

Ancient 841

Chapter 841: Taihua Is Coming!

The brilliant star river hung across the night sky, the stars flickering in the darkness like a glimpse into the universe, even the soul felt swallowed by the vast and boundless aura.

Tonight was a rare windless desert night.

Gu Jianlin sat in the tent, eyes closed, resting, his attention entirely focused on his clone's side.

Moon Princess looked up at the endless desert, unconsciously tightening her coat, the temperature exceptionally low tonight.

Outside the tent, a bonfire was burning.

An elderly man sat beside the bonfire.

Jiang Chunyang was indeed a very cautious man, choosing to secretly open an independent passage into the Ancient God Realm to avoid conflict in the real world, and picked his landing spot carefully, directly landing in the deepest part of Dragon Burial Valley, effectively avoiding pioneers globally and getting a head start.

"I have enemies everywhere in the world."

The old man laughed insidiously after landing: "What if they buried a nuclear bomb for me?"

One could only say this old man was overly cautious, he even brought a hundred clan members as escorts, all Fifth Rank Ascenders, inseparable wherever he went.

No one could make any moves under such circumstances.

Including the map of the Dragon Burial Valley, which was held in his hand.

Except for him, no one in the team knew the specific path to take.

It was said Dragon Burial Valley used to be the battleground between the Qilin and Candle Dragon clans. It wasn't always a desert, but rather a lively, vast ocean, unfortunately devastated by the Ancient God Clan's wars, turning into a dead hell.

Dragon Burial Valley is an intriguing name, who knows if the Ancient God Clan might still resurrect here.

Fortunately, there was Jiang Chunyang in the team, even if they really encountered resurrected Ancient God Clan members he'd have to act.

Sadly, the old man's mental state was truly worrying.

Ever since arriving at the Ancient God Realm, his catchphrase was reduced to just one sentence.

"Taihua is here!"

Whenever there's any sign of movement, the old man would lead the retreat, leaving the main force behind.

Everything was caused by Taihua.

Earthquakes were common in the desert of the Ancient God Realm, just as they landed, a strong tremor was felt before they could react, a shadow darted out in a swoosh.

"Taihua is here!"

Jiang Chunyang ran recklessly, even upon realizing it was just a simple earthquake later, he wasn't even slightly embarrassed, but brazenly said: "The person most wanting to kill me in this world must be my junior sister. So caution is a must on this trip, who knows in what way she might try to kill me."

Sneakily, he said: "Just like this earthquake, who can guarantee it won't suddenly open up a Heavenly Person Realm? And who can guarantee, Taihua wouldn't predict my prediction and open up a passage to come in?"

Jiang Chunyang was indeed overly cautious.

Three hours ago, in a dilapidated Ancient Ruins, a great ancient sarcophagus was locked.

Without hesitation, Jiang Chunyang unleashed the Dark Realm Curtain, using dark energy to blast the sarcophagus to smithereens.

Yep, blasted it for a whole thirty minutes.

The group looked at each other, facing such an absurd scene without feeling surprised.

Because without thinking, they already knew Jiang Chunyang would say: "Taihua's lying inside!"

Indeed, that's exactly what he said.

The groundhogs popping out of the desert were Taihua.

The snake winding through the sand was Taihua.

The breaking out Corpse Bone Dragon was also freaking Taihua.

Moon Princess never understood her grandfather, never thought he was actually like this.

Gu Jianlin could only internally complain, if you let your junior sister know you compared her to groundhogs and snakes and Ancient God Seeds, even if she really didn't intend to kill you, she'd probably rage and come over to kill you.

Furthermore, with the President's character, if she really wanted to kill you, it'd be done openly.

She might even send you a letter of challenge beforehand, not to brag or taunt, but to let you buy your cemetery plots and coffins in advance, properly say goodbye to your family and prepare your last rites.

Finally, she'd set a date and place for you to wait for death.

That's how domineering and direct she was.

She wanted you to feel the despair of your numbered days slipping away.

Now the people in this team were as battered as could be.

One had to admit, the old man had the potential for being a comedian.

Whether Dr. Aaron or the Jiang family members, they were already used to it.

They didn't even reveal any unusual expressions, indeed well-trained.

Thinking carefully about it, one would understand, even if it was funny they couldn't laugh.

Jiang Chunyang's mind was truly abnormal, but that wasn't necessarily a good thing.

When a madman goes mad, they'll devour foe and friend alike.

Gu Jianlin suddenly opened his eyes, speaking in a deep voice, "Youzhu, run!"

Moon Princess turned to look at him, her clear eyes full of doubt.

Gu Jianlin explained with just one sentence, making her instantly comprehend: "Taihua is here!"

Moon Princess froze for a moment, then unhesitatingly activated the Divine Speed Force Domain, vanishing like a phantom.

Everyone had heard of the 'Wolf Cry' story, no one knew if it would come true next time.

The key was, regardless if Taihua was coming or not, Jiang Chunyang was going to conduct extermination bombings of the area!

