

Ancient 791

Chapter 791: A Billion Years of History!

Gu Jianlin remained silent because, in the instant the lightning flashed across the Sky Dome, the silent shrine was illuminated, revealing the gilded dome dominated by the skeleton of an Ancient Dragon, and the shadow murals on the walls portraying a majestic and fierce silhouette, like dragons boiling in a sea of blood, with only black and red colors, exuding a kind of demonic charm.

When the wind blew, the talismans in the shrine all quivered with the wind, and the wind chimes swayed incessantly.

The ancient stone sculptures stood in the shrine, appearing like giants from mythology, bowing down in pity while observing. Their bodies were entwined with the ferocious Ancient Dragons, the solemn dragon eyes seemed to be gazing at the usurpers.

Only that jet-black coffin remained silent, but the paintings on the coffin lid were unnerving. A red dragon and a Qing Qilin were locked in deadly combat, pouring forth an immense fury like Molten Lava, seemingly burning the earth to ashes, while ancient thunderbolts tore the ground apart, illuminating a hell-like world with flashes of lightning and thunder.

Who knows which masterful artist created such a work, able to render such violent beauty to the extreme.

Ancient and solemn, violent and eerie, thoroughly fused together.

As he gazed at the old shrine, footsteps echoed in the courtyard.

Jiang Mingyan walked through the shaded path, her gaze unwavering. Even with her standing in the Jiang Family, she had seldom visited the old house, let alone the things inside that old shrine.

Nominally, that was her elder brother, but the age gap between them was too great.

When Jiang Mingyan was born, that brother, who was god-like, had already passed away many years. She grew up listening to those mythic legends, filled with awe for the title of the Red King.

Moreover, even as a dead man, he was such an ominous existence.

"Don't look around carelessly, the rules here are very strict. Don't think you can be like him."

She lowered her voice, speaking coldly, "This is your first time at the old house, proof that the Jiang family acknowledges your talent and bloodline. Your grandfather is willing to share his secrets with you, signifying you are officially his child now."

Who cares?

Moon Princess naturally disagreed, but before coming to the old house, the Si Family had specifically sent someone to remind her repeatedly to consider the bigger picture, so she restrained her temper. She knew it was not the time for rebellion.

Since she was going to meet her eccentric grandfather, her makeup and outfit had to be appropriate. She rarely pinned up her platinum short hair with an ancient, intricate butterfly hairpin, specifically wearing a loose white yukata, with a massive black bow at the waist, treading in clogs with a clacking sound.

The reason for dressing this way was to ensure her grandfather did not feel threatened.

Jiang Chunyang was very apprehensive of strong-willed women, a result of his past experiences.

This wasn't hard to speculate, as everyone knows who that strong-willed woman casting a shadow on him was.

In Jiang Chunyang's eyes, the women of Ying Province were always docile and compliant, never daring to go against him.

The courtyard was filled with gusts of chilling wind, like a sinister haunted house.

Moon Princess was secretly annoyed, as every time that guy left her sight, he caused trouble.

Initially, she worried if he had been held by some vicious woman, but he turned around and disguised himself as the young master of the Si Family, even daring to come to the Jiang family's turf to negotiate with her grandfather.

Little did she expect, after so many years as a member of the side branch, her first visit to the Jiang family's old house would be due to a single word from that guy, effortlessly solving her status issue.

However, at that moment, she seemed to sense something, a flash of surprise in her clear, cold eyes.

"I can share my secrets with you, henceforth you shall be one of the Jiang family, and you can no longer escape ties with the Dark World. It makes a difference; before you and I become like insects on the same rope, you might still have the option to surrender, but once you see that thing, those people won't give you a chance."

Jiang Chunyang gazed at his painting, his voice like crunching bones, making one's scalp tingle.

The so-called 'those people' naturally referred to the people of the Ether Association.

"Is that so?"

Gu Jianlin finally moved his gaze away from the shrine, the familiar scent of pure cold behind him.

That was a familiar scent.

Moon Princess knelt beside him, her frost-snow-like little face expressionless, merely glancing at him.

Her eyes were clear, yet seemingly indifferent.

Gu Jianlin nodded slightly, the tacit understanding between siblings needed no further words; a single look could confirm many things.

After all, as long as everyone was fine.

As for why this girl was giving him attitude, it wasn't something to consider now.

Jiang Mingyan didn't follow over, stopping at the pavilion's edge, casting a cold glance at the elder beside her.

Old Master Si held a cane in his hand, responding indifferently.

The former implied that the old man was really lucky, the Si Family was finally going to rise to prominence.

The latter implied that the woman's luck was incredible, her daughter, a sparrow turning phoenix, leveraging benefits for her too.

Everyone in this old house seemed to have their own agendas.

"I know there are many people in this world waiting for me to die, wanting to pry into my secrets as well."

Jiang Chunyang laughed hoarsely, "It's nothing more than wanting my son's inheritance, which in fact is just his corpse. This is an invaluable treasure, harboring endless mysteries."

Chapter 792: A Billion Years of History! (Part 2)

The first time the Moon Princess met her maternal grandfather, she didn't expect him to be such a sinister and terrifying person.

He looked like an Evil Spirit, sending chills down her spine.

"You sound like you don't really love your son."

Gu Jianlin stared at him, enunciating each word: "But rather, you treat him as something else."

Jiang Chunyang threw his head back in laughter, his laughter akin to the wailing of a Ghost Fire, startling the birds in the forest into flight: "Of course, you have no idea what they are; they are the scariest monsters in the world. Who would love a monster? People only feel awe or fear towards monsters! Those two brothers, they're terrifying."

The old man paused slightly, holding a paintbrush, and asked, "Do you know about the Star Plan?"

No one expected him to ask such a peculiar question, and they were momentarily stunned.

"Back then, we implemented the Star Plan as a preparation for humanity's impending apocalypse. Based on prophecies, we found the two most gifted young individuals of all time and gave them code names."

He said softly, "One was named Qing, and the other Chi. They are rare humans who could rival Gods, and you can't imagine the vast spirituality they possessed upon awakening. We nurtured them, and when they were ten years old, we sent them into space to search for traces of the Ancient God Clan on extraterrestrial planets."

"It turned out that with the abilities of Qing and Chi, the two of them working together could accomplish anything. The brothers roamed space for three hundred and forty-six days before finally reaching a desolate planet."

Jiang Chunyang admired his painting and sighed: "No one knows what the brothers discovered on that desolate planet, but when they returned, everything had changed. Before their journey into space, they were just naive and innocent children, but when they returned to Earth, they had become mysterious and profound."

