

Ancient 741

Chapter 741: The Nightmare Begins

Outside Shinjuku Station, thunderous roars echoed, hoarse and cold, with ominous shadows faintly visible in the burning ruins, like demons breaking free from Hell's prison.

"Target alive! Repeat, target alive!"

Jiang Ruomeng shouted into the intercom, but when she saw the terrifying silhouette in the flames, her instinct was to flee. However, years of battling in the Dark World cultivated a will that made her drop the intercom, gripping her tachi at her waist tightly as if it was her lifeline.

She was renowned as the Little Knife Saint in her family.

Because the Red King was inherently mischievous, he often left parts of his legacy in unexpected places, like hiding treasures waiting for someone to find them.

Jiang Ruomeng had not been influential in the Jiang Family due to her poor talent, until one day she accidentally answered a Priest's question while praying at a shrine, and received a mysterious gift.

It was the Red King's sword skill legacy.

Jiang Hanye was once her rival, unfortunately, he died before she mastered the sword skill.

Now she was searching for a new target.

This was her debut after seclusive training in swordsmanship. She was confident she had become strong, no longer fearing anyone.

"Bombard!"

Jiang Ziyue's eyes grew solemn as he issued the command again.

A sound of explosions akin to artillery fire echoed through the night, as meteoric flames crashed into the burning district, releasing terrifying light and heat, violently shaking the entire long street, as if about to collapse.

Accompanied by ancient low tones, the Heavenly Masters stood on rooftops, unleashing a torrent of thought energy, engulfing the four elements of Earth, Wind, Water, and Fire into a chaotic swirl that swept over the terrifying silhouette like a storm.

After divination, it was determined the enemy's rank was at most the Sixth Rank.

More likely the Fifth Rank.

Below the Holy Land Level, this time it was almost a tenfold force difference, a sheer firepower crush.

And between the floors of the long street, a tiny, delicate shadow flickered like a sprite.

Moon Princess, with the Lock of Nonexistence coiled around her wrist, maneuvered ghost-like with a single, clear objective: to swiftly eliminate the enemy's support path.

This was the brother and sister's recently discussed tactic.

Even knowing he wouldn't risk his life as a joke, she couldn't help but feel startled when she heard the terrifying explosion behind her, hurriedly glancing back, her beautiful eyes reflecting the soaring flames.

"I'm giving you one last chance, go home immediately!"

Her phone vibrated with an incoming call she hadn't authorized: "Stay out of this today, no matter who it's for. Their brotherly actions are tantamount to courting death, and I won't allow you to get involved. If your actions get exposed, I can't protect you."

Moon Princess deftly leapt to the balcony of a tall building, expressionless: "I don't need your protection; you couldn't even protect your man back then, so why stop me from protecting mine?"

She intended to hang up immediately, but as the invigorating night breeze hit her face, she suddenly felt at ease.

She wanted to prove something tonight.

To prove her choice.

Jiang Mingyan barked over the phone: "That's your reason for dying?"

Moon Princess replied indifferently: "I live in Peak City. No matter how bold Old Jiang is, he wouldn't dare seek me out. I want you to know I'm not like you. I'll defy what I dislike. I want you to understand that if you had faced things with Dad back then, today's outcome might have been different."

"It may sound unfair to Dad, but it's true."

She earnestly declared: "My judgment in men is better than yours."

Jiang Mingyan fell silent, evidently deep in thought.

Moon Princess turned away, and with a light leap backed by the burning ruins, she coolly stated: "I know with your Eagle Eye you see what's happening here, so watch closely, the man I raised."

A growing smile crept onto Jiang Ziyue's face as he gripped the tachi at his waist.

"Draw the blade, behead!"

He licked his lips: "Chop the body into eight pieces!"

This was a cautious approach, stay vigilant against the unknown enemy!

Jiang Ruomeng decisively entered her Evolutionary State, with purple dragon horns emerging atop her head. Her menacing, deep-purple vertical pupils charged forth like the mythical Dragon Girl breaking through the ground, dashing like lightning.

Her tachi tore through the fierce wind, unleashing a piercing wail akin to the cries of ghosts!

A cold arc of a blade flashed in the darkness, ripping through even the Void, striking at the shadow within the ruins!

The ancient, deadly Sword Intent spread, the thick scent of blood like impending combustion; this was the Red King's youthful sword skill, inciting spirit and will to boil freely, even allowing the tumultuous Ancient God's Breath to command her, thus her strike was extremely fierce, aiming for a kill-in-one-shot!

Clang!

The instant the blade light sliced through, it was unexpectedly blocked!

Amid the metallic clang, Jiang Ruomeng was shocked because a fleeting, exquisite profile casually deflected her sure-kill strike, the oncoming Blade Technique Extreme Intent nearly stopping her heart!

It bore the murderous intent of a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood, in a daze, Mandala Flowers bloomed across the world, with the sound of dragons piercing the soul!

With a crack, her blade shattered in response!

The overpowering force flung her backward, making her spew a mouthful of fresh blood.

For the incoming Sword Qi had already sliced through her throat!

Amid the fleeting killing intent, she could barely see anything, only feeling the profile's sharpness and murderous intent, with its graceful allure enough to make heaven and earth tumble!

Jiang Ziyue suddenly flickered behind her, causing her to crash into his embrace, yet the tremendous impact knocked them both down, like being hit by a cannonball, crashing into the convenience store across the street!

At the same time, three Heavenly Master Paths were enveloped by an overwhelming thought, descending from the heavens!

Boom!

Accompanied by the skeletal remains forged in gold, the roar of Qilin shook the soul!

A pitch-black Thunderbolt Spear materialized from thin air, mercilessly piercing a Heavenly Master's defensive thought, tearing through his chest and pinning him to a streetlight on the street.

The violent black arcs of electricity exploded, leaving him barely alive!

The momentum of the two falling Heavenly Masters halted abruptly, their pupils flickering with immense terror!

Bang! The asphalt surface shattered.

A demon-like young man soared into the sky, violent black flames burning on his forehead. He was shrouded in a spiritual body of golden bones, like a giant out of mythology, filled with majestic fury.

This demon raised his hands, twisted and hideous ghost hands entwined with golden Divine Sacrificial Fire, mercilessly gripping the throats of two enemies and smashing them into the asphalt road, shattering stones and blasting dust!

He roared to the sky, the golden Divine Sacrificial Fire burning fiercely, instantly turning the long street into a vast scorched earth!

"Solomon, come out and see me!"

Gu Jianlin's voice was like a wind from hell, echoing across the long street.

He certainly wanted that person to come out.

Because Solomon's current state was very bad; once he came out, something was bound to be exposed.

And now, the singing had stopped.

The wicked woman saw an opportunity and would stop at nothing to strike first and kill him.

The pathetic worm was hiding behind the scenes, keeping the song on some puppet, setting up this trap to capture or even kill them. However, this guy had overlooked one point: they were not conventional combat forces but ultimate beings born from the Ancient God Clan and humans, owners of two Supreme Laws!

Si Xingye certainly couldn't break out of this trap.

The problem was, that was just an identity Gu Jianlin used temporarily.

Gu Jianlin was always himself.

Always, Qilin!

The golden flames burned on the long street, Gu Jianlin enduring the imminent collapsing pain within his body, estimating the time for this Ancient God Transformation, walking in the flames like a demon from hell, the scorching heat boiling the void.

He bore pitch-black Dragon Horns, the mysterious and solemn Ink Jade Mask gleamed with noble luster, black scales like armor tore through his casual shirt, the majestic Ancient God's Breath flowing within, cells had proliferated to the trillionth level, releasing ancient and violent power like a flood, roaring freely.

He had never felt in such good condition.

