

Ancient 731

Chapter 731: Moon Princess's Counterattack (Part 2)

He thought for a moment: "I must be strong enough."

There's no need to worry about that.

Because the Si Family currently has him.

He possesses dual pathways and the power of two Ancient Supremes.

There won't be a Ghost Slayer stronger than him at the same rank.

He even has a bad woman inside him.

As long as he continues to assert his dominance, the Si Family will keep growing stronger.

By then, the Moon Princess, supported by the Si Family, will gain a significant advantage in the Dark World's competition.

The Moon Princess rested her chin, tilted her head to glance at him, with a hint of feline laziness in her voice, teased, "For people of the Dark World, support alone isn't enough. You must lock it in some way."

She raised her index finger and thumb to form a circle, and then lifted the index finger of her other hand, passing it through.

Gu Jianlin instinctively frowned, finding the gesture ambiguous and inappropriate for children.

"What I mean is, an engagement alone isn't enough."

The Moon Princess lifted her serene, beautiful eyes and stared at him: "We must cook the rice into cooked rice."

Gu Jianlin kept a straight face, saying nothing.

It was evident that the Moon Princess was doing it on purpose, taking the opportunity to play up the situation.

"I know you're doing it for my good, so you don't want to consider emotional issues. So I can very clearly tell you, no matter how much danger you face in the future, I will always be by your side."

The Moon Princess turned in her chair, her long legs wrapped in black silk crossed, her black round-toe shoes half-off, dangling from her toes: "You won't be able to drive me away."

"I'm more ruthless than you think."

Gu Jianlin said calmly: "If I truly wasn't confident, I'd drive you away."

"Would you bear to do it?"

The Moon Princess crossed her arms, a sly glint in her beautiful eyes, and snorted: "I've heard that some cats, after being abandoned, will trace the scent back and scratch at the door. If you don't open it, I'll keep scratching."

What a strange metaphor, yet oddly cute.

Gu Jianlin's thoughts momentarily drifted, and he retorted: "Then I can just move."

"Then I'll follow you."

The Moon Princess twirled a strand of short hair around her fingertip: "Stray cats are quite amusing too."

Gu Jianlin felt helpless and finally sighed: "Do you have to make yourself sound so pitiful? Alright, alright, I can't be that heartless towards you, okay? The problem is, we haven't reached legal age yet, and we still have to deal with both sets of parents. Including your biological mother, which is a troublesome issue."

For him, saying so much at once wasn't easy.

Even though he didn't directly admit it, a lot of his feelings were faintly expressed.

But unfortunately, that's as far as it goes.

"Stop with the tricks, I know you too well."

The Moon Princess had long seen through everything, crossing her arms, and coldly smirked: "You're just trying to fool me. You were thinking of a fake marriage without actually getting together, weren't you? You think the Gu Family's curse isn't that easy to avoid; you believe that you were born after your parents got together, and that's why your mother got wrapped up in the curse. Am I right?"

Gu Jianlin was once again at a loss for words.

"Haven't you learned how to profile?"

He murmured: "You were lying to me, weren't you?"

The Moon Princess pouted: "I can't profile others, but I raised you from a young age; don't I know you?"

Ultimately, it was because of Thunder's appearance that gave her a strong sense of crisis.

That woman's appearance was similar to hers, with the key features being a large chest, slender waist, and long legs.

If Gu Jianlin's life were divided into different stages,

at each stage, he was cared for by different women.

In real life, Gu Jianlin's feeder is the Moon Princess.

In the Order World, Gu Jianlin's feeder is Thunder.

Now, in the Dark World, it's a brand new stage; who knows who the feeder is.

Gu Jianlin, like a cute Qilin Baby, in his growth path, encounters various older sisters who play significant roles in his life. Besides them, there are other sister figures who play minor roles; they are like infatuated fan-girls, feeding him in their own way.

Now that the Qilin Baby is about to reach adulthood, who will be the first to pick the fruit?

The Moon Princess felt she couldn't miss this opportunity.

"Could you not..."

Gu Jianlin, feeling exasperated, was interrupted halfway through his sentence.

The Moon Princess grabbed his collar and whispered in his ear: "I'm only giving you a month. I hope by then you'll give me a satisfactory answer. I've been kind to you, so don't think I can't handle you."

Gu Jianlin was silent for a moment: "How do you plan to deal with me?"

The Moon Princess suddenly released his collar and grabbed the hem of her skirt, gently lifting it.

Gu Jianlin was startled: "What are you doing?"

"Rewarding you."

The Moon Princess narrowed her beautiful eyes, like a cunning cat: "It's a pity it doesn't mean much here; it's more thrilling at home, especially when your mother's also there. Don't you feel a forbidden excitement of snatching a forbidden fruit? What if she catches us—would your previous problem be solved?"

Gu Jianlin had to admit that his understanding of women was still too shallow.

The girl before his eyes transformed into a Demon.

Oh no, a Charm Demon.

The most critical part is that saying these things privately is one thing,

but there are outsiders here!

Perhaps it was just an illusion, but Skylark's cold voice echoed in his mind once more.

Mocking, sneering, disdainful.

"So, you have this kind of fetish, my dear son."

Skylark said in a strange tone.

Gu Jianlin felt his heart collapse, turning to ashes piece by piece.

"So, do you want to see?"

The Moon Princess pursed her rose-red lips: "Guess what color it is?"

This was unabashed seduction or, rather, beneath the ice-cold beauty of her exterior, her soul harbored a passionate heart. From her hobbies, it was evident—deeply influenced by Ying Province's Otaku culture, her style was quite that flavor; privately, who knows how much inappropriate content she's watched?

If you were to marry her, the games she'd play with you might be quite adventurous.

Every person wears multiple faces.

Beneath the exterior of an ice-cold beauty, there could hide a seductive soul.

This was an irresistible temptation.

Sufficient to make any adolescent boy lose his senses.

Yet suddenly, Gu Jianlin stepped forward, embraced her, forcibly holding down her hands, and whispered, "Don't move, someone's coming, not just one—a whole army, it seems!"

The Moon Princess nestled in his arms, listening to the strong heartbeat in his chest, slightly startled.

The screen of the laptop suddenly darkened, then lit up with a terrifying scarlet hue. A person wearing a red skull mask appeared, with torrents of data streaming through their eyes.

Damn it, it's truly impossible to underestimate The Order of the Hidden.

They found out about their invasion.

"The Life Rhythm I feel is familiar; quite a few are from the Jiang Family."

Gu Jianlin whispered: "There are even two Judges."

"Why would they come here?"

The Moon Princess's beautiful eyes glimmered with coldness. Suddenly understanding something, she softly said: "No, it might not be the Jiang Family who found this place. The Order of the Hidden may have exposed this location after detecting their hideout being invaded. They're trying to use the Jiang Family to eliminate us."

Gu Jianlin also considered this possibility.

If the Jiang Family discovered someone here, they would undoubtedly consider them members of The Order of the Hidden.

Even if they revealed their identities, it would be futile.

This is a strategy of using one to kill another.

Fortunately, they aren't entirely without allies.

Skylark is their greatest faith—a formidable Ninth Rank Candle Yin God!

