

## Ancient 831

### Chapter 831: Another Kiss (Part 2)

In the face of absolute strength, the advantage of numbers has vanished.

In the blood gushing like a waterfall, Tang Ling greedily devoured the Ancient God's Breath, and her enemies were forcibly stripped of their Evolutionary State, thus easily defeated.

A sound like the wailing of ghosts and the mournful cry of blades suddenly echoed.

The spirituality in Tang Ling's body became chaotic, as if her very soul trembled.

The Thunders encircling her flickered uncertainly.

At a critical moment, Jiang Ziyue darted forward like a specter, his blade effortlessly tearing through the sand and wind, his slashes like autumn leaves whirling in a dance of dizzying beauty, slicing spacetime to shreds.

Even with the Boundary of No Distance, Tang Ling couldn't match such Divine Speed, she had to forcibly endure her chaotic spirituality and retreat, evading the elusive blade, even her left shoulder was grazed by a line of blood.

"Stop struggling, die here."

Jiang Ziyue moved at high speed, his slashes like a violent tempest, forcing her to retreat step by step, leaving countless fierce fissures in the passing void, revealing the primal darkness of the universe in the deep gaps.

"When that great presence awakens, you will die as well."

In a flash, he flickered to her back, a blade aimed at her heart!

"That great presence, it's the Red King, isn't it? That legendary king hasn't truly died; he's waiting for revival. As far as I know, the Red King is better off dead in his coffin. Reviving someone like him, is it really beneficial for you?" Tang Ling suddenly turned, tossing the Extreme Thunder Great Sword into the air, as her hands conjured two crimson Thunder Swords, intercepting the blade aimed at her heart at the last moment!

The Thunder Swords were abruptly cleaved apart, and she seized the opportunity to retreat, avoiding a follow-up attack.

"He will only consume you all as well."

Her palms once again conjured two Thunder Swords, she had become adept at the Forbidden Spell of the All Heavens Divine Thunder.

When faced with attacks that disregard defense, such weapons made with Extraordinary Abilities must be used.

"The intelligence was indeed leaked, but what can we do?"

Jiang Ziyue softly said, "You simply don't understand; we have no retreat. The Red King's corpse is not safe just because it's in a coffin. It undergoes eerie deformations, like how the Ancient God Clan corrupts humans into Mutants. Even in a state of death, he continues to grow!"

As one Thunder Sword after another was shattered, the fragmented void stood on the brink of collapse.

Even as he was gradually deprived of the Ancient God's Breath, Jiang Ziyue could maintain his Evolutionary State, his attacks exuded pressure, the angle of his slashes were extremely cunning, like a venomous snake waiting for the opportunity to strike.

Just a moment's inattention would mean instant death!

"At that time, even if the King has not revived, his corpse will explode with terrifying power."

Jiang Ziyue swung down with his blade: "At that time, we'll all be doomed!"

With a cracking sound, the shield of concentrated Thunder was shattered.

Tang Ling squinted her beautiful eyes; this was intelligence even she didn't know, yet it couldn't make her give up the fight.

The best way to deal with the Ghost Slayer Path wasn't close combat, but wide-ranged mass attacks!

Tang Ling's eyes lit up with searing electricity, raising her hands to call back the Extreme Thunder Great Sword, releasing crimson raging arcs of lightning, she recited the Forbidden Spell of the All Heavens Divine Thunder, countless blazing Thunder Swords gathered above her!

Sword Control Technique!

The timing was impeccable.

Because in the next moment Jiang Ziyue was ready to unleash Space Freeze!

At that time, the situation would become very troublesome.

With a thunderous roar, Jiang Ziyue lifted his head, suddenly engulfed by the descending Thunder!

The Ancient Marital members of the Jiang Family surged forward, assaulting the red-haired girl like ocean tides crashing against rocks.

This was still dangerous close combat, a full three World Kings' Qi Realm fused together, pressed down like a tsunami, accompanied by raging punches, discharging explosive Qi.

Besieged from all sides, Tang Ling's graceful and nimble movements were like a sprite, surrounded by crimson lightning, she charged forward like a cannonball, using the blade wrapped in electric arcs to

forcefully break through the Qi Force attacking her, the reverberating Thunder like a chorus of a thousand birds, her fluttering red hair like flames!

An Ancient Martial Path practitioner maneuvered behind her, crossing his hands into a hammer to smash her head, yet unfortunately, a sudden Thunder Sword pierced through his chest, blood sprayed out, like splendid fireworks.

That was the effect of Sword Control Technique, Tang Ling could command anything within her domain that could be called a sword.

Another Ancient Martial's Qi Realm was shattered with a boom, the Extreme Thunder Great Sword cleaved overhead, splitting him in two.

The final World King was struck with terror, their ten-thousand-Thunder-like Sword Qi crashing down, burning him to a crisp!

With a thunderous roar, Space abruptly collapsed.

Jiang Ziyue broke away from the Sword Control Technique bombardment, utterly shattering the spacetime he was in.

Tang Ling's red hair waved as she marched forward with the Extreme Thunder Great Sword.

Clearly solitary, yet she seemed like an army charging ahead.

The last eight Twilight Candidates remained inactive, silently turning their heads, their expressions surprised.

Because in their view, the Seventh Ancestor had yet to act.

"Something's wrong."

The Seventh Ancestor narrowed his eyes, his scarlet vertical pupils suddenly constricting, hoarsely saying, "You should already be dead!"

Jiang Ziyue knelt on one knee, bracing himself with the Ancient Blade, his clothes in tatters, his expression somewhat peculiar.

Chapter 832: Another Kiss (3)

Tang Ling did not stop walking and said aloofly, "In that future, I am indeed already dead."

"Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse!"

The Seventh Ancestor blurted out, "You have mastered Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse!"

As soon as these words were spoken, the Twilight Candidates still didn't know what had happened.

Jiang Ziyue was slightly taken aback.

Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse, one of the Original Forbidden Curses.

This type of Forbidden Spell is extremely difficult to comprehend and even more complicated to cast.

But its effect is simple and brutal.

That is to erase a future possibility!

In fact, the Seventh Ancestor had already made a move while they were engaged in battle.

A Holy Land Level of the Seventh Rank, and also a Pseudo Ancestor of the ancient Candle Dragon Clan, could easily kill an opponent of lower rank, with only a one percent chance of failing.

Yet, this chance did happen.

Tang Ling should have been slain with a single strike, but she used Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse to glimpse that possibility and erased it without hesitation, allowing her to survive unharmed.

The line of karma was erased on the spot!

Only the Seventh Ancestor, as the concerned party, sensed it because a memory of him killing the girl flashed into his mind, allowing him to understand what had just happened!

Tang Ling said no more. Her evolutionary state silently faded, replaced by the burning brilliance in her eyes, bright and scorching like the sun, inviolable in its majesty!

Heavenly Person's Breathing!

The problem was her face was extremely pale, and her walking was unsteady.

Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse's effect was extraordinarily powerful, yet it placed a significant burden on her.

Still, she had no intention of retreating, charging forward resolutely.

Her red hair fluttered, and her vermillion eyes burned with a furious killing intent.

It seemed as if another personality had taken over her rationality.

"So it was you who gave her the power."

The Seventh Ancestor looked at her and commented, "Commendable courage."

Even Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse cannot eliminate the absolute gap in strength.

He could not be defeated; he was confident of this.

The sandstorm was torn apart, and the Seventh Ancestor finally moved, within a line of karma that could not be erased again!

This was an unimaginable speed; the blade he swung had no trace, and even the sound of breaking air was left far behind, with only the intense killing intent boiling, enveloping the desolate desert.