This was his first Ancient God Transformation since advancing to Fifth Rank.

Even in the real world, every moment brought a tearing pain, sourced from body and soul.

Even more painful than nearly being blown up by the wicked woman earlier.

But the pleasure brought by that power suppressed the pain.

Not only that, a shadow also hid behind him.

He could transform at any time, showcasing the power from Candle Dragon Venerable!

Clang!

Jiuyin resonated, tumultuous blood currents were bloody in the darkness.

"Solomon, come out."

His voice was so calm, yet it exploded like thunder at Shinjuku Station.

At this moment, all the advertisement boards at Shinjuku Station shattered, the electric sparks flashed and extinguished, exposing the sinister wires, even the broadcast channels were disrupted by strong magnetic fields, emitting sporadic sizzling sounds.

"The Jiang Family's battle power means nothing to me."

Gu Jianlin lifted his fierce golden eyes, saying indifferently: "If you want to kill me, do it yourself."

The streetlights flickered wildly, the ancient overwhelming pressure nearly exploding the entire long street.

Jiang Ruomeng crawled out from the ruins, seeing the demon bathed in golden flames, shocked and startled.

"This person, he actually is..."

Her gaze trembled, the hand holding the sword also shook, the broken tiger's mouth oozing fresh blood.

Jiang Ziyue stood shakily, his peripheral vision caught that silhouette and was stunned.

"Qilin."

He said softly: "The Crown Prince of the Ether Association, Qilin."

Without hesitation, the awakened Jiang Family members present decisively showed their strongest state, emitting piercing roars to the sky, Ancient God's Breath rioting in their bodies, evolving towards the ancient deities' form!

In the burning ruins, Gu Jianlin merely glanced at them indifferently.

He also made a gesture.

He raised one finger, pressing it against his lips.

"Shh."

Led by Jiang Ziyue and Jiang Ruomeng, the Jiang Family members were stunned.

The nightmare was about to begin.

Chapter 742: Qilin's Oppression

Gu Jianlin rarely took the initiative to expose his identity, for he no longer needed to cloak and sneak nowadays. The Golden Phoenix Feather gifted by Senior Ji could shield the aura of the Ancient Supreme. As long as he could withstand the corresponding price, he could uninhibitedly unleash Ancient God Transformation.

Yet, when he pressed his finger against his lips, no one could understand the gesture.

The members of the Jiang Family continued to roar, concentrating on displaying their evolutionary states. Like beasts faced with a natural enemy, they decided to attack in their strongest forms without hesitation. Some sprout terrifying horns, others have massive wings breaking through the body, and some exhibit beast-like ferocity.

It was as if demons were dancing wildly; the rampant Ancient God's Breath spread, seemingly echoing the howls deep within their souls—a transformation from humans to the Divine Race, breaking the limits between species.

This is the You Ying Law.

Though unaware of its origins, it truly grants humans forbidden power.

In a certain sense, they are undoubtedly geniuses.

As human evolvers, the Jiang Family's candidates reached the Fifth Rank at a young age, mastering the You Ying Law, with strength evidently surpassing the Omega Sequence of the Ether Association.

Of course, this is because the Ether Association hadn't fully developed applications for the Candle Light Law.

The former focuses on quantity, the latter on quality.

Nevertheless, once they grow, they all will leave their names in human history.

Unfortunately, they picked the wrong opponent.

Hush.

This word means silence.

Gu Jianlin raised his fierce golden eyes, the dust swept by the wind gathered over his head, seemingly forming a pitch-black Qilin. Its roar echoed through the heavens and earth, shaking the residences on the long street.

Glass windows shattered one after another, glittering shards spewing out like a waterfall!

The roar of Jiang Family members stopped abruptly, their evolutionary process even forced to cease. A sinister bone wing behind some shattered instantly; others writhed painfully in a half-human, half-beast state, while more saw blood burst from their bodies, scales exploding and bloodied, dropping to the ground.

Because their evolution was forcibly interrupted!

Because an absolute Overlord appeared in this world, seizing their Ancient God's Breath in the most forceful and cold manner, like extracting your bones and flesh from your shell.

That pain is no less than a brutal torture!

Boom.

Gu Jianlin raised his hand, the fiery Divine Sacrificial Fire devouring them like a sea tide, recklessly looting their life force.

"Quick... escape!"

Jiang Ziyue painfully curled on the ground, yet he managed to smile, blood continually seeping from his lips, with the dragon horn on his head shattered, dragon scales peeling off his skin, blood all over: "I never thought you'd still be alive; are you here to crash the wedding? I just knew the Si Family's marriage with the Moon Princess is courting death."

He vomited blood again, suddenly flickering away.

Jiang Ruomeng also glanced at him, instantly utilizing Space Jump to get into the car.

At that moment, a terrifying rumbling resounded through the night.

On the roof of a terrace cafe, someone was setting up an anti-material sniper rifle, its muzzle ejecting a blazing energy cannon, rapidly stirring up scorching air currents, rippling the darkness.

Void Dog Cannon!

Gu Jianlin turned around, his enveloping golden skeleton vibrated furiously, four burning Ghost Hands interlocked in defense!

With a bang.

Like a burning meteor crashed in front of him, held aloft by four gnarled, sinister Ghost Hands. This time even the asphalt surface was shattered and flung away, fierce currents exploding, snapping trees at the street edge.

Despite such overwhelming impact, Gu Jianlin did not waver the slightest.

He merely exerted a cold, indifferent force, the four Ghost Hands tightened with a roar.

Boom!

The terrifying light and heat exploded, yet the Void Dog Cannon vanished in his palm!

His golden skeleton remained without a single crack.

Gu Jianlin lifted his right hand, pitch-black arcs flashed in his palm, abruptly forming a nine-foot-long black Thunderbolt Spear, its spearhead a roaring Qilin, accompanied by the piercing cries of a thousand birds!

He seized the Thunderbolt Spear, casually tossing it away, a line of fierce lightning tearing through the darkness!

Among the horrifying crash, the terrace cafe was devoured by wild electric arcs, collapsing in a thunderous rumble!

At that moment, raising his fierce golden head again, he sensed someone a kilometer away using Eagle Eye to spy on him, also feeling the sniper rifle's targeting, albeit not too firmly.

Clearly, the Overlord Path facing him had lost the resolve for a sure-kill strike.

It's a pity he didn't plan to let anyone go tonight.

Gu Jianlin raised his right hand again, the billowing clouds convening in the sky, burning Xing Yun entwined with threads of intense light coalesced, brewing like a womb of disaster, nurturing a terrifying aura. The gaps in the cloud mass akin to numerous sinister vertical eyes, like a blazing Qilin overlooking all beings!

He turned, a crisp snap resonating through the night.

The rumbling began.

Meteorite falls!

In the Ancient God Transformation state, the abilities he wielded reached their strongest.

Therefore, the Qilin Xing Yun above the sky burned to the extreme, in less than point one seconds, releasing destructive energy like a flood, starry brilliance concealed with annihilation energy descending at the speed of light like a meteor cascade, even lighting up the darkness with a scorching glow, a mere glance enough to sting one's eyes!

At that moment, the Lamborghini's engine roared triumphantly like a nimble cheetah, speeding out, rapidly fleeing the long street turned ruins, retreating into the depths of darkness!

"Hahaha, what a thrill!"

Jiang Ziyue laughed: "Today's task really ran into a ghost!"

Jiang Ruomeng had no idea what he was laughing about, she fiercely wiped the blood off her lips, pulled out the tablet from the car wanting to confirm her teammates' life status.

With one look, she froze in place.

Because nearly all front-line allies were dead!

That devilish youth seemed not to kill them, allies clearly were merely in a dying state.