In that moment, across the silence rang an ethereal and distant song, its melody so familiar, once echoing through Buzhou Mountain's bloody storms, crossing ancient history's long river, breaking the barriers between myths and reality.

Starting from an unknown place, echoing deep within the soul.

Poof!

Suddenly, Gu Jianlin spat a mouthful of blood, staining the laptop screen red.

"What happened?"

The Moon Princess, startled by him, hurriedly held his trembling body.

Gu Jianlin gritted his teeth, enduring the excruciating pain of his body on the verge of collapsing.

It wasn't that something was wrong with him.

It was Skylark within him almost going berserk, resulting in an overflow of immense spirituality, nearly tearing him apart!

Chapter 732: Then Just Kill Them All

In the Japanese-style courtyard, chaotic cherry blossoms fluttered, and the old man seemed to howl madly, like the roar of a monster.

The antique tea set on the stone table had been pushed to the ground, tea and tea leaves mixed and splattered on the ground. The fluttering cherry blossoms were shredded by a fierce wind and fell into the turbulent pond, with the ripples trembling wildly.

"Hey, hey, calm down!"

The Think Tank dared not get close, only crouching under the eaves, advising helplessly, "These are all illusions. Those people you see have long been dead, so how could they come back for revenge? Among them, only Taihua is still alive. If she really wanted to kill you, you'd already be a corpse."

"This is what you've said yourself: for those who can truly kill you, there is no need to fear them, because fear is useless. You should worry about whether those who can't kill you would one day surpass you."

He scratched his head, "If you keep this up, you'll tear down Tokyo!"

Netherworld, holding a ghost knife like it was cast from gold, looked up at the sky and curiously said, "Clearly, I acted with him, so why was he the only one hit in the end, and I'm fine?"

Currently, only the two of them could walk into this ancient courtyard.

The Think Tank had an Undying Body, and even though no one knows the principle, he simply couldn't die.

Netherworld himself was a Ninth Rank Candle Yin God, one of the few super strong in the Demigod Domain, naturally qualifying to walk into the courtyard, and wasn't easily killed.

Aside from them, no one could enter.

Even people from the Jiang Family had to wait in a shrine a street away.

Jiang Chunyang had obviously gone mad. He was like a lion at the end of its road, glaring with bloodshot eyes as if patrolling his domain, muttering as if chanting.

In fact, he wasn't chanting, he was just silently reciting some names.

Some names buried in history.

He recited a total of thirty-two names, each a famous figure in the recent history of the Ascenders, pioneers of the Golden Age. They were pioneers, giants of civilization, heroes defending the world, even once storming into the deepest layers of the Ancient God Realm, personally igniting blood and fire, illuminating the stars.

Among them were the couple Taiqing and Taihua.

Each name exploded like thunder.

Few people mentioned these names, and the majority were unfamiliar with them.

Jiang Chunyang was an exception. Now at the ripe age of 479, he was a living fossil of human civilization, rarely has anyone as long-lived as him among the Ascenders. He had witnessed historical progress with his own eyes.

Even before he betrayed the Order World, he had been among these names.

For him, even prodigies like Qing and Chi seemed like children.

Now, those departed heroes seemed to come from the Netherworld, questioning this traitor like angry spirits, asking why he abandoned the oaths made and the faith forged by comrades' lives.

"Taiqing, you're already dead! You were killed by your own pupil. Your faith is a joke! Millennia of war means nothing, why should I sacrifice myself to save this world. My goal is beyond the highest heaven, the ultimate ends of the stars and sea, to reach the very peak step by step!"

Jiang Chunyang roared in anger, "Get out!"

Trapped within illusions, he couldn't pull himself out, suddenly letting out a heartrending scream.

As if stabbed in the fantasy, that pain seemed to take him back a hundred years in time, fighting fiercely on the battlefield, while the comrades were no longer fighting alongside him, but whispering like ghosts around him, as if wanting to devour him whole.

With a rumbling boom.

Thunder rolled across the sky, dark clouds gathered overhead, a storm was brewing in the high air, as if a monstrous beast spitting lightning opened its eyes, glaring angrily down at the city.

Even though Tokyo was a city that never slept, it was shrouded in dark clouds.

As if even the lights were consumed by darkness, lost to the light.

That was the power of the Dark Realm Curtain.

If someone overlooked from high above, they would see the city covered by a mysterious black Array Pattern, with millions of corpses walking in the city, like a tide of zombies!

This was the one hundred thousand trillion Dead Spirit Formation.

For years, Jiang Chunyang had deliberately stored corpses in Tokyo, to activate in necessary times and let the Corpse Ghosts become his most loyal troops, maintaining his rule.

"Taiqing, Taihua! Taiqing, Taihua!"

The old man bellowed wildly, no one knew what kind of torture he suffered in the illusion.

The wind howled, sweeping up the cherry blossom fragments on the ground.

The Think Tank's forehead hair was tousled by the wind, sighed, "If I'm not mistaken, this should be the curse of the Candle Light Divine Tree, the most terrible thing in the world, even he can't escape it. The Order of the Hidden only burned a section of root, using the extracted ashes to achieve such a dreadful effect, of course, it had to be used on him."

Netherworld calmly said, "After all, the King's legacy isn't in my hands, right?"

A Ninth Rank Taiyi God going mad, and a veteran Evolver at that, was a terrifying thing.

At this moment, Jiang Chunyang seemed to sense something, his malevolent old face showing a sinister smile, his gaze looked toward Shinjuku District, a wild fire igniting deep in his eyes.

Chapter 733: Then Let's Kill Them All_2

"Found you."

His smile was eerie and terrifying, like an Evil Spirit crawling out of Hell.

The Netherworld gazed in his direction, squinting his eyes.

The Think Tank's eyes were deep, saying nothing.

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Gu Jianlin endured the excruciating pain of his body about to burst, as a shrill cacophony of thousands of birds suddenly erupted from his palm, and countless threads of lightning burst forth, piercing through the laptop.

With a bang, the laptop exploded, and the shadow of the red skull disappeared.

"Skylark?"

A cracking sound echoed within him, and countless fine blood traces appeared on his right hand, spreading like cracked patterns, swiftly enveloping half his body, as if burning.

This was a feeling of impending rupture.

"Don't, don't call me, that's... Candle Dragon Venerable's song!"

Skylark indeed had a problem, seemingly enduring the agony of being shattered. Her voice, no longer ethereal and enchanting, now carried a terrifying dual tone. Although it was clearly a young girl speaking, it resonated as a Dragon Roar deep within the soul, inadvertently exuding an ancient majesty, like divine retribution.

If Gu Jianlin didn't possess the power of the Ancient Supreme, his soul would have shattered on the spot.

Simply a jinx.

They had just finished discussing the crisis they were going to face.

As soon as they turned around, Skylark was in trouble.

"How could Candle Dragon Venerable's song appear here!"

Gu Jianlin spat out a mouthful of blood again, and this time even fragments of organs were mixed in.

He staggered, turning around to find a pot of Sansevieria on the windowsill, igniting the Divine Sacrificial Fire!

Devour!

A stream of fresh life flowed into his body, helping to alleviate the spreading of those fiery red patterns.

