

Ancient 751

Chapter 751: Ancient Divine Language, Fusion!

The ghostly black shadow had already vanished without a trace, even leaving the broken blade in his body.

Jing Ci casually pulled out the broken blade from his chest, and the wound silently healed itself.

Such an injury was not fatal to him at all, but very few in this world could successfully launch a surprise attack on him—less than five of the known ones could. This mysterious man, following the Ghost Slayer Path, could approach him in the chaos of battle, successfully land a strike, and even manage to retreat unharmed.

Interesting.

Jing Ci turned to look in the direction of Shibuya. Without a doubt, this was a setup by The Order of the Hidden, with every step perfectly calculated, even someone specifically prepared to deal with him had appeared.

If only to create a single second's time.

One second was enough for the enemy to accomplish much.

For example, to make the song resound again.

His junior's battlefield was already decided; nothing could be done in time now.

Jing Ci silently rolled up his sleeves, looking at the white shirt stained red with blood.

In his heart, he wondered who else he could kill tonight.

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Skylark raised her delicate, fair right hand, gathering the countless threads of raging lightning arcs in her palm, vividly forming a fiercely burning Thunder Sword. The blade was so hot and sharp, it tore through the surging Elemental Turbulence.

With a single slash, the silent space-time was forcibly torn apart, and a ghastly, terrifying fissure traversed the darkness, accompanied by countless flashing Time-Space Gaps, swaying like fragments of a shattered mirror, breathtakingly beautiful.

With a thunderous crash, space-time shattered.

In the frozen space-time, the Black Judge could only watch helplessly as he was sliced apart in one strike, a fine line of blood splitting from his brow, extending over his entire body, until he was shattered like a dissected corpse.

A downpour of blood rained down, blooming into countless swaying Mandala Flowers upon hitting the ground.

"Miss..."

The whisper of the Black Judge's sigh echoed in the silence.

He couldn't understand, how exactly had he died?

Especially regarding this woman before him—although from her aura she was clearly only Fifth Rank, how could she unleash such immense power, capable of obliterating him in less than a single breath, leaving him unable to resist? The spiritual thought and Elemental Turbulence he once relied on proved so fragile under her strikes.

Completely ineffectual.

What the Black Judge couldn't comprehend was why the Miss appeared here.

And why she wanted to kill him.

All his life, he had been loyally devoted to the Dark World.

Not long ago, he was even striving to search for the Miss.

How did it end that he would be killed?

Unfortunately, he didn't have the chance to figure it out.

Skylark casually ran the Thunder Sword across the long street, the blazing thunder exploded, blowing his body to dust, not even a drop of blood escaped, truly turning flesh to ash.

"Not here?"

She murmured softly.

Obviously, the song was not managed by the Black Judge.

Even Skylark's Future Vision couldn't clarify; she saw numerous possibilities but none that provided her a definitive answer, since this event involved too high of a status, that of the blood-colored Supreme.

She felt that she was already a perfect being, yet had to admit her current shortcomings.

That was, she didn't understand herself enough, nor could she harness her true power.

Naturally, she was still not a match for that blood-colored Supreme.

"Trouble."

Skylark suddenly turned around, blazing through the long street like a blood-colored lightning bolt, crashed through an apartment building, forcibly overturned the serene and elegant backyard, disturbing the rampant stormy winds and rain.

Anyone could use the method of elimination.

This small team was already annihilated, the disgusting aura of the Pseudo Ancestors had also vanished.

Then, only the lone white Judge remained.

Gu Jianlin was left to deal with her for a reason, primarily because the status of the Ancient Supreme ensured his mind wouldn't be disturbed in any manner, not even by a Holy Land Level Magician, unless ascended to Demigod.

This was supposed to be the safest strategy, but now there was a problem.

Because what seemed the weakest, was in fact the strongest.

She easily broke free from the bonds of time and space, moving against the tide of time, in an instant following the trail of her kin to an overpass, where the vast Ancient God's Breath spread, and golden flames blazed.

A devil-like youth stood amidst the desolate land, brandishing a blood-colored ghost knife.

The white Judge had already been eviscerated, a blood-drenched flood dragon roaring as it burst out, the fierce dragon might surging like tidal waves, accompanied by ancient and obscure syllables, resonating like thunder across the heavens and earth.

It was clearly the might of a Holy Land Level!

Such fragile dragon might, if the Skylark were in peak condition, could be easily unraveled.

Including the syllable it emitted.

Of course, with her current strength, she could effortlessly annihilate this Holy Land Level.

However, at the instant the White Judge fell dead, she gently shook the bell in her hand, and the ethereal distant song once again echoed through the river of time, like a dragon's cry piercing through heaven and earth, resounding deep within the soul!

Dong dong!

The Skylark placed her hand on her forehead, suppressing the soul on the brink of a rampage.

At this moment, her world plunged into a dark abyss, with only the blood-red Ancient Dragon soaring skyward, its body so grand and massive, swaying amidst the blooming sea of Mandala Flowers, like performing an unparalleled dance.

Vaguely, the phantom of a girl in a red dress began to swirl within the sea of blood, her dance so exquisite and ancient.

Her skirt fluttered, petals fluttered, and the wind fluttered.

As if to merge into one with her!

Boom!

The Skylark suddenly raised her head to the sky, her voice no longer charming and ethereal, but terrifying like a dragon's roar!

The majestic and chilling blood-colored vertical pupils grew more intense, as if burning!

The shadow was abruptly shattered, and her true self was forced to appear, drenched by the torrential rain.

An eerie laughter echoed in the void.

It was Mr. Solomon's laughter!

Gu Jianlin watched the blood-stained flood dragon charging towards him, exclusive Ancient Divine Language already freed, an ancient domain engulfing all around, rapidly cooling his world.

This was a frozen world, extreme absolute zero, once completely liberated, no life existed within the domain.

This was The Order of the Hidden's final tactic, using the crushed Magician as bait.

The real killing move was hidden within the bait.

When Gu Jianlin thought he was about to win.

When he was sure he had broken out of this deadlock, completely safe.

When he believed he had utterly crushed his opponent, becoming careless in the face of his proud triumph.

Death suddenly descended from the sky.

The Order of the Hidden were not fools, they must have thoroughly researched each of his opponents, because anyone who discovered their existence and refused to join was the most dangerous person in the world.

Especially Gu Jianlin, whom they pay particular attention to.

Although the exact reason is unknown, The Order of the Hidden indeed knows he is basically immune to illusion techniques.

Gu Jianlin held his breath, for he knew this was the Ancient Divine Language from an Ancestor.

And it was Holy Land Level.

Indeed capable of causing him a threat of death.

The issue is, he never becomes complacent.

At the critical moment of life and death, he suddenly put away the blood-red ghost knife.

The shattered shadow reformed before him, amidst swirling black mist was an exquisitely cold face, atop the head emerged noble blood-red Dragon Horns, a pair of sinister blood-colored vertical pupils glowed with fury and savage blood threads, his cheeks sprouted scorching Dragon Scale, spreading out like armor, etched with mysterious deep patterns.

The Ancient God's Breath surged violently, the shadow astonishingly performed Ancient God Transformation!

Gu Jianlin was already in a state of Ancient God Transformation, at this moment, all he thought about was the man he met on Penglai Fairy Island, the reflection of his future destiny.

He would never forget.