"I can still remember the way those brothers looked at us back then."

He muttered to himself, "There was no emotion in Qing's eyes, while Chi's gaze was mocking and malicious, like a pair of twins poking an anthill, overlooking the foolish ants crawling beneath their feet."

"Without a doubt, we are the ants, and they are humans as Gods, and no one knows what they went through. In less than a year, they had already surpassed our control. You can't imagine the oppressive feeling that hit us the moment the hatch opened, not even being able to fathom their Rank."

"They were only ten-year-old boys; what were you two doing at ten years old? Qing and Chi seemed to have become different people, with their own thoughts and purposes, becoming increasingly extreme and more dangerous. Yet, they also made significant contributions to this world, single-handedly advancing human civilization."

He paused: "But I've always felt they're hiding something, that they're concealing a monumental secret, one that is enough to drive the world mad, even move the Gods!"

The old man suddenly lifted his head and turned the painting towards the young man and woman.

"It wasn't until after the brothers split up that I figured out where they had actually been."

Jiang Chunyang's eyes flickered like a Ghost Fire, and he said softly: "Look, what is this?"

Undoubtedly, the old man was a top-notch painter, and what he depicted was a barren planet, with cracked and desolate ground covered in wind and sand, molten lava gushing from fissures, and an inverted pyramid standing tall on the dry land. The massive stone steps seemed endless, like a path leading to a tomb.

The Moon Princess' beautiful eyes grew cold because she had seen the pyramid in this painting.

In Mr. Solomon's computer, that pyramid was recorded!

Gu Jianlin's right hand, resting on his knee, snapped like an electric shock.

"After years of research, I'm willing to call it the Divine Ruins, the former land of the Ancient God Clan."

Jiang Chunyang smiled chillingly: "This is where Qing and Chi once arrived, the ancient homeland of the Ancient God Clan, the origin of everything, now appearing on the second level of the Qilin Immortal Palace. The reason the Qilin Venerable is special is because he is the last Inheritor of the Ancient God Clan civilization, the culmination. When this Black Supreme returns, the history of millions of years will be ended, and a new epoch will begin."

"This is something my son wrote in his will. In fact, I don't know what he left behind because I can't pry the mouth of a dead man. I can only send him to the Divine Ruins and wait for a miracle."

He snatched the wooden box from the stone table, his smile extremely eerie, suppressing laughter in his voice: "This is my secret, of course, I'm not going to easily tell you."

This old man took out a yellow, mysterious talisman paper from his pocket, handed it to him, and said with a sinister smile: "Next, we're going to sign an oath with blood as a guide. I will integrate this talisman paper into your body. As long as you disclose my secret, the dark power contained within will devour you."

Until then, he didn't look again at the wooden box containing the petals of the Ghostly Glowing Lotus.

He instead stared intently at the boy before him.

The Moon Princess' eyes shifted slightly; this kind of talisman was clearly not a so-called mentally binding oath.

But rather a form of surveillance.

As long as it's attached to you, if you reveal the secret, it will be sensed.

Jiang Chunyang, as the Ninth Rank Taiyi God, can easily kill a Superdimensional Level with the Dark Energy he imposed!

"Alright."

Gu Jianlin remained calm, unhesitatingly biting his finger and squeezing blood onto the yellow talisman paper.

Crimson blood spread across the talisman paper, sketching out an eerie pattern.

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The overpass at Shinjuku Station was lit by Neon lights, and someone silently watched the traffic below.

He was like a silent statue hidden in the shadows of a street corner, occasionally passed by uniformed schoolgirls holding cups of coffee, laughing and chatting, seemingly unaware there was someone hidden in the corner.

The traffic lights monotonously changed, the surging cars came to an abrupt halt, and the crowd swelled like a tide.

Everything was so orderly, as if any individual's existence would be drowned in the crowd.

A boy enveloped in mist was tapping the wall.

In his pocket, there was a phone, displaying a call lasting over an hour.

This was Gu Jianlin's Shadow, unperceived before arriving at the old house, effortlessly avoiding the Jiang Family's eyes, arriving at a relatively safe place, carrying his phone.

His main body and Shadow shared senses and consciousness.

Through overlapping space-time, he once again contacted that enigmatic department.

Everything in the old house was transmitted in cipher text.

The so-called blood oath was no threat to him.

Because before he signed the oath, he had already leaked the secret.

Once the oath was signed, he naturally would keep the secret sealed.

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In the deep night, it began to rain.

Jing Ci held a black umbrella, stepping through the rain-soaked ripples, pushing open the door of the grocery store.

Huai Yin, still in a wheelchair, despite being over two hundred years old, had his hands behind his head like a youth, gazing at the antique calligraphy and paintings in the store as if reminiscing about bygone days.

"Back?"

The old man said faintly.

Jing Ci slightly nodded, flicking off the water from the umbrella, placing it in the stand, and said calmly: "I just came back from the Jiang Family, and this time I finally figured out everything I wanted to know."

Huai Yin hummed, his eyes showing no excess emotion.

"Is the so-called Divine Ruins really that magical?"

Jing Ci softly said: "It just looks like a mysterious pyramid."

Huai Yin silently laughed: "At first, we thought the same, but after truly stepping into that pyramid-like tomb, we astonishingly discovered... we had arrived tens of millions of years ago, in the era of the Ancient God Clan."

Rumble.

The thunder rolled through the sky, as if shattering the dark city.

Chapter 793: The Mother-in-Law's Hesitation, Secret Infiltration

The black Rolls-Royce stopped on the long street, its bright headlights illuminating the rain curtain.

Old Master Si walked on the tree-lined path with his head held high and his chest out, leaning on a cane. For him, today was undoubtedly a successful negotiation, successfully pulling the Si Family out of a suppressed situation, and potentially elevating the family a step higher, directly advancing from two families to the top two, a true ascent!

He truly deserved to be the Ancient Supreme, the most mysterious and capricious God in the history of the Ancient God Clan.

Easily manipulating foolish mortals in the palm of his hand.

"I suppose you haven't been back to the old house for many years?"

The elderly man suddenly said.

Jiang Mingyan had her hands in her pockets, the hem of her long coat fluttering in the wind, her gaze becoming increasingly cold, her voice possessing a glacial texture: "What does Old Master Si mean?"

She thought this was blatant mockery.

Indeed, she hadn't been back to the old house for many years, ever since she broke family rules, secretly married an ordinary person, and gave birth to a daughter. She was forced to return to the family and was no longer the Jiang Family's first genius.

She had wasted too much time, and her status in the family was not what it once was.