Otherwise, he would truly have been torn apart!

"Buzhou Mountain, only Buzhou Mountain can use such means, they want to capture me back."

Skylark gritted her teeth and responded: "These traitors!"

In the deepest part of consciousness, this stunning girl curled up in agony, snow-white delicate skin emitting a blood-colored mist, countless dazzling Mandala Flowers swaying open in the darkness, crimson petals falling like a storm in the wind, like a blood-stained raging sea, brewing a destructive aura.

Her once enchanting and captivating eyes were now ablaze, clearly displaying blood-red vertical pupils.

They burst out with a fierce and sinister blood light!

Accompanied by the earth-shaking Dragon Roar, a vaguely blood-red Ancient Dragon soared into the sky!

She was on the verge of a Primordial Return!

And it was happening within Gu Jianlin's body!

Gu Jianlin was shaky, and if not for his tenacious will, he would have already passed out.

This time, The Order of the Hidden indeed took a surprising hit.

But the problem was, the situation was still under their control.

Skylark had just appeared, and they immediately took action.

After this secret base was discovered, it was turned into a trap.

A trap to capture these two amphibious creatures!

"If you continue like this, you'll definitely tear my body apart, so can you come out?" Gu Jianlin had already drained the pot of Sansevieria dry and wilted, then turned to grab a pot of cactus.

"If I come out of your body directly, you will truly die because Tokyo will become the most terrifying battlefield, and small fries like you at the Fifth Rank, and your little girlfriend, will undoubtedly perish. Think it through, if you want me to come out, I can leave now!" Skylark said coldly.

In the face of life and death, there was no more beloved sister and brotherly love.

Nor was there any so-called motherly kindness or filial piety.

They were not companions in the first place, just an alliance based on mutual interest.

In the face of life and death, of course, one would fly separately in distress.

Of course, this wasn't the worst, because outside the mansion, the roar of engines echoed, accompanied by the clash of firearms and bullets, the clang of swords being drawn, the people coming to capture them had arrived.

Half of Gu Jianlin's face had been consumed by the fiery patterns. He thought now was indeed not the time to release the wicked woman because he could feel an incredibly terrifying aura enveloping the skies over Tokyo.

Jiang Chunyang was currently in a frenzy, no one knew what he might do.

The only solution now was to endure!

"Can you hold on?"

Moon Princess grabbed his wrist, finding his body temperature alarmingly hot, her expression subtly changed.

Gu Jianlin just wanted to say something when his phone suddenly rang.

"The ones coming to capture you are two Holy Land Level Judges. Black Judge, Heavenly Master Path, Seventh Rank Mystic Venerate. White Judge, Magician Path, Seventh Rank Soul Master. They are the main combat force, the other Twilight Candidates are all Fifth Rank, just small fry for you. Countdown thirty seconds, I will deploy an alchemy flash bomb at your location, giving you one minute of escape time."

"Remember to close your eyes in advance, the alchemy flash bomb's explosion lasts only one millisecond, even those on the Ghost Slayer Path wouldn't react in time. Remember your escape route, Shinjuku Station. It's the busiest station in the world, with over two hundred exits, like a labyrinthine maze."

"I've lived here for over ten years and still haven't fully understood the routes. Once inside, it's a game of cat and mouse, giving you plenty of room to maneuver. There are Chinese signs inside the subway, so it doesn't matter if you don't understand Japanese."

Chapter 734: Then Just Kill Them All_3

"Wish you all good luck."

This was indeed a message sent to Si Xingye.

The message even had a picture of Geng Gui at the end.

Many people would be familiar with this cartoon character.

Shadow!

Gu Jianlin's pupils constricted, the first thing he thought of was Shadow.

The secret organization under the President.

Specifically used to deal with The Order of the Hidden's agents!

Ding dong.

Moon Princess's phone also rang, a message had arrived on her phone too.

"Simply trying to escape won't be enough, you must find a way to interrupt the singing, or even if you manage to get away, you won't last long, as it can envelop the whole city. Three will buy you enough time to escape, and I will do everything I can to identify the carrier of the singing."

This message was sent in the form of a picture, with a pitch-black background.

The brother and sister exchanged a glance.

They had no idea how the other party knew their situation, but there was no time to think about it now.

Gu Jianlin endured the searing pain, suddenly executing virtualization, disappearing like a ghost.

Moon Princess silently turned into a ghost, slipping into the wall and fleeing swiftly.

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On the rooftop of a department store in Shinjuku District, someone was crawling on the terrace, using binoculars to focus on the convoy parked in the district, speaking in an unknown language: "The area near Shinjuku Station is about to become a battlefield, leave the on-site matters to you, no matter what, help them escape. If you die, I will take care of your body."

Saying this, the mysterious man paused slightly: "Including your family, I will take good care of them."

In the earphones, there was the sound of nails tapping on glass, a series of mysterious codes.

It meant: "We've worked together for so many years, you don't even know my identity, how can you take care of my corpse? You don't have to worry about my family, I've already bought a large insurance policy for myself."

The mysterious man calmly replied: "No problem, I can handle burials for everyone who dies, so I can take care of you, unless you can't even leave a body today, I'll also put up a plaque for you."

The tapping sound came from the earphones again.

This time the code translated to: "Serving this Crown Prince is really not easy, he truly can cause trouble. No choice, he's someone the President trusts, if we want to win this war, we really have to rely on him, right?"

Crown Prince.

This was the special term used by Shadows for that young man.

There was no mockery implied.

It was just that the President had never been this lenient with anyone in his life.

Not even his own son was worthy.

So they called that young man the Crown Prince.

To receive such unique indulgence from the President, what else could he be but the Crown Prince?

In comparison, the Little Princess seemed like she was picked up from a garbage heap on a snowy night.

The mysterious man calmly said: "In any case, the President's meaning is, at all costs, protect him, you and I may die in this war, but he cannot. Speaking of which, can you hear the singing?"

The tapping sound came from the earphones again: "My rank is not high enough, I can't hear it."

The mysterious man fell into silence.

This was really quite a troublesome matter.

The mysterious man had learned some secrets about Buzhou Mountain through special channels.

Including their special means to deal with the young lady.

That was the singing.

If he guessed correctly, the young lady should be with the Crown Prince.

Once exposed, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"Looks like I have to take action myself."

The mysterious man sighed softly, because making the first move for agents like them was almost equivalent to death.

All of a sudden, the mysterious man was startled.

Because someone stood silently beside him, holding a cup of cold coffee.

It was a man in a suit and tie, smiling: "After lurking in the Dark World for so many years, it's a shame to be exposed like this. If my junior brother knew you died for him, he would blame himself for life."

The mysterious man turned his head in disbelief.

What met his gaze was a pair of deep eyes, followed by a gentle smile.

"Good evening."

Jing Ci sipped a bit of coffee, speaking indifferently: "Leave the singing to me."

The mysterious man, being a well-trained agent, quickly snapped out of his absurdity and shock, saying incredulously: "It's you, do you have a way to find the source of the singing?"

Jing Ci was taken aback: "No."

He truly didn't seem to have thought of this question.