Tang Ling accelerated her charge as if launching a suicidal attack, the Extreme Thunder Great Sword emitting scorching electricity, slicing through the dry desert, unleashing a streak of golden lightning!

The Heavenly Person Realm expanded, and in the illusory imagery, it seemed to start snowing heavily, drifting in the desolate world.

It was Tang Ling's domain!

"Pity, not enough."

The Seventh Ancestor sneered; this level of Heavenly Person Realm could hurt him, but could not defeat him.

Just at this moment, his expression changed abruptly.

Because the domain of the Heavenly Person Realm expanded again, torrential rain came pouring down!

The glorious realm burned to the extreme!

The torrential rain mixed with the snowstorm, faintly accompanied by the rumble of thunder!

The rapid-charging person in the sandstorm suddenly came at him, accompanied by the screech of a thousand birds!

It was a blade.

A blade entwined with Thunder!

Also, a blade of unparalleled sharpness!

As the blade came out, it was like a dragon's roar, accompanied by flashes of lightning and thunder!

Tang Ling's red hair spread out like a waterfall, her eyes sparkling with a crazed killing intent, momentarily frozen, as a familiar cold and stern voice rang in her ears, like a commanding order from above, yet sounding so gentle.

"All Heavens Divine Thunder, full output."

Amid the roar, the Extreme Thunder Great Sword charred into a blackened hue, its scorching Thunder fully unleashed, the electric light of All Heavens Divine Thunder erupted like the mythological Indra descending upon the world!

The lightning was dyed bright gold, one sword swung down!

Sword Qi burst forth!

In a fleeting moment, the blade's cry surged to the heavens like a dragon's roar, as if a goddess of unparalleled might cleaved through time and space with a decisive strike, the All Heavens Divine Thunder also roared, unleashing destructive power.

The blade flashed and vanished, and time-space shattered with a sound!



Rarely in the world are there blade and sword so harmoniously matched, as if made for each other!

The domains of the Heavenly Person Realm fused together.

It was as if their souls were merging, indistinguishable from each other.

Lightning flashed, thunder roared.

The torrential rain and snowstorm mixed together.

A huge mushroom cloud rose into the sky, wild golden arcs of electricity exploded, the Heavenly Person Realm erupted on the spot!

The Seventh Ancestor fell out of the smoke, his black robe shredded and burned.

He knelt on the ground with one knee, the ancient blade in his right hand cracking inch by inch, breaking into shattered fragments.

Incredibly, he had failed again!

"Bombard!"

Jiang Ziyue saw this, his fox-like face devoid of any expression, and coldly ordered.

The Twilight Candidates launched a frantic bombing campaign, attempting to kill the enemy with a barrage of long-range firepower.

The sand dunes collapsed, the artillery blasted the desert into a fragmented wasteland, turning it into endless scorched earth.

At the critical moment, the domain of space freeze spread with a boom; time seemed to sink into a bog of silence, with sand suspended mid-air, burning bullets frozen in the wind, only the shattered Time-Space Gap emerged.

Gu Jianlin looked up, holding up his domain, silently bearing the opponent's barrage.

Fortunately, he made it in time.

He said to himself.

Tang Ling looked at the back in front of her with surprise, wondering if she was dreaming.

The boy in the black windbreaker stood before her, holding up the domain of space freeze, with countless burning bullets suspended before them, the roar of gunfire fading quickly, the world so peaceful.

The fireworks rising to the sky looked like they were illuminating his breathtakingly beautiful face.

Tang Ling had many things she wanted to say.

For instance, how did you survive?

Also, what happened during this time?

And finally, how did you come to my side?

But as the words reached her lips, she couldn't say anything.

"Sorry for being a bit late."

He said expressionlessly, "There's not enough time to explain everything now, let's deal with this guy first."

With a glance, Tang Ling recognized him as an avatar condensed from an illusory shadow, which meant it was just a void illusion, only suitable for combat, and the joy she felt was doused with cold water.

"I'm in a redhead state right now."

She grabbed his hand, coldly saying, "I'm quite bold."

Gu Jianlin was pulled forcefully, and a charming yet cold face neared him.

Warm breaths were close at hand.

Tang Ling kissed him on the lips.

Sadly, she only kissed thin air.

Because what she touched was merely a faint, immaterial mist.

The shadow formed by the Qilin Forbidden Curse indeed had no physical form, yet it could interfere with matter.

This was quite unreasonable.

Of course, the avatar kissed the air.

Yet the sensation was transmitted without obstruction to the main body.

Gu Jianlin was stunned.

Not just because he felt the soft touch of the girl's vermillion lips, having experienced it deeply in dreams.

Including the voice that echoed in his mind.

Skylark coldly said, "Goodness, should I have waited longer to come out?"

Chapter 833: Come Forth, Sparrow Llama!

Gu Jianlin knew that this was not the time to get distracted, but unfortunately, his mind briefly crashed. If not for feeling the overwhelming surge of dragon power, he might not have reacted in time.

He wanted to dodge, but for some reason, couldn't bear to do so.

His heartbeat accelerated, and the flow of his blood quickened as well.

Emotions brewed in his heart, and even his stone-hard heart was inexplicably eroded.

The girl's vermillion lips were soft and sweet, like holding a piece of transparent ice.

This was Tang Ling's other personality, or rather the side inclined towards the Ancient God Clan that dominated her body. Her appearance was both charming and cold, with vermillion eyes that were imposing and arrogant. Her dark red long hair fluttering in the wind added to her defiant nature, especially the pair of horns atop her head, giving her a seductive and demonic allure, more like a witch.

In this state, she was extremely aggressive and possessive.

Her gaze was condescending, openly displaying her anger and reproach.

"You're still alive, why didn't you come to find me?"

With lips barely touched, she coldly asked, "Not even a word?"

Even with her personality, she cared deeply about this matter.

The anger was because she felt neglected.

The reproach was because she thought he had died, leaving her drifting and dispirited during this time.

The President even said she perfectly assumed the role of a widow.

Just then, she suddenly noticed something.

Gu Jianlin had been constantly staring at her forehead, with a profound gaze she couldn't understand.

This even made her feel inexplicably uneasy.

Gu Jianlin retracted his gaze and said expressionlessly, "Now is not the time to talk about this. The Ether Association has eyes everywhere; many people are not worth trusting. I can protect you better by hiding in the shadows."

He turned and raised his hand, causing the Space Freeze domain to expand with a roar.

Time was forcibly silenced; bullet rain suspended mid-air, artillery fire dragging fiery trails like meteors falling, only to halt abruptly at the moment of explosion.

"I have very important things to tell you now."

He said softly, "There's a big problem within the Ether Association. We've always thought the Order of the Hidden has strong infiltration capabilities, but we're wrong. The reason they can do such things is

not because they've infiltrated Order, but because they were involved from the establishment of Order."

Tang Ling stared in shock, eyes widened, "What do you mean?"

Gu Jianlin wanted to tell her the truth about Frida's Schizophrenia but choked on it, instinctively feeling it was best not to tell her.

After all, the President hadn't disclosed the truth to her either, which meant there was no need to tell her.

There'd be no benefit in telling her, only harm.

Because he had a vague and bold idea.

The Tang Family is a prominent family in the Order World.

Who could conduct such experiments on a child right under the nose of those big figures?

It must be someone close to her.

"From now on, don't trust anyone around you."

He paused, "Until the President returns to full strength."

Tang Ling quietly observed his side profile; even after just half a month, he seemed to have grown a lot, with hardened iron-like lines and deeper eyes that hid sharpness.