That man possessed fierce golden eyes and bloody sinister vertical pupils.

Then moving forward.

The ancient syllables reverberated between heaven and earth.

Gu Jianlin closed his eyes, echoing in his mind were the roars of the Qilin, the dragon's cries of the Candle Dragon piercing heaven and earth.

When he opened his eyes again, his left eye was a fierce golden eye, his right eye was a sinister bloody vertical pupil!

The shadow also opened its eyes, the colors deep within its pupils mirroring his!

——Ancient Divine Language, released!

Boom!

The Ancient Divine Language of two Supreme beings was simultaneously unleashed, an unparalleled solemn domain suddenly devoured the world!

Yes, a domain.

Not two.

And the syllable he uttered, was not two types.

But... one!

Chapter 752: Accustomed to Pain, Enduring Pain

There is a torrential dark rainstorm on the fractured viaduct, and Gu Jianlin has finally liberated the ancient forbidden power, also unleashing the demon trapped within his heart. It was merely a bizarre syllable, yet it resembled the music of a stormy ocean's mass, as if the lamentation prayers of a million lost souls in Hell, solemn yet eerie.

In the endless darkness, towering Gods stand — the Qilin and Candle Dragon side by side, gazing down upon the earth like divine beings. Their shadows spread unendingly, like a tide set to swallow the world.

To devour this world comes a stern domain, accompanied by an ancient and forbidden language spreading forth. Along the way, one can hear the Qilin's furious roars or the earth-shattering dragon's song.

A boy resembling a demon, a shadow resembling a demon, overlapping together.

He walks indifferently through the sea of fire, Light is forcibly devoured, dark rain rolls back and rushes to the sky.

This time the opponent is a true Ancestor, residing within a Holy Land Level Ascender's body, drawing on the nutrients of the flesh and the sustenance of the soul, emerging at a critical moment to vent anger at the world.

Its Ancient Divine Language just released, the freezing domain already cloaks the world.

In terms of mastering the Ancient Divine Language, It naturally far surpasses the boy before him.

Yet, here lies the problem.

Why could this boy release the Ancient Divine Language?

If today everything is within The Order of the Hidden's control, then this is the only variable, this immense change could overturn all their previous deductions, overturning the battle at the critical moment.

Gu Jianlin's appearance was indeed unforeseen, but for The Order of the Hidden it wasn't a big deal.

The Order of the Hidden's members are widespread across two realms, whether within the Ancient God Clan or among humans, their members exist, arranging a lethal trap temporarily is the easiest task.

They merely made a fatal mistake.

They completely underestimated this boy.

The bloodstained flood dragon without hesitation pours out all the Ancient God's Breath within itself.

Practically squeezing out all internal power, concentrated on the Ancient Divine Language.

Because It senses an immense threat, as if returning to the era when Gods ruled millennia ago, Supremes crafted majestic halls on higher dimensions, covering stars and seas with supreme divine power.

Millions of living beings could only kneel and submit.

That terrifying pressure, only Supremes could provide It.

Thus, It feels extreme fear, after unleashing full power, It devolves into a handsome white-haired boy.

It raises a finger, the freezing domain rapidly contracts, no longer eroding this world but locking onto the boy before him, like it's about to completely devour him, the absolute zero freeze instantly obliterates the dark rain, the space-time along the path fracturing, silently disintegrating, returning to nothingness.

This is an absolute zero unattainable by modern science theoretically, now appeared within an Ancestor's forbidden domain, accompanied by the sound like Ancient Bell tolling, extreme cold permeates.

It doesn't know who the boy before it really is.

Undoubtedly, this is a great entity.

Must die here.

Must seize the moment he's still weak, kill him here.

Even if he couldn't be killed, just letting him sleep for a millennium would suffice, after all, such a life should not appear.

For he is a life akin to the Skylark!

Solely through adaptability to the real world, even surpassing one step!

Boom!

The left hand of the Ancestor condenses an icily cold Ice Sword, the purest force condensed, during its most glorious era just casually slicing, absolute domain could devour a tribe, extinguishing all.

Amid the sound of explosive fragmentation, Gu Jianlin lifts his eyes, the fierce golden eyes and the unnatural blood-red slit-pupils, respectively reflect the roaring Qilin and ascending Candle Dragon, he clearly stares ahead without any emotion.

The grand stern domain devours the world like Hell, upon the edge of the domain, the extreme cold freezes completely, yet cannot overstep even an inch. Because the syllables uttered by the God have released ultimate power, the ancient oppression sweeps over like a tsunami, like the roaring and howling of Qilin and Candle Dragon, it is a forbidden language.

Such formidable Ancient Divine Language is beyond external observation.

If someone were watching from afar, they would only witness the enigmatic disappearance of the people on the viaduct.

No, even the viaduct itself vanished without a trace.

What can be glimpsed, is nothing but void!

This is the characteristic of Ancient Divine Language created by Gu Jianlin.

Featuring an unobservable nature!

This is also his second time wielding Ancient Divine Language in the real world.

Different from the last time.

This time he attempts to unify two kinds of Supreme Power within himself.

Qilin Venerable is the end of the Divine Path, mastering the power of life.

The characteristic of Ancient Divine Language is life and death.

Candle Dragon Venerable is the end of the Ghost Slayer Path, mastering the power of space-time.

The characteristic of Ancient Divine Language is karma.

Within the grand domain structured by the laws of karma and life-death, the circulation of life and death seems to symbolize the emergence and extinction of cause and effect, like the polarities of the world, entirely opposite yet completely unified!

A weapon also appears in his hand.

It is a pitch-black broken sword, like a broken scepter yet regal and fierce, the blade shimmers with countless eerie patterns, the hilt resembling a dragon bone cross, ancient runes circulating, exuding astonishing divine aura!

Chapter 753: Accustomed to Pain, Enduring Pain (Part 2)

Approximately seven feet long, with a damaged blade.

Qilin Wedge!

When he released the Ancient Divine Language, the Qilin Wedge finally came to life, held tightly in his hand.

This was like a scepter when a god wielded authority.

At this moment, the white-haired youth burst through the air, raising his immensely cold Ice Sword, bringing it down in a single stroke.

Gu Jianlin, however, seemed to enter a state of meditation, his hands gripping the sword hilt, the blade quivering slightly, and the domain collapsing!

In that critical moment, he lifted his gaze and slashed forward with his sword!

The roars of the Qilin and Candle Dragon resounded, and a mighty silhouette, divine-like, flickered briefly!

Boom!

Though it was a clash of swords, a thunderous boom echoed out.

This was not a mere exchange of slashes, but a violent collision of domains.

In matters of domains, naturally the strong consume all while the weak are obliterated!

Crack, a crisp sound.

Gu Jianlin maintained his sword-swinging pose, standing like a statue in the storm, yet his iron-armored body leaked countless fine droplets of blood, a collapsing roar emanating from within, as if a giant was falling.

This was a self-inflicted wound, because unleashing the Ancient Divine Language in the real world demanded a price,

The Qilin Wedge quivered with a lament, its dark blade reflecting the scattering ice shards.

The white-haired youth brushed past him, his cold Ice Sword shattering immediately, along with the collapse of the icy domain he conjured, absolute zero forcibly stripped away, leaving nothing behind!

Their ranks had a massive disparity.

He was truly Holy Land Level, with an overwhelming power advantage.

It wasn't some unbreakable path.