The mysterious man was dumbfounded: "Then what the hell are you talking about?"

Jing Ci looked up at the rolling clouds in the sky, a hint of bloodlust emerging in his eyes.

"No problem, since we don't know who it is, let's kill them all."

Chapter 735: Azure Dragon Chant

The black helicopter hovered over Shinjuku Station, with the Black Judge sitting inside, looking down at the Tokyo night. The city was shrouded in pitch-black mist, as if even the lights were being absorbed.

What should have been the world's largest metropolis now lay silent as a tomb, with hordes of Corpse Ghosts roaming the long streets, as if the gates of Hell had swung open and the Evil Spirits were roaring out.

"Last time we messed up, this is our only chance."

The White Judge was biting a lady's cigarette, puffing smoke, and softly said, "The members of The Order of the Hidden must be found. I've never seen the old Family Head so angry. If we fail again, not even death will be a light punishment. Who would have thought that after more than two hundred years, someone would dare make a move against the old Family Head."

For the two Judges, this mission must not fail.

The driver sat in the car, smiling, "They really must be tired of living, right?"

He picked up the intercom: "Report the ground control situation."

A tablet sat on the dashboard, with Jiang Ziyue still wearing a fox-faced smile, saying, "Relax, the ground is already under control. Our people are everywhere—it's a trap inescapable as the net from heaven and earth."

Behind him was a convoy parked by the roadside.

Thirteen Twilight Candidates from the Six Major Families, all of the Fifth Rank.

Beyond that, they had an emergency plan.

Jiang Chuge was currently clearing test subjects in Shibuya, ready to join the fight at any moment should unexpected circumstances arise.

"Should we move now?"

The White Judge's Danger foreknowledge did not trigger, and he turned his head saying, "Time is running out."

The Black Judge withdrew his gaze, nodding slightly, "Prepare for landing."

Sounds of gunfire and sword clashes came over the communication channel as twelve Twilight Candidates, in teams of three, approached the silent mansion. Overlords were lying in wait in the building across the street, sniper rifles already set up. Heavenly Masters were also secretly preparing their spirituality, ready to create Elemental Turbulence to disrupt the battlefield at any moment.

Jiang Ziyue sat in the car with a lollipop in his mouth, caressing the intercom in his hand.

In this mission, he was the on-site commander, a position of absolute difference.

In fact, among the younger generation of the Jiang Family, he wasn't particularly outstanding.

Mainly because his parents died young, and even when alive, as top talents of the family, their rebellious nature didn't endear them to the old Family Head, leaving him the only child to be somewhat neglected in the family. Fortunately, his good and harmless nature devoid of hostility, coupled with a low-key demeanor despite his extraordinary talent, along with good relationships with his siblings, and more importantly being obedient to the elders, earned him some favor.

Obedient children always get candy.

Moreover, his high intelligence was another reason.

His current assignments had a 100% success rate.

Otherwise, he would never have been given on-site command of such operations.

"I cannot let my grandfather down."

Jiang Ziyue spoke into the intercom, "Go ahead."

Above, the sound of helicopters roared overhead.

The two Judges were landing.

With a bang, a brilliant white flash lit up the night without warning, like a star igniting and exploding, its extreme brightness nearly enveloping the entire street, especially affecting the Ascenders with perception abilities. Their consciousness seemed to pause, even their thoughts stalled for a brief moment.

"The target is retreating!"

"Repeat, the target is retreating!"

"Alchemy flash bomb, the other side has prepared an alchemy flash bomb!"

An alchemy flash bomb is a modern created special combat weapon, mainly because the raw materials are extremely rare, and the production process is quite harsh. With current technology, it relies on probability.

In other words, luck.

Since none of the major paths currently have countermeasures, it is highly precious.

"An alchemy flash bomb lasts no more than one minute."

The Black Judge's voice was hoarse, intimidating like that of a demon.

The White Judge gritted his teeth, saying, "The old Family Head has ordered, kill without mercy!"

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Jing Ci held that cup of cold coffee, gazing down at the long street from the rooftop.

On the bustling road, like ghostly shadows, they sprinted with Divine Speed Force, allowing them to move through time and space, leaving the flowing traffic behind them. Even supercars struggled to keep up with such terrifying speed, illustrating the advantage of the Ghost Slayer Path.

Tonight's Tokyo wasn't peaceful due to the test subjects' assaults, making most citizens choose to drive to escape downtown, some heading towards Chiba Prefecture, while others fled directly to Yokohama and Kamakura. Fortunately, this city's transportation infrastructure is well-developed, and road congestion wasn't too severe yet, as everyone was in a desperate bid to escape.

Traffic rules had become insignificant in the face of life and death.

Gu Jianlin and Su Youzhu weaved through the traffic like phantoms, appearing and disappearing.

About two kilometers from Shinjuku Station.

If it were a short sprint, any transport vehicles would be a hindrance to them.

The issue was their sustainment capability.

Even with ample Spiritual Secret Medicine on hand, the Divine Speed Force couldn't be maintained indefinitely.

Because you will inevitably get tired.

The enhancement of Divine Speed Force follows a specific algorithm.

If you run a hundred meters in fifteen seconds.

At First Order Divine Speed Force, you gain a ten percent speed increase.

If you walk it in a hundred seconds, that same ten percent boost merely gets you crawling like a turtle.

Now a minute had almost passed, and the glaring brightness was about to fade.

"Killing, are you insane?"

The mysterious man said incredulously, "You must know, this is Tokyo, who knows how many secret agents of The Order of the Hidden lie in wait here. You know how strong Jiang Chunyang is, he betrayed the Order World and still lives unharmed, and he even collaborates with... Buzhou Mountain!"

He emphasized the final words as he said them.

"I know."

Jing Ci withdrew his gaze and smiled faintly, "So, what do you mean?"

The mysterious man gazed at him deeply, sternly saying, "I hope you can take those two kids and leave, it shouldn't be a problem for you, right?"

Jing Ci was taken aback, shaking his head in disbelief, "I'm not here to rescue my junior brother."

This time, it was the mysterious man's turn to be stunned.

"My junior brother is not as weak as you think. He never needed me to rescue him. Tonight is actually a rare opportunity for him because people have always underestimated him."

Jing Ci said softly, "I'm here today to settle a score."

The mysterious man's pupils suddenly contracted.

Jing Ci said indifferently, "With the abilities of your secret organization, it shouldn't be difficult to find out about my past. Where I was born, what I've been through, who I've loved—you should be perfectly clear."

He took out a mobile phone from his hand.

It was an old phone, the earliest version of a Nokia, slightly more advanced than a beeper, covered in rough scratches, full of the marks of time, having been used for at least twenty years.

The crucial thing was that this phone was constantly dialing a call.

The time displayed on it had long since stopped moving, a long string of numbers occupying the entire screen.

This was a call that no one knew how long it had been ongoing.

"Don't worry, the person on the other end can't hear anything. She's been asleep for a full ten years, and barring any accidents, she won't wake up before I die. Three days ago, I visited her at Lishan Tiyan Pavilion and bought her the yellow peach cans she loves the most. I opened one too; it was a bit too sweet for me."