"I mean, this is a rare opportunity, the Jiang Family Master doesn't have much time left, and one must consider the issues that will arise after his passing. I remember you have a strong-willed older brother, right? Your brother has a good son. Jiang Chuge has indeed been lying low for some time, but no one can guarantee whether he's biding his time."

Old Master Si said lightly: "Who will be the next Family Head of the Jiang? Royal family struggles for succession have always been the most brutal and bloody wars in the world. The Ying Family can naturally take it all, and the losers will be at the mercy of others. If your brother rises to power, what will happen to you sisters and brothers?"

Jiang Mingyan narrowed her sharp eyes; this indeed was a concern of hers.

The larger the family fortune, the more you must guard against your own siblings.

There's a risk that siblings can become mortal enemies.

The current head of the Jiang Family was over two hundred years old, a survivor of the Qing and Cheras. He orchestrated cooperation with Buzhou Mountain, and his position was unshakable.

"I know your situation in the Jiang Family; it can be described in four words as isolated and without support. They fear your talents and are surely plotting against you in secret, right? Otherwise, why else

haven't you prepared to advance to the Ninth Rank after so many years? Because you know that once you ascend to the Demigod Domain, something will surely happen during the ceremony."

Old Master Si emphasized: "The current situation is different. The Si Family can become your backing. You don't want your two daughters to be continually looked down upon in the Jiang Family, treated as illegitimate children, do you?"

This comment undoubtedly struck at Jiang Mingyan's sore spot. She was a very proud woman.

With a strong sense of pride, she certainly didn't want to see her daughters being looked down upon.

"An alliance with the Si Family is your only and best choice."

Old Master Si said with a smile: "Because our Si Family has the qualifications to negotiate with the Jiang Family Master, even if only to ease his curse and let him live another ten or twenty years. By that time, perhaps even your brother will be too old to care. For Miss Moon Princess, our young master is also a suitable match. A marriage alliance can solve matters of life and death and restore a broken mother-daughter relationship. Why not?"

After all, it was a woman favored by the Supreme; he still had to handle the relationship delicately.

This young Supreme seemed not to understand interpersonal relationships, acting too bluntly.

Old Master Si was different; he had lived long enough to become a master of human relations.

Smoothing over relationships was his forte.

This time, Jiang Mingyan didn't retort with sarcasm because she was indeed tempted.

The premise was that the young man truly belonged to the Dark World.

Gu Jianlin's performance today indeed exceeded her expectations, not just in displayed combat prowess but also in his courage and bravery. Most importantly, he understood the survival rule of the Dark World, which is the law of the jungle.

Here, there are no emotions, no loyalty, and no so-called principles of faith.

There are only interests.

As long as you are useful, you are powerful, and others will fear you.

This power does not lie in rank but in whether you are useful.

Or rather, for whom you are useful.

After grasping the survival rules of the Dark World, the seventeen-year-old seemed like a renowned giant, breaking the awakening bell with firmness and arrogance, negotiating with the true master of the You Ying Group.

If Gu Jianlin truly belonged to the Dark World, then his future would be boundless.

The problem was that he was not.

Jiang Mingyan was well aware of his true identity.

He was just a counterfeit.

And once his true identity was exposed, it was enough to trigger a large-scale war!

"Sometimes, identity isn't such an important matter. We need to look further ahead."

Old Master Si smiled mysteriously, handing him a copper coin, lowering his voice: "Sometimes you don't necessarily need to choose the right camp. As long as you follow the right people, no matter who wins, you'll be the one laughing in the end."

A flash of lightning illuminated the woman's seemingly cold face.

A peculiar glint flickered in Jiang Mingyan's eyes.

Chapter 794: Mother-in-Law's Hesitation, Secret Infiltration (Part 2)

The old man's words were profound, telling him to look further ahead.

It's not just the internal strife of the Dark World.

It's the conflict between order and darkness, that's the ultimate end of the world.

In the current situation, there truly is a man in this world, that as long as you are willing to bet on him, regardless of whether darkness or order wins, you will be the one laughing in the end.

That person is Gu Jianlin.

And the price you need to pay is merely a daughter.

Yet your daughter must be with him and no other.

So, will you really continue to be this villain?

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Gu Jianlin looked down at the black talisman on his wrist, the skeletal mark seemed branded onto his skin, this was the change brought about by signing a blood oath, as if a time bomb was tied to him.

Moon Princess glanced at his wrist and discreetly withdrew her gaze.

In fact, in Tokyo, for the Jiang Family's old ghost to seek a Superdimensional Level, it was just a matter of thought.

It was totally unnecessary to go to such trouble.

However, having such a thing on his hand was indeed a time bomb, and it had to be removed.

"The petal of the Ghostly Glowing Lotus is indeed a rare masterpiece, I can feel the Ancient God's Breath stirring, that feeling is like a beast smelling the scent of blood, a sort of restless madness." Jiang Chunyang toyed with the wooden box in his hand, inside was a pitch-black petal, lustrous as jade, and intertwined with tuscan red patterns like blood threads, unfortunately, it was entirely gray and had already withered.

"Back when Qing and Chi claimed there was another evolution chain in this world, no one believed them, yet the facts proved them right after all these years."

He lamented: "Qing and Chi were geniuses, and we are the mediocrity."

Not just this old man.

Even Moon Princess's eyes showed a touch of blood red.

Gu Jianlin could even feel the furor of the Ancient God's Breath within him, he stared at the withered petal in the wooden box, attempting to profile it with all his might, yet could only sense a mysterious vast aura.

He took out a note from his pocket, slid it across the stone table, and calmly said, "This is the usage method for the past three days, with your energy you can naturally find the best alchemist."

Jiang Chunyang raised his cloudy eyes and coldly asked, "Only three days? I've shared with you my biggest secret and gave you my most proud and cherished granddaughter."

There is no one shameless like this in the world.

If it wasn't because her Rank wasn't high enough, Moon Princess would have wanted to draw her sword and attack at this moment.

When her sisters were still in their infancy, they almost got killed by the Jiang Family.

Now she was being offered as a pawn, suddenly becoming the old man's most cherished granddaughter.

Truly disgusting.

"I said, it's not enough."

Gu Jianlin enunciated: "I want to know what's inside that pyramid."

Jiang Chunyang sneered hoarsely: "You ask me, I don't know either, you should ask my dead son, this is the legacy he left. I can treat you as the Jiang Family's son-in-law and explore that ultimate with us. We don't know why that Divine Ruins appeared at the Qilin Immortal Palace, but it is undeniably the place where Qing and Chi reached all those years ago. Aren't you curious? Don't you want to be like them?"