He was from the Candle Dragon Clan!

A proud dragon!

Yet, facing an opponent of merely Fifth Rank, his Ancient Divine Language was defeated!

"What is that power?"

The white-haired youth said softly, "It seems you have taken that step, Lord."

The Lord he was referring to was not the Blood-colored Supreme of Buzhou Mountain.

But the Black Supreme of the Qilin Immortal Palace.

For him, the disputes of this world no longer held significance, driven solely by the primal curiosity of life, compelling him to ask this question, utterly baffled and confused.

The earlier exchange left him shocked, his Ice Sword inexplicably losing power, like the lines of karma being forcibly severed, as if he had never released the Ancient Divine Language, thus rendering the domain nonexistent. Moreover, in his world, all life had been plundered, replaced by a rigorous death.

Karma severed.

Life plundered, death proliferates.

The withering Ice Sword suddenly decayed, like a wilting ice flower.

The torrential rain poured down, yet the overpass seemed weathered for thousands of years, exposing hideous steel bars.

Like the tentacles of a devil, reaching towards the sky.

Blown by the wind, turning to dust.

In the domain, no breath of life existed, only the silence of death spread.

Even time and space were perishing, for causality had collapsed, with dimensional turbulence about to erupt.

Crack!

Gu Jianlin reversed his sword, piercing through the singing wind chime.

The ethereal, distant song abruptly ceased.

The white-haired youth suddenly turned, his right hand growing sharp, hook-like claws, trying to pierce his heart.

Crack!

His head soared high, a line of blood appearing on his neck, spilling copious blood.

Not only this, the rain-drenched Shibuya District trembled, a cold gleam nearly pierced the entire city, even the skyscrapers standing in the darkness were penetrated, revealing dense cracks.

"A little bug, dare to be so arrogant?"

Skylark had recovered from the distant, ethereal song, and as long as she wasn't suppressed by that Blood-colored Supreme, her Ninth Rank Candle Yin God rank could easily crush a Holy Land Level.

After all, she was the most perfect being in the world.

With a thud, the dragon from Buzhou Mountain fell into a pool of blood, its head rolling like a ball.

Scalding dragon blood spurted out, raining down like a torrential downpour.

Gu Jianlin, bathed in the scorching dragon blood, held himself up with his sword.

His pupils flashed with fierce gold at times, and at others, suffused with a demonic crimson.

Scales peeled away inch by inch, bones shattered with a breaking sound.

Even in pain, nearly torn apart, he did not fall.

Skylark gazed deeply at his back, suddenly realizing something.

For the past three months, Gu Jianlin had not shied away from challenging ranks, repeatedly ending up battered and bruised, often teetering at the brink of death, his survival only credited to his incredible toughness.

Especially when using the Ancient God Power as a trump card, the pain drove him into unconsciousness every time.

This time, though, he didn't fall.

Because he could not fall.

Gu Jianlin knew, members of The Order of the Hidden were watching him from the shadows.

The man lurking backstage, Mr. Solomon, must have once again turned his gaze on him, one could even imagine his vicious, angry eyes, his increasingly sinister expression, even the hand crushing a wineglass.

That person was likely in the shadows, savoring a glass of Bordeaux wine, watching the scene unfold like a popcorn movie, thinking he had the situation under control, humming a little tune.

When the domain on the overpass expanded, and he lost his surveillance target, his expression would change for the first time.

When the domain of the Ancestor shattered, he would likely spring to his feet.

Filled with disbelief in his eyes.

His expression now must be quite colorful, his inner emotions even more intriguing.

Yes, that's the feeling.

"I hated myself as a child because I wasn't tall enough, always having to look up at adults, feeling that they didn't take you seriously, didn't care about your feelings, couldn't hear your voice. You couldn't do anything, just listened to them." Gu Jianlin sheathed the Qilin Wedge, speaking softly.

Pain washed over him like a tide, every cell feeling like it was being torn apart.

His bones felt crushed to powder, his organs failing.

"You behind-the-scenes controllers of the world give me that same distasteful feeling."

He smiled silently, "And I'm not a child anymore."

I wonder if Mr. Solomon could hear that, probably so.

Because Judge Bai's phone was still vibrating.

"This is the first time, there will be a second, a third, a fourth."

Gu Jianlin gazed down at the phone, speaking softly, "A thousand-mile dyke crumbles from an ant hole, you make one mistake, you will make countless mistakes. This time you gave me so many clues, which line should I start investigating?"

The phone silently powered off.

Like that man in the dark, leaving in anger.

Skylark silently gazed at his back, a complex emotion flickered in her enchanting eyes.

Because unleashing the Ancient Divine Language in the real world was something even she had never attempted.

The penalty was almost unbearable.

In her sparse memories, she was born to stand above all, powerful and peerless.

No one had ever managed to hurt her.

How could anyone dare to make her suffer.

So she indeed feared pain, when hearing the Blood-colored Supreme's song, she felt pain to the point of suffocation.

And she knew well how terrifying the price of unleashing the Ancient Divine Language was.

A terrifying penalty a million times over.

Boom!

Blood gushed out like a waterfall.

The noble Qilin Horn above Gu Jianlin's head shattered, the iron-like scales fell away, his body torn as if by a thousand cuts, blood flowed freely from countless wounds.

The Ancient God's Breath dissipated without a trace.

He no longer resembled the dignified, wrathful Ancient Supreme.

Instead, like a somewhat fragile youth, with black hair and eyes, a calm gaze.

"I know what you're thinking, of course it hurts."

He spoke softly, "But I have grown accustomed to it."

Accustomed to pain.

Enduring pain.

Only pain could make him strong.

"You're truly mad."

Skylark sensed the approaching auras from all directions, suddenly moved to his side, vanishing with him.

"I have something to tell you."

Gu Jianlin whispered.

In an instant, the man and woman disappeared without a trace.

The night was deep, the rain poured down.

Chapter 754: The Role of the Male Sacrifice

At the break of dawn, the Think Tank stood on the fractured overpass, gazing at the scorch marks on the asphalt, and mused, "This Mr. San is indeed absurdly strong, how was this victory achieved?"

Netherworld lightly tapped the ground with his foot, and the road ahead seemed weathered for millennia, crumbling into dust.

They could not proceed, not due to any special reason, but because the road had completely decayed and weathered; it appeared intact, yet was exceedingly fragile.

A supreme law power had once manifested on the overpass, causing this phenomenon.

"Who would have thought Judge Bai betrayed us and was transformed into an experiment? The one residing in her body is a Holy Land Level Ancestor, a being capable of eliminating anything below Holy Land Level by releasing Ancient Divine Language. Yet, Mr. San survived."

He squatted down, pinched the weathered dust, and squinted his eyes: "There was a mighty force at the time that blocked our investigation, even now that the force has dissipated, we cannot trace it back, was this the handiwork of the young lady?"

Not just them, there were also two members of Dusk present.

The infamous duo, Xing Yun and Ghost Eye.

"Do we really want to continue staying here?"

Ghost Eye, cloaked entirely in a black robe, quivered: "This place is not suitable for a long stay!"

Xing Yun, in a pink dress billowing in the wind, tidied the loose strands on her forehead, and with her bright, curious eyes asked, "Senior, what are you afraid of?"

In the headphone communication, Jiang Mingyan sneered, speaking indifferently: "Are you two truly stupid or pretending? If not to deal with the Order World's people, why else would we come here early in the morning?"