Jing Ci held the old Nokia and said softly, "I promised you that after you fell asleep, I wouldn't cause trouble. However, sometimes when I think about the past, I still get very angry."

"So, even if I did something, you wouldn't know."

He smiled silently, "If you have the guts, wake up and argue with me."

The call was silent as death, with only the quiet sound of breathing like a drifting wind.

Jing Ci wasn't disappointed and silently put away the phone.

He knew how long she would sleep; it was an insurmountable time for him.

An uncrossable chasm, a farewell, a boundary unreachable in this lifetime.

He had long accepted reality.

The mysterious man silently gazed at him.

For someone like Jing Ci, the Shadows naturally had his information.

It was well known that Jing Ci once single-handedly broke through the entire Dusk.

But few knew why he did it.

In fact, it related to the Coffin Secret Skill held by the Dark World.

Because this secret skill was originally forbidden by the Order World and the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion, and shouldn't have been passed on.

How did the Dark World obtain the Coffin Secret Skill?

This was a story too ancient.

Even with the mysterious man's abilities, he only knew a rough idea.

Back then, Lishan Tiyan Pavilion was conducting an important experiment, and once completed, it could create a Spirit Coffin dominated by the Ancient God Clan, a life of unprecedented power, capable of rewriting the history of two races.

The success rate of the experiment was very slim, but neither experimental subject would be at risk.

Even if the experiment failed, they would just sleep for a while.

The problem was, no one expected the experiment to be sabotaged halfway.

This ultimately led to irreversible consequences.

Apart from the two involved, the other biggest victim was the man in a suit and leather shoes right in front of him.

"Jiang Chunyang, it's been a long time."

Jing Ci put away the phone and extended his right hand toward the pitch-black night.

In the sky, ominous clouds gathered, and an arrogant ghost seemed to gaze down upon the city, exposing a ferocious face, crisscrossing lightning dancing like a demon's horns.

He suppressed the city; no one dared challenge his authority.

"You're not even the Supreme, so why dare to flaunt your power in front of me?"

His forefinger and thumb came together, a gesture like an ancient Buddha pinching a flower: "Come."

Jing Ci said softly.

The world was silent as death.

The night wind howled.

Sands flew and stones scattered.

Black mist spread.

The silent space-time seemed to sink into a quagmire, and the sky collapsed with a roar!

An azure Ancient Dragon soared into the sky, tearing the Void like a fragile mirror, spanning spider-web-like cracks across the pitch-black night, sounds of shattering echoed through the world, collapsing and displacing!

Few creatures in the world possessed such ancient majesty. It bore a pair of dragon horns burning with blue flames, its ferocious visage adorned with protrusions, its body clad in dark azure scales, exhaling scorching steam with each breath, its dragon tail sweeping like a comet with a blazing trail!

Those blood-red vertical pupils seemed to encompass heaven and earth, advancing like a burning meteor to the heights of the sky, tearing through obstructive clouds, breaking through the endless dark, smashing into the black clouds with a monumental crash!

The ghost above the clouds was swallowed in one gulp, and the sky over Tokyo echoed with an ancient, angry roar!

Boom!

The Dragon Roar of the Azure Dragon echoed like world-ending thunder across Tokyo's sky!

In the world, only the violent Dragon Roar remained!

The coffee cup shattered on the rooftop.

Jing Ci raised his blood-red eyes. This gentle and refined man finally revealed his ancient and violent self at this moment, his expensive suit torn in the wild wind, like a ghost or god!

The mysterious man was struck silent with shock.

So this was Jing Ci's method.

If he couldn't find the source of the singing, he simply wouldn't look.

Because his Dragon Roar could drown out all sounds in this world.

The true Candle Dragon Venerable could never have come to Tokyo to sing.

The singing must be a recorded imitation.

For someone like Jing Ci, it's not even worth considering!

Chapter 736: The Qilin Appears

The howling fierce wind swept through the city, Jing Ci lifted his blood-red savage eyes, his voice turning cold and hoarse as he apathetically said, "Run, run as far as you can, this place is no longer where you belong."

The shadows excel at infiltration and lurking, naturally unable to possess much combat strength.

Otherwise, why would they remain hidden?

Just like Black Widow in the Avengers, once the final battle arrives, she inevitably takes a backseat.

Fortunately, they were smart enough.

For the shadow had already vanished without a trace, leaving him alone on the rooftop, yet it didn't feel lonely; rather, it carried a regal aura like the Lord of the World!

The ancient Azure Dragon seemed to be coiled atop the sky, wielding storm, rain, and lightning; its Dragon Roar reverberated like thunder above the heavens. The surging dark clouds repeatedly gathered only to be shattered, and the darkness within the mist extinguished, as if a discontent roar echoed from the netherworld, like the bellow of a ghost.

"Huai Yin... Huai Yin!"

The voice roared, "No, you are Jing Ci! So it was you!"

Jiang Chunyang was furious, if he weren't in such poor condition, he would surely employ Primordial Return to fight to the death; however, he had grown too old, even like a suspicious old fox towards anyone and anything.

Thus, when in poor condition, he would never act rashly, not giving others the chance to kill him.

For those who practice the You Ying Law, there is one iron rule.

Which is winner takes all.

This world only permits one supreme ruler.

Once the fierce Azure Dragon stood between heaven and earth, Evolvers could no longer execute Primordial Return.

If someone also attempted Primordial Return, they'd be plundered of the Ancient God's Breath.

Instead, augmenting the power of the Azure Dragon.

Only individuals with close strength executing Primordial Return could engage in a tug-of-war.

"What grandeur."

The Think Tank pushed open the ancient courtyard gate, feeling the overwhelming dragon majesty, like a sea tide about to engulf all of Tokyo, shaking his mind: "Since the king's death, this should be the strongest Ghost Slayer Path in the world. With his talent, he could easily become the next King of Qing."

The turbulent wind cut like knives, the streets were filled with flying sand and stones, he had to shout loudly with force.

"Wait, Eighth Rank Candle Life?"

He stared wide-eyed and yelled, "You damn well tell me this is Eighth Rank?"

The Netherworld carrying the Ghost Slayer Blade walked behind him, also shouting, "Now you finally understand my feelings? At first, I didn't understand why an Eighth Rank Candle Life could be so strong, it defies logic."

Even so, the demon runes on his face burned red-hot, eyes filled with a frenzy of battle intent.

The last battle along Peak City's coast didn't fully satisfy them.

As Peak City was shrouded by the Heavenly Person Realm, rendering Primordial Return unusable.

This time it's in Tokyo, where they could fight without reservation.

Even the Orochi Society members dared not utter a complaint.

Sadly, the Think Tank raised a hand, stopping him.

"Jing Ci indeed came today to settle scores; years ago, the Buzhou Mountain folks did provoke him, and Jiang Chunyang even harmed his beloved girl. Only this timing is too coincidental."

The Think Tank's white hair was uplifted by the wind, his handsome face showed complex expressions, shouting, "No one knows where the King of Qing is now, possibly guarding Taihua in the Magic City, or perhaps here in Tokyo. Either way, you must guard Jiang Chunyang; if this old man truly dies, then the king's legacy would be lost for real."