"The Qilin Venerable was truly the most insane of the Ancient Supremes, who would have thought that the Candle Light Divine Tree and the Ghostly Glowing Lotus were both brought back from the Ancient God Clan's old land by him, how interesting, hahaha!"

The old man was engulfed by the dense black mist, disappearing without a trace.

There's no need to even think about it, he was surely in a rush to relieve his curse.

After Jiang Chunyang disappeared, the cold ghost energy dissipated without a trace, the pressure that filled the courtyard also vanished.

This was his way of showing him out.

Gu Jianlin exhaled a murky breath from his chest.

As the ruler of the Dark World, the old ghost's pressure was undoubtedly great on him.

But the old man's last words stirred some random thoughts in him beyond pressure.

Currently, all the clues pointed to the Qilin Venerable.

He is the most mysterious and insane of the Supremes.

The Four Supremes all feared him.

And the ranks of the Ancient Supremes are equivalent, with no absolute disparity.

Even the Candle Dragon Venerable might be stronger, yet cannot permanently suppress or kill a Supreme.

So what makes him inherently special?

Jiang Chunyang's unintentional words just now boomed like a thunderclap.

The Candle Light Divine Tree and the Ghostly Glowing Lotus were both brought back from the Ancient God Clan's old land by the Qilin Venerable.

So-called old land, means homeland.

Why was it that only the Qilin Venerable could bring the two supreme Holy Objects to Earth?

Why were the Supremes all afraid of him because of this?

Just as he was pondering, Moon Princess suddenly grabbed his right hand.

"Let's go."

Moon Princess observed the old house, seemingly recalling something, her hand clutching his right hand was cold, even trembling slightly: "I feel a bit unwell, let's leave here quickly."

Gu Jianlin knew she was pretending to be unwell because she had more important things to hint at to him.

"Do you remember the mysterious coordinates you gave me?"

Moon Princess pretended to be unwell, leaning against his chest, but her cryptic words were chilling: "We circled around in Shinjuku for so long but could never find the location of those coordinates, is it possible they are not even in a normal dimension? What if we recalculate within a virtual dimension, what would be the result?"

Chapter 795: Mother-in-law's Hesitation, Secret Infiltration_3

Gu Jianlin was slightly taken aback. The mysterious coordinates might be right in the Shinjuku Imperial Garden!

But they could no longer stay here.

Jiang Chunyang had clearly expressed his intention to see them off.

Trying to do anything more would certainly arouse his suspicion.

After a long silence.

"I understand. If you're not feeling well, it's best to leave first."

He looked around, eyes deep: "Today's objective has also been achieved."

The evening wind brushed against the cherry blossoms in full bloom, petals cascading down to the lakeside. The silhouettes of the young man and woman gradually disappeared into the shaded paths, as if swallowed by darkness, never to be heard from again.

In the silent shrine, talisman papers fluttered, countless wind chimes swayed in the breeze, as if bidding them farewell.

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In the virtual network's meeting room, the young man and woman under the camera drove away from Shinjuku Imperial Garden.

No.1 breathed a sigh of relief: "Mission accomplished."

"It seems No.4 was right. This guy really likes to stray outside the plan. He's naturally suited to the Dark World, completing tasks in the toughest and most direct way. He has fathomed the survival rules here. In the Dark World, you cannot show weakness. If you do, someone will eat you alive."

No.3 said in a low, haunting voice: "Just like a god cannot bleed, or they will be devoured by millions of believers."

After a long silence, No.4 whispered: "It appears the President sent him to us hoping he would become a variable, right? Every Shadow has their own way of doing things. As long as the task is completed, that's all that matters. With his capability, we should be cooperating with him, not the other way around."

The Shadows' plan was to leverage his spirit immunity to successfully pass the awakening bell's test.

Thus earning the Jiang Family's trust.

Unexpectedly, Gu Jianlin offered a solution in his own way.

In this world, trust is unnecessary; only interests matter.

After a moment.

No.5's voice rang out: "Later, I will compile the intelligence gathered this time and upload it for analysis. We need to know what's inside that mysterious tomb, including any anomalies surrounding the corpse of the Red King. These are two crucial variables. If there is any discrepancy, the conclusions drawn will be vastly different."

The intelligence today was a great shock to every Shadow.

Their hearts were uneasy.

"In any case, the mission is over, and we acknowledge his capability."

Just as the Shadows were about to relax, No.1 suddenly said.

"Wait."

No.1's voice trembled slightly: "The Qilin's Shadow is missing!"

Gu Jianlin mastering the Qilin Forbidden Curse was no secret to them.

Using a clone to relay messages was also something they hadn't anticipated.

Yet, under the surveillance camera, that ghostly Shadow mysteriously vanished from its place.

"Since the mission is over, retracting the Shadow is a normal thing, right?"

"Even so, I have a bad feeling."

"When Qilin left in the car, he took one last look into the depths of Shinjuku Imperial Garden."

"Is there a possibility he's planning something big?"

"No need to guess, Qilin already sent a message asking us to assist with his next action."

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The tranquil old mansion, like a tide of cherry blossoms shielding the lake.

By the lake, someone raised their eyes, gazing at the silent shrine.

That was the Shadow of Gu Jianlin.

His physical form had long since left, but before leaving, he retracted the Shadow, leaving it there.

The Shadow's wrist was entwined with the silver-white Lock of Nonexistence, gliding like a ghost through the shaded paths, silently entering the silent shrine. Countless fluttering talisman papers and wind chimes, as though welcoming its arrival.

Chapter 796: Skylark's True Form, Revival of the Red King!

In the dead of night, rain fell from the sky.

Gu Jianlin lifted his head, stopping in front of the shadowy shrine, his expression unreadable as he surveyed his surroundings.

He was a rare possessor of the Qilin Forbidden Curse, and the shadow he created had been proven to possess special properties, such as having virtually no cooldown period. As long as his spirituality was sufficient, it could be dispersed and reformed infinitely.

After all, he inherited the rank of Qilin Venerable, so it was normal for his shadow to have some uniqueness. The most critical aspect was that the consciousness and senses of the original and the clone were shared, as if he had two souls, both brains capable of doing two different things simultaneously, without interference yet in complete synchronization.

For example, he could coax his little sister at home while secretly infiltrating the old residence.

This was indeed a dangerous endeavor. Even if the shadow could die without consequence, the people of the Dark World were not easily fooled. It wasn't hard to discover that he was using the Qilin Forbidden Curse, and if investigated thoroughly, unforeseen problems might arise.