Now they all lost their life functions.

She couldn't help but recall the strange silhouette that sliced her long blade.

"Qilin Forbidden Curse?"

She murmured: "Oh no, the target mastered the Qilin Forbidden Curse!"

Jiang Ziyue believed he had escaped death, staring back at the flaming demon in the right side mirror, even waving goodbye, signaling never to meet again.

Jiang Ruomeng's words snapped him back to reality!

Bang!

A dull sound emerged atop the Lamborghini.

It was as if someone fell onto the car roof!

Bang!

Another loud noise, the Lamborghini's roof was torn open by a hand.

The hand gripped the steering wheel, yanking fiercely!

The speeding Lamborghini lost control instantly because the steering wheel and dashboard had been violently disassembled, now they could only stomp on the accelerator crazily, else they would crash into the high bridge pillar!

This was far from over because a ghostly silhouette emerged in the headlights.

The bright lights highlighted its noble, exotic profile.

It glanced indifferently at the racing supercar, then raised its right hand!

Boom!

The Lamborghini slammed into its hand, the car front crumpled suddenly!

Chapter 743: Back to the Very Beginning

As Gu Jianlin turned around, the dark Qi Realm behind him exploded. The Lamborghini, which had been crushed flat, erupted into a sky-high blaze on the spot, its burning wreckage shooting in all directions, tumbling to the ground.

The golden Divine Sacrificial Fire swallowed the wreckage of the supercar like a tide, the scorched earth spreading endlessly.

The Life Rhythm inside the wrecked Lamborghini had vanished. Regardless of whatever stories these two Jiang Family members had, or how close the blood ties were to his sister, in his eyes, they were just like ants, posing no threat and unable to stir up any significant trouble.

Facing him with the same Rank was originally an original sin.

"Qilin."

A trace of deep apprehension appeared on Judge Bai's pale face as she felt that everything before her was so shocking. Her pupils mirrored the burning long street, and the demon emerging from the flames.

The dignified and ferocious Qilin Horn, the ancient and solemn Ink Jade Mask, akin to cast-iron scales flowing with the brilliance of molten lava, appeared as a ghost or god stepping out from Ancient mythology, embodying a high-ranked Evolutionary State!

She clutched her chest, still faintly aching, feeling as if her heart was gripped tightly by an invisible hand.

"Don't be afraid, if the intelligence is correct, our target is at most Fifth Rank. Even in an Evolutionary State, he won't be our match." Judge Black wiped the blood from the corner of his lips fiercely.

They never expected that tonight's target would be the Qilin.

Someone who should have been dead mysteriously appeared in Tokyo.

Even appearing at a base of The Order of the Hidden.

This inevitably led to much speculation.

Ordinarily, the two judges wouldn't say a single word more. They would strike directly.

But the situation now was somewhat different.

The two judges, feared in the Dark World, appeared now in such a sorry state. Both were pale, with a hole in the chest of their garments, though stained with scarlet blood, sparing them from looking too ridiculous or causing any immorality, yet still a shocking sight.

Gu Jianlin only needed a glance to know whom they had provoked.

Indeed, it was the handiwork of his senior brother.

Who could easily kill two Holy Land Levels, stripping away their last means of survival.

The reason for not wiping them out completely was perhaps for leaving them to him.

Under usual circumstances, he would never be so reckless as to face two Holy Land Levels alone.

But today the circumstances were different.

First, these two Holy Land Levels had not mastered any Supreme Law.

Secondly, their condition was poor, having already been heavily injured once.

Lastly, his current combat power was unprecedently formidable.

"Was it you who created the singing?"

He looked up, fiery golden eyes swirling with molten lava, his voice hoarse and cold.

"What did you say?" Judge Bai asked with a cold face.

"No need for idle talk, seize him within five minutes if possible, make sure to leave him alive. The Qilin can die, but not at our hands—otherwise, if the Order World becomes enraged, we will surely die," Judge Black coldly gazed at the demon-like boy on the street, suddenly hearing the sound of a phone ringing.

It was Gu Jianlin's phone.

His phone, which had been kept inside the Qilin Wedge since arriving in Tokyo.

Rarely taken out.

At this moment the phone rang, it was from an unknown number.

"Hello?"

Gu Jianlin actually answered the phone.

On the phone, Mr. Solomon's voice emerged, elegantly remarking: "Truly worthy of being the King of Qing's student. I must admit, I have underestimated you before, not expecting you to have mastered such great power and reached such profound heights with the You Ying Law. Ha, I had thought you were dead."

Gu Jianlin remained silent.

"It appears that dear Miss Skylark might be in your hands. I don't know how you won her trust, but let's make a deal. We can make the singing resound once more, Skylark will completely lose herself, and she'll never control you again. Our people will take her away," Mr. Solomon chuckled softly. "And I will ensure your return to the Order World, continue being the Crown Prince of the Ether Association and the obedient baby of the President, and the last successor of the King of Qing, our matters written off."

Gu Jianlin faintly heard a mocking snort deep within his heart.

"It seems you still don't quite understand me."

Gu Jianlin spoke hoarsely into the phone: "How did you think to negotiate with me?"

Mr. Solomon laughed: "The setup I crafted, the original target wasn't you, which surprised me a little, so I'm attempting to mitigate losses now. I lack confidence, and so do you. I'm gambling, and so are you. Your senior brother is now fighting someone from Buzhou Mountain, the strongest Pseudo Ancestors in the world."

He paused: "How do you know he'll win? If he falters, and the singing occurs again, you will die without a burial place. You can't afford this risk. In a few months, you'll be an adult, and one essential survival skill for an adult is... compromise."

A wind rose in the late-night Tokyo, perhaps due to the presence of an Azure Dragon at the far end of the sky.

A layer of mist arose in the city, moisture diffusing into the air, accompanied by rolling clouds gathering, as if brewing a storm, yet its prelude was so oppressive, with only the terrifying Dragon Roar echoing.

"Sorry, I believe in my senior brother."

Gu Jianlin said indifferently: "It seems your Order of the Hidden's intelligence isn't quite up to par."

The phone line went silent for a second due to Mr. Solomon: "Why do you say that?"

"If you truly understood me, you wouldn't talk about writing off matters."

Gu Jianlin raised his fierce golden eyes: "In my world, it's either kill or be killed."

Thud.

The call ended.

In his world, it was impossible for his senior brother to lose.

And to find the song, there was a simplest way.

That was to leave none alive.

Kill them all, and it would be fine.

A very simple method of elimination.

Gu Jianlin strode out of the sea of fire, casually tossing his phone aside.

"Are you ready?"

He didn't know who he was speaking to.

The shadow, as if a demon, awakened behind him.

It was a stunningly beautiful maiden, her breathtakingly stunning appearance shaking the soul, her ink-stained black hair cascading like a waterfall in the firelight, with dark mist faintly entwining her like threads, sketching out an exquisite curve of temptation.

Her eyes and brows exuded a seductive charm, a touch of crimson eye shadow as vivid as blood.

She seemed to be born of fire, and the beauty that blossomed in an instant reached an extreme!

This was the shadow born from the Qilin Forbidden Curse.

Yet it surpassed the power of his own rank.

Because this shadow had become a vessel.

Skylark's vessel.

"Heh."

A faint mocking tone echoed, so ethereal and beautiful: "Thank you!"

Judge Bai's danger foreknowledge exploded on the spot, screaming in terror: "Run away!"

Judge Black was suddenly shocked, but before he could react, he was blasted away like a cannonball, crashing fiercely into a shopping mall building, the massive impact sweeping out, shattering the glass curtain wall!

In the dark night, the stunning maiden, enveloped in mist, looked down at him from above.