As the strongest in Dusk Organization's Overlord Path, she lately has been acting solo, responsible for remote positioning.

Of course, that's not the sole reason.

Chiefly, she wanted to verify the battle specifics.

Last night's battle genuinely amazed her, as the seventeen-year-old boy from Peak City exhibited formidable combat will and overwhelming strength, completing the most incredible cross-tier challenge to date, successfully blocking an Ancestor's lethal strike and retreating unscathed.

Such outstanding achievements, even the young Qing and Chi couldn't match.

No matter how talented Qing and Chi were in their time, they couldn't defeat a Holy Land Level across tiers.

The gap from Extraordinary Level to Superdimensional Level isn't that significant.

Yet, for most Ascenders, the threshold of Holy Land Level is a chasm that cannot be crossed in a lifetime.

If he were chosen as a son-in-law, such a person would be impeccable.

Even Jiang Mingyan had to admit that the boy's potential was beyond estimation.

Given he doesn't perish prematurely, he is sure to become a peerless powerhouse like the President of Ether Association.

The issue is, the standpoints of both sides differ.

The Order World is utterly opposed to the Dark World, Qing and Chi even more so due to their belief and concept rivalry.

This is an irreconcilable conflict.

A military helicopter roared as it landed on the fractured overpass, and the sweeping wind ruffled the ground's accumulated water, unleashing ripples that faintly spread a murderous intent.

Thunder rumbled.

On the horizon, a glorious golden light shimmered, akin to the gates of the Divine Country opening, the clouds seared into a blazing red, seemingly ablaze, as if ancient bells tolled, echoing through the city.

Heavenly Person Realm.

Lin Dong silently descended the ladder of the helicopter, this tall and burly man resembled an enraged Esoteric Ming King, his eyes burned with vibrant crimson-gold. After the defensive battle of the Sea of Eternal Life, he improved further; now, his Heavenly Person Realm could envelop the entire city, subtly showcasing the President's style.

The second to descend was Han Jing, freshly returned from the headquarters of Orochi Society, her long coat still dripping blood, clearly having experienced a bloody battle, having slain countless people.

Her demeanor carried a murderous aura, and when she appeared, even the wind turned chill.

The third was Ye Dao Saint, blood dripped ominously from the blade of the elder, stark blood red.

Night Watcher and Judgement Court elites descended, gathering behind them.

A girl hefting a guitar case stood silently against the wind, her long white hair like swaying snow, her black skirt fluttering, akin to a lonely lotus blooming on a snowy cliff, cool and proud.

"Damn it, Ether Association's people have really arrived!"

Ghost Eye jumped anxiously: "What do we do, run or run?"

Xing Yun naively said: "Senior, you seem not to have given us a second option, right?"

Netherworld paused momentarily, he had to admit that the current Dark World is oddly comical, always falling short at crucial times, lacking any presence, making him as the president quite embarrassed.

He too had rebelled from the Order World once.

Wishing to inherit the king's convictions, rejuvenate the Dark World.

Yet after years of effort, those beneath him are merely this sort.

"Don't worry, have no fear, I am aware of the situation."

The Think Tank, seeing such a lineup, was unfazed, instead relaxed: "Looks like Mr. San's significance is just this, seemingly daunting but actually not threatening."

Even Vice President Lin Dong doesn't seem to pressure him.

Chapter 755: The Role of the Male Sacrifice (Part 2)

Not to mention the members of the Judgement Court and the Night Watchers.

His gaze swept over the crowd and fixed on the white-haired girl for a moment, eyes filled with admiration.

"They are just a bunch of nobodies. The only one who could destroy us all hasn't matured yet. We're safe for at least ten years. No matter what the Ether Association plans today, we won't let them have their way. We must show them whose territory Tokyo truly is!" the Think Tank boasted confidently.

He seemed brimming with confidence, assured of his victory.

For a brief moment, rainwater was gently trodden over, rippling outward.

Someone walked indifferently across the devastated overpass. Her steps were so light, yet as heavy as thunder, and her deep brown trench coat flapped in the wild wind, exuding an overwhelming presence.

Her cold and stunning face bore no adornments, the corner of her eyes stained with a vivid crimson like blood.

Such majesty.

Such murderous intent.

Thud.

The Think Tank's legs gave way, and he knelt on the ground.

Upon seeing the woman, even Netherworld's pupils contracted slightly.

"Think Tank, why are you kneeling?"

Ghost Eye was shocked: "Weren't you telling us to show them a thing or two?"

Xing Yun hurriedly tried to help him up, sincerely saying: "Think Tank, stand up, good luck!"

"Are you all blind or what?"

The Think Tank growled irritably, waving his hand to signal them to back off: "Forget it, leave me alone, let me kneel here. To be honest, I kind of miss Mother Earth's embrace..."

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Bang!

A Toyota Alphard crashed onto the sidewalk, like a buffalo slamming into a lamppost.

"What a piece of junk, so hard to drive?"

Skylark angrily slapped the steering wheel, breaking its base.

"Luckily, due to the chaos from the experimental subjects yesterday, the city is already shut down. Otherwise, we'd have been caught by the traffic police by now, and the enemy would immediately know our movements." Gu Jianlin slumped in the passenger seat, his clothes soaked with blood, even staining the seat.

"Impressive."

He gave a thumbs-up: "You don't even know how to drive?"

Skylark clutched the dislodged steering wheel, remaining silent.

"Do you think you've gotten overconfident after defeating a Holy Land Level Magician?"

After a long silence, Skylark glanced sideways at him coldly, her face frosted, and said icily, "Or do you think merging two Ancient Divine Languages is something incredible?"

Gu Jianlin laughed silently: "I just hope you drive carefully."

Skylark glared at him angrily: "I'm trying my best, if you can't hold on, just take a nap."

Ordinarily, this task should be done by the Male Sacrifice, but considering his severe injuries, she'd stepped in.

Yet he still found reasons to complain.

Given the severe aftereffects of the Ancient God Transformation, he should have been unconscious by now.

Something must be keeping him going.

Just as Gu Jianlin was about to speak, he covered his mouth, coughing painfully again. With barely any blood left in his body, what he coughed up were blood-red fragments of his organs, staining his palm with a shocking red.

He breathed heavily, his vision tinged with a crimson edge, and pulled out a bottle of Healing Secret Medicine from the Qilin Wedge, tipping it into his throat, the cool liquid flowing into his body like spring water.

The aftereffects of the Ancient God Transformation are irreversible.

Especially after using the Ancient Divine Language, had it been his old self, he would have fallen asleep instantly. However, now that he's at the Fifth Rank, both his body and soul have grown more resilient, allowing him to hold on.

Healing Secret Medicine can only provide temporary relief, not a cure.

"What happens if you forcefully transform into an Ancient God in the real world?"

Skylark asked softly, gazing at his profile.

Gu Jianlin leaned against the car window, panting, cold sweat soaking his entire body, his hoarse voice saying: "For a long time, you won't be able to fight anyone, and your spirituality won't recover. You'll feel like every bone in your body is shattered, your organs will gradually fail, and every cell will be in pain. You won't die, but it won't be any better than being dead."

He murmured: "It should be called a fate worse than death."

Skylark casually tossed the steering wheel out the window and asked, "What about the soul?"

"Ripping pain."