However, ever since Youzhu mentioned that the coordinates might be here, he decided to stay and investigate.

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, who knows when he could return next time.

Through overlapping time and space, he once again heard the cryptic words transmitted by his original body.

"I must say, I think you're truly mad."

Finally, three knocks were heard in the password, proving that the person communicating with him was Three.

The surroundings were silent and deserted. In the Ghost Slayer Path state, he couldn't perceive the Life Rhythm, so he wasn't sure if there were any eyes watching from all directions. Thus, he couldn't dispel the Virtualization state and had to constantly maintain the Lock of Nonexistence.

Everything he saw now, his original body had already sketched out in the car.

As a child, he practiced sketching for a year.

Ultimately, since it was too simple for him, he didn't pursue further study.

Even without entering the Extraordinary World, he was actually a genius.

His original body finished the sketch, then took a photo with a phone and uploaded it online.

No.5 would naturally receive the picture and share it with her companions.

Initially, when he contacted the shadows, the communication channel was silent for a long time, clearly shocked by his reckless actions. But, they were top agents hidden in the shadows, wasting no time and deciding to cooperate with his plan. In a way, it was a rare trust and recognition of his abilities.

"Damn, this old residence is actually a yin dwelling. In ancient Feng Shui Inspection, if an ancestor was buried in a fantastic Feng Shui location, it would bring fortune and luck to future generations. Conversely, if the Feng Shui was poor, descendants would face misfortune or even family dissolution."

Three whispered, "This yin dwelling follows the opposite principle, adopting a special burial custom of the Ancient God Clan, academically named Reverse Can. As the name suggests, it sacrifices the

descendants' fortune to the deceased ancestors, thus appeasing their souls, keeping them in eternal slumber."

He paused for a moment: "Of course, Feng Shui Inspection within the domain of Alchemy is a unique Alchemy Matrix. It's not feudal superstition but a real and effective practice. No wonder the Jiang Family hasn't produced any remarkable talent over the years, Jiang Chuge being only a fleeting bloom."

The Jiang Family was once the premier clan in the Extraordinary World, having produced countless brilliant talents.

The modern history of the Ether Association was essentially written by the Jiang Family and Ji Family. Despite losing many talents in the Ancient God Chaos, such a historically rich family wouldn't fall into silence.

But indeed, in recent years, talented individuals have been rare in the Jiang Family.

Indeed, Feng Shui might be mere superstition in the real world.

However, in the Extraordinary World, it was no trivial matter.

Because ordinary people lack spirituality, no matter how they maneuver Feng Shui, they wouldn't create an Alchemy Matrix.

If this was an Alchemy Matrix affecting the Jiang Family's bloodline, it was indeed quite sinister.

Entering the shrine, a chilling wind blew.

Strange talismans fluttered wildly in the wind, the wind chimes sounded mutedly, the gilded walls engraved with interwoven dragons and snakes, seemingly surging over a vast ocean, encircling a broken Heavenly Pillar, as torrents of fiery rain fell.

The Ancient Dragons entangled each other, a massive virtual shadow loomed over the sea, hovering between ghost and god.

When Gu Jianlin stood outside the hall looking in, he felt nothing, but upon entering, he discovered this was a vast space, even giving the illusion of time and space being stretched.

The black coffin was gazed upon by nine massive stone statues, giants draped in Divine Robes kneeling on the ground, their hollow, despairing eyes intricately carved by masterful craftsmanship.

They resembled sinners deprived of their souls, eternally kneeling here.

These giants were entwined by crimson Ancient Dragons, resembling sinners shackled by iron chains.

"Just as expected, this is the Reverse Dragon Can passed down by the Candle Dragon Clan, typically used for burying ancient gods. The burial within the coffin should have been a grand ceremony held in the Ancient God Realm. The coffin should bear mottled bloodstains, at least the blood of nine ancient Ancestors, used as sacrificial offerings."

Three transmitted another message: "By normal reasoning, this coffin should be burying an ancient and ruthless Ancient God Clan member, if they hadn't appeared here. Typically, after such a grand ceremony concludes, the coffin should be entombed in the Nether River, drifting for nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine years."

Chapter 797: The True Form of Scylark, Revival of the Red King! (2)

Gu Jianlin, possessing the art of profiling, was always meticulous in his observations.

He could truly smell a rich scent of blood in the gusting eerie wind.

"The reason this coffin is here must be that someone deliberately moved it, then used this Yin Hall to placate and suppress it. Do you know how the custom of burial came about? In fact, putting aside tradition and customs, humans truly have no need to be so concerned about corpses. Once a person dies, the body is cremated, the ashes scattered at sea, and there's no impact. But it's different for the Ancient God Clan. Ancient Gods can be resurrected." The information from Three came again.

Gu Jianlin nodded slightly. Indeed, traces of the Candle Dragon Clan were everywhere here.

It seems the Jiang Family really had close ties with Buzhou Mountain.

The pitch-black coffin exuded a bizarre malevolence, so much so that one dared not approach it.

As Gu Jianlin walked through this dark shrine, it was as if he navigated a corridor of Hell. Here, he discovered many sacrificial tools and artifacts he had never even heard of, and they all seemed to be precious antiquities.

He conjured an image in his mind.

People donning divine robes reverently knelt before the coffin, conducting ancient rites using blood as the guide. They sang a bloody hymn, as if comforting the soul of the one inside the coffin.

If the person inside the coffin is truly the Red King, then the dead cannot be brought back to life.

What on earth are they afraid of?

"I feel I need to share a cold fact with you, that those who stand at the top of the Evolution Chain cannot be measured by common human logic. For instance, did you know? Lishan Tiyan Pavilion has been preparing for 32 years for the President's death, because his remains must be reclaimed by them."

"The King of Qing and the Red King, they should be people of this level too, right?"

"I can't guarantee that."

Gu Jianlin remained silent because he saw an old diary atop the table in the shrine.

A ballpoint pen rested beside it, as if it had been used recently.

Without any visible reaction, he crouched down and opened it. The first line shocked his eyes.

"These are words recording Hell, not to be brought into the Human World. To reveal the Devil's secrets is to be burned alive by the Devil's fury. The more you study the Devil, the more you become fascinated with him."

— Aaron.

"Aaron?"

Gu Jianlin murmured softly, transmitting this through the main body.

Three responded without hesitation: "Aaron Sandland, the foremost alchemy master of the Dark World and a frontline archaeological researcher globally, 93 years old. This family was once a treasure of the Human World, for their birth intelligence surpassed ordinary humans, granting them unique prowess in alchemy."