Those bewitching, charming vertical pupils seemed to be burning.

"Young Miss?"

Judge Black spat out a mouthful of blood, murmuring.

Skylark's gaze was contemptuous, like a bloody afterimage fleeting, suddenly piercing through his body!

With a crack, blood spurted wildly!

In the night echoed Judge Black's wailing of despair!

"No!"

Judge Bai's eyes were filled with horror; that was her brother she had grown up relying on, now mercilessly slaughtered.

Suddenly, she felt fear, her blood turning cold.

Because the rampant star cluster in the sky was gathering, the burning starlight so blisteringly hot, the gaps in the clouds like the stern eyes of a god, seemingly brewing a divine punishment of destruction.

"When I started out, my first enemy was a Magician."

Gu Jianlin leaped, landing like a cannonball on the overpass, the spiritual body of the golden skeleton explosively growing, covering him like The Immortal of Colossal Spirit, the terrifying bones proliferating and spreading, four burning ghost hands crisscrossing.

Each ghost hand was entwined with fierce arcs of electricity, condensing into a jet-black Thunderbolt Spear.

"I didn't expect the first Holy Land level I faced would still be a Magician."

He rasped: "Come on, show me how strong a Holy Land level really is."

In Judge Bai's pupils sparked a hint of madness, the bloody frenzy pervading: "You forced me to this."

Gu Jianlin rasped a laugh.

This feeling was all too familiar to him.

With a crack.

The Moon Princess stoically flicked the Heavenly Cluster Cloud Sword, the last enemy kneeling before her, head rolling.

She stood at the corner of an adult shop, gazing at the battlefield beneath the overpass, coldly saying: "Did you see? This is the man I chose. Twelve Twilight Candidates, the eight main frontline, all wiped out."

"The battle lasted no more than three minutes."

She calmly said: "Please tell me, why do I have any reason to run away?"

On the phone, Jiang Mingyan fell silent.

"All my life you've given me only choices to compromise and yield, either not let me become an Ascender, or let me return to the Jiang Family as an illegitimate family member, or just tell me to run away."

The Moon Princess proudly lifted her chin, snorting coldly: "But by his side, I don't need to bow my head to anyone, nor do I need to destroy a clone like a stray dog, hiding in Peak City, not daring to come out. The fact proves, your judgment is indeed lacking, the person you don't like is much stronger than you."

Jiang Mingyan was silent for a long time, coldly said: "Those twelve Jiang Family members are a minor issue, but Judge Black and Judge Bai are two Holy Land levels; do you really think he's invincible?"

The Moon Princess seemed to seriously consider this question for a moment.

"He did promise me he would consider our relationship issues."

She silently laughed: "So he won't die."

Chapter 744: Support from the Ether Association

Air raid sirens echoed over the skies of Tokyo, and all the citizens of the city were desperately trying to reach subway stations and air raid shelters. The traffic on the streets was jammed together, and drivers were frantically honking their horns, cursing angrily.

The so-called high-quality citizens did not seem much different from those of other countries when disaster struck.

Very few people could see the majestic giant dragons ascending into the night sky, only to be torn apart by billions of blazing blue lightning. The massive dragon corpses fell like meteors, and the blood they splattered was like scorching molten lava, igniting into flames when it splashed onto the houses, illuminating half the sky.

"Oh wow, how terrifying."

The Think Tank was walking down the empty long street, holding an umbrella, looking up at the sky.

The scorching dragon blood was like a torrential downpour that instantly set the long street ablaze. It was unclear what material his umbrella was made of, but it managed to withstand the intense heat of the blood, saving him from being burned to ashes.

"I've never seen him so violent."

The Netherworld, in a state of virtualization, remarked, "I've known him for so long, and he's always been gentle. No matter how people schemed against him, he never got angry, and he always adhered to his promises. Sometimes I think he is genuinely cultured and refined, a rarity in today's world."

The Think Tank laughed, "That's because you don't know his past at all."

The Netherworld raised an eyebrow in surprise, "What do you mean?"

The Think Tank glanced at the blood rain in the night sky, smiling, "Because his home is Buzhou Mountain."

The Netherworld was taken aback, "What did you say?"

The Think Tank spoke softly, "You know, the Ancient God Clan of Buzhou Mountain has long been searching for effective methods to invade the Human World. Since the Five Ancient Divine Clans keep each other in check, none of them are willing to conquer the Human World at all costs, lest they inadvertently hand over benefits to the other clans and work in vain."

"Thousands of years ago, Candle Dragon Venerable mysteriously disappeared, searching for something in the Human World. Meanwhile, his clan came up with a method—creating mixed ancestry."

He explained, "They discovered that there are extremely powerful individuals in the Human World, like Emperor Zheng over two thousand years ago, and Prince Fusu at that time, as well as the Great Sages of the Hundred Schools of Thought. Or even in the early days, those like Taiqing and Taihua, Qing and Chi, who were the extremes of extremes."

"What are the characteristics of mixed ancestry?"

The Netherworld had never heard of such a bizarre method before.

How could Ancient God Clan and humans mate? It was too strange.

"In simple terms, the Ancient Ancestors, or the old Divine Servants, would combine with humans. Their offspring would still be human, without any traits of the Ancient God Clan. However, due to one parent's absolute loyalty to the Ancient God Clan, their offspring would likely have an innate affinity towards the Ancient God Clan, maybe even acknowledging their ancestors."

The Think Tank squatted down, gazing at the lava-like dragon blood flowing on the zebra crossing, and said, "In theory, this is indeed possible. Thus, the Ancient God Clan of Buzhou Mountain captured various Adapted Bodies from around the world, such as the Mayans, the Anglo-Saxons, and some Vikings."

The Netherworld suddenly understood.

Jing Ci was such a mix and a dual-meaning one at that.

Because he exhibited many Viking traits—a tall, almost perfect physique, with a hint of blue in his black pupils, his deep eye sockets making his gaze ever more profound, and his features more pronounced.

"Yes, Jing Ci's mother was a descendant of Viking pirates, and she bore this child as a sacrifice. His birth was both blessed and cursed. The prophecy foretold he would possess immense power and become the strongest warrior protecting the Candle Dragon Clan. His mother, in a religious context, was referred to as the Blood Holy Grail."

The Think Tank shook his head and said, "Of course, that's the modern term. Basically, you could understand that an originally lowly human woman, after giving birth to such a powerful descendant, had her body and soul sublimated. The Ancient God Clan would personally kill her, using her blood to anoint the altar, granting her supreme honor."

"To humans, that seems a bit too cruel."

The Netherworld commented, "Pathetic."

"The most pathetic part is yet to come."

The Think Tank shrugged, "They killed Jing Ci's mother right in front of him. At that time, he was just a newborn baby and understood nothing. But seven years later, he awakened and developed a spiritual vision. He recalled the scene of his mother being killed because that woman kept looking at him with longing before she died."

"Jing Ci knew that woman was his mother, and hence he went berserk."

He gloated, "Originally, Jing Ci was a warrior cultivated by Buzhou Mountain, in other words, their servant. Unfortunately, Buzhou Mountain never expected that once this servant went berserk, he would display astounding power, killing one hundred and twenty-seven newborn ancestors of the same rank. To this day, that record remains absolutely forbidden."

The Netherworld's expression subtly changed, aware of the considerable power disparity between humans and the Ancient God Clan.

Especially in the Ancient God Realm, this disparity was particularly evident.

Even the newborn ancestors were undoubtedly more powerful than human newborns; that was an undisputed fact.

Chapter 745: Ether Association Support_2

Generally speaking, as a human, if you can single-handedly defeat a Newborn Ancestor, you can call yourself a prodigy.

