicinity of Sakuragi Hanamachi had, at some point, been infiltrated by many spies.

The cashier in the convenience store, the old man selling ramen from a cart by the roadside, the flower shop owner across the street, the middle-aged man selling takoyaki, and the flickering light on the floor above.

Undoubtedly, these people had been replaced, someone was monitoring their movements.

"The legal marriage age in Ying Province is eighteen."

Moon Princess said this, half-jokingly.

"You're not a native of Ying Province."

Gu Jianlin retorted: "And that damn family of yours."

Currently, there's not only the crisis of identity exposure, but also suppression coming from the Jiang Family.

Just after the marriage contract was signed, news came from the Old Master that the Si Family's businesses around the world were being suppressed one after another, especially the gang forces in North America and Ying Province, which had several locations annexed.

Even the previously negotiated partnerships were largely collapsed.

In just a single day, they lost about several billion.

Of course, the brother and sister didn't quite understand these matters and felt no real impact.

After all, neither of them were businesspeople.

But they did have a rough idea of the scale of today's losses.

Because when Old Master Si called, he was forcing a smile.

And then, laughing turned to crying.

"Even if we don't get the certificate, we can still have the wedding, right?"

Moon Princess murmured softly: "But then the Jiang Family might explode, right? They were so furious just with the engagement, if we actually got married, they might go insane. A full-scale war between the Jiang Family and Si Family wouldn't be impossible, could Old Master Si handle it? Don't let it turn into a tragedy."

"A thousand-year-old turtle, a ten-thousand-year-old tortoise, don't worry about that."

Gu Jianlin waved his hand, a Divine Servant already worrying about his lifespan like this.

Because as long as he's not killed, his lifespan is shared with him, the Supreme.

This did remind him.

Since he has come to the Dark World, he still needs to resolve the issue.

At this moment, his brain suddenly ached sharply.

Visions overwhelmed him, as if falling into the Netherworld.

A breathtaking girl emerged faintly in the mist, with an ethereal distant voice.

With a touch of coquettishness and imperiousness.

It was Skylark calling him!

"What's wrong?"

Moon Princess shot him a suspicious glance.

Gu Jianlin clutched the golden mask, he knew his face must look awful now.

Because Skylark had just summoned him to go buy her a midnight snack.

And wanted him to go back quickly to help her put on stockings.

What's with this woman, treating him like a Male Sacrifice?

Chapter 687: Skylark, a Woman of Mystery

For Gu Jianlin, the biggest crisis wasn't the exposure of his identity.

It was the woman who had taken him hostage.

Even though Skylark was previously in a coma, he still felt like he was being held hostage, as if a super-sized Tsar hydrogen bomb was buried beside him, ready to explode at any moment. One wrong move, and not just this unfortunate soul, but the entire world would be doomed.

However, the demands made by this woman were somewhat overly rude.

Making him feel like a male sacrifice.

She really took him for a pushover.

Although the Think Tank had mentioned a bunch of precautions, he considered them nonsense.

This isn't babying a girlfriend, why should he pamper you like this. It's not like there's no midnight snack at home, why force him to go out to buy it, even wearing stockings needed him to serve her, as if she was missing limbs.

After experiencing that dream last time, he silently vowed to himself.

In this life, apart from the Candle Dragon Venerable, he would never be manipulated so easily by others.

As for this woman's exact identity, it was to be left unexamined until thoroughly understood.

"Your expression looks like you've seen a ghost again, have you encountered that ghostly thing once more?" The Moon Princess leaned in for a closer look, raising her hand to smooth out his tightly furrowed brow, a hint of concern flickering in her calm, beautiful eyes.

"Don't worry, although that evil spirit is strong, it can't harm me for the time being."

Gu Jianlin waved his hand: "No cause for concern."

The Moon Princess nodded slightly, not saying much more, since he wouldn't gamble with his own life.

"If there's something going on, tell me in advance. Our current situation is very dangerous, and the Si Family might soon face full pressure from the Jiang Family. If the Jiang Family is truly determined, they'll spare no effort to deal with you. We need to prepare a back-up plan, at least leave a retreat passage."

The Moon Princess wrote this string on his thigh.

"I understand."

Gu Jianlin responded with a hum.