"Dr. Aaron is the chief researcher for the Tokyo experimental chaos incident."

His tapping rhythm paused: "Also the chief advisor of Jiang Chunyang."

Gu Jianlin continued to read the diary.

"January 3, 1956, I once again heard his breathing and heartbeat. I thought I had gone mad, for he had been dead many years. It must be my exhaustion, imagining things."

"May 6, 1958, today's research on him ends here. A person who once neared the end of the Evolution Chain, his body has indeed mutated. Unless it is sealed, it will cause severe contamination."

"December 24, 1963, my god, the You Ying Law's Evolution Chain harbors such a secret. He is not merely human! The heartbeat and breathing I heard were real. I wasn't mad; it wasn't a hallucination! The You Ying Law and Candle Light Law differ, no wonder Qing and Chi made such choices!"

"July 24, 2000, the Ancestors of Buzhou Mountain contacted us again. This is the final step before the experiment's ultimate stage. The Ancestors of Buzhou Mountain claimed we have repeatedly failed due to our lack of Transplantation technology, but they have a way for us to glimpse the Black Supreme's wisdom."

"September 13, 2001, we couldn't resist the allure of Transplantation, as it was prerequisite technology for our experiment. Thus we orchestrated that attack. The Candle Dragon Clan waged war against the Bai Ze Clan, a battle that shook the world. We obtained the fruits of victory and now need to seek excellent hosts."

"April 2, 2002, I committed such unspeakable acts against humanity. Surely, I will go to Hell after I die? I have nightmares every night where those children slice me into pieces. I believe I will die with my sins, atoning in Hell for ten thousand years, hoping for the children's forgiveness."

After this page, there was a list tucked within.

This list documented one hundred and thirty-seven names from various countries worldwide, spread across Europe, Asia, and America. It included black people, white people, and Asians. Each person's gender, age, birth date, and family address were listed, even their evaluation rating.

Without exception, they were all children under ten years old, evidently ranked based on talent and potential as hosts, to be captured based on priority.

Gu Jianlin's mind exploded with terror when he saw the final name.

Su Xiang.

This was clearly a name once used by Candle Dragon Venerable in the Human World.

And now, it had eerily appeared here.

"Su Xiang, female, date of birth December 31, 2000, home address Jinmao Building 3105, Hongshui District of Xichang City, host rating S-level, a unique S-level." Gu Jianlin murmured softly over the file, assuming more detailed data was stored digitally, not in paper documents.

Chapter 798: The Skylark's True Form, The Red King's Resurrection!_3

This diary seems more like something Dr. Aaron wrote to seek forgiveness for his own conscience.

The trembling handwriting seems to confirm his uneasy heart.

Even the mottled scratches on the desk are traces left by time.

The contents of this document correspond exactly with Skylark's memory.

The story told by Skylark was full of logical fallacies, initially thought to be just the product of jumbled memories.

Never expected, a part of this story turned out to be true.

After her four younger brothers disappeared, Skylark left her hometown, disguised as an elementary school student, and mixed in with the adult world in a southern city.

Until one day, she encountered a Canglong entrenched at the far reaches of the sky.

"Su Xiang, why is she called this name?"

Gu Jianlin's pupils constricted because he discovered something.

The roster was also handwritten, each line of writing was trembling.

You can see Dr. Aaron's inner pain and struggle.

Until the last name, the handwriting was completely distorted.

If Dr. Aaron's previous mood was struggling, then writing this name was sheer terror.

No, that's not right.

The handwriting of the gender, age, and address is exactly the same as before, all equally trembling.

Only the name Su Xiang is an exception, it should have been added last!

This means that the last girl originally had no name, or her original name didn't matter, she got a new name after being captured.

"Why did the Ancient God Clan of Buzhou Mountain bestow upon her the name once used by Candle Dragon Venerable?"

Gu Jianlin felt a chill spreading throughout his heart, softly murmuring: "Is this a contingency plan left by Candle Dragon Venerable? Qilin Venerable used the Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique to create a mask, perhaps out of desperation or with another plot. Could Candle Dragon Venerable have created such a woman to prepare a vessel for himself?"

Therefore, Skylark was given that name.

That's why she fused with the Candle Dragon Bone.

That's why she became so powerful.

Wait!

Thunder roared, a bolt of lightning tore through the sky.

Gu Jianlin suddenly thought of the story that the wicked woman mentioned before.

Could it be possible that it was not her memory at all?

Including her four mysterious younger brothers.

In her hometown, there was an old tree that, when lit by the sun, gleamed golden, and a flower that had withered for many years.

Candle Light Divine Tree.

Ghostly Glowing Lotus.

The so-called eldest in the family represents the firstborn Supreme, Candle Dragon Venerable!

As for the four brothers in the family.

The second child is the most solitary, not close to anyone, the only memorable thing is his silhouette.

This represents the second-born Supreme, Vermilion Bird Venerate.

The third child is clever and can share many burdens with the elder sister.

This is the third-born Supreme, Bai Ze Venerable.

His Authority is the understanding of all things!

The fourth child is lazy, indifferent to everything.

This is the fourth-born Supreme, the most low-profile Xuanming Venerable.

Lastly, there's the erratic fifth child.

This is the final Supreme, Qilin Venerable!

They claim to be cursed, hence they need to investigate the truth.

Each Ancient Supreme has a corresponding curse, which is their only weakness.

They don't remember their parents.

Possibly because so-called parents never existed!

As they are naturally born beings, corresponding to the Sun Candle and Taiyin Youying!

No, not correct.

Do they really not exist?

Skylark's last sentence seemed to echo again in his ears:

"The new home they are looking for, also to find and retaliate against those who abandoned them."

Qilin Venerable is so frenzied, who is the one he wants to retaliate against?

Gu Jianlin was in a chaotic state of mind, even for someone adept at profile, he was at a loss in this moment.

He tried to organize his thoughts.

Two hundred years ago, during the Ancient God Chaos, the Red King died.

Buzhou Mountain held a grand funeral for him, brought back to Tokyo and sealed by the Jiang Family.

Over the years, the Jiang Family's chief Alchemy Master has been researching the King's corpse in secret.

They tried to conduct an experiment.

However, this experiment failed repeatedly.

Until the Ancestors of Buzhou Mountain came, plotting the Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique.

Thus, the Bai Ze Clan and the Candle Dragon Clan went to war.

The Ether Association clashed with the Youying Group.

Finally, Buzhou Mountain successfully acquired the Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique.

Skylark was born as the final product of this plan.