Yet Jing Ci was able to kill one hundred and twenty-seven Newborn Ancestors by himself.

No one knows what this means.

"You know, the Ghost Slayer Path is also a path for the strong to dominate. As long as you're stronger than your opponent, you can kill them in the blink of an eye, a moment filled with countless calculations and changes, with one slash determining ultimate victory or defeat."

The Think Tank shrugged: "The deaths of one hundred and twenty-seven Newborn Ancestors even instilled fear in the Ancient God Clan, and the anticipated recognition of ancestry did not exist. The Ancient God Clan thought they had fostered a monster but wanted to know why he was so strong, so they sealed him away."

Netherworld suddenly understood: "Until many years later, when the King of Qing came to Buzhou Mountain and released him."

The Azure Dragon roared above the heavens, the Dragon Roar resounding like thunder, shaking the world.

The Think Tank shivered, denying: "No, he wasn't released."

Netherworld was taken aback.

"Jing Ci was sealed in an underground cave, a hellish place used to imprison the sinners of the Ancient God Clan. The problem is, the Ancient God Realm is rich in spirituality, and the underground cave is abundant with resources."

The Think Tank smiled bitterly: "By the time the King of Qing fought to Buzhou Mountain, Jing Ci had already fought his way out; he had endured a thousand years of sealed slumber and within less than a year after awakening, he ascended to the Holy Land. As I said, he's a born king, yet he's controlled by the will to slaughter, leaving rivers of blood wherever he goes."

"Jing Ci's wrath is as terrifying as heavenly punishment; from the moment he broke the seal, it was destined to burn the world to ashes until he met the King of Qing, the most powerful human in the world. Only the King of Qing could suppress his murderous intent and malice, which is why they became mentor and disciple."

He scratched his head, half-laughing and half-crying: "You think he's gentle and mild-mannered, that's because he's genuinely working hard on his cultivation, and he should have let go of his hatred. Unfortunately, Buzhou Mountain hasn't completely given up on invading the Human World; they've turned their attention to the Spirit Coffin plan."

Netherworld squinted his eyes: "The Spirit Coffin plan of the Bai Ze Clan?"

"The Candle Dragon Clan should regret creating such a monster, and they provoked him time and again. The Bai Ze Clan's earliest Spirit Coffin experimental subject had strategic significance no less than today's Thunder."

The Think Tank, like a storyteller getting into the plot, sighed with lament: "Originally, even if the experiment failed, the subject wouldn't have come to harm, but the Candle Dragon Clan members came to meddle. They aimed to seize the Coffin Secret Skill and forcibly interrupted the experiment. Jiang Chunyang, that old guy, was also involved, or how do you think they ended up cooperating?"

Netherworld pondered: "That experimental subject is..."

"Yes, Jing Ci's lover."

The Think Tank retorted: "I remember someone once said, a man has two most important women in his life: one is his mother, the other is his lover. Well, the Ancient Gods of Buzhou Mountain took away the most important women in his life. Why do you think he idly goes to Buzhou Mountain to engage in a massacre?"

Netherworld nodded slightly: "No wonder the Ancestors of Buzhou Mountain have been dwindling over the years."

"Exactly, although that woman didn't truly die, it's as if she did."

The Think Tank lifted his head to the sky, sighing: "Five thousand years of slumber, too long indeed."

Netherworld was shocked, how could a human slumber for five thousand years.

The Think Tank seemed to notice his thoughts, a deep meaning in his gaze.

"What makes you think his lover is human?"

He laughed: "You're still too young."

A thunderous sound seemed to erupt beside Netherworld's ears, such a level of gossip was enough to shatter his worldview.

"Yes, just as you're thinking. The one now in slumber in the Heavenly Destiny Pavilion is an Ancient God, and a renowned Primordial, anciently named Lushu."

The Think Tank enjoyed sharing this gossip, because what he loved most was seeing people's dumbfounded expressions: "Surprising, huh? Humans and the Ancient God Clan really do have relationships. Though these are rare examples, since the Bai Ze Clan is also trying to adapt to the environment of the Human World."

"That great Primordial made a mess of themselves long ago, even forgetting who they are. But no matter what, they still are a Primordial, and whoever is chosen by them must be a born king."

He said pensively: "It was an autumn of 2001, Jing Ci lost control and rampaged in North America, and the whole of Washington was almost destroyed by him, the King of Qing always had no affection for that country, so he was too lazy to interfere."

Netherworld mused for a moment: "As far as I know, Washington wasn't destroyed."

"Of course not, because someone stopped him. At that time, the whole city echoed with the clashing of swords; some said it was Superman versus Darkside. In fact, Jing Ci encountered that Primordial, a truly spine-chilling romantic tale." The Think Tank narrated the story vividly and with feeling.

Netherworld was a competent listener, and after hearing the entire story, he again looked at the enormous dragon corpse descending from the sky and earnestly remarked: "This really is deserved."

Chapter 746: Support from the Ether Association

"Jing Ci might be lenient with others, but he shows no mercy to the Ancient God Clan of Buzhou Mountain. Apart from the blood-red Supreme, no one can withstand his heaven-sent wrath."

The Think Tank smiled and said, "I even suspect that when the King of Qing meets his end, Jing Ci will charge into Buzhou Mountain again. Can that mighty Canglong Ancestor really withstand this new king's reign?"

"In any case, the two disciples of the King of Qing are truly enviable."

He turned around, shrugged, and said, "And that master over there, I'm really impressed."

The Netherworld gazed into the distance, shocked.

He felt he must be mistaken, otherwise, it shouldn't be such a scenario.

He paused in silence, then looked intently again.

Alright, this time they were beaten even more miserably.

No way.

Could someone of Seventh Rank really be unable to beat someone of Fifth Rank?

"It's quite normal. When this master first emerged, he sacrificed two unfortunate magicians. Which Ancient God this path spread from is still unknown. Even when Qing and Chi returned from the depths of the universe, they couldn't find an answer. This battle is likely to go down in history, and the Magician's path is destined for disgrace."

The Think Tank trembled slightly and said, "I can't watch any longer. This master is simply too ruthless. Luckily, I'm not on the Magician's path."

The Netherworld had to admit that he had come to the same thought.

"Are illusions ineffective against him?"

He suddenly asked.

The Think Tank nodded slightly: "Yes, the Magician's path, from Fourth Rank to Sixth Rank, is all about illusions."

The Netherworld paused silently, his gaze turning sympathetic: "At the Holy Land Level..."

"Yes."

The Think Tank's eyes were full of compassion: "The new capability at the Holy Land Level is domain-type illusions."

"I recall that Judge Bai's Mythical Weapons are all specialized in illusions. She is neither a Heavenly Person nor an Evolver."

The Netherworld murmured, "How much longer can he live?"

"There's no hope, just waiting for death."

The Think Tank rolled his eyes: "I think we should be worried about another problem right now."

The Netherworld turned to look at him.

"Originally, with the Order World's people coming to find fault after Tokyo's experimental subjects broke out."

The Think Tank raised his hand, pointing to that rampant demon in the distance, stating expressionlessly: "Now, this master makes a high-profile appearance in Tokyo and launches a massacre on our people. Do you think the Ether Association will suspect that their Crown Prince fell to Tokyo, only to be hunted extensively by the You Ying Group, and even with Holy Land Level intervention?"

"Plus, I personally decided to marry off his little girlfriend to the Si Family."

He seriously asked, "Considering Yitaihua's affection for this master, who do you think they've sent this time?"

The Netherworld was silent for a long time before gravely responding, "Before dawn, you still have time to order a grave for yourself."

The Think Tank struggled for a while.

"Remember to place more flowers on my grave."

Tokyo Narita International Airport, arrival hall.