The battle fervor in the Netherworld's eyes gradually faded, in truth, he didn't truly intend to fight to the death, as the man had kept himself restrained at the Eighth Rank, yet could already rival Ninth Rank demigods.

Jing Ci could ascend to Ninth Rank at any moment, the victor was already clear.

The Netherworld merely wanted to know how strong the man truly was.

"Don't worry, someone will figure it out eventually."

The Think Tank hadn't finished speaking when he cursed furiously: "Damn it!"

He covered his ears, blood trickling from the ear canal.

The eardrum seemed shattered, his mind was filled with a cacophony of buzzing turmoil.

"Watching you strut your stuff, it's somewhat disheartening."

The Netherworld's voice too was drowned in the all-encompassing dragon roar.

He promptly sat on the cold stone steps, casually supporting the Demon Extinguishing Blade, his long hair fluttering in the wind.

At the extremity of the sky, the ancient Azure Dragon overlooked humanity, the raging storm bowing before it, fierce thunder resembling a womb of catastrophe, wind and lightning swirling intertwining, like the apocalypse.

Amidst the terrifying roar, the world seemed to plunge into silence.

For the experimental subjects trembled violently, sensing suppression from the depths of their blood by the Ancient God Clan within.

Some unhesitantly fell asleep, while others submitted to the immense dragon presence, kneeling on the ground.

As if confronting a mortal enemy!

Even the Corpse Ghost Tide rampaging through the city fearfully knelt down.

Not out of voluntary submission, but crushed by colossal pressure!

"What is that thing?"

Zhong Guoqing dared not look up, for the reflection in the rearview mirror already showed a majestic silhouette, with the dragon roar resonating, causing his orifices to bleed, as if his soul were dissipating.

"I don't know, we just came to pick up goods, how did it turn out so unlucky?"

Chapter 737: The Qilin Appears (Part 2)

Zhong Li curled up in the passenger seat, trembling. There was a car accident at the intersection ahead, and they were trapped in the congested traffic. At this moment, Tokyo was no longer the world's most prosperous city but rather a prison of apocalypse.

Especially given her role as a Spirit Medium, her perception was more acute. She felt a real Ancient God from the Ancient God Clan looming above the heavens, an ancient oppression overwhelming, almost crushing her soul.

It wasn't just the two of them; all the Ascenders in Tokyo felt extreme fear.

The invasion of the Ancient God Clan into the real world had an old saying: the Ancient Descent!

It symbolizes apocalypse and disaster!

"Mom, there's a Sky Splitting!"

In a Toyota Alphard, a little girl in a semi-awakened state innocently pointed to the sky, only to be tackled to the ground by her father, as further observation could have led to major trouble.

The six major families of the You Ying Group sounded the highest alarm.

This alarm would only be activated in times of apocalyptic crisis, originally designed to counter the invasion of the Order World, with the highest-level emergency plan capable of resisting an army of Ascenders.

Now it dealt with just one person.

Jing Ci was indeed heedless tonight. He was one of the strongest rulers of this world. People of his talent were tyrants since ancient times, just needing to vent their violence and anger without any need for mercy, as nobody would dare challenge his authority.

Thus, from this perspective, he indeed had an elegant demeanor.

Rumble!

An out-of-control helicopter roared toward them; both the Judge Bai and Black Judge were Holy Land level Ascenders. Even without mastering the Supreme Law, they were certainly not weak, yet their bodies trembled, and their souls screamed.

The pilot, with a contorted face, was ordered to charge at the man on the rooftop.

The helicopter was like a rampaging raptor, emitting a piercing scream.

Black Judge, cold-faced, emerged from the Dark World, lived a life licking blood off the knife edge every day, never bowing or begging for mercy even against the strongest enemies.

He must meet adversity head-on, even biting back with death.

"Get ready; his attention is elsewhere. This is our chance."

His hands formed seals; a Seventh Rank Mystic Venerate has the ability to create an independent domain, a Taiji Trigram Formation he governed, symbolizing the cycle of yin and yang, concealing mysteries of reversals.

This ability was akin to the Great Shift in martial arts novels, using yin and yang reversal secret techniques to freely manipulate his own and enemies' attacks; within the array, one stands undefeatable against those of equal rank.

Judge Bai's alluring face was fierce like a female ghost because her danger foreknowledge was about to explode!

The helicopter roared as it fell, getting closer to the man on the rooftop.

Jing Ci expressionlessly rolled up his sleeves, revealing muscular arms.

At the moment the helicopter crashed, a line of piercing cold light suddenly flashed.

The void shattered like a mirror, the helicopter exploded with a boom, like a firework in the dark, burning wreckage and shattered parts scattered, the roar swallowed by the Azure Dragon Chant through the heavens and earth.

Black Judge drove his thought to charge out of the exploding fireworks, his hand seals already completed.

Judge Bai's eyes swirled with blood, as if thousands of scarlet crows flew.

Facing an Eighth Order Candle Life, they dare not confront head-on.

They had to go covert.

The problem was, when they landed on the rooftop, they found nothing!

Jing Ci on the rooftop had vanished, as if he were a non-existent ghost!

Black Judge suddenly let out a piercing scream because his chest was abruptly pierced, his heart grasped by a powerful hand, blood gushed from the chest, staining the black trench coat.

Jing Ci effortlessly tore open his chest, forcibly pushing him against the cold wall, his right hand clutching the heart, just a squeeze away from crushing it.

The man's eyes were blood-red vertical pupils, exuding a murderous intent.

Gone was any trace of elegance.

Perhaps this was his true posture, his past gentleness and calm were just facades, masks to conceal his inner brutality and murderous intent. Now the mask was torn, the true beast unleashed.

It was something terrifying like divine punishment.

"No!"

Even though knowing the Heavenly Master had Feather Transformation ability, against an Eighth Order Candle Life, it was clearly inadequate.

Judge Bai suddenly exploded into a mist, rushing forward.

Her hands flipped a silver-bright dagger; as a Soul Master, she possessed the Human Body Separation Technique, where a single cut could dismember the enemy, blood gushing like a waterfall.

Very beautiful.

Sadly, she chose the wrong target.

Jing Ci didn't even turn his head, his right hand like lightning pierced the woman in the void!

With a crunch, Judge Bai's heart was pierced, relentlessly grasped!

She made a fatal mistake.

The Magician's Instant Teleportation Technique was indeed rapid, but never faster than the Ghost Slayer!

Jing Ci pulled forcefully with both hands!

Snap!

Jing Ci's hands each held a bloody, still-beating heart.

So vibrant.

Chapter 738: The Qilin Appears (Part 3)

The bodies of the Black Judge and White Judge collapsed to the ground.

The former decayed into ashes, while the latter withered like a burning paper figure, turning to dust.

This was undoubtedly a crushing defeat, as the two Holy Land Level powerhouses were instantly killed without any ability to resist.

Especially considering that Jing Ci had already activated Primordial Return, he could only face the battle in a relatively weakened state.

The only dignity was that upon reaching the Holy Land Level, they would not be killed so easily.

They had means to save their lives.

This was also part of their plan: if they were instantly killed, they would switch to dealing with the real target.