Buzhou Mountain achieved their goal.

Then, what about the purpose of the Youying Group?

Gu Jianlin turned to the last page of the diary, a line of scarlet handwriting stung his eyes.

"June 4, 2022, let us welcome the return of the King together!"

He looked up, an eerie heartbeat and breathing echoed from the pitch-black coffin.

Gu Jianlin seemed to see the person in the coffin silently smiling at him.

Chapter 799: The Eldest Miss Arrives!

Gu Jianlin felt his heart pounding like a drum in his chest; he silently released the Ancient God's Breath within him. Majestic and fierce dragon horns emerged from the top of his head, his scarlet vertical pupils stern and menacing.

This scene was all too familiar to him, often appearing in ghost stories or tomb-raiding movies, and in his hand, there was no peach wood sword or a Black donkey hoof to ward off evil; all he had, perhaps, was child's urine. Well, he shouldn't be joking with himself now; he had to calm down to face the situation steadily.

The so-called magic artifacts to ward off evil were, in fact, merely folklore imitations created by humans based on the Ancient God Clan's relics and did not possess real supernatural effects. What truly resurrects is not humans, but gods.

Now it seemed that the You Ying Law evolution chain indeed held some kind of secret; the Red King had evolved to a non-human domain. His heartbeat was as resonant as thunder, and his breathing was like the booming sound from a broken bellows, while the nine kneeling giant stone statues seemed to come alive, turning their heads to silently stare at him.

From their hollow pupils, greasy blood flowed out, and a bizarre smile appeared on their lips.

The dragon coiled around their bodies suddenly opened its eyes, and the temple echoed with the Ancient Dragon's roar!

Damn it, these statues weren't merely sculptures.

This is Stone Burial!

The same Stone Burial once appeared in the Returning Burial Forest; these statues were genuine Ancient God Clan!

Damn it, for this situation, one should summon Lin Zhengying.

Gu Jianlin's Virtualization State had reached its limit, forcing him to reveal his true form.

He grabbed the diary on the table and turned to leave without hesitation.

This was extremely precious evidence.

As long as he returned and verified it through Divination, its authenticity could be confirmed.

In fact, he wanted to summon the Qilin Wedge and then place the diary inside to take it away.

But he forcibly resisted the impulse.

Because this was Jiang Chunyang's territory, and it was a Different Space-Time overlapping, he couldn't guarantee that summoning the Qilin Wedge would go unnoticed; if possible, he would also ensure the survival of his avatar.

Once the avatar was killed, the enemy could likely discern that he was the master of the Qilin Forbidden Curse.

Then, his identity would likely be exposed.

Without hesitation, he turned and sprinted along the shadows against the wall, unleashing the domain of Divine Speed Force to its utmost.

Reason told him not to use Space Jump because the space-time here was extremely unstable.

As expected.

The space-time of the temple was also distorting; although the exit was right in front of him, the path grew longer and longer.

In a daze, he felt as if he had fallen into a quagmire.

He seemed to be engulfed by the dark abyss, helplessly watching himself sink deeper and deeper.

This feeling was as terrible as running on a hundred-meter track at school; at a normal adult speed, one could reach the end in fifteen seconds, which means your speed is about six point six meters per second. But when the track extends by seven meters every second, you can never finish that path.

Unless you can break through your limits.

Fortunately, Gu Jianlin was Dual Core Drive.

Bang!

He stamped the floor tile hard, briefly unleashing his muscular strength!

Gu Jianlin stormed forth with extreme speed, disturbing gusts of wind and countless talisman papers fluttered, wind chimes silently swayed.

With an unimaginable speed for the Fifth Rank, he rushed out of the Shrine, swiftly drawing an Ancient Blade offered before the statue.

This Shrine was extremely eerie, or perhaps it was the corpses in the coffin too peculiar, as cherry blossoms floated in the antique courtyard, and the petals quietly rotted in the soil, while pale hands reached out from the earth!

No, not just one hand, but countless pale hands!

The Red King should logically not have fully resurrected, as he hadn't reached the Divine Ruins on the second level of Qilin Immortal Palace, but his corpse had already undergone Deformation, hence sealed by such a powerful Barrier.

Clearly, this haunted house can no longer contain him.

If he successfully resurrects, undoubtedly gods descend to earth.

If the corpse bursts out from the coffin, it very likely spells disaster, bringing devils' havoc.

Gu Jianlin thought if his teacher became such a sinister thing after death, he would never go to the grave.

The monsters breaking through the earth were clad in tattered Corpse Clothes, entwined with eerie talisman papers, showing different degrees of Deformation, some with black scales on their cheeks, some with curled claws growing from their nails, others with a fierce dragon tail and ridged bone spikes protruding from their back.

No doubt, these were the researchers tasked with observing the corpse; their hands all bore calluses from gripping pens, marks of wearing glasses adorned their faces, their scalp sparse.

They were infected by the Ancient God's Breath during their research on the corpse, leading to Deformation.

Instead of killing these researchers, the Jiang Family buried them beneath cherry blossom trees.

To serve as the king's guards.

Now these monsters were summoned, crawling out from beneath the cherry blossom trees like ghosts, encircling the intruder like sea tides over a reef, breathing fire and strong gales, driving sand and hailstorms, assembling Elemental Turbulence, and suppressing terrifying energy.

This accumulation of energy can even distort space, causing space-time instability.

The principle is akin to a curvature spacecraft.

This is the Heavenly Master's customary method to deal with Ghost Slayers.

Kudos to the Jiang Family, even their researchers are elites.

Chapter 800: The Eldest Miss Arrives! (Part 2)

Gu Jianlin drew his sword from the scabbard, the cold and clear glow illuminating his eerie and solemn blood-red vertical pupils. The domain of space freeze silently spread, and everything it passed through seemed to sink into a quagmire of silence, abruptly halting the clamor of the mortal world.

In the silent domain, even such violent elemental turbulence became so docile and tame. The scorching halo illuminated his face as he casually tossed the sword scabbard into the courtyard and swung the sword expressionlessly!

Countless arcs of the sword burst forth simultaneously, causing the domain of space freeze to collapse with a boom.

Also annihilated were the fragmented timespace, with the elemental turbulence swallowed by the broken void.

Gu Jianlin advanced like a ghost, casually slashing out numerous phantom-like arcs of the sword, resembling the flash of a meteor across the sky. Accompanied by the horrific sound of flesh and bone being torn apart, the monsters were sliced in half.

Not even blood splashed out; the insides of the monsters had long been empty.

A head flew high and rolled to his feet, which he crushed underfoot.