Yingzhou Island is the territory of the Dark World, one could say it's like throwing oneself into the jaws of dragons and tigers,

Even if he sends out a distress signal, the You Ying Group's actions would definitely be faster than the Ether Association.

In other words, if something happened then, he wouldn't receive any rescue, but would have to face the entire Dark World, even The Order of the Hidden alone, like being trapped on an isolated island, isolated and helpless.

The Moon Princess, on the other hand, is fine, she can commit suicide anytime, discarding this avatar.

As for Gu Jianlin himself, in desperate situations he would have to use the Lock of Nonexistence to hide his Qi, then find a deserted place to continuously hide, but this manner is too suffocating for him.

"Oh, by the way."

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a moment, then suddenly spoke: "Where can I find street stalls nearby selling ramen aged over fifty years, and they have to be clean and hygienic."

At one-thirty in the morning, the bedroom door in the deepest part of the courtyard was opened.

Gu Jianlin placed the freshly bought tonkotsu ramen and tempura on the table, staring expressionlessly at the bed.

"You're two minutes late."

Skylark raised her beautiful eyes, glanced at him: "I'm very unhappy."

This woman lay on the soft bed, a loose deep red kimono scattered around her, yet still accentuating the seductive curves of her body. Her gaze was lazy yet alluring, her slender snow-white collarbones exposed, the neckline of her clothing concealed a deep curve, a large bow tied at her waist, a pair of slender, snow-white legs crossed.

Her feet, painted with red nail polish, gleamed porcelain white.

She was awake.

Compared to her Sleeping Beauty period, her awakened self is simply a captivating enchantress.

Gu Jianlin merely glanced at her, and could feel his desires burning.

In a certain sense, this was the first face-to-face meeting moment, a rare time both were alert, yet there was no awkwardness, as if they had known each other for a long time, a sensation of familial connection.

Of course, even without that familial closeness, they wouldn't feel estrangement.

Because at their level, they could tell what had happened during their comatose states.

They were like grasshoppers tied to the same rope.

He quickly muttered the Great Compassionate Mantra, and said with a stern face: "First, I have no obligation to serve you. Secondly, if you must call me for something, I've left an avatar, why seek out my true self?"

The Shadow stood guard at the door, like a silent statue.

Skylark just rolled her eyes disdainfully, and said plainly: "The avatar is unworthy to talk to me."

Just that one sentence made Gu Jianlin's blood pressure spike.

"I injured myself badly saving you, what's the harm in serving me for a while? Are all men such ungrateful things? It's truly disheartening." Skylark sighed softly, indeed resembling a girl deceived by a man, her eyes full of sorrow and grievance. You wouldn't even know if she was acting.

Gu Jianlin was momentarily stumped, not knowing what to do.

His nature is just to yield to softness but not hardness.

If someone forces him, he definitely won't fall for it, he'll brandish his knife and attack you.

But if you cry pitifully and remind him of past favors, he becomes flustered and helpless.

Prior to this, only Youzhu had grasped this point.

And the woman before him, for some reason, seemed to have already seen through all his weaknesses.

"Eat!"

He opened the packaging bag with a stern face, sat to one side.

Chapter 688: Skylark, a Woman of Mystery (Part 2)

Skylark extended a pale hand, signaling him to assist her in standing up.

Gu Jianlin looked at him coldly.

Skylark's eyes were filled with a teasing smile.

After half a minute of confrontation.

"Don't make it a habit."

In the end, Gu Jianlin sighed, taking her hand like a knight serving an empress. The delicate touch from his palm was intoxicating, like caressing the most precious jade in the world.

"There are many people in this world who want to hold my hand, but only you have succeeded."

As Skylark was helped to sit before the desk to eat, she snorted: "A reward doesn't make you happy?"

Gu Jianlin said expressionlessly, "I never wanted to hold your hand."

Skylark glanced at him with a smile, looking like a local shut-in from Ying Province as she casually turned on the TV to watch newly screened anime, tying up her long hair and lowering her head to eat ramen.

This woman's taste was indeed unique; she didn't have much demand for high-end restaurants.

Instead, she liked the kind of time-honored street stalls, as long as they were clean and hygienic.

Gu Jianlin imagined her walking down a brightly lit street, then sitting at a seventy-year-old stall to eat noodles, her exquisite features and unparalleled charisma attracting the attention of passersby, so much

that the hustle and bustle of the long street seemed to pause, as if the whole world was reduced to her gentle glance, enchanting and captivating.