When she first met him, he was young and impetuous, carrying the kind of arrogance and indifference that believed he was outstanding.

Now he was still arrogant and aloof, but with a rare steadiness.

Standing in front of her, he also gave an unprecedented sense of security.

Most importantly, he was really strong.

Very strong!

Because what Gu Jianlin had just exhibited was the Heavenly Person Realm!

He was also someone who simultaneously mastered two Supreme Laws.

If not for the inappropriate setting, she really wanted to fight him to see who was stronger.

At this moment, the Space Freeze domain collapsed, and a storm of artillery fire descended from the sky.

Gu Jianlin flashed and slipped into the void, the Divine Speed Domain expanded with a roar, unleashing a pure violence of blade techniques, slashing with no skill to speak of, yet shining with the brilliance of falling stars.

An ancient Blade Technique Extreme Intent amazed time, effortlessly tearing the void with countless overlapping slashes. The collapsing space shrank with a thunderous roar, swallowing the descending artillery fire.

The Seventh Ancestor indifferently tore off his tattered black robe, revealing his jade-like hard torso, with a three-inch scar on his chest that hadn't healed to this day, faintly shimmering gold.

This was the scar left by the Heavenly Person Realm.

He didn't expect the firepower bombardment to kill these two prey in front of him.

Because they were both too high-level.

"Miss, we meet again."

He licked his lips and softly said, "It seems today will yield rich rewards."

Because the world's most precious prey had appeared before him.

One was the perfect life.

Simultaneously mastering two Supreme Laws, their life level had reached Planet Level.

The other was new life created by human technology.

Also mastering two Supreme Laws, though their life level wasn't as high, it was still terrifying.

Of course, he didn't quite understand why these two were together.

And they were just kissing earlier.

Strangely, they were both females.

He didn't know what kind of bizarre ritual this was, growing more cautious internally.

"Follow my command."



The Seventh Ancestor stepped forward like a commanding general on the battlefield, once leading the Dragon Clan army to flatten countless civilizations in Ancient Times. Now his followers were mere human ants.

"It's your honor to fight alongside me."

He said flatly.

Jiang Ziyue gestured for the Twilight Candidates to prepare for battle and smiled, saying, "It truly is a supreme honor."

With the final artillery fire devoured completely, the roar dissipated into silence.

Space collapsed and expanded again, as Gu Jianlin flickered down onto the sand, supporting himself with one hand on the ground, his right hand gripping his blade.

"Joining forces to use the Heavenly Person Realm?"

Tang Ling's pupils shimmered with intense gold as she walked beside him, sword in hand: "That guy is quite strong."

They both felt the terrifying dragon's might rushing toward them.

Reunions were supposed to be beautiful, but unfortunately, it was under such lethal circumstances.

A Holy Land Level Seventh Rank Ancient God wanted their lives.

Even if the two of them together could possibly match four Sixth Ranks, they might not defeat a Seventh Rank.

Especially since that one was an Ancestor, and this was the Ancient God Realm.

The big shots in the Order World often say this to their children:

You better behave, or an Ancient God Clan will turn into a giant monster and eat you.

Such words are not mere scare tactics, for the Ancestor already possesses the ability of Primordial Return. In the Ancient God Realm, who knows how gigantic it could become, not only is its destructive power immense, but its defense becomes extremely strong too.

At that time, in melee combat, at most, you could only repair its foot.

"No, even if we use the Heavenly Person Realm, we won't win, but I have another way."

Gu Jianlin lifted his eyes, gazing at the shadow emerging from the wind and sand, whispering: "Watch closely, the guy before us is the Seventh Ancestor of Buzhou Mountain, a Dragon Servant under the Canglong Ancestor. Back in Shinjuku Imperial Garden, this guy mistook me for you and almost drove me to a dead end. The Seventh Ancestor wanted to capture you back to Buzhou Mountain."

"When the Canglong Ancestor captured you, it must have had its share. Everything you went through involved it, the root cause of your life's tragedy, your mortal adversary."

"When the tiger falls into the plains, it is bullied by dogs; when the dragon wanders in shallow waters, it is teased by shrimps. You possess the power of that Blood-colored Supreme, how can this small role be allowed to show off before you? In your prime, snuffing it out would be like crushing an ant, yet now it wants to capture you, treating you as weak prey, savoring the thrill of the hunt."

"Can you endure this? You cannot."

He paused, speaking internally: "If I were you, I would immediately take him down."

Tang Ling's gaze toward him revealed a hint of bewilderment, unsure of what he was muttering.

The sandstorm was split open, the Seventh Ancestor wielding a shattered Ancient Blade, suddenly tearing through the void to close in!

In the howling sandstorm, a cold, stern voice rang out.

"You better not cpu me!"

Gu Jianlin felt the scorching spirituality within him erupt like a volcano, as a breathtaking blood-colored phantom emerged from his body, accompanied by a dragon's roar shooting skyward, as if to shatter the void!

The gusting wind lifted Tang Ling's bangs, her pupils contracted sharply, sensing a strong threat.

Clang!

The sound of blade contact!

The Seventh Ancestor's fatal strike was blocked halfway, the hand holding the blade even trembled from the force.

Disbelief widened its eyes, deep within its pupils reflecting a stunning visage.

Skylark effortlessly intercepted its slash, with a backhand swipe severing.

With a cracking sound, its right arm flew through the air, blood spurting out.

Skylark raised her enchantingly alluring blood-red vertical pupils, her ink-dyed black hair waving in the wind, her deep crimson kimono fluttering, like a celestial princess descending among the clouds, a beauty sharp and conspicuous.

She was the kind who could master countless forms of beauty without needing to deliberately enact mythology.

Because she was the myth itself.

The blood-red ghost knife quivered fiercely in her hand, savagely drinking blood, the dragon's roar resounding high!

With a bang, the Seventh Ancestor was sent crashing into the dunes like a cannonball, its jade-hard body fracturing into countless fine cracks, as if a diamond under extreme pressure nearing shattering.

Its chest collapsed from the heavy blow.

Skylark stood on its chest, coldly enchanting like a demon, a dragon lurking amidst the stormy sky.

The Seventh Ancestor spat a mouthful of blood, its pale face filled with disbelief, glancing at the black-haired girl in the distance, and at the stunning figure close to it, feeling such similarity.

"How could this be?"

Even with the Ancestor's wisdom, this moment left it baffled, murmuring: "Do you have a daughter now?"

Clearly, this girl was the true Eldest Miss, able to so effortlessly defeat it.

If that's the case, then who was the black-haired girl just now?

Skylark was only twenty-two this year, where could she have such an older daughter?

"It's a boy."

Skylark said coldly: "Even if I did bear a child, it would have to be a son."

Lava-like blood kept oozing from the Seventh Ancestor's lips, wherever the blood touched the sand, a strange bloody hue spread, hinting at roots taking hold, seeming to grow and sprout.

This Ancestor appeared to merge with the sand, sacrificing itself to nourish the land.

"Your son?"

The Seventh Ancestor was bewildered and puzzled.

Skylark remained silent for a moment, looking at the vast wind and sand, and spoke indifferently: "Consider him my brother."

At this moment, the Seventh Ancestor understood many things, a cruel smile appearing on its lips, hoarsely saying: "So that's it. You still want a family even now. Because of loneliness, you found a monster similar to yourself. I'm curious about how he was born, but I suppose I won't get an answer."

Skylark looked down at it, as if seeing a Canglong coiled within its pupils.

Clearly, the Canglong Ancestor had meddled with its Dragon Servant.

In other words, everything here happened under the watchful eye of that noble Ancestor.