Gu Jianlin slumped powerlessly against the seat, whispering: "And endless nightmares."

Skylark knew he was a boy trapped in dreams.

The burning sky, endless storms, oncoming trucks, the terrifying Vermilion Bird Clan.

They were his nightmares, still imprisoning him within.

That's probably why he feared falling asleep.

"I must admit, you're stronger than I imagined."

Skylark seldom praised: "Last night was dangerous, thanks to you."

Gu Jianlin's breathing was a broken bellows sound. Though he glanced at the girl's exceptional beauty in the rearview mirror, he wasn't moved. Instead, he calmly said: "Dangerous, perhaps not? I don't believe you were unaware of everything, falling into the trap set by The Order of the Hidden so easily."

"I'd rather believe you did it on purpose, searching the past while confirming your enemies."

His voice weakened further, softly saying: "You're using me."

His final words grew faint, almost inaudible, yet devoid of any emotion.

Chapter 756: The Role of the Male Sacrifice (Part 3)

Skylark gazed at the sky, clearing after the rain, a splendid rainbow streaked across the horizon, shrouded in a misty haze.

"If I am truly using you, would you be angry?"

She said softly.

Gu Jianlin remained silent for a moment, his eyelids lowered: "I don't mind, as long as it's against The Order of the Hidden."

His consciousness gradually sank into a pitch-black abyss, yet his hands were tightly clenched, nails not particularly sharp deeply embedded in his palms, faintly, a trace of blood flowed out, who knows where he got the strength.

Even at this point, he was still unwilling to fall asleep.

So stubborn.

Skylark's eyes reflected a slight change.

Finally, she withdrew her previous amusement and mockery, no longer displaying girlish coyness or anger, in her bewitching and enchanting eyes appeared a trace of arrogance and dignity, as if from a far-off place, solitary and majestic.

Gu Jianlin was right.

Skylark indeed was using him, against the enemies lurking in the darkness.

She was feigning weakness towards the enemy, and not exerting her full strength.

She was learning.

Also mimicking.

Because she was a completely new life, like a newborn, knowing nothing about herself.

Indeed, she was powerful, powerful enough to be called the strongest in the world.

Even the President and the King of Qing, she was utterly fearless.

The problem was, she couldn't understand this form of life, nor did she grasp her own abilities.

Yes, she wouldn't undergo Ancient God Transformation.

Nor comprehend Ancient Divine Language.

To be precise, she didn't know how to wield the power of the Ancient God Clan in the real world.

The forbidden power Gu Jianlin naturally mastered seemed so incredible to her.

"So what you rely on is not technique, but instinct?"

Skylark said indifferently: "A kind of instinct derived from powerful willpower? Even if everyone perishes, you will not retreat a step. To you, retreating equals surrender. So proud, you won't live long."

Gu Jianlin couldn't answer her words, he curled up on the seat like a child, the Nightmare already spread over his mind, like a demon trying to devour the deepest consciousness of the seventeen-year-old boy.

Skylark remained silent for a moment, raising a delicate right hand.

There is no such perfect hand in the world.

Skin as smooth as jade, delicate flowing lines, red nails luscious and vibrant.

On the back of the white hand, faint blue veins could be seen.

Skylark roughly grabbed his collar, pulling him into her embrace, pressed her right hand to his lips, forcibly using her nails to pierce the palm, squeezing out the blood, feeding it to him.

This was Dragon Marrow Liquid.

Previously, after Gu Jianlin used Ancient Divine Language at Black Cloud City, he recovered with Dragon Marrow Liquid.

Only after probing into his memories did Skylark realize that Dragon Marrow Liquid was her own blood.

So her blood had such an effect.

Such a useful Male Sacrifice, able to help her against her enemies, also allowing her to learn from him.

A win-win situation.

Can't let him die so disgracefully.

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Mad ravings echoed through Heiya Mansion in Chiyoda District, the butler and servants trembling outside the walls, cherry blossoms blown by the wind scattered chaotically, fluttering down the stone steps.

Someone walked over crushing fallen cherry blossoms, the intense scent of blood so overwhelming.

The mansion's butler was Holy Land Level, along with the servants' strength reaching Sixth Rank, yet at this moment they were still as sculptures, as if their time-space had already frozen, even their thoughts stilled.

It was a handsome and strikingly tall half-blood man, half of his white shirt stained with blood, hands holding a soaked handkerchief, wiping the blood between his fingers, so gruesome, yet so elegant.

He extended his hand, pressing against the tightly closed door, pushed hard.

Creak.

The door opened.

The courtyard was already a mess, the old man crazily smashed teapots and porcelain on the ground, everywhere lay torn precious paintings and shattered ancient artifacts, these priceless antiques now reduced to rubbish.

"Who?"

Jiang Chunyang raised his head, roaring, eyes flashing furious scarlet lines.

"Good morning."

Jing Ci smiled and said.

Chapter 757: Ancient History, the Secret of Qing and Chi

Jiang Chunyang, with disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes like those of a beast, appeared as if he had just walked out of an asylum. No one knew the extent of torment this powerful Ascender from four hundred years ago had endured.

"How dare you come before me?"

Perhaps his sanity had already crumbled, for an eerie and crazed smile appeared on his aged face as he rasped, "Have you finally decided to kill me? Perfect, I was eager to see how strong you've become. You must ascend to the Ninth Rank immediately, but have you reached that point?"

Jing Ci calmly walked to the pond in the courtyard, crouched down, and washed his bloodstained hands in the clear spring water. The shocking crimson spread through the water as the koi fish wavered and trembled.

"Don't be so tense. I'm not here to kill you. Though you indeed helped plan that operation back then, the true mastermind was Buzhou Mountain. In a sense, you could be considered one of my

predecessors. The Dark World does not possess the forbidden technology that displeases me. Otherwise, the You Ying Group would not have survived until now."

The gentle and refined man raised his head and smiled slightly, "Back then, both Qing and Chi sensed the presence of The Order of the Hidden, but you elders did not believe it. Now, how do you feel seeing things turned out this way?"

In theory, he was only at the Eighth Rank.

Facing him was Jiang Chunyang, one of the strongest Ascenders in the world.

He was the strongest on the Divine Path four hundred years ago, having traversed an unfathomable distance on the Evolution Path.

As powerful as he was, killing an Eighth Rank was truly simple, regardless of the approach.

The issue lay in Jing Ci, who did not fear him and even assumed a high and mighty posture.

Completely disregarding the Dark World.

"Did you come to see me make a fool of myself?"

Mysterious ghostly flames flickered in Jiang Chunyang's eyes. It was unclear whom he mistook him for.

Clearly, the person before him was a man in a suit.

Yet in his eyes, he appeared as someone else.

He looked like Qing, like Chi, and also like the pioneers of the Golden Age.

He even resembled Taiqing and Taihua.

"You are the oldest surviving Ascender in the world; of course, I respect you."

Jing Ci flicked the water droplets from his hands and seriously said, "I just wanted to confirm one thing."

Jiang Chunyang remained silent, staring intently at him with an intimidating gaze.

"It is undeniable that during the Ancient Times, all Five Great Clans attempted to use human bodies to move freely within the real world. Yet, unexpectedly, it was the Qilin Clan that first mastered this secret technique. Unfortunately, with Qilin Venerable's sealing, the Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique vanished completely. Only the Bai Ze Clan dared to continually enter the sealed Qilin Immortal Palace, continuing their experiments and research."