Gu Jianlin's expression was highly serious just now because he knew something truly was coming this time.

Sure enough, a furious roar echoed in the camp on the desert!

Chapter 842: Taihua Is Here! (Part 2)

"Taihua is here!"

Jiang Chunyang roared in anger, his beard and hair whipped by the night wind, his eyes reflected the blood mist sweeping in, the land in sight stained with blood, resembling rotting soil.

This time it's genuine, a Holy Land-level oppressive force.

At least on the second level of the Qilin Immortal Palace, he was matched with an equally strong opponent.

At this moment, Jiang Chunyang was already irrational.

Even though this blood mist clearly came from the Candle Dragon Clan's power, he insisted on his viewpoint.

It must be Taihua!

Taihua must have used some method to bring people from Buzhou Mountain to mess with him.

Taihua might even be hidden within that blood mist.

Jiang Chunyang did not believe his junior sister would be so kind-hearted, not thinking of taking him with her before her death.

The brilliant starry sky dimmed, obscured by pitch-black mist, the Dark Realm Curtain enveloped the vast desert, even if spiritual fluctuations were suppressed to the Seventh Rank, they could still exert higher-level powers.

"Attention everyone, escape!"

Jiang Chuge strode out of the tent with a sword box on his back: "Those who can't run, lie down!"

Dr. Aaron stumbled out pushing a wheelchair, surrounded by Jiang Family members fleeing into the distance.

The elderly man on the wheelchair was still gesturing wildly, laughing heartily.

Like a madman.

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The SUV was like a lone leaf in a storm, about to be engulfed by the tide of destruction.

Gu Jianlin removed his hands from the steering wheel, the windshield shattered with a roar, rolling black mist surged in.

"Do you see, have our allies arrived?"

He seemed to have completely given up, able to feel the car's imminent collapse.

Tang Ling turned to look, indeed seeing the tsunami-like black mist surge in, rare such violent dark energy, the high-density aggregation almost causing spacetime distortions and collapses.

"Wouldn't dying this way be even more tragic?"

She was the type who wouldn't change expression even faced with a cliff, and she completely trusted the boy holding her, so her question was pure curiosity, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Not exactly, because the Seventh Ancestor has locked onto us, he absolutely won't give up until he devours us. The power that guy squeezed out before dying is so strong, even an aftermath could crush us. So we need another person's help, this person is... Jiang Chunyang." Gu Jianlin allowed the SUV to crash into a dirt mound, flipping over and pressing the girl beneath him.

In an instant, heaven and earth turned upside down, Tang Ling was pinned beneath him, her face shocked.

"Jiang Chunyang?"

The unforeseen rollover and unexpected answer baffled her.

Logically, Jiang Chunyang and the Seventh Ancestor should be allies.

"Don't ask."

Gu Jianlin unpredictably joked: "Ask and it's because Taihua is here!"

He grabbed a parrot and stuffed it into his arms.

Magnificent Ancient God's Breath surged within him, majestic and fierce dragon horns sprouted atop his head, terrifying sharp fangs appeared.

Gu Jianlin's pupils were occupied by blood-red Mandala flowers, seemingly reflecting the Netherworld Abyss's bloody storm, destruction syllables from Ancient Times softly recited by him, judgment descends!

With a boom, it was a deafening destruction sound, blood mist and black mist colliding.

Like the simultaneous eruption of tsunamis from the world's poles, peak tides collided at their strongest, two distinct forces negated each other, all beings within fifty kilometers annihilated.

Yes, annihilation.

Not even feeling pain.

Because such immense power only needs zero point zero one second to vaporize you entirely!

"Jiang Chunyang!"

Mysteriously, an angry grim face manifested within the blood mist: "Why do you attack me!"

That was an Ancient Dragon perched on a dead tree, its dragon roar penetrating the desert.

"Why do you want to kill me!"

An aged and contorted face formed within the black mist, eerily ghost-like and abominable, its voice rasping like a murder of crows: "How did you know my location!"

Finally amidst the desolate ruins, black mist and blood mist struggled in annihilation.

The intense roar bringing forth ultimate silence.

The old face in the black mist sneered and dissipated, as if its own vigilance succeeded once again.

After all, he would never expose his whereabouts to anyone.

Not even allies from Buzhou Mountain.

The Seventh Ancestor knowing his location and shadowing him, surely signaled a problem!

Threads of blood energy extinguished in the wind, echoing with the Seventh Ancestor's furious roars mystically.

For with His status, He certainly knew that the two prey He intended to kill were not dead.

Unexpectedly, after all the plans, He was betrayed by an ally in the end!

Unfortunately, He no longer had a chance.

He used the last of His strength and softly murmured:

"The Skylark killed me, took away my Divine Essence, be careful..."

The Seventh Ancestor's murmurs echoed beyond the heavens, as if drifting towards the distant Buzhou Mountain.

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Long after, the vast desert was silent once again, as quiet as death, even the winds and sands no longer howled.