"Are you ready?"

The Seventh Ancestor revealed a sinister smile, its body collapsing at a visible rate.

It abandoned the characteristics of a Pseudo Ancestor, intending to bring its true self here.

No, not just that.

It employed the ultimate technique, the Ancient God Clan's destructive stance by sacrificing life.

Burning life's Primordial Return.

Skylark's indifferent voice pierced through the wind and sand: "You go first, I'll stay behind."

With a thunderous rumble, an ancient black giant tree soared up from the blood-red soil, a solemn Ancient Dragon perched atop its canopy, its vertical pupils menacingly cruel, shrouded in torrents of wind and rain.

The Seventh Ancestor's body lay dormant beneath the tree, as it grew, covering the sky and sun.

Chapter 834: When I Say East, She Wouldn't Dare Go West

The geology of the desert was forcibly corrupted. Ancient trees, decayed and towering, erupted from the ground, enough to cover the sky at a moment's notice. Their twisted branches were like withered hands of the despairing reaching out from hell, while beneath the cracked bark lay a shocking blood-red, consisting of sinew and veins.

Countless blood vessels extended from the tree roots, eroding the boundless desert.

Along the path, the blood polluted the land, like a hell of surging molten lava.

"Four thousand years like a dream, in an instant, the hegemony turns to void."

The black ancient dragon coiled around the ancient tree, overlooking the earth. This ancient Ancestor finally revealed its ultimate form; it seemed to have abandoned its own emotions and feelings, retaining only the coldest divinity.

And an imperial majesty.

In ancient times, one can imagine this Ancestor donned in royal robes in the human world.

The piercing wails resounded as the Twilight Candidates were polluted by the lava-like blood. Their already declining Evolutionary State reappeared, bloody dragon horns grew out, their dark red vertical pupils filled with blood threads, fangs pierced their lips, and even iron armor-like Dragon Scale emerged, the high temperatures on their bodies emitting smoke!

These Evolvers were forcibly conscripted, becoming citizens of the Emperor.

Only Jiang Ziyue roared toward the sky, with stormy vertical pupils showing shocking crimson. Only he could barely maintain his human form, though nearly split apart by the rampant Ancient God's Breath.

"Kill."

Amid the roaring Dragon Roar of the Ancient Bell, a dignified decree echoed.

The Twilight Candidates charged into the sandstorm like the gates of hell had opened, and evil spirits poured out!

Jiang Ziyue heard the ancient command in his ears, an extra gift from the Ancient God. The noble Dragon Blood unlocked his Evolution Path, allowing him to go further on the path of the You Ying Law.

Torn by the violent winds, he sprinted across the barren desert, disappearing without a trace.

From start to finish, Skylark hovered in mid-air, not even glancing at them.

If that guy ends up being hunted down and killed by these people, then he should reincarnate in the next life as soon as possible.

The most urgent task is to deal with the enemy at hand, otherwise, the entire desert will be detonated, with a power equivalent to the sum of Little Boy and Fat Man multiplied by ten tons, and both mentally and physically destructive.

Skylark considered tearing through space to throw it to Ying Province, but unfortunately, doing so would greatly deplete her strength.

More loss than gain.

"Is there such a drastic change after abandoning the human body?"

Skylark looked down at the decayed corpse buried beneath the ancient tree. In such a short time, it had already turned into a shriveled skeleton, obviously used up as a container and its remaining Life Force drained.

She understood everything with just a glance.

The Seventh Ancestor, occupying a human body, had nearly extinguished its original soul.

The Pseudo Ancestor is a byproduct created by the Shifting Flower and Wood Secret Technique. Its purpose was to allow the Ancient God Clan to descend into human shells, thereby adapting to the rules of the real world and unleashing power beyond specifications.

However, in the Seventh Ancestor's case, this effect was not ideal.

In the Pseudo Ancestor state, Its power was still significantly restricted. One could even say It was bound by the human shell. Now the power It displayed was the strength an Ancient God Clan should possess.

"So it's the human soul that's the key, no...humanity is the crucial part. Humans and the Ancient God Clan perceive the world differently, with the core distinction being internal spirit. This is why humans can adapt to the Candle Light Law and the You Ying Law and can thus wield supernatural power in this world."



Skylark softly murmured, "Whose rules are these, really?"

In the endless sandstorm, the formidable ancient dragon soared skyward, descending like a burning meteor.

"You are not it. I may fear you, but I will not revere you."

A terrifying Dragon Roar was like thunder.

Skylark lifted her head, her ink-dyed long hair blown apart by the wind, faintly obscuring her strikingly beautiful and alluring appearance.

In her pupils were the reflections of the burning sky and the fiery meteors hurtling towards her.

"Even that blood-red Supreme would still regard you as a traitor, wouldn't he?"

She said indifferently, "Rest assured, I think someday I'll go looking for Him."

Skylark had no intention of fleeing. With her pride, once she made a move, she must slay her enemy.

Whether you self-destruct or not, she intends to chop off your head with her own hands.

Moreover, killing this Ancestor could provide her with some nourishment.

The sandstorm howled, her long sleeves quivered, and the blood-red ghost knife trembled incessantly!

.

.

The colossal ancient tree seemed to shroud the entire desert, its shadow spreading endlessly. The earth along the way decayed, and the cacti in the sand dunes, once polluted, twisted and proliferated like demons.

The sandstorm carried an intense stench of blood, enough to scorch human skin.

"Go!"

Gu Jianlin glanced swiftly, realizing something was amiss, and said softly, "That guy is about to self-destruct."

"Where did you find such a helper?"

Tang Ling was taken aback, being able to force an Ancestor to self-destruct was undoubtedly one of the strongest in this world.

Without hesitation, the two of them turned and fled, traversing the sandy terrain.

Facing the self-destruction of an Ancient God Clan head-on was something only someone out of their mind would choose to do.

"An unhinged woman; I'm currently her guardian, or you could say I'm like her human pillar. Have you watched 'Naruto'? It's similar to the relationship between Naruto Uzumaki and the Nine-Tails. Don't be fooled by her strong combat abilities; she's actually like a little girl and quite pitiful," Gu Jianlin shouted against the wind and sand.

The wind howled, easily drowning out any voice that wasn't loud enough.

"Could that person be Skylark?"

Tang Ling raised her vermillion eyes and asked suspiciously, "Are you really with her? Can you handle it?"

She thought of certain rumors, and a strange expression flashed in her beautiful eyes.

"Don't worry, I've said she's just a little girl with mental issues."

Gu Jianlin said calmly, "I'm her guardian, if I say go east, she wouldn't dare to go west."

Tang Ling instinctively became wary, about to question further.

At that moment, a trace of pain crossed her charming face, and she coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Her waist seeped with crimson blood, the result of a grievous knife wound.

Her steps were unsteady, almost causing her to fall.

The Seventh Ancestor misjudged her state, and Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse wasn't almighty. Her abilities couldn't completely erase the karma line, so the knife stroke that should have killed her still affected her, even if erased.

"Charging forward while injured, just how proud are you?" Gu Jianlin shook his head and scooped her into his arms—like a princess in that favored hold between lovers. She stood over five foot seven, her weight less than a hundred pounds, her figure comparable to a model's, yet she felt as light as a rag doll in his arms.

He could sense her weakness, a backlash from Bai Ze's Forbidden Curse.

Indeed, the Seventh Ancestor's power far surpassed theirs.

Surviving a full-force strike from him would inevitably come at a devastating cost.

"Back then, didn't you charge towards a Primordial all by yourself?"