She always felt like someone who knew how to enjoy life, like a goddess fallen to the mortal world.

"Who exactly are you?"

He looked at her stunning back and asked calmly.

"Skylark."

Skylark took a bite of tempura and said flatly, "A member of Dusk, haven't you heard?"

Gu Jianlin thought to himself that of course he had heard of her, the most mysterious member of Dusk, possessing terrifying combat prowess.

When she defeated Rhein, he had quietly applauded in his heart.

"I mean, why did you appear on the Stairway to Immortality, and why did you save me?"

He explained helplessly.

Skylark was silent for a moment. It wasn't that she didn't understand his question.

She was just playing dumb.

Because she couldn't remember the specific reason, but she didn't want to reveal her memory loss to him. In her few memories, she always remembered herself to be a very cautious person, who had made countless enemies, and in her current poor state, she wouldn't expose her weaknesses to others.

"And why not, same as you."

She suddenly turned around, revealing a breathtakingly beautiful smile: "What you gained inside the Stairway to Immortality, I also gained inside. As for why I saved you, I needed an assistant."

Gu Jianlin was taken aback.

"Don't you feel an inexplicable sense of kinship with me? It's not just because of the Dragon Bone you once devoured, but because we are the same kind, the only ones of our kind. Throughout the entire Earth, even across the boundless starry sky, currently only you and I are beings of the same caliber." She raised two slender white fingers.

The red nail polish shimmered ominously, reflecting the boy's slightly moved face.

Gu Jianlin was silent for a moment.

What species was he? The answer was an amphibious lifeform.

Both human and of the Ancient God Clan.

Practicing both Zhu Zhao and You Ying simultaneously.

His breathing changed rhythm, fierce golden ripples appearing in his eyes.

Skylark also changed her breathing rhythm, magnificent gold flickering in her seductively demonic deep red eyes.

Gu Jianlin curbed his breathing, the Ancient God's Breath within him subtly surging, scarlet Dragon Horns sprouting atop his head.

Skylark looked at him playfully, scarlet Dragon Horns also emerging from her head.

The two of them were like mirror images, differing only in being male and female.

In addition, the special abilities they held, even the concentration of the aura they released, were identical.

The most crucial point was, Gu Jianlin had a strong intuition.

This woman's rank was equivalent to his!

As he gazed at her, the enchanting maiden vanished, replaced by a blood-colored Ancient Dragon!

Boom!

Just a momentary stare and his mind went blank.

That austere, indifferent gaze seemed to traverse the long river of time, pinning him to the depths of hell!

"Frightened?"

Skylark's voice was ethereal and enchanting, wielding a magic capable of soothing people's hearts.

Gu Jianlin only felt like he was embraced by an alluring older sister, all worries dissipating into thin air.

Yet, this only served to make him more cautious.

Because this woman was incredibly terrifying.

"Are you... Candle Dragon Venerable?"

He didn't know what kind of tone he used to speak these words.

Even he found it unbelievable.

If she truly was Candle Dragon Venerable, he would've long been boiled alive.

"Candle Dragon Venerable?"

The smile in Skylark's beautiful eyes faded, replaced by a hint of confusion.

Just that fleeting look, Gu Jianlin had captured it.

"Don't look at me!"

Skylark casually tossed her over-the-knee stockings onto his face, pouting: "I know you can use profile, save it from probing me. Look again, and I'll gouge out your eyes!"

The scent of Lan She wafted over.

Gu Jianlin reluctantly removed the over-the-knee stockings and casually tossed them onto the bed: "Even if you gouged out my eyes, I'd grow new ones. Also, don't you think you're uncertain about some things too?"

Currently, there are two possibilities.

First, the person before him is Candle Dragon Venerable, the strongest Ancient Supreme.

Second, Skylark really is just like him, a human sharing the same fate.

Chapter 689: Skylark, the Enigmatic Woman (Part 3)

The former naturally needs no further explanation, it's simply defying the heavens.

The latter also makes sense.

After all, Gu Jianlin is not the First Generation Qilin Venerable.

So, it's not impossible for Skylark to inherit the power of the Candle Dragon Venerable either.

"If there's anything you're unsure about, I can ask around for you later. I know some very knowledgeable people, and they would definitely know what's going on." Gu Jianlin appeared calm on the surface, but internally he was already stirred up, because the person in front of him, no matter who they were, there was at least one thing he could be sure of.