In any case, Jiang Chunyang wouldn't expect them to defeat this terrifying demon.

Jing Ci breathed in the fragrance of blood, the crimson in his pupils growing more intense. He casually discarded two still-beating hearts and tore off the obstructive suit jacket, ripping his tie apart as well.

His white shirt was stained with blood as he spread his arms open to face the Tokyo night.

"The appetizer is over."

He said indifferently: "Who's next?"

Someone emerged from the silent long street.

It was a person draped in a black robe, like a priest from ancient times, with eyes faintly glowing with a blood-red light, surprisingly a pair of severe dragon eyes, with a surge of overwhelming dragon aura.

It wasn't just him.

More and more figures in black robes stepped out, appearing under the light like ghosts resurrected from the dead.

A glimpse of their face revealed it was disturbingly perfect, with skin pale to a sickly degree.

The vast dragon aura spread outward.

The Azure Dragon above the firmament lowered its gaze, a hint of apathy in its blood-colored vertical pupils.

Anyone who could stand up under his Primordial Return was naturally not a weakling.

These were the Pseudo Ancestors from Buzhou Mountain.

And their ranks were quite high, at least above the Eighth Rank.

The former Miyamoto Shosuke was just a temporary shell, a mere inferior product compared to them.

"You use the technology she obtained, with human shells to fight me."

Jing Ci flicked the blood from his hands and said coldly: "That's fine."

In an instant, he disappeared like a broken phantom, forcefully shattering time and space!

The Pseudo Ancestors looked up, and beneath their black hoods were faces rapidly undergoing drastic transformations, like turning into dragons!

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Time rewound to five minutes earlier.

With a thunderous explosion, a violent Void Dog Cannon destroyed the subway entrance, the terrifying light and heat pouring out like a flood, mercilessly engulfing the entire long street and turning it into a sea of fire.

Gu Jianlin darted behind a tree, leaning against the trunk and panting heavily.

He shifted to the Divine Path, desperately clinging to the tree to perform the frantic Priest ritual, devouring the immense life force.

At the moment, his condition was dire; half of his body remained engulfed by red-hot markings, akin to the scars left by molten lava corroding the ground. The excruciating pain of being torn to pieces was unbearable. Even running this short distance left him on the verge of collapse, feeling as if he might topple over at any moment.

"I'll carry you."

The Moon Princess, without hesitation, took hold of him, her height only 1.55 meters, petite and delicate.

Carrying a 1.85-meter-tall youth was quite strenuous.

Fortunately, she was currently in her Evolutionary State, with the Ancient God's Breath enhancing her petite and soft body, granting her formidable physical strength. She could kill a bull with just the simplest muscle force of a punch.

Vague ghosts trailed along the long street, licking the blood on the ground.

It was one of her Mythical Weapons, specifically used to cover their traces.

No one should get the youth's blood.

Otherwise, his identity would be exposed.

The pursuers were about 500 meters away.

The issue was the surrounding three kilometers were locked down by the Overlord Path, quite a troublesome situation.

"No, it's a tug-of-war. Carrying me will slow you down considerably, and the opponent also has the Ghost Slayer Path. Both in Evolutionary States, you'll be caught eventually." Gu Jianlin rejected the suggestion and pulled her into a dark alley, startling two stray cats that meowed loudly.

"At worst, I'll turn back and fight them."

The Moon Princess said coldly: "Anyway, I'm just a duplicate."

"No."

Gu Jianlin shook his head.

All along the way, he had been coughing up blood and couldn't even activate his Evolutionary State.

The Moon Princess had blocked countless dangers for him, even using the Heavenly Cluster Cloud Sword to slice open several bullets.

Otherwise, he'd have been shot.

The most troublesome thing was that the Moon Princess couldn't go all out. If her identity were exposed, she'd have no place in the Dark World anymore. Last time she could claim self-defense, but this time it couldn't be justified.

Just then, the charm on her phone case started to shake.

It was a Lucky Cat charm, a small gift from her sister.

Now, it was vibrating intensely, exuding a familiar yet foreign aura.

A kind of loathsome aura!

That was Jiang Mingyan's aura!

Oh, so that's it, her sister's gift was just a cover.

This was something Jiang Mingyan gave, intended to monitor her!

This Lucky Cat charm was going to explode!

Evidently, when Jing Ci appeared, Jiang Mingyan had deduced what was going on.

Therefore, she aimed to blow up her own daughter's duplicate, knowing the main body wouldn't die anyway.

This way, she could distance herself from the situation.

Once the Lucky Cat was activated, it was both a communicator and a time bomb.

Chapter 739: The Qilin Appears

"I know you can hear me, don't use such tricks to disgust me next time."

Moon Princess casually tossed the Lucky Cat into the trash can, saying coldly, "What I want to do is none of your business!"

Gu Jianlin watched as the trash can exploded, the flames engulfing half the building.

What a fierce mother.

Gu Jianlin once had such thoughts while spitting blood, but unfortunately, as soon as he made a move, she detected it and glared him back with a suppression from the depths of the soul.

No wonder she raised him; she is always awe-inspiring in front of him.

"You really should leave."

He said softly, "This way, I can fight with peace of mind."

"Why fight when you're like this?"

Moon Princess said coldly.

Her tone was cold, but her actions were gentle, softly wiping away the blood from the corner of his mouth.

"You've never been to Tokyo. I've lived here for a long time, and I'll take you on a run. Don't worry, just like last time in Returning Burial Forest, I will never leave you." Moon Princess grabbed his hand, led him to flee wildly, her skirt fluttering in the wind, her slender legs so exquisite, and the heels clinking.

Gu Jianlin silently watched her back: "Your mother must be really angry, right?"

"A man can accompany me for a lifetime, but she can't."

Moon Princess said coldly, without turning her head, "So why should I listen to her? If I lose my man, will she compensate me with another? The compensation would be a second-rate good, something even a dog wouldn't want."

Gu Jianlin laughed quietly: "Actually, I'm not as good as you think."

Moon Princess responded, "Yes, you're rigid, stubborn, competitive, never cherish your own life, always fighting until death, still a steel straight man."

She paused: "But what I choose is the best."

At this moment, she suddenly turned around, drew the Heavenly Cluster Cloud Sword from her waist, and slashed!

Crack!

A sniper bullet was immediately split in half, but the immense kinetic energy forced her to step back.

Gu Jianlin struggled to hold his unstable body and helped her dissipate the backward momentum.

"Are you okay?"

He said softly.

Moon Princess shook her head and complained, "The Overlord Path is really annoying!"

The roar of the sniper rifle rolled in, like a deadly tune.

Killing intent flashed in Gu Jianlin's eyes; he felt a strong desire to fight until death.

Suddenly, Moon Princess looked up, and a broadcast echoed in the night unexpectedly.

"No matter who you are, you are now in the game, and you are at the end of your tether, facing a dead end. Why not hand her over? I know she's with you. As long as you hand her over, I will stop this game. Otherwise, the hunt will never end, and the song will never cease."

It was Mr. Solomon's voice!

This guy really hasn't left Tokyo.

Even though the base was overthrown, he didn't show up.

Probably because he was already injured and dared not to show his face.