Tang Ling's charming face was somewhat unnatural, her delicate body tensed in his arms as she lightly bit her lips, "You have no right to lecture me, besides... I simply don't want to lose to you."

From her backpack came a strange, mocking voice.

"Can you two stop with the lovey-dovey talks and run?"

Squawked the parrot.

Distorted shadows appeared in the wind and sand, those were the Twilight Candidates in fierce pursuit.

Gu Jianlin and his companions weren't incapable of fighting them, but once entangled, they risked being caught in the impending explosion—an ancient Ancestor's fiery life-burning disaster, inescapable below the Holy Land.

The Twilight Candidates seemed unaffected by the corrosive land.

Moreover, they grew stronger.

At this rate, things seemed unfavorable for them.

The camels, sensing danger long ago, ventured into the deepest reaches of the sandstorm with their supplies.

Gu Jianlin, unhurried, summoned the Qilin Wedge.

It was a dark iron sword like a scepter, its blade broken and incomplete, with ancient mysterious patterns like deep and cryptic dragon scales, exuding an astonishing mystical aura.

The Qilin Wedge gave a slight hum, and with a flash of black light, an off-road vehicle appeared out of thin air.

"Damn!"

The parrot squawked from the backpack, flapping its wings.

This wasn't just any off-road vehicle, but a modified one.

It only had a driver's seat, with a silver-white rocket launcher mounted on the passenger side.

Who knew how such a thing appeared from nowhere.

Tang Ling, in his arms, widened her eyes. He seemed to perform magic.

Gu Jianlin, holding the red-haired girl, took the driver's seat. He fastened his seatbelt, turned the ignition, and hit the gas, as the engine roared to life. "Hold on tight, it's going to be a bumpy ride."

He opened the compartment under the co-driver's seat, pulling out a previously prepared medical kit, whispering, "I have some secret medicine here, deal with your injuries urgently. Don't worry, I won't peek."

"Talking like that now?"

Tang Ling looked up at him coldly, "It's not like you haven't seen before."

A strange silence, lasting less than half a second.

With a boom, the off-road vehicle raced across the desert like a raging bull.

The parrot flapped its wings, using its feet to press the rocket launcher trigger.

"You petty scoundrels, die for grandpa!"

The cannon fire roared, bombarding the bleak scorched earth.

Gu Jianlin glanced in the rearview mirror, seeing a massive mushroom cloud rising behind them. The gear provided by the Shadows was brutally violent, intended as emergency defense weapons, turning into a heavy rocket launcher instead.

"Where are we headed?"

Tang Ling, leaning against him, softly asked, gripping the medical kit with her right hand.

"Dragon Burial Valley,"

Gu Jianlin calmly replied, "As for your teammates, don't worry about them for now. If I'm not mistaken, someone should already be on their way to assist them; they have an additional task."

Chapter 835: Taiqing and Taihua

In the ancient ruins of Sado Town, Rhein looked up at the fragmented temple.

The colossal giant stood firm amidst the sands of time, weathering countless millennia yet unmoved. Behind him, the howling wind and crisscrossing lightning spread a sense of destruction from afar, sending chills down the spine.

"Lin Dong and the Netherworld are clashing, so the one blocking my path is you?"

He turned around, expressionless, and said, "Renowned Think Tank, I've heard much about you."

The Think Tank scratched his head and smiled slyly, "I've always heard that Vice President Lai Yin is the toughest Eagle Faction in the Order World. Now that we meet, the reputation is well-deserved. Such an unforgettable way to greet someone."

He was pinned to a pillar, an Iron Sword piercing through his chest, blood flowing abundantly.

"Interesting, your Undying Body certainly is a mystery. But I'm not curious, as humanity's understanding of the Ancient God Clan has always been limited. I also don't think that mere ten thousand years of human history could comprehend such an ancient cosmic civilization. So some unknown secret methods are quite normal."

Rhein turned around, his expression hard: "What I truly wonder is, how can you stop me?"

As a Sword Sect in the Demigod Domain, he naturally had a strong intuition.

The seemingly harmless guy before him did seem capable of holding him back.

"There are always ways to stop you, as you must suppress yourself to a Seventh Rank level. If you don't believe it, you can ignore me and try to pass, but you will definitely not succeed. It's better to calm down and listen to a few words from me. After all, in your current state, even if you can protect your childhood friend, the result won't be as you wish."

The Think Tank shrugged: "You also know that the President is inherently suspicious. The situation with Zhang Xuzhi has already caused her to distrust you. If not, the glory of killing the Kui Dragon Ancestor should have been yours, not Lin Dong's."

Rhein squinted, not saying a word.

"After the return of the Sea of Eternal Life, all your years of effort were in vain. Our esteemed young lady even left you seriously injured, to the point where you still haven't fully recovered."

The Think Tank smiled slyly: "It hurts, doesn't it?"

Rhein replied indifferently: "So what?"

"Now the situation between the Judgement Court and the Night Watchers has completely reversed."

The Think Tank spread his hands and said frankly: "Are you really willing to accept this? Now there's a great opportunity in front of you, someone like you shouldn't miss it, right?"

Rhein knew what this so-called opportunity was, nothing more than the President's days being numbered.

"You must wonder, why did I specifically choose you? Because you're different, your father was the most loyal follower of Taiqing. Your lineage has been very loyal to him. Qing and Chi are naturally close to Taihua, and silver and Gold are close to Taiqing. After all, the children raised by someone will lean more toward them."

The Think Tank raised a finger, his smile enigmatic: "I am very aware of your background, both Gold and silver are your elders. Without their support, you couldn't have become a demigod at such a young age, and you wouldn't have held the position of heir so smoothly, right?"

Rhein replied coldly: "I know what you mean, but it's impossible for you to turn me against my side."

The Think Tank wasn't annoyed and laughed: "Then do you know how the Netherworld was turned against?"

Rhein was slightly taken aback.

"I'm not asking you to betray the Order; I want you to become the new order."

The Think Tank gazed deeply, staring into the distant sands: "Just like Taihua did back then."



Rhein's gaze suddenly sharpened, and he lunged forward like a phantom to lock his throat.

"What did you say?"

This Vice President's eyes glinted with fierce gold, on the verge of losing control in rage.

"That's a long story."

The Think Tank shrugged, innocently: "Two hundred years ago during the Ancient God Chaos, everyone knew that Qing and Chi rebelled, ultimately being suppressed by Taiqing and Taihua as a couple. The world's most powerful couple paid a bloody price for that. But the problem is...haven't you ever wondered how Taiqing really died?"

With a rumbling sound.

A decayed ancient tree rose from the sandstorm in the distance, casting a shadow over the small town.

.

.

Gu Jianlin gripped the steering wheel, looking ahead as the oncoming sandstorm pounded against the windshield. The endless desert seemed abandoned at the edge of time, with massive bones buried in the dunes.

The gauge's needle trembled violently, clearly at the brink of losing control. The engine roared with a deep, thunderous sound, like an enraged bull howling. Looking through the rearview mirror, a vast blood mist swept over, with demonic shadows within, their eyes blood-red.

"How did you know someone would assist them?"

Tang Ling lifted her beautiful gaze, curiously asking.

"Because the so-called cooperation never existed. The You Ying Group has long coveted that so-called Divine Ruins. How could they possibly share their intelligence and data? It's just that because the Ether Association forcibly landed in Tokyo, they didn't want to start a war prematurely, so they devised a response plan."

Gu Jianlin replied expressionlessly: "Jiang Chunyang is too old, and the older one gets, the more they fear death, especially those who think they still have hope. Weren't those emperors seeking immortality in history like this in their twilight years? He doesn't dare to start a war because he doesn't know if his junior sister will use her last bit of life to take him down with her."