However, at this moment, he heard a strange sound.

Countless pale hands reached out from both sides of the shaded path, waving at him as if beckoning to spirits.

As if saying, "Hi!"

Gu Jianlin turned to look into the depths of the shrine, where countless wind chimes and talisman papers were also swaying.

Just like the dead, greeting him.

"Looks like you don't want me to leave."

Gu Jianlin lifted the ancient blade onto his shoulder and stroked its eerie edge with his right hand. Countless threads of violent lightning arcs spread out, erupting with the screech of a thousand birds — this was the All Heavens Divine Thunder!

He could no longer continue to hide, from here on it was nothing but a spree of slaughter!

"Damn it, Qilin is trapped in the old house!"

No.1 said gravely over the communication channel, "What's in the old house is crucial. We must find a way to assist him in breaking through. Otherwise, not only will the precious information be lost, but his identity might also be exposed."

Three finally put away his laid-back demeanor and responded, "Jiang Chunyang should still be using the petals of the Ghostly Glowing Lotus to lift the curse; he won't act for a while. Given that old guy's nature, he'll certainly gather a group to protect himself because there are people from the Ether Association and the King of Qing's student in Tokyo. We... have a chance!"

No.5 said softly, "I'll try my best to help him find a way out, provided he can fight his way out of the old house. That thing is too terrifying; none of us have any certainty."

After a second's silence,

No.4 said with a decisive tone, "If he can't get out, I'll directly take extreme measures and let the word out, using the power of order to strike the old house directly!"

No one could guarantee what would happen by then.

The highest directive given to the Shadows was to protect Qilin's safety at all costs.

At the crucial moment, Gu Jianlin's true self gave them a shot of adrenaline.

"Don't worry, I can fight my way out."

The communication channel echoed with a boy's indifferent voice, and amidst the deathly stillness came the sound of pouring rain!

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In the mansion at Shinjuku Imperial Garden, a burly old man was swinging a sword with great force. Before him stood ten hideous skeletons, obviously not human in form, but deformed Ancient God Seeds.

Each slash he made shattered a skeleton of the Ancient God Seed.

The broken bone powder wafted into the air, exuding a nauseating odor.

Clearly, he was swinging an ancient blade, yet it had no sharp and sinister feel, instead exuding the aura of a giant wielding an axe in ancient myths. His movements were grand and expansive, spreading a vast and majestic aura.

"Father, I'm back."

Jiang Chuge, in a white suit, approached him and slightly bowed his head in respect, "I've also brought Ziye back. It's quite something to snatch someone from that Princess of the Ether Association."

The negotiations between the Ether Association and You Ying Group went smoothly, as both sides harbored their own schemes. To show sincerity, they certainly wouldn't tear their faces openly and had to demonstrate some goodwill.

More importantly, the Moon Princess and Thunder came to a draw.

If the former had lost, they naturally couldn't keep the person.

"Sorry, Father."

Jiang Ziyue was already able to walk down from the wheelchair and said with his head bowed, "I didn't expect the opponent this time to be the Crown Prince of the Ether Association. This is my fault, and it has embarrassed you."

He was an orphan, his parents died early.

The Jiang Family had fostered him under the name of the elder before him, practically a stepson.

This elder was currently the eldest son of the Jiang Family's still-living patriarch and family head.

Also, the future heir of the Dark World.

Jiang Yanxu was evidently a person of great stature, much more robust than his aged father, like a giant bear strolling through the forest, exuding an intimidating pressure that could only be cultivated on the battlefield, a terrifying aura that sent chills down one's spine.

This was the Red King's younger brother, whose talent was rather mediocre many years ago without any standout features.

Since the Dark World cooperated with Buzhou Mountain, this elder in the Jiang Family rose rapidly, suppressing a group of competitors with formidable strength and iron-fisted means, quickly establishing his rule.

With a smack.

Jiang Ziyue was slapped.

Jiang Chuge looked at him expressionlessly, "That's the King of Qing's student, nobody would expect you to win against him. Even Rhein considers him an opponent, so he's not someone you can deal with, nor are you worthy. But you did fail, and you need to repay your sins with your worth. Don't screw up in the next operation."

Bang, an ancient blade split a hideous skeleton in two.

"Father is alleviating his own curse, I have to guard Shinjuku Imperial Garden against Lin Dong. In one hour, he probed me a hundred and thirty-seven times through various means, truly interesting."

Jiang Yanxu's voice was also deep and resonant, like a roaring tank, murmuring, "In addition to the people you selected, there will be one more on the action team's list, that young master from the Si Family."

He paused for a moment, "I don't like this person, find a way to kill him. If possible, let the Moon Princess die in the Divine Ruins as well, before Jiang Mingyan advances to Ninth Rank, I will find a way to dispose of her."

Jiang Chuge made no comment, as if everything was as it should be.

Jiang Ziyue still wore a smiling face, covering his reddened swollen cheek, "That one offended the Crown Prince of the Ether Association, I'm afraid even if we do nothing, he might not survive."

This was indeed true; the whole world was watching keenly.

Yet Jiang Yanxu sneered, "That guy is no simpleton; few can come out alive from the old house, it seems Father wants to use him, hence the collaboration with the Si Family."

A person able to benefit his father was naturally someone he wanted dead.

After all, if his father didn't die, when could he expect to rise to power?

This mansion had a lake, and heavy footsteps sounded across the wooden walkway.

There were people wearing ominous black robes, emanating a chillingly murderous aura.

"I have guests."

Jiang Yanxu said indifferently, "You all go ahead, I have matters to discuss with these esteemed guests."

Undoubtedly, these black-robed mysterious figures could only be Pseudo Ancestors sent by the Ancient God Clan to operate in the real world, hailing from the ancient and tyrannical Candle Dragon Clan.

At this moment, terrifying roars suddenly broke the silence.

It was coming from the direction of the old house, where the overlapping space was forcibly torn apart, and golden rain poured down.

Jiang Chuge turned abruptly, a shocked expression on his face, and soared up on his sword.

Jiang Ziyue also showed a startled expression.

For they saw the pouring rain, cascading down heavily.

Someone stood amidst the overwhelming golden rain, holding a blade entwined with thunder. His breathing rhythm harmonized with the world's melody, as if inhaling and exhaling the natural enemy, with a domineering aura overlooking the world.

The Heavenly Person Domain!

No, what was shocking wasn't just the Heavenly Person Domain.

But that person's face!

No face in the world was as breathtakingly beautiful!

"Young Lady?"

Jiang Ruoxu exclaimed in shock!