Jing Ci sat on a stone bench, looked at the teapot fragments on the stone table, and shook his head regretfully, "This is because the Bai Ze Clan possesses the power to understand all of nature, and humans are the spirits of all things, making them closest to each other."

"The Bai Ze Clan's foresight-like power also gives them an absolute advantage in research; their will is strong and their souls are as pure as water, making them most suitable to merge with humans."

He paused for a moment, "Unfortunately, until the end, the Bai Ze Clan could not truly discover the Shifting Flower and Wood technique and instead created a substitute, known as the Spirit Coffin."

If others heard this conversation, they would probably understand the truth of the Battle of the East Sea two thousand five hundred years ago.

Two thousand five hundred years ago, Qilin Venerable once buried a Wedge in the East Sea, devouring massive life force from half the sea. Using the roots of the Candle Light Divine Tree as a cornerstone, he constructed the Stairway to Immortality in the Ancient God Realm, attempting to perfect the Shifting Flower and Wood technique to complete ultimate evolution, breaking racial boundaries, and roaring across the world.

The Candle Dragon Bone was also a part of his plan.

Sadly, such a magnificent plan was eventually destroyed by Candle Dragon Venerable with supreme violence.

The blood-stained Supreme seized the final fruit.

Qilin Venerable's great creation ended up being a wedding dress for him.

In the past two thousand five hundred years, Candle Dragon Venerable has vanished in the two realms, not resting and recuperating but preparing for the Shifting Flower and Wood plan, strategizing his ultimate plan.

Over such a long time, the remaining three great Clans naturally would not sit idle.

After all, whoever walked this path first would undoubtedly become the strongest among the Five Great Clans.

The Bai Ze Clan never abandoned the pursuit of the Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique.

The Vermilion Bird Clan also once attempted to invade the human world and still operates in the real world.

Only the Xuanming Clan remains the most silent, and their whereabouts remain unknown.

This explains everything that occurred in the Sea of Eternal Life.

"A thousand years ago, Candle Dragon Venerable became the last of the Ying Family, the most complete Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique was mastered by her. The question is, why didn't Buzhou Mountain have this technique?"

Jing Ci softly said, "It's because after Candle Dragon Venerable left the East Sea, she never returned to Buzhou Mountain. This supreme and violent Supreme did not trust her own Clan. In the distant Ancient Times, when the Five Great Clans fought against each other and the mythic Emperors battled bloodily, she was even betrayed by her own Primordial."

Jiang Chunyang eyed him viciously and said indifferently, "What are you trying to say?"

Chapter 758: Ancient History, the Secret of Qing and Chi

"It is understandable why Buzhou Mountain desires the Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique; they crave power intensely."

Jing Ci raised his hand, and the fragments of the tea set floated in the air.

As if time had reversed, the shattered fragments reassembled into a complete, brand-new tea set.

He brewed himself a pot of tea, raising his eyes: "What I don't understand is, what do you all intend to do?"

Jiang Chunyang suddenly squinted his eyes, a phantom wind whistling in his pupils.

"Years ago, when the You Ying Group planned that operation against the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion, I initially intended to wipe you all out. However, when I arrived in Tokyo, I discovered you weren't researching the Spirit Coffin."

Jing Ci raised his head and sipped his tea: "In the entire Dark World, there's not a single Spirit Coffin."

Jiang Chunyang forcibly suppressed the madness in his mind, rasping: "There are only a handful of patients with Frida's Schizophrenia worldwide, they're not easy to find."

Jing Ci shook his head: "That statement might be believable coming from someone else, but from your mouth, it's rather absurd. Who are you, after all? Reflect on your past—how did you spend your legendary life of over four hundred years? The things you fancy, you always seize openly."

Given the immense power held by the You Ying Group, finding a patient with Frida's Schizophrenia wouldn't be difficult at all. Even if they couldn't find one, they could snatch one. No one could stop them.

No matter how strong the Ether Association is, they can't always be wary of an opponent of their own level.

"A peerless talent like Thunder, naturally protected by the Grandmaster herself."

Jing Ci took out a folded list from his pocket, placed it on the stone table, and handed it over, saying calmly: "With just a casual search, I found so many patients with Frida's Schizophrenia, three of whom were born in Hokkaido. With your abilities, how could you not keep an eye on those right near your doorstep?"

"The only explanation is that what you seek isn't the Coffin Secret Skill."

He smiled and said: "But something else instead."

Jiang Chunyang remained silent for a long time, then turned to leave.

"If you're just here to say these pointless words, then you can go."

He turned his back, his pale long hair swaying in the wind: "Or you could also fight me."

Jing Ci gazed at his retreating figure, speaking calmly: "It seems the teacher was right; it is indeed the common ailment of your older generation. Once exposed, you either become indignant with shame or play dumb."

Jiang Chunyang walked deeper into the courtyard on his own, cherry blossoms drifting down in a desolate dance.

"Quite coincidentally, the teacher just recounted a story to me."

Jing Ci held his teacup, gazing at the post-rain sky, his vision seemingly piercing the heavens, reaching into the depths of the Universe: "Had I not heard that story, I wouldn't have looked into this matter so deeply. If I remember correctly, your Think Tank had also ventured into the depths of the Qilin Immortal Palace."

"I don't know if he encountered the Black Supreme, but one thing is certain."

His fingers lightly tapped the teacup, producing a rhythmic sound: "Your Think Tank entered the second level of the Qilin Immortal Palace early. If our speculations are correct, once the Qilin Venerable completes its ascent, it will evolve into the most powerful being in the world. What will it do then?"

Jiang Chunyang was plunged into a prolonged silence.

Now, with the gate to the second level of the Qilin Immortal Palace open, all factions have dispatched vanguards to explore the unknown world. The Ether Association and the You Ying Group hold the greatest advantages, having sent Cheaters many years in advance to explore and meticulously navigate the Ancient God Realm.

The Cheater for the Ether Association is Gu Ci'an.

The Cheater for the You Ying Group is the Think Tank.

They both had explored the Ancient God Realm and uncovered extremely obscure secrets.

"I've always been curious. Even though the Dark World has been shattered twice, after all these years of development, its foundation isn't weak. You were originally people split from the Order World, among the strongest Ascenders in the world. Why, then, do you keep losing ground in the first level's struggle?"

Jing Ci, poised and composed, hit the nail on the head: "Because you are feigning weakness."

Jiang Chunyang turned around, his deep eyes fixed on him, his voice drifting and hoarse: "How can you tell?"

"Because there is a tomb in the second level of the Qilin Immortal Palace."

Jing Ci softly said: "That was the true tomb built by the Qilin Venerable for itself. It is not in the third level, the prison meant to confine it. What you seek is the contents of the tomb."

At this moment, Jiang Chunyang's eyes finally revealed a frantic madness and murderous intent. The Divine Path is the easiest to spiral into madness, and he himself was eroded by the curse of the Candle Light Divine Tree.

The last thread of sanity snapped like a string.

He truly wished to kill this man here at any cost.

"I am really curious about what the tomb contains that makes it so important to you."

Jing Ci earnestly asked: "Is this a secret of your older generation? You pride yourselves as the rulers of the world, grasping those ancient taboos in your hands. Over two hundred years ago, the President of the Ether Association, Taiqing, foresaw the future through some secret method, prophesying that the world's end would come with the Qilin Immortal Palace's advent."