They really were the same kind.

Possessing identical racial abilities.

"I don't want it; I know who I am."

Skylark glanced at him coldly, turned around and sat back on the bed, crossing her long, slender, snow-white legs that shone with an alluring luster: "Who are these people you know? Taihua? Huai Yin? Once they know about our abilities, do you know what will happen? Are you stupid? Trusting your life in others' hands?"

Gu Jianlin was taken aback by her words.

"Idiot."

Skylark crossed her arms with annoyance: "Forget it, you're young and ignorant, having no understanding of these things at all, you don't even know what you mean. In any case, my advice is that you must quickly help me heal. Once I'm back in peak condition, I won't have to fear anyone anymore."

Gu Jianlin frowned and said: "What about me?"

"Heh."

Skylark lifted a lock of black hair, smiling beautifully: "You have done well in protecting me, so of course I'll reward you as my Male Sacrifice."

Mysteriously, a joking thought popped into Gu Jianlin's mind.

If it's a reward, why not become my Female Sacrifice instead.

"Forget it, I'm too weak to match you."

Gu Jianlin shrugged: "I know your background, you're a member of Dusk, and even from Buzhou Mountain. Why don't you return there? Has The Order of the Hidden infiltrated to such an extent?"

Skylark cast a sidelong glance at him, her gaze already spoke volumes.

Gu Jianlin's heart sank inexplicably: "Why is The Order of the Hidden trying to kill you?"

"Maybe, it's because he doesn't want to see me complete my transformation?"

Skylark said lazily: "The same applies to you. If your secret gets discovered, you'll face the same fate as me from now on. The difference is, I'm very powerful, and if it weren't for my poor state, no one would dare to assassinate me, but you are different. I quite like a saying from Taihua, you're as weak as a paramecium."

Heh.

Gu Jianlin clenched the bedsheets expressionlessly.

An utter humiliation.

No matter, a gentleman's revenge is never too late after ten years.

Once he reaches the Ninth Rank, let's see who's really powerful then.

"During this time, I'll help you ascend as quickly as possible. People from the Order World can't help you, because they don't really understand how great a being you truly are, just like me."

Skylark looked at him with a half-smile: "Only with great strength can you have a chance to uncover The Order of the Hidden."

When Gu Jianlin heard those words, a peculiar look flashed in his eyes.

He vaguely felt that this woman knew him extremely well.

Every word and action struck his weakest points.

"Are you intrigued?"

Skylark propped her cheek with her hand, her gaze mischievous.

"So how can I trust you?"

Gu Jianlin said calmly: "I don't even know your real name. Or have you forgotten all those memories about yourself, and you need me to help you recover your past?"

Skylark's gaze turned cold.

"Stop with the nonsense, I don't need you to trust me, just as long as you can get things done. Ying Province is a dangerous place, there are terrible things likely to happen soon. The Divine Servant you control isn't powerful enough to protect us. I've seen the future, troubles are coming."

Skylark was silent for a moment: "Get ready."

Gu Jianlin was just about to say something when he heard the roar of engines outside the courtyard, the screech of tires, the sound of car doors opening, and the clash of firearms, and the shiver of swords being drawn.

In his Life Perception, there were even rhythms that were overwhelmingly powerful.

"They're here, I'll hide first."

Skylark narrowed her beautiful eyes and, like a wisp of black smoke, slipped into his shadow.

This astonishing scene shocked Gu Jianlin because he couldn't feel a thing.

Just that Skylark seemed to be still around him, with that faint trace of Lan She fragrance.

Just then, his phone vibrated.

Moon Princess had sent a warning message.

Chapter 690: Skylark Human Pillar Power, Gu Jianlin

Under the night sky, Old Master Si stood at the courtyard gate with his cane, his eyes dark and brooding.

The Si Family was facing the greatest crisis in nearly a century, and that was the fallout with the Jiang Family, the foremost clan in the Dark World. This incident led to severe impacts on their global enterprises, and even within the family, different opinions emerged. Several meetings were held, protesting against this marriage alliance.

Such as the parents of Si Xingye's alias, as well as cousins and uncles.

Fortunately, Old Master Si was a crafty old fox, wielding absolute control over the family, suppressing internal discord by stressing the need for unity against external threats.