Chapter 836: Taiqing, Taihua (Part 2)

The old ghost is certainly scary, but his psychology is easy to analyze.

Fear of death is his greatest weakness.

"As for the Ether Association, they wouldn't be foolish enough to think their opponents would willingly cooperate with them, so they're just putting on an act, like actors on stage. Everyone understands this, it's just a matter of when the masks will fall. If I'm not mistaken, they've probably sent someone specifically to protect you."

He paused: "Who is that person?"

"Rhein."

Tang Ling's voice was icy cold, deliberately pausing: "You could say he watched me grow up. My teacher is his biological aunt, and he also came from the Sword Tomb, having been closely associated with the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion."

Gu Jianlin looked down at her face in astonishment. It was the first time he'd heard about this.

"You should know, he once wanted to marry me to inherit the throne."

Tang Ling said coldly, "I have no interest in him, nor do I see him as a brother. Rather than saying he's here to protect me, it's more accurate to say he's here to monitor me. I suppose I'm considered an important asset, an important asset of Order."

The word "asset" was somewhat disconcerting. Gu Jianlin frowned.

"If you had a nuclear bomb, you would also want to watch it constantly to prevent it from being lost. I'm that mobile nuclear bomb, even if I'm only an unfinished prototype, but they've invested a lot of resources in me. My previous freedom probably came because the President's health was still relatively stable." Tang Ling suddenly unbuttoned her coat.

She took off the heavy coat, and underneath was an off-shoulder loose knitwear. Her voice was indifferent: "Since the President was seriously injured, many people have become restless. The Silver King and the Golden King have both gone to Magic City, ostensibly to protect the President's safety, but in reality, they're just waiting for her to die so they can divide her inheritance."

She hesitated for a moment: "The King of Qing, probably no exception."

Gu Jianlin was startled by her actions, gripping the steering wheel to avoid losing control.

Tang Ling removed the knitwear, leaving only a tight black camisole underneath. Her slender waist could easily be grasped, and her flat stomach had no trace of fat, with well-defined and alluring abdominal lines.

Her skin was porcelain white, yet there was a shocking bloodstain around her waist.

She did not shy away from anything the whole time.

After all, there was nothing he hadn't seen before, and it was just the waist anyway, nothing serious.

She lowered her head, tore open a medical pack, poured secret medicine onto gauze, and wrapped it around her waist, then raised her eyes and said: "When is one most filial? Obviously, when the elders in the family are gravely ill. You've also said that in Order World, no one is trustworthy; they all have their own agendas."

These words were harsh but not without reason.

Gu Jianlin was silent for a moment, then spoke in a low voice: "If I'm not mistaken, the transition of power is about to begin, right? The whole world knows the President is dying, so next is the process of dividing the inheritance."

He understood the characteristics of the Supreme Law.

The next Order World's master must consume the power of the previous generation.

He didn't want to see that happen.

No wonder Senior Ji specifically reached out to him and told him such things.

The President wasn't concerned about her own life or death; if someone could truly consume her power, she could entrust the responsibility to the next generation with peace of mind, no matter who that person was, as long as they were capable.

However, there were some people and things she couldn't let go of.

For example, Tang Ling.

"Recently, many things have happened in Order World, dark undercurrents are surging... Also, our matter has been known to them, and many people want to meet you." Tang Ling suddenly asked, raising her beautiful eyes.

Gu Jianlin was taken aback, once again recalling that vibrant dream.

For some reason, he couldn't shake off a sense of awkwardness.

Previously, when he was studying at Peak City High School, he had heard about an incident where a couple in the next class got caught bathing together at a girl's home. For a teenager, such an event equated to slow torture; any male who put himself in that situation would feel like life was unbearable, worse than death.

Now he understood that feeling.

Her parents were going to come over to hold him accountable!

"The reason they want to meet you is because of your performance. No one previously believed you could lead me onto the Stairway to Immortality. Now, your weight has gained enough attention, and at this crucial juncture, your stance is also very important. Of course, my parents want to meet you purely because they know about our matter."

Tang Ling said expressionlessly: "Of course, you can also consider not meeting them, as our matter doesn't concern anyone else. You saved me, and what happened was an accident; you don't have to take it to heart."

Half a minute later, she was fully dressed again.

Gu Jianlin finally understood what it meant to say one thing but mean another.

If she could really act as if nothing had happened, why wouldn't she shy away from undressing in front of him?

Especially when she clutched the hem of her shirt, her knuckles turned white.

With a rumbling sound, the last rocket fire missed its mark, and the parrot flapped its wings with a squawk.

It must be said that this bird was very intelligent; once out of ammo, it immediately stepped on a button, raising reinforced windows on all sides, and closed the roof, keeping sandstorms at bay.

"I think I understand."

Gu Jianlin awkwardly changed the subject: "So, this is actually a good opportunity. You're being monitored, and the revolt of the You Ying Group just happened to disrupt the Ether Association's deployment."

Chapter 837: Taiqing, Taihua (Part 3)

Tang Ling found a comfortable position in his arms, her voice seemingly lazy: "I can call for help now, but the cost is losing our private world together. If we don't call for help, can we escape from that thing?"

Such a private world for just the two of them.

For some reason, Gu Jianlin always felt as if he was cursed by someone.

His iron-like heart would always inadvertently soften.

Bang!

The SUV suddenly made a loud noise.

Gu Jianlin silently turned his head to look, only to see a monster clawing at the right side door of the car. Its deformed, twisted face was pressed against the glass, and its scarlet vertical pupils seemed to be burning, with massive wings fluttering behind it.

"So ugly, has it deformed to this extent?"

Tang Ling commented as she shrank in his embrace, enduring the pain from her waist injury and trying to draw her sword.

Suddenly, the monster spat out scorching molten lava, instantly igniting the entire SUV!

With a loud boom, the vehicle exploded into fragments in the soaring flames, and the man and woman inside perished in the sea of fire alongside that pesky parrot, with no chance of survival.

The monster flapped its wings, laughing madly at the sky, only to find in an instant that the space it was in twisted and interlaced, time frantically reversing like a flood in reverse, bringing it back to the moment it leered at the car door.

The SUV did not explode, the boy and girl in the driver's seat were still embracing each other.

That parrot's gaze was as annoying as ever.

"No need."

Gu Jianlin raised his fierce golden eyes, his entire body igniting with dazzling energy. He suddenly extended his right hand through the car window, grabbing the monster's neck with a sudden burst of strength.

The Heavenly Person Domain expanded, causing the Twilight Candidate that had deformed into a monster to howl in pain, struggling madly but unable to escape those hands, as the Ancient God Gene within it collapsed like a breached dam.

This monster seemed to be in the midst of an endless storm, with golden rain burning it like flames, instantly scorching its flesh and blood to ashes, leaving only a scattered skeleton.

In just a moment, Gu Jianlin held only a decayed skull in his hand.

The essence of the Candle Light Law is the destruction of the Ancient God's Breath.

Whether it's the soul or the body, even the most basic Spiritual Gene was dismantled.

The essence of the Heavenly Person Domain is to use one's own will as the core, to amplify reality's rejection of the Ancient God Clan to the extreme, fundamentally destroying their Undying Body, thus constituting the supreme law.

Evolutionaries enhanced by the Ancient Gods, upon close contact, are inevitably doomed.

Moreover, Gu Jianlin's stature and rank far surpassed his opponent.

Tang Ling looked at the skull in his hand, hard to imagine that someone could comprehend the Heavenly Person Domain in such a short time, knowing that she had achieved this through ten years of arduous cultivation.