Lin Dong strode out of the exclusive passage. The moment he appeared, the entire hall's temperature plummeted. Whether airport staff or late-night passengers, all were turned into ice sculptures.

"Taixu."

His presence commanded awe without wrath, like a wrathful Esoteric Sect deity: "Are you sure there is no mistake?"

A gentle female voice came through the earpiece: "The probability of misjudgment is less than one-thousandth."

Less than one-thousandth.

This vice-chair of the Ether Association adjusted his suit, speaking indifferently: "Then prepare for action. Group A will follow me directly to the You Ying Group headquarters. Group B will parachute into the Orochi Society's base. I want to control the Yingzhou Government in the shortest time possible; anyone who resists will be killed without mercy."

"Understood."

Han Jing coldly responded.

Tonight, she was in a long trench coat, striding out of the frozen hall in high boots.

Behind her was half of the Night Watcher's secret force, all nearing Holy Land Level.

Providing combat assurance was the Ye Dao Saint of the Judgement Court. This old man, having returned from the Sea of Eternal Life, seemed to have improved again, exuding a severe killing intent unintentionally.

Lin Dong turned around, looking at the old man beside him: "So many years off the battlefield, are you up to it?"

Tonight, Mu Feng wore a sharp suit, holding a sword bag in his hand.

His gaze was intense and intimidating, like a sword about to unsheathe, hiding its edge.

He didn't speak, only his hand clutching the sword bag tensed, veins throbbing.

"Our combat power is absolutely sufficient, but your rank has just been restored, and the aftereffects haven't cleared, so be cautious."

He hesitated a bit: "Take care of Thunder; her situation is more complicated than yours."

Mu Feng grunted in response, following him out of the hall.

The private plane sat in the storm, like a giant eagle, staring into the deep night.

"Ready?"

Someone whispered.

The light illuminated her face.

Ji Zhou.

Chapter 747: Just How Strong Is He

Outside the porthole of the private jet was a raging storm, faintly visible was an imposing and furious Azure Dragon coiling within the clouds, accompanied by terrifying lightning and thunder, as if it wanted to ignite the darkness.

"Mr. Jing, do you really not need any help?"

Tang Ling lifted her cool and beautiful eyes, which held a frozen chill. Her slender, pale hand rested on the guitar case beside her, fingers tapping a rhythmic beat in time with her breathing.

Her pupils occasionally glimmered with intense gold, sometimes flashing a seductive vermilion.

Since returning from the Sea of Eternal Life, she could no longer find an opponent of the same rank, not even the veteran Sixth Ranks from the Night Watcher and Judgement Court departments could match her, often left with no chance to retaliate. She was preparing to advance to the next rank in the Sword Sect Path, named Sword Ghost.

The nomenclature of the Sword Sect Path is straightforward and unrefined, Sword Cultivator, Sword Madman, Sword Obsession, Sword Spirit, Sword Soul.

The last threshold before the Holy Land Level is Sword Ghost.

At this rank, the killing intent of the Sword Sect Path becomes unprecedently intense.

"Do you want to help Jing Ci, or are you looking for him?"

Ji Zhou scornfully said: "If it's the former, you don't need to worry, there aren't many in this world who can trouble him. Neither Rhein nor Lin Dong could be his match. To make him get serious, it would require an Ancestor, and it couldn't be a weaker one like a Kui Bird, it would have to be the Canglong from Buzhou Mountain."

She held a yellowing, tattered ancient book in her hands.

A page in the ancient book depicted a majestic Ancient Dragon summoning wind and rain, navigating the vast sea.

On another page was a king holding a scepter, with countless subjects kneeling on the throne. They surrounded the altar with ninety-nine giant bronze pillars, each entwined with dragon totems, soaring through clouds and mist.

"I heard that when Candle Dragon Venerable is not around, Buzhou Mountain is ruled by the Canglong Ancestor."

Tang Ling said absentmindedly.

The Ether Association has a specialized training base called the Central Spirit Core Institute, where nearly all in the Omega Sequence have undergone rigorous training, and Hidden History is a compulsory course for them.

Of course, Gu Jianlin, an unconventional type, was an exception.

As a student of the King of Qing, everyone thought he knew everything.

But the King of Qing believed that if his student went to the Ether Association, there was no need for him to teach.

As for Taihua, he believed that his grand-disciple's connections were so broad, someone would teach him eventually.

For an Ascender to not study Hidden History is like going out without your brain.

The so-called Hidden History, is a secret yet real history.

For example, this ancient book records that between approximately 334 BC and 110 BC, the ancient Baiyue tribe once established a kingdom called Min Yue, which for a time suddenly rose to prominence and worshipped a god who could traverse the Azure Sea. They offered sacrifices to the sea, praying for the god's blessing.

At that time, the Min Yue Kingdom was so powerful it could threaten the rule of the Western Han.

They even openly challenged the Human Clan's ruler of that time, the famous Emperor Han Wu.

Ultimately, the empire was destroyed by Emperor Wu who personally descended the Heavenly Person Realm.

Later, archaeologists proved that in the hidden history, the Min Yue Kingdom was actually a theocracy, and the god they worshipped was indeed the Canglong Ancestor from Buzhou Mountain.

An ancient and tyrannical Ancient God.

"This is Jing Ci's personal vendetta, you don't need to intervene, nor can anyone."

Ji Zhou mocked, "Are you afraid something will happen to him?"

Tang Ling remained silent, she didn't even know her feelings at the moment, wanting to rush to his side instantly, yet turning apprehensive, fearing the news was false, her trip in vain.

If that were the case, she didn't know how devastated she would be, probably collapsing on the spot.

Ji Zhou snorted coldly with annoyance.

Initially, she didn't plan on telling her too early that the little guy was still alive.

Fearful of her recklessness.

Unexpectedly, that guy directly staged a Black Qilin incident in Tokyo.

Now, it's impossible to keep it hidden.

If it weren't for her holding the line here, a major incident might truly have occurred.

"Do you like him?"

Ji Zhou suddenly asked.

Tang Ling was slightly stunned, never expecting the woman opposite to say such a thing.

After all, someone of Ji Zhou's stature would never discuss feelings.

"I am also human, and I've been where you are, what's so strange about it?"

Ji Zhou said blandly, "You are not a traditional person, you won't feel that you belong to him just because of a spiritual connection. That incident was merely fuel to the fire, moreover, the fact that you lost yourself to him without feeling anger is already enough to explain the issue, isn't it?"

Tang Ling, rarely embarrassed, turned her head silently, her cheeks flushing with a tinge of red.

"I've watched you grow up, naturally, I understand you."

Ji Zhou glanced at her, "You would like someone who is focused and steadfast, only someone with little desire would not make you feel disgusted. Besides, in a way, you are the same kind, both trapped in the past, owed too much by this world during childhood, naturally warming each other."

"Moreover, in terms of external conditions, he is the only one in this world who matches you."

She thought for a moment, "And he's quite good-looking."

Tang Ling silently clenched her clothes, murmuring, "Please, enough."

Chapter 748: Just How Strong Is He? (2)

"Hmph."

Ji Zhou sneered, "If you like him, just say so openly. Why were you so bold when you were at his house, and now you're timid? What are you afraid of?"

This truly hit Tang Ling at her sore spot.

Back then, she thought he was dead, so she decided to be his lover and fulfill her filial duties to his family.

Even if she remained single all her life, it didn't matter; she belonged to him.

Whether it was body, soul, or heart.

But suddenly learning he might still be alive unsettled her heart.

She hoped he was alive.

But didn't know how to face him in the future.

Nor how to express her feelings.

"You are my successor, if you like something, go fight for it."