"Thus, the Ether Association decided to initiate the Starry Sky Plan, gathering all the world's resources based on an ancient prophecy passed down from Ancient Times, discovering two infants, and bringing them back to the Order World."

He sighed: "Taiqing and Taihua, the strongest couple in the world, personally nurtured these two children. The children exhibited unimaginable talents, almost surpassing human limits, even making the Ancient God Clan feel a sense of dread. At the age of ten, they possessed the strength to oppose the Primordials."

Jiang Chunyang hadn't heard anyone mention those past events in a long time.

For a moment, he felt a bit dazed.

Because he was also a proposer and participant of this plan.

He personally witnessed the monsters grow step by step.

Feeling gratified at times, occasionally fearful.

No.

Perhaps fear was indeed more prevalent.

Especially when the two monsters returned from the depths of space.

"Humans can only defeat the Ancient God Clan if they don't rely on powers seized from them."

Jing Ci raised a finger: "If that's the case, humans can never truly defeat them. What you seek is the origin of the Ancient God Clan—where they came from and what secrets they hide."

Jiang Chunyang recalled the rockets soaring into the sky, letting out a long sigh.

"The Ether Association was the earliest organization to launch a space program. Over a century before this world, you even developed manned rockets, using alchemy technique to grant yourselves talents well beyond the era."

Jing Ci silently chuckled: "You personally forged monsters feared by both humans and the Ancient God Clan, and then sent those two monsters into space with your own hands. Relying on their immense powers and with the aid of alchemy technology, these two deviants truly traveled to the depths of the Universe, like tracing back to distant ancient times."

"They roamed the Universe's depths, unearthing countless ancient secrets."

He laughed: "And when they returned from the depths of the stars, the era had changed."

Jiang Chunyang took a deep breath, his gaze growing darker.

"Because you found that you could no longer control the two monsters. They had grown too powerful, even exhibiting strength beyond human limits, making them as daunting as the Ancient God Clan."

Jing Ci spoke slowly and clearly: "Thus, the concept of Catastrophe was born, as they discovered the legendary You Ying Law, a force strong enough to rival the Candle Light Law."

"One's name is Qing, the other's Chi."

He smiled and asked: "Is that correct?"

Chapter 759: Not a Drop Left

Jiang Chunyang heard the last segment and couldn't tell what illusion appeared in front of him. The emotions in his pupils ignited like wildfire, encompassing fury, fear, loneliness, reflection, and more overwhelmingly, madness.

More than two hundred years ago, he was one of the pillars of the Order World and also a founder of the Golden Age.

He hadn't heard anyone mention the Star Plan for a long time.

This was the most secretive and crucial plan ever prepared by the Ether Association, and the darkest history since the founding of humanity's Golden Age. They gathered resources from the entire world to cultivate two monsters, yet they wanted to destroy them due to their uncontrollable nature, ultimately leading to a tragedy.

The Ancient Catastrophe stemmed from this.

"Back then, after Qing and Chi returned from Deep Space, they were aware of the existence of the You Ying Law, a power completely opposed to the Candle Light Law. These brothers hesitated between the Candle Light and You Ying Laws, eventually abandoning the path of becoming a Heavenly Person to pursue the Evolution Path."

Jing Ci toyed with his teacup, speaking indifferently, "Back then, no one believed Qing and Chi would truly find the You Ying Law, yet they braved the doubts of the world, traversing the ruins of the Five Ancient Divine Realms, piecing together the Supreme Law from the fragments of history, thereby pioneering the Evolution Path."

On reflection, this seems like a very strange matter.

Those who understand that period of history know that Qing and Chi were exceedingly proud individuals.

Born to chase the name of the strongest.

In their youth, they couldn't suppress loneliness and teamed up to hunt ancient Ancestors in the Ancient God Realm, even awakening the Ancient Ancestors, yet remained undaunted and could even stand on equal ground with them.

At that time, they were neither Heavenly Persons nor Evolvers.

No one knew how they did it, or why they were so formidable.

But the problem is, Qing and Chi did not choose to become Heavenly Persons.

It must be known that the Candle Light and You Ying Laws are entirely opposed and are of equally supreme order.

However, Candle Light restrains You Ying.

This is the reason why, in the Order World overseen by the President, no one can shake her.

Even Qing and Chi had no designs on her.

This is enough to explain the problem.

Especially after the President created Heavenly Personification, even the Catastrophes tried finding ways to convert to the Candle Light Law.

The formidable power of the Candle Light Law is evident.

"Of course, my teacher isn't a fool, nor a short-sighted mediocrity, surely he knows the might of Heavenly Personification. I think, maybe there's some other reason driving them to choose the Evolution Path."

Jing Ci raised his deep eyes, speaking gently, "The Heavenly Person Realm corresponds to the Evolutionary State, it can also be said to be the ultimate in Breathing Technique and Controllable Deformation. After many years, the Evolver masters Primordial Return, while the Heavenly Person eventually pioneered Heavenly Personification. To achieve Primordial Return, Evolvers must use the Holy Corpse of their predecessors."

"Likewise, for Heavenly Persons to master Heavenly Personification, they need the Heavenly Person Seed gathered by their predecessors."

He paused: "Philosophers throughout history have praised the beauty of geometric symmetry, believing the world is balanced; the more balanced, the more symmetrical. The laws of this world are like this too, interconnected, corresponding. Just like the Candle Light and You Ying Laws of Supremacy, you can always find corresponding places."

Crack.

The teacup in his hand revealed countless fine cracks.

Even the stone table split open, with fine lines spreading from the tabletop to the base, even the marble tiles in the courtyard fractured, the soil trembled and cracked, ripples stirred in the pool.

He could feel a dark power looming overhead like clouds.

That was the power of the Dark Realm Curtain.

Jiang Chunyang truly nurtured a killing intent, wishing to keep him here.

"Huai Yin broke the rules."

The elderly man rasped: "He actually told you these things."

"The 'Hei Mameni Soul Contract' you signed back then can no longer restrain him. That shackle couldn't even bind me, let alone him. You elders always like to let secrets rot inside, as if only then do you control the world and can relax."

Jing Ci was equally undaunted, casually placing the teacup down, smiling: "Back then, Taiqing's prophecy came true, the extinguished Ancient God Clan returned again. Humanity's history would end with the advent of the Qilin Immortal Palace, the ultimate beings born into the world, when both the Candle Light Law and You Ying Law emerge, everything will be destroyed."

"This was the true root of the Ancient Catastrophe, are you elders really intimidated by those so-called human experiments with Evolvers? Or perhaps, humanity would become increasingly like the Ancient God Clan?"

He spoke softly: "No, you don't care, you even want to become the Ancient God Clan more. But you believe the world will be destroyed by the emergence of both the Candle Light and You Ying Laws; that's why you originally feared Qing and Chi so much. You even wanted to kill these two brothers, right?"

Jiang Chunyang recalled the history of that time, sometimes not knowing whether his decisions were right or wrong, leading to so many events and deaths later.

Even he was afraid.

"Looking back now, do you find anything went wrong?"

Jing Ci said calmly: "Qing and Chi delved into the ancient history of the Ancient God Clan, believing this world was manipulated, only by mastering the strongest power could they overthrow the dominion of the puppet master behind the scenes. They committed great slaughter, seeking the hands behind the scenes while pursuing the traces of the You Ying Law."