This is, of course, thanks to Skylark's teaching.

Naturally, Gu Jianlin's own anger and hatred are also the main support.

The fact that he could deploy the Heavenly Person Domain in such a brief time was already an unparalleled feat of genius.

The incompleteness was because he hadn't yet broken the shadow cast by the Vermilion Bird Clan.

Skylark wasn't surprised by his talent because she knew how great of a being he was.

To Gu Jianlin, merely achieving it was just passing; failing to do so was a disgrace.

This has always been his requirement for himself.



## Chapter 838: Scheming Xiao Gu

The shrill alarm sounded in Sado Town, where the Egyptians who established this small town warned the pioneers in Arabic-accented Chinese. They all observed the towering ancient trees rising from the distant sandstorm, with a giant dragon coiled on the treetops, an ancient Ancestor roaring in fury.

Within a fifty kilometer radius, the Ancient God's Breath was in turmoil, and the strong magnetic fields thoroughly disrupted communication equipment, leaving only static noise in the pioneers' walkie-talkies, while the Sky Dome was shrouded in deep gloom, dark and sunless.

Only the storm was brewing.

The Ancient God Seeds awakened from slumber, smelling the scent of death, and fled frantically.

The towering ancient trees loomed over the Sky Dome, with branches like the Devil's tentacles.

The fleeing pioneers gathered into a surging crowd, jumping onto off-road vehicles, exhausting all means to evacuate.

Only three people in the ruins were calm, seemingly indifferent to the impending disaster.

"Seventh Ancestor, Yi!"

Taihua gazed at the ancient trees in the depths of the sandstorm, faintly perceiving an Ancient Dragon coiled on the treetop, and softly remarked: "Two thousand five hundred years ago, it participated in the battle of the East Sea, one of the few Ancestors who survived. It indeed has some skills; otherwise, it couldn't have led the dragons to chase us for ten full years back then."

The President naturally experienced this deeply, as before humanity's Golden Age, there was indeed such a dark history, where people could only seek a glimmer of hope under the oppressive force of the Ancient Gods.

Today, those histories of blood and fire are documented in the annals.

Whether it's the overthrow of dynasties or invasions by foreign races, including Natural Disasters and Man-made Calamities.

Behind everything, there's a shadow of the Ancient God Clan.

War has never ceased, merely changing through countless forms.

As humanity's history is a history of warfare with the Ancient God Clan.

"That said, I remember the Seventh Ancestor was still heavily injured by Master and Teacher's joint efforts?"

The Silver King followed behind her, with frost-white long hair trailing on the ground, and the black windbreaker fluttering in the wind: "Otherwise, the Seventh Ancestor's power wouldn't have barely recovered to Holy Land Level."

Before descending to Earth, the Ancient God Clan often restored their power by devouring their kind.

After arriving on Earth, the Ancient God Clan found fresher blood food, that is humanity.

Thus in Ancient Times, the Ancient God Clan used humanity as their sacrifice to restore power, a grand Blood Sacrifice could devour all living things within a hundred miles, the so-called scorched earth in history was merely a tragic tale artificially embellished, and the real history is often ten million times more cruel than what's recorded in books.

"Unfortunately, Buzhou Mountain's dimension doesn't allow the existence of Demigods, otherwise this blood feud would be avenged."

The Golden King looked coldly on, with eyes concealing a taste of killing as he gazed into the distance.

This stems from Taiqing's teachings to his students, summarized by eight words.

Blood feud runs deep, sworn enemies not shared under the same sky.

Silver and gold were war orphans before the Golden Age.

They are senior and junior siblings, as well as cousins.

Gold was born into the Zong Family, while silver came from a branch family.

The Ying Family is a Royal Family from the Pre-Qin period, the largest family after the Jiang Family and Ji Family over two thousand years, fighting against the Ancient God Clan, shedding the most blood. They carried great glory to the present, but two hundred years ago suffered a blow, nearly wiped out by the Candle Dragon Clan.

Without the rise of silver and gold, the Ying Family might have already perished.

The most unforgettable thing in this world is hatred.

Precisely because of this, they are staunch Hawks.

"After so many years, you still can't let it go."

Taihua said indifferently: "Your talents might not be much less than Qing and Chi. The reason for such power disparity lies in your excessive hatred for the Ancient God Clan?"

Because of excessive hatred, they don't want to become Ancient God Clan themselves.

All of the Ascender's cultivation stems from their spirit.

Thus they remained unable to take the final step and couldn't become as powerful as their senior siblings.

It wasn't their intention for gold and silver to become a Catastrophe; they were compelled by their senior siblings.

Even the collaboration with the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion, if not for the Emperor's legacy, they wouldn't comply.

"If the teacher were still alive, they might be very disappointed seeing us like this."

The Golden King, who hated the Ancient God Clan without concealment, looked at the sandstorm's ancient trees and said indifferently: "If that lunatic truly wants to return, I'll spare no cost to kill him once more."

The Silver King suddenly raised her head, as the towering ancient trees were dramatically engulfed by the soaring golden flame, amidst the boundless light and heat seemed to stand a remarkable silhouette; her radiance was like that of the rising sun!

A brilliant crown condensed above her head, resembling a half-decayed Golden Tree, with flames flickering on the canopy as if sea tides, burning branches resembling natural veins, stretching to the world's end.

That is the Heavenly Person Realm!

No other Heavenly Person Realm in the world is as domineering, the Ancient God's Breath within a hundred miles evaporated in an instant, just like the sun's explosive outburst within a silent Universe, the unleashed power sufficient to consume all darkness and ignorance.

Even if the President personally intervenes, without deploying Heavenly Personification, perhaps nothing would change.

Might even be inferior.

## Chapter 839: Scheming Xiao Gu (Part 2)

Of course, based on the premise that they are at the same level.

This proves that the person's understanding of the Candle Light Law has already reached an extraordinary level.

Besides the President, there's only one person in the world who can achieve such mastery.

Though no one knows how she accomplished it.

"Skylark!"

The Golden King squinted his sharp eyes, resembling a mighty eagle about to swoop on its prey, his voice resonant: "It seems Skylark is truly with the Qilin. I do not know their exact relationship, but this is an opportune moment. This is the ultimate weapon created by Buzhou Mountain, and we already have the means to counter it."

The Silver King's gaze was cold, his eyes illuminated with endless radiance filled with apprehension.

"She is indeed very vulnerable; we must take action during this period."

She said coldly: "We have the Qilin, which is the trump card."

After the first layer strategy of the Qilin Immortal Palace was completed, the Order World held a secret meeting.

The content of this meeting was focused solely on one person.

Skylark.

Because there is no fighting power in the Order World that can counter her.

The President is already gravely ill.

As for the King of Qing, he simply won't entertain you.

Who would have thought that after the battle of the Sea of Eternal Life, Skylark would become so weak?

This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, especially with the Qilin by her side.

Being able to stay by that woman's side must mean gaining her trust.

This trust is the key to victory.

Given the scale of the Order World, even a slim chance can orchestrate a multitude of death traps.

"Master, cast the net."

The Golden King crossed his hands behind his back, looking at the woman's cold and stern profile, spoke in a deep voice: "It is time to withdraw for the safety of the Qilin; with that woman by his side, it's too dangerous. For the Order World, the Qilin is also a valuable asset. After all, Thunder has that kind of relationship with him, and their future union is not impossible."

As Thunder's teacher, the Silver King didn't express any opinions on this.

Who ends up with whom doesn't matter to them at all.

As long as value can be created.

However, Taihua fell into a brief silence, a trace of displeasure flashing through her stern phoenix eyes.