Ji Zhou glanced at him coldly, saying impatiently, "Unfortunately, that place is too dangerous for you at present, and even rushing there directly won't be in time. You're his person, you want to save him, I can't stop you. But I won't watch you get yourself killed for nothing. Follow the plan, don't act recklessly."

Tang Ling visibly grew tense, frowning as she asked, "Then what about him?"

Ji Zhou chuckled, "How strong is he really, don't you know?"

Tang Ling thought of that warm back on the Stairway to Immortality, and a spark of warmth appeared in her cold-clear eyes.

Ji Zhou crossed her arms, speaking disdainfully, "Someone who can take you through the Ascend is inherently not weak. At his age, even two of me wouldn't be enough to fight him alone."

Tang Ling gazed at her dignified, solemn eyes and softly asked, "Then why did you come?"

She knew the elderly woman before her was very ill.

Very ill.

Ji Zhou didn't answer this question, but simply gazed at the storm outside the porthole, her eyes exceedingly indifferent.

She was indeed ill, but even sick, she's not something mere cats or dogs can affront.

Moreover, this city Tokyo always gave her a sense of familiarity.

Seemingly connected to some old acquaintance.

Plus, with that old ghost Jiang Chunyang here, she still had to hold the fort.

Otherwise, who would have these young people's backs?

Crack!

Gu Jianlin looked down, seeing a sharp paper card deeply embedded in the golden skeleton enveloping his chest, fine cracks spreading, even crystalline bone fragments falling, blown away by the wind.

"Is this all you've got?"

He coldly lifted his head, the noble Qilin Horns atop it scorched gold by the firelight.

The lip line under the Ink Jade Mask was so rigid and icy, expressionless yet grotesquely fearsome.

The fierce golden eyes flowed with scarlet molten lava, reflecting the retreating woman in the storm and her inexplicable look of horror, like an Evil Spirit about to fall into the abyss, so desperate and humble.

After nearly three months, he truly felt his growth. The Paper Card Knife that had stifled him initially now felt like mere scratching when striking his Spiritual Body; it didn't even break his defense.

Of course, that was due to the Golden Crow Sword Scabbard considerably enhancing his defense.

Otherwise, a Holy Land Level Paper Card Knife should've left a blood mark on him.

Judge Bai suddenly exploded into a cloud of smoke, dodging to a safe distance, half-kneeling in the rain, gasping.

Her face was soaked with sweat and rain, makeup ruined, resembling a green-faced fanged ghost.

Yet her gaze was filled with fear and hatred.

"I don't know what you're terrified and desperate about; you've not utilized many of your Extraordinary Abilities. The way you're acting now is like a First Order Magician, not at all like Holy Land Level. If you're playing the hunter-prey game, then you are really naive. Or is it that you're stalling?" Gu Jianlin walked indifferently on the deserted overpass, the storm pouring down, evaporating into mist on him.

His upper body was bare, iron-cast scales scorching hot as body temperature rose sharply.

Every step seemed like a Demon from Hell leaving a searing footprint.

The ghostly giant spirit skeleton roared skyward, its ghost hands gripping jet-black Thunderbolt Spears, like gods casting terrifying thunder punishments, hurling them furiously, electric arcs bursting and booming without end.

Judge Bai could only rely on speed to dodge amidst the explosive arcs, yet still found herself violently struck by Thunder, her body battered and half-charred, exuding a roasted meat scent.

"Are you mocking me?"

She shrieked furiously, "You dare mock me!"

In rage, she pulled out a stack of cards from her pocket, spinning them forth.

The shower of cards sliced through the storm like blades, slashing at the approaching demon-like young man.

The spinning Paper Card Knives cut through his golden skeleton, sparks dense as woven!

Seeing this scene made Judge Bai's scalp tingle!

Magicians are inherently not the path of strength; they rely most on Illusion Techniques.

The Holy Land Level Nightmare Rotation Extreme Formation had been deployed from the start; her eyes had long constructed a sinister and dreadful illusion of hell. Those trapped would be unconsciously influenced, as though plunged into endless Reincarnation, their powers weakening with life essence fading away.

And the stronger you are, the deeper you fall.

The cost of this ability was that her own mind would face certain effects too.

Chapter 749: Just How Strong Is He? (3)

This led to hysteria and loss of composure.

The problem was that the young man in front of her was not affected at all.

It was as if the Nightmare Rotation Extreme Formation she had cast simply didn't exist!

This ability is a large-scale skill, capable of covering the entire block.

No one can escape, including herself.

Thus, it required her to expend half of her spirituality.

Ironically, such a massive expenditure brought her no advantage whatsoever!

As for the three Superdimensional Level abilities, she had already used them all, which were all illusions targeting personal spirits.

Manipulation of perceived time, complete hypnosis of the five senses, shadow clone.

Useless.

All useless!

The first two abilities had no effect on him whatsoever.

Finally, when she used clones to confuse her enemy, they were easily seen through.

The Extraordinary Level abilities, hypnotism, and Death Illusion, were completely ineffective.

She felt as if she were not a Seventh Rank Holy Land Level.

But a First Order Magician!

Only the Zero-tier Passive Danger Prediction madly warning her and the paper card knife as useless as a scraping board.

In the end, she could only rely on Instant Teleportation Technique to escape for her life!

What a humiliation!

First Order!

The magician path was supposed to be a potent profession; they walked the cities like natural predators, easily hypnotizing others and doing whatever they wanted. In the Extraordinary World, they could also

infiltrate and assassinate at will, often vanquishing targets without anyone noticing and retreating unscathed.

She was quite an excellent magician, infamous in the Dark World.

But only when facing one person did her illusions fail.

That person was Jing Ci.

Who today crushed her with an overwhelming aura, disabling her life-saving Mythical Weapon.

Paper Substitute.

The defeat in that battle wasn't far off.

Judge Bai, as a magician, sensed part of the enemy's spiritual will using her abilities.

That will was tempered only through countless trials, blood, and fire.

Absolutely not something an ordinary person could possess.

Thus, when facing this young man, she was very confident.

A seventeen-year-old youth, how firm could his will be?

Reality gave her a harsh slap.

Boom!

Gu Jianlin suddenly accelerated, forcibly breaking through the rain curtain, splashing broken water droplets.

The four ghost hands of the giant spirit skeleton clasped together, the All Heavens Divine Thunder erupted with a sharp screech like a thousand birds, and countless violent electric arcs interwoven with dark energy gathered into a grotesque and sinister giant axe.

With a thunderous crash, the overpass was brutally severed, countless terrifying cracks stretched hundreds of meters, and even the supporting columns trembled, revealing web-like fissures.

Judge Bai flew out from a cloud of smoke, rolled in the muddy pool, her left shoulder had been torn apart, and her arm, charred black, lay next to her, with the wound also a scorched black.

Rumble.

A terrifying star cluster gathered in the darkness.

"You remind me of an old acquaintance of mine, his name was Joker."

Gu Jianlin said seriously, "A Second Rank Hypnotist."

With a bang, Judge Bai once again used the Instant Teleportation Technique to distance herself, screaming, "What did you say? You're actually comparing me to a Second Rank trash to humiliate me? What is that? He deserves it?"

Gu Jianlin raised his hand to disperse the thunder in his palm and leaped to the other side of the severed overpass.

He walked through the rain water, saying lightly, "Your performance is not as good as his."

Judge Bai's eyes abruptly widened.

"At the time, he was two levels higher than me, even using deformation to drive me into a dead end."

Gu Jianlin's eyes were flickering with golden flames, he said indifferently, "You're also two ranks higher than me, yet you can't even make me shed a single drop of blood. You are a Holy Land Level, your rank is much stronger than his."

Judge Bai raged powerlessly, why don't you say what kind of monster you are!