Which is why he would use such a tactic to redirect trouble.

Moon Princess frowned, suspiciously saying: "Is he talking to you? Who does he want you to hand over?"

Gu Jianlin pressed his hand to his forehead, feeling the turmoil inside, unsure what to say.

Indeed, Skylark beside him was more of a liability than an asset at present.

Originally, he could lurk well in the Dark World.

If it weren't for this bad woman beside him, there wouldn't be this situation.

Given some time, he could trace the tail of The Order of the Hidden.

"So you are here."

Mr. Solomon's broadcast continued, echoing throughout the Shinjuku District: "There are plenty of people who want to deal with us in this world, but so far, no one has been able to break free from the cage we set. Outstanding ones like Gu Ci'an and Tang Zijing are dead, and what about you?"

"Teacher said that only those who have no confidence would choose to negotiate."

Moon Princess said expressionlessly, "Where did this foolish dog come from?"

Gu Jianlin's hatred for The Order of the Hidden was already skyrocketing, and now hearing them mention the pioneers again, his eyes turned cold: "Indeed, where did this foolish dog come from? Since you're so powerful, kill us. Why should I listen to a fool?"

The brother and sister are both reserved in nature.

Only facing The Order of the Hidden are they unreserved with their sharpness.

Mr. Solomon sighed softly, "What a pity."

"Pity?"

Gu Jianlin coughed blood, said expressionlessly: "Indeed a pity, not many dare disobey your orders, right? You're used to being the high and mighty, but it's a pity because most people can't see through you. You're not that strong; you can't truly control this world."

"Including those disgusting dirty experiments you conducted on the Tang Family's people, which will eventually backfire on you, igniting a fire that will burn you to ashes, leaving you ruined forever."

He paused: "You stole the Ancient God Clan's research accomplishments, such a marvelous Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique turned into this by you. Once Qilin Venerable revives, the first to eliminate is you."

This time, the broadcast fell silent.

Chapter 740: The Qilin Appears

Mr. Solomon rasped, "Who are you?"

The Moon Princess turned to look at the young man.

Gu Jianlin smiled silently, "I am the Qilin Venerable."

After a brief silence, a hoarse laugh came from the broadcast.

"Well then, I don't know what method you're using to suppress her rampage, but how long can you hold on? Judging by your voice, you must be very weak by now, right? She's like a ticking time bomb—when she loses control, friend and foe alike will be killed in an instant, including you and your companion."

Mr. Solomon paused, "The song will never cease."

The Moon Princess clearly felt that the young man's body had become scorching hot, like steel about to melt.

Gu Jianlin spat out another mouthful of blood, desperately calling out to the bad woman within him.

Yet he didn't know if it was an illusion.

The ethereal singing abruptly stopped!

The uproar from the depths of his being came to a sudden halt as well. The red-hot lines ceased to spread, retreating like a receding tide. He released the Divine Sacrificial Fire without hesitation, devouring the surrounding microorganisms.

What suppressed the song was the earth-shattering Dragon Roar!

Boom!

An Azure Dragon coiled at the extreme end of the sky, unleashing its ferocity and rage!

A heavy breathing sound emanated from the broadcast, as Mr. Solomon seemed to be in shock!

Gu Jianlin sensed a familiar aura and raised his head in astonishment.

Those blood-red vertical pupils were all too familiar.

"Senior Brother?"

He murmured softly.

The Moon Princess also looked up sharply, a hint of bewilderment flashing in her beautiful eyes, a bit at a loss.

Upon hearing the young man's call, the first thing that came to her mind was that gentle and refined man.

Impossible.

How could that man have such a violent side?

He was like the resurgence of an Ancient Supreme, spreading doom and disaster.

"Go."

From the depths of his soul, the bad woman's weak voice spoke softly, "Take this chance and leave quickly. It's your only opportunity, because if the song starts again, everyone is doomed."

Her voice remained ethereal and melodious, albeit tinged with a hint of fatigue and drowsiness.

As if she might fall asleep at any moment.

"If you don't want to expose your identity, then you must flee."

The Moon Princess gripped the Heavenly Cluster Cloud Sword tightly, even someone like her, without sensing capabilities, could feel the enemy approaching.

At most fifty meters away.

"No, there is another way."

Gu Jianlin suddenly thought of something and said softly, "Instead of fleeing, I'm more inclined to kill all those pursuing us before the song starts again; that would solve the problem."

"Then we can only hope that everything goes smoothly on your senior brother's end."

The Moon Princess knew he trusted his senior brother, and said solemnly, "Should we give it our all?"

"Yes."

Gu Jianlin certainly did not doubt his senior brother's abilities, willing to stake his trust.

Bets his life on it.

"Are you sure?"

The Moon Princess repeated because she was just an avatar, and it didn't matter if she died.

The key was that the young man before her lacked the ability to protect himself.

This decision, whether or not it was feasible to execute, even attempting it required exposing everything.

"If we leave none, there's no fear of exposing identity, plus, I can provide cover."

Gu Jianlin raised his head, his burning golden eyes like a ghost god awakened from the depths of Hell: "After all, I have never been what they called Si Xingye. I am...Gu Jianlin."

The most crucial point is, this is Tokyo, not Peak City.

There is no Heavenly Person Realm here.

Boom!

Ten Void Dog Cannons descended from the sky like meteors, shattering the desolate residential area into a burning wasteland. The towering flames illuminated the night sky, and mushroom clouds spread wide.

Additionally, the booming of sniper rifles resounded as if determined to pierce through targets in the ruins!

The terrifying Elemental Turbulence fell, turning the blazing wasteland into Hell.

This carpet bomb-like indiscriminate bombardment persisted for ten minutes straight. Below Holy Land Level, no Ascender could survive; no method would provide defense this mighty.

"Oh, my."

Jiang Ziyue, sucking on a lollipop, walked to the center of the road, saying, "Now we can clean up. Once this is over, you can replace your sister, right, Sister Ruomeng?"

Jiang Ruomeng styled her hair into a high ponytail, wore a white shirt paired with jeans, and stepped in thigh-high boots.

She had six tachi tied around her waist, resembling a sword dao maiden.

"A mission this simple, and we didn't even have to step in."

She said blandly, "After claiming the reward this time, I'm going to avenge my sister."

The two members of the Jiang family walked toward the fiery depths, virtualizing in unison.

Suddenly, someone spoke on the communication channel, "Life signs detected!"

Jiang Ziyue and Jiang Ruomeng paused slightly in their steps.

A terrified voice again came through their earpieces, "Detected high concentrations of Ancient God's Breath!"

In the engulfing flames, someone lifted their head indifferently. It was as if a skeletal figure forged of gold roared into existence, hardened bones proliferating and closing in like burning steel, emitting crackling explosive sounds.

The skeletal head within the flames suddenly lit up, golden flames seeming to burn!

Boom!

A roar rang out, covering the heavens and earth, the furious howl of an ancient giant beast.

Jiang Ziyue raised a hand to shield his face, the wind tearing against him like knife cuts.

"What the hell is that?"

A lock of Jiang Ruomeng's hair was sliced by the gale, her expression indescribably shocked.

"Solomon, come out and meet me."