Against the Jiang Family, they had to go all out, quickly preparing various means to handle the impending crisis.

But no one expected the opposition to arrive so swiftly.

"Father dear."

Si Chengye led his subordinates to surround the gate, speaking in a low voice, "I heard the Judges are here. No one knows what this group will do. Do we really need to protect Si Xingye?"

But he received no response.

For the elder in front of him had a face as unyielding as iron, showing no signs of wavering.

As one of the Six Major Families, the strength of the Si Family itself was not particularly formidable. Most of the family members were in support roles. A direct lineage member who once joined Dusk was killed five years ago. They had not been devoured due to the scarcity of Divination Masters, making them valuable.

Furthermore, they were founding members of the You Ying Group.

The Jiang Family had always supported them.

If this relationship were to break, it would spell doom.

Snap.

Bright headlights turned on, illuminating the dust suspended in the night and cherry blossoms drifting in the wind.

The people stepping out from the convoy were Priests draped in red sacrificial robes, wearing tall veils atop their heads, their long robes adorned with golden patterns covering their bodies, faces obscured as they lowered their heads.

A man in a black trench coat sat on the hood of a Lamborghini, his face scarred menacingly, a lit cigar in his mouth, smoke billowing into the night.

His physique was exceedingly burly, like it was cast in iron.

A black-haired woman, smiling, sat inside the car, her features exquisite and alluring. The white tank top couldn't contain her full chest, below which her shapely thighs and high boots were revealed by her hot pants.

"Black Judge, White Judge."

Old Master Si coldly said, "Long time no see."

"Apologies for the unsolicited visit without prior notice."

White Judge smiled bewitchingly, "As an esteemed elder, you ought to know the rules."

Black Judge's face was impassive as he said indifferently, "By order, we are investigating. Please cooperate."

Upon these words, the expressions of the Si family's subordinates changed dramatically.

Especially the two sons of Old Master Si, Si Chengye and Si Chengze, both elites in the Dark World.

They naturally had heard of the Judges' notorious reputation.

The so-called unsolicited visit was nonsense.

This group was clearly here for a surprise inspection.

Old Master Si broke out in cold sweat behind his back, yet outwardly remained stern and aloof, calmly saying, "I'm not aware that the Si Family has committed any crime warranting such a late-night raid by the Judges."

His right hand played with a copper coin behind his back, divining for fortune and misfortune.

"The old master should be well aware that the young lady has been missing for a long time, with no leads so far."

Black Judge said coldly, "We suspect the Order of the Hidden is behind this."

White Judge pulled out a document from a file bag, stepped out of the car, and slapped it on the hood, with a seemingly amused smile, "Your nephew, Si Wei'an, the former director of the Si Family, had contacts with the Order of the Hidden. Sticking with the principle of better safe than sorry, the Si Family is currently within our scope of suspicion."

After a moment of silence, Old Master Si said calmly, "We weren't the only ones cooperating with the Order of the Hidden."

Black Judge raised a finger, and those red-robed Priests quietly surrounded the entire courtyard.

"We know, which is why we will investigate every family."

White Judge smiled faintly, "As I understand, on the night the young lady appeared, you rushed overnight to Ying Province Yokohama, taking your nephew, Si Xingye, away. We are very curious why your nephew was there? Was it a coincidence, or is there an unspeakable secret? And our divination's result is... fog!"

In the fields of divination and deduction, the word fog symbolizes hidden secrets.

Even though Old Master Si tried to obscure the truth with his own abilities, he didn't expect to be divined nonetheless.

The old man coldly asked, "What do you intend to do?"

White Judge tilted her head, her eyes gleaming an eerie crimson, smiling silently.

This was a Holy Land Level Magician!

"Memory reading."

Black Judge said indifferently, "Those who resist will die."

Silently, as cherry blossoms fell to the ground, the aura of murderous intent was suffocating.

"Xingye's rank isn't high enough. If you forcibly extract his memory, you'll ruin him!"

Old Master Si's expression changed slightly, "Aren't you going too far?"

White Judge's smile grew even more intense, clearly a beautiful woman, yet terrifying like a vengeful spirit.

"We never said we were reading Si Xingye's memory."

Black Judge's lips curled with an eerie smile, "It's your memory we want to read!"

Old Master Si was shocked with dread.