She clutched her broken left arm in agony, her face contorted like an evil spirit.

Yet at this moment, her expression suddenly calmed down, she whispered, "I don't know why my illusions are ineffective against you all, but I suppose you've also paid a great price to hone your willpower, right? My brother and I are the same, we grew up in an assassin camp in the eastern Mediterranean. Of the 1,346 people in our batch, only my brother and I survived. That place was like hell on earth, I still dare not recall it."

"My brother is stronger than me; he can face his past and turn pain into strength. But I can't, I'm too cowardly, so I could only follow him. As a magician, I fear internal battles the most; besides that, I fear nothing. Yet of all people, I encountered your senior brother and someone like you, such a monster."

She whispered, "What exactly have you gone through?"

Gu Jianlin silently raised his right hand, the blood-red ghost knife summoned into his hand.

He didn't want to say any more pointless words.

Because, in reality, he hadn't put in any effort; this was a gift from the supreme position.

"My brother said that a true strong person can hold fate in their own hands, it seems he was talking about people like you? Fifth Rank against Seventh Rank, yet the despairing person is me, the one in a high position. This world is always so unfair; where there are geniuses, there will be idiots. Where there are strong people, there will be weak people."

Judge Bai knelt in the rain curtain, her face serene as she looked up, "I am parasitic on my brother, but is he possibly dead now? Without him, what can I do?"

"Sorry, tonight I'm here to kill members of The Order of the Hidden."

Gu Jianlin raised the blood-red ghost knife, the distant time and space shifted, and faintly the aura of a god descended.

"I would rather kill you all than let anyone go."

He knew that The Order of the Hidden's dark agents were among this group.

"You don't need to apologize."

Judge Bai had a strange smile on her lips, blood staining her teeth, "Because you're doing the right thing, but I never thought you'd be strong enough to force me to do this."

At this moment, the wind blew her long hair, revealing tiny scars on her forehead.

With a soft sound.

This woman's chest was completely torn apart, a waterfall of blood gushing out.

Ethereal enchanting singing echoed in the storm, like a dragon roar piercing through heaven and earth.

Within the thick blood plasma, a hideous Ancient Dragon roared as it tore through flesh, emerging into the sky!

Boom!

A nauseating wind, surging airwaves, terrifying sonic boom.

It uttered a syllable!

— Ancient Divine Language!

The world suddenly darkened, only the ancient dragon roar echoed, like wind and thunder!

Gu Jianlin indifferently held his knife, watching the approaching Ancient Dragon, the lines at the corners of his mouth hard and resolute.

Chapter 750: Ancient Divine Language, Fusion!

Ge Wuji Town First Street, the largest red-light district in all of Asia, was ablaze with fire. The asphalt roads were scorched into riddled holes by blood like molten lava, and thick smoke rose from the craters, enveloping the darkness.

The torrential rain hung silently in the quiet world, each drop of rain crystal clear, reflecting the man walking in the flames, his blood-stained white shirt, pristine in its whiteness, shocking in its red.

The combination was strikingly impactful.

With Jing Ci's level on the Ghost Slayer Path, his mastery of the Space Freeze Domain was already consummate. Everywhere he passed, even the world itself fell silent, as if afraid to disturb his memories.

"It's been a long time. How many years has it been since I last saw you, ten or fifteen years?"

He surveyed the shattered long street, littered with massive dragon corpses, like giant carcasses neatly dissected by machinery, the planes of the wounds smooth, with blood gushing out, flowing into a river.

The last Pseudo Ancestor was nailed to the wall by a black tachi, its hood fallen, revealing a face of inhuman beauty, skin as translucent as white jade, yet eerily pale.

The black tachi seemed alive, drinking deeply of its blood, the blade emanating anger with crimson patterns.

This Pseudo Ancestor displayed intense human emotions, like an ordinary human woman: "I thought you hadn't made any progress over the years, but it seems we were wrong. You're a creation of our race; how could you stagnate? When you truly break free of your shackles, you'll undoubtedly become a Catastrophe, won't you?"

The raindrops were shattered, the roaring wind forcibly torn apart.

Jing Ci approached swiftly, raising a hand to grasp its throat, saying indifferently, "A creation of your race?"

"I saw you when you were a child."

The Pseudo Ancestor smiled bizarrely, lifting its eyes to gaze at his face, even wanting to reach out to touch him.

The so-called Pseudo Ancestor is essentially a byproduct of the Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique, based on using a human shell as a vessel to carry the consciousness and power of the Ancient God Clan, equivalent to a disguised possession.

Some vessels contain a Newborn Ancestor.

And excellent vessels can accommodate an ancient Ancestor.

The experimental subjects appearing in Tokyo followed the same principle, just with more brutal methods, resulting in inferior creations.

That is, the difference between permanent and disposable.

As for the Ether Association's Spirit Coffin plan, it is a forbidden secret technique for creating a new species, allowing the human body to undergo a special personality split, simultaneously possessing the souls of humans and the Ancient God Clan, creating a new life.

Jing Ci did not know the name of the Pseudo Ancestor before him, only confirmed it had seen him a thousand years ago, then raised his blood-red vertical pupils, said indifferently: "You saw me and survived, so you must be strong. Your strength according to human Rank, it should be around the Eighth Rank. You were a Dragon Servant under the Canglong Ancestor; what was your rank?"

"Sixth."

The Pseudo Ancestor's crimson lips parted, softly saying, "I am called..."

Jing Ci's right hand suddenly tightened, choking off its unfinished words.

"I won't concern myself with the name of a corpse, nor will I ever see you again."

He looked down from above, saying indifferently: "I know after you're killed, your soul will return to Buzhou Mountain, to be reborn over eight thousand years. Perhaps you might inform your Master that if he meddles in my junior brother's affairs again... even just once, I will personally break down the gates of Buzhou Mountain."

At this moment, the Pseudo Ancestor's eyes brimmed with a furious scarlet.

"You know, I have endured too long."

Jing Ci said softly.

The Pseudo Ancestor struggled, its voice hoarse and hideous: "That's because your junior brother took someone he shouldn't have! You simply do not realize the magnitude of her existence. Her presence will only lead to the destruction of two worlds!"

A life so feared that even Buzhou Mountain trembled, and the Canglong Ancestor, closest to Supreme Level strength, dreaded, even making an ancient Pseudo Ancestor lose its composure, is an extremely dangerous thing, however you look at it.

Jing Ci said coldly, "I don't care, next time you reincarnate, remember to find a stronger host."

With a crack, Jing Ci tore off the Pseudo Ancestor's head, spraying blood into the sky.

Jing Ci retracted his hand indifferently, letting the headless body fall into the pool of blood.

The song hadn't ceased; he still needed to use the Dragon Roar to suppress it constantly.

That means none of the twelve Pseudo Ancestors from Buzhou Mountain was the bearer of the song.

Including this Dragon Servant of the Canglong Ancestor.

Yet in that blink, a fleeting ghost shadow appeared behind him, a cold blade drawing an eerie dangerous arc, piercing through his chest like lightning, splattering a spray of blood!

Boom!

The Azure Dragon coiled high in the sky trembled violently, the roar that traversed heaven and earth momentarily faltering.

Jing Ci grunted, breaking off the blade piercing his chest with a counterhand, turning to hurl the broken fragment away.

As the Eighth Rank Zhu Ming of the Ghost Slayer Path, the Divine Speed Domain allowed him almost to break free from the shackles of time, so his movements were fluid, even the afterimages left behind shattered to pieces.

Half of the broken blade streaked through the air, piercing the fleeting afterimage, nailing into the opposite street wall.

Unfortunately, it did not harm the opponent, leaving only a fragment of a garment's corner.