Chapter 760: Not a Drop Left_2

"Unfortunately, The Order of the Hidden is still too powerful. They may not wield absolute violence like the Supreme of Buzhou Mountain, but they can manipulate this world, sowing discord from within and pitting people against each other."

He drew a circle on the table with his finger: "They can casually set a trap, and the prey will be ensnared. There are always people willing to play the role of hunting dogs. Just like when you cornered Qing and Chi back then, and like today when you're cornering my junior brother. Why are you always fools, always being used?"

Rumble.

The courtyard shook violently as Jiang Chunyang seemed to be in a rage.

The old man's clasped hands gently rubbed together, the bulging veins on the backs of his hands showing his age.

Few people now know the meaning of this gesture.

It signifies that he will act at all costs.

"Back then, after years of archaeology and research, Qing and Chi ultimately set their sights on the Qilin Immortal Palace. They believed the final secret was hidden in this slumbering Ancient God Realm, and they even attempted to awaken it prematurely. If it hadn't been for Taiqing and Taihua's desperate intervention, the apocalypse prophecy might have come two hundred years early."

Jing Ci lifted his eyes and said seriously, "If Qing and Chi hadn't split due to The Order of the Hidden, perhaps you really couldn't have stopped them. In other words, isn't this also the will of The Order of the Hidden?"

Jiang Chunyang remained silent for a long time before hoarsely saying, "Looks like Huai Yin has told you everything. The whole world knows I hold Yan Li's legacy in my hands, but few know what it is."

"You're right. After the Ancient Catastrophe, I found what Chi left behind, which changed my mind. I could never defeat Taiqing and Taihua in my life, so why remain in the Dark World? Every layer of the Qilin Immortal Palace holds enormous secrets. That's indeed my goal."

He said blandly, "But can you stop me?"

Even if Jing Ci could truly kill him, he wouldn't get the secret.

Once Jiang Chunyang dies, no one will know what the Red King left behind back then.

This is why Taihua has kept him alive until now.

Otherwise, with Taihua's personality, she would have descended upon Tokyo with the Heavenly Person's Wedge long ago.

She wouldn't hesitate to smash Tokyo to pieces.

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When Gu Jianlin opened his eyes again, he found himself lying in a hospital.

He was lying on a soft hospital bed, with an IV in his left hand. The tearing pain from his soul and body had disappeared without a trace. In fact, he felt his spirituality was full, brimming with vitality, as if he could pull out the needle and fight Godzilla for three hundred rounds.

"Boss, you're awake."

Old Master Si bowed respectfully and smiled slightly, "As per your instructions, everything has been arranged."

Actually, the old man couldn't understand why an Ancient Supreme would be in a hospital.

And looking perfectly unscathed, just sleeping.

But he still arranged this ward according to the Supreme's will.

Maybe the Supreme wanted to act for others.

Legend has it the Qilin Venerable had this kind of personality, pretending to be weak in the Ancient Times to lure rebellious Primordials under him, then personally killing them and tying them on bronze pillars for public display.

Finally, he would cruelly throw them into the Sea of Eternal Life.

It's said the deep sea is filled with gigantic Ancient God Clan corpses, but no one has ever seen them.

Gu Jianlin was stunned. He didn't recall instructing the old man on anything.

Bang.

His bed was kicked.

Skylark was sitting on the hospital bed beside him, giving him a sidelong, haughty glance.

This wicked woman was in a black off-shoulder casual top, its loose hem covering her thighs, showing hints of denim hot pants, her long, fair legs glowing with porcelain-like radiance, swaying slightly.

She was holding a strawberry sundae in her hand, cream on her lips.

"I called him."

She snorted softly, "Surprised?"

Gu Jianlin was startled and instinctively frowned: "How could you command my Divine Servant?"

Skylark pouted, "Our powers come from the same source. Why can't I control your Divine Servant? When you reach my level, you can freely control my Divine Servant too. What's mine is yours and yours is mine. But right now I'm stronger, so yours is mine and mine remains mine."

Gu Jianlin was dumbfounded. He never thought such an absurd setting existed in this world.

"Can't I have some privacy?"

The feeling of being watched was unpleasant, like being stark naked.

"I'm your noble sister, what's there to be shy about?"

Skylark seemed like her old wicked sister self, showing no trace of authority or indifference.

Her allure and nobility, however, made her seem both far away and right beside him.

Gu Jianlin even felt the secret medicine flowing through him was somewhat familiar.

Old Master Si seemed oblivious, explaining: "That colleague of yours is quite skilled at acting. No matter how I tried to signal him, he didn't bat an eye. He seems like a clever person."

With domineering footsteps, someone passed by the ward door.

It was another elderly man with white hair, but his expression was haughty and his steps aloof.

He carried his hands behind him, looking condescending.

An alchemist.

Scholar followed behind him, flashing an extremely humble smile as they walked past the ward.

"Hello, boss!"

When Zhong Guoqing's voice echoed in the corridor.

Zhong Li followed with some documents, discussing something, clearly doing her job thoroughly.

Gu Jianlin hadn't seen this father-daughter pair for a long time, and it seemed they were doing well now.

"What kind of worthless minions did you find, especially that dumb alchemist? Aside from some talent in alchemy, is his head full of mush?" Skylark pouted.

"What happened?"

Gu Jianlin was puzzled.

"I asked him to get me some ice cream."

Skylark said expressionlessly.

Gu Jianlin's heart skipped a beat: "He refused?"

Skylark nodded: "He told me to go look in the mirror before speaking to him again."

Gu Jianlin was absolutely stunned. How bold this alchemist was.

If he knew whom he refused, he'd probably kneel on the spot.

"This guy still thinks he played a Supreme, he's so full of himself."

Skylark rolled her alluring eyes and complained: "If not for wanting to see how stupid he really is, I'd have killed him already. Talented alchemists are rare, but not nonexistent."

Gu Jianlin sighed in relief, not expecting it was his stupidity that saved the alchemist.

"Why am I okay now?"

He just realized the aftereffects of the Ancient God Transformation had completely gone.

"I gave you Dragon Marrow Liquid."

Skylark snorted softly.

"Dragon Marrow Liquid?"

Gu Jianlin sat up straight instinctively: "You have Dragon Marrow Liquid?"

He was incredulous, needing to confirm again.

"Mm-hmm."

Skylark replied nonchalantly.

"Why didn't you say so earlier?"

Gu Jianlin was dumbfounded. If she had given it to him sooner, he would have slaughtered freely.

And could've brought back the bodies for examination, maybe discovering more.

"You didn't ask."

Skylark's airy response almost made him spit up blood.

Gu Jianlin felt he'd definitely develop hypertension someday.

But then he thought, right.

This woman was from Buzhou Mountain.

A creation of the Candle Dragon Venerable.

Creating Dragon Marrow Liquid is natural.

At this moment, Gu Jianlin's gaze towards her changed.

"What are you thinking?"

Skylark glared at him angrily: "Your gaze makes me feel offended."

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a moment: "If I call you Sister, could you give me more Dragon Marrow Liquid? It's also for our safety. If we stock dozens of tons in Xie Li, even Holy Land Level can't kill me."

Skylark instinctively agreed, then suddenly realized.

"What did you say?"

She was also stunned: "Dozens... of tons?"