Perhaps because the mind softens as one's end approaches.

The word 'asset' sounded particularly startling to her ears.

Just a group of children, that's all.

"Not yet the time."

Taihua glanced imperceptibly at her two students and said indifferently: "Since the Qilin is here, the original plan is abandoned. All actions are to be formulated around him; he is the absolute core."

The Silver King frowned: "Master, do you trust him that much?"

The Golden King said solemnly: "He's just a child."

"If it weren't for the intelligence this child obtained at great risk, I fear you still wouldn't know the specifics of the You Ying Law, nor would you know your senior brother is about to return. If I'm not mistaken, this rule might even be unknown to Qing, who's so conceited in wanting to accomplish grand things and wouldn't stake his life on a gamble."

Taihua waved her hand and said: "Only someone as crazy as Chi would gamble with their own life like that."

"If we don't cast the net now, when they break into Dragon Burial Valley, it will become the realm of the Dark World, and the Order World's power will be hard-pressed to assist them." With the Golden King's stature, he wouldn't nitpick over such matters; his sole concern is whether he can ultimately prevent the resurrection of that senior brother and thwart the Dark World's plans.

Better yet, destroy Buzhou Mountain's schemes.

"I only want Thunder to survive."

The Silver King said with a chilling tone: "This is the bottom line of the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion."

"As long as the Qilin survives, Thunder will survive too. A proud person like him, would he watch the girl he likes die in front of him? As for the people of the Dark World, they're merely delivering food to him."

Taihua said softly: "I'm just wondering, two thousand five hundred years ago, the battlefield between the Qilin Clan and the Candle Dragon Clan was right in this desert, wasn't it? How many secrets does the so-called Dragon Burial Valley hold?"

.

.

Jiang Ziyue crouched on the ground, picking up a piece of charred bone, his fingers immediately scorched, as countless golden threads burrowed into his fingertips, causing unbearable intense pain.

It was as though his genes were fragmenting, his body threatening to collapse.

This is the power of Zhu Zhao; fortunately, it's already weak to an extreme extent and does not pose an issue.

The desert was littered with charred bones, not only burned to resemble charcoal, crumbling at a touch but also sliced to pieces by sharp blades, as if thrown into a meat grinder and mangled, horrifying to behold.

No blood flowed, for the blood had entirely evaporated.

Piecing together these bones could probably form twelve complete people; they were fortified Twilight Candidates who had all irretrievably lost their sanity, completely transformed into ravenous demons.



Unfortunately, their luck was poor, selecting the wrong opponent.

Their opponent was the true demon.

The scene from not long ago was unforgettable: the dark-haired boy flashed out from the driver's seat of the off-road vehicle, half-squatting with one hand on the roof, the other hand wielding a broken black iron sword, as a torrential golden rainstorm poured down, and when it landed on the monsters, it ignited like flames sparked on gasoline.

The person wielded the broken iron sword amidst the storm, slaughtering monsters with slashes as fierce and violent as hurricanes, cutting through them like a hunter mercilessly butchering cattle and sheep.

Chapter 840: Scheming Xiao Gu (Part 3)

"Ziye, report your current situation."

The intercom crackled with static, followed by that unmistakably cold voice.

It was Jiang Chuge's voice.

"I am still in pursuit, the Seventh Ancestor has ignited his life, about to detonate this area."

Jiang Ziyue touched his heart, which was marked by a burn that resembled the Ancient Dragon mark, a symbol of his enhanced state: "His blood flows within me, he opened the Evolution Path for me, hence I narrowly escaped calamity. But the two targets are about to enter the range of Dragon Burial Valley; I may not be able to stop them."

"I will assist you in blocking them,"

Jiang Chuge's voice echoed: "You have Evolution Blood within you; pursue them closely. You should not miss. After this mission, the family will extract your Evolution Blood for research. As a reward, I will try to help you retain some of it, which will benefit your future advancement."

The broken transmission from the intercom followed, prompting Jiang Ziyue to fall silent for a moment and smile quietly.

"Understood, my dear brother."

He looked up, with menacing Dragon Horns overhead and blood-red eyes filled with a harrowing intensity.

At this moment, Jiang Chuge asked coldly:

"Among the two you mentioned, one is Thunder, so who is the other?"

Jiang Ziyue licked his lips and replied: "Qilin."

Having reached this point, if he still couldn't discern the enemy's identity, then he would surely have an issue with his perceptions.

Yet, there were puzzles surrounding Qilin.

For instance, why does Qilin look identical to the young lady?

Moreover, why can Qilin simultaneously master two Supreme Laws?

For unknown reasons, Jiang Ziyue chose not to mention these to his brother.

He spoke not a single word.

"Understood, I will come to support you soon,"

Jiang Chuge solemnly stated: "Wait for me."

Communication ended.

Jiang Ziyue stood up to gaze at the endless storm of sand, as the off-road vehicle was already fading into the distance.

"You originally had a chance to escape, but unfortunately, the battle lasted too long."

He murmured softly: "Now, how will you escape?"

In the distance, a deafening explosion erupted, ancient trees collapsed, engulfed in an uprising of golden flames. Yet, the mighty blood mist flowed over like a sea tide, sweeping past him.

Within the blood mist, faint crimson eyes opened in fury, accompanied by a dragon roar akin to thunder.

It was the remnant will of the Seventh Ancestor, intent on devouring them at all costs!

That off-road vehicle vanishing into the sandstorm would soon be swallowed.

Suddenly, he realized something was amiss.

Because the direction in which the vehicle advanced seemed to be...

.

.

Gu Jianlin casually tore away the charred clothes, exposing his smoothly contoured upper torso, his hands gripped tightly on the steering wheel, eyes fixated on the rearview mirror reflecting the blood mist, which twisted and surged like a demon advancing.

The unseen eyes seemed to open, allowing him to hear an eerie laughter echo in his ears.

"The Spiritual Concentration has been reduced by seventy percent, yet the remaining thirty percent still frightens us. If not for Skylark's intervention, every living being within a hundred miles would perish. That woman...is remarkably stubborn."

His original plan was to rely on the bad woman's Divine Speed to rapidly exit the battlefield.

Who knew that woman was so stubborn, she'd stand firm even against a nuclear impact.

Now the aftermath of the explosion surges forth, the residual will of the Seventh Ancestor already targeting them.

"Are you really sure there's no issue? Where does your confidence come from?"

Tang Ling's face flushed crimson, as she was in an awkward position sitting on him.

Her legs spread, straddling his lap, facing him directly.

Such a pose was common in Ying Province's films, including in ancient dual cultivation rituals, though none were appropriate for children to view.

Her eyes reflected the encroaching blood mist, filled with severe vigilance.

Gu Jianlin pressed hard on the gas pedal, the engine roared as if ready to explode, the off-road vehicle shaking wildly as though it might fall apart: "My confidence isn't in myself, but in the old ghost of the Jiang Family."

Tang Ling was stunned: "What did you say?"

"This is why I came to Dragon Burial Valley: the old ghost of the Jiang Family is here as well."

Gu Jianlin complained expressionlessly: "Despite indiscriminate attacks, even the highest level at Qilin Immortal Palace's second layer is Holy Land Level. If the old man doesn't help, he will be buried with us."

Tang Ling showed surprise in her eyes, questioning with suspicion: "How do you know where he is? What if he hides?"

Gu Jianlin explained calmly: "Their convoy is large, carrying lots of resources and many elders with limited mobility, they can't be much faster than us. Besides, no matter where he hides, I can still find him."

After all, his true self is alongside the old ghost of the Jiang Family.