Gu Jianlin poked his head out from the mound of earth, sitting on the ground in disarray, gasping for air, relishing the joy of surviving a desperate situation, his spirituality completely evaporated, and the Ancient God's Breath in the surroundings was also drained.

This was how he survived, using the Ancient Divine Language of the Candle Dragon to create a sliver of hope for himself.

The blood mist created by the Seventh Ancestor was terrifying, and he couldn't keep releasing the Ancient Divine Language to counter it.

Therefore, the best solution was to create a wave of intense explosion.

The Ancient Divine Language mastered by the Candle Dragon Venerable, in essence, is a breakdown of rules, destroying everything within the domain from a karma level, regardless of whether it has a concrete form, it would be forcibly annihilated.

In other words, even a vague concept would be subjected to an extinction-like slaughter.

This is the strongest spear, also the strongest shield.

Only an ability of the highest specifications like the Ancient Divine Language could allow him to survive.

After a long while, he remembered something, releasing the girl's ears.

Tang Ling was already bleeding from her seven orifices, as she was in close proximity to the explosion of the Ancient Divine Language, even if she wasn't the target, she still suffered some impact to a certain degree, if it weren't for her strength, anyone else would have died.

Fortunately, Gu Jianlin indeed avoided her, so she only sustained some external injuries.

A bottle of Life Medicine Liquid would heal it completely.

"What was that power just now?"

Tang Ling lifted her head blankly, she received the highest level of education from the Order World since childhood, she was very certain that she just heard a Dragon Roar, a roar that only appears when the Ancient Divine Language is released.

The problem is, how could humans possibly master the Ancient Divine Language?

At this moment, she thought of many things, especially the question of how he could also practice two kinds of Supreme Law simultaneously.

Gu Jianlin was silent for a moment, he knew he couldn't hide it.

As early as in the Sea of Eternal Life, Tang Ling had already developed questions about him.

Questions, not suspicions.

Because there were indeed many inexplicable things about Gu Jianlin.

Including Senior Ji seemed to have noticed this, hence deliberately tampered with the Golden Phoenix Feather.

Therefore, when Gu Jianlin underwent the Ancient God Transformation, his aura was neutralized by the power of the Candle Light Law and wouldn't leak out.

The key was his stance, outsiders would instinctively identify him as an Evolver.

At the same time, he would also use the Heavenly Person Realm.

This was indeed a troublesome matter.

Senior Ji also never mentioned it, which probably indicated that help was beyond reach.

Or rather, Senior Ji believed that this matter couldn't be hidden.

The only thing to do was to become stronger before the world knew.

As for the King of Qing, he took a laissez-faire educational approach, never meddling from start to finish.

The old man was quite carefree.

If the disciple was impressive, it was the master's greatness.

If the disciple died, then he was just a loser.

Either way, he stayed out of it, but still seized the credit.

"This matter is a long story..."

At this moment, a sudden inspiration struck Gu Jianlin, considering that the girl before him had already shared such intimate moments with him, she should be someone trustworthy, so how could he continue to keep it from her?

The girl's soft and supple body in his arms was so tender and springy, arousing one's desires.

Suddenly, he shook his head vigorously, feeling as if he was being influenced by something.

Just then, Tang Ling lifted her blood-stained eyes, her blood-smeared eyelashes made her look even more enchanting, like a blood-soaked begonia flower, swaying as it bloomed, bewitching and alluring.

At this moment, her pupils abruptly contracted, as if she had seen something unbelievable.

"Look, what is that?"

Her voice trembled with unprecedented intensity.

Gu Jianlin followed her gaze, and his worldview was utterly shattered.

Chapter 843: The Order of the Hidden's Hideout

Gu Jianlin's breath nearly halted. He couldn't believe what he was seeing before his eyes. When an explosion like a nuclear blast blew open the canyon, what appeared in the dust storm was unexpectedly a city.

A desolate city.

The appearance of a city in the ruins of the Ancient God Realm is nothing new, and may not even count as an archaeological news item. For frontline Ascenders, such ruins typically don't contain anything

unusual. More often, they might conceal some corpses that have been slumbering since Ancient Times, usually ancestor-level.

The true treasures often come with endless crises.

The problem was, in this city, he saw modern architecture belonging to humans!

"This is impossible."

Tang Ling put on her monocle and, after a simple divination, concluded: "Who knows how many years these ruins have been buried by the sands, but such modern buildings could not possibly have existed in that era."

The desolate ruins seemed abandoned at the end of the world, the sand dunes resembling mottled paint smeared on an ancient painting, fragmented bronze towers covered with ghastly fissures as if they had undergone countless executions, and even with scarlet stains, undoubtedly the blood of the Ancient God Clan, still vibrant after thousands of years.

Rather than a city, it's more like a post-war wasteland, with enormous Dragon Bones snaking through the desert, their spines shattered by black iron monoliths, protruding spikes piercing the ground.

The wind sweeps away the dust, and everywhere in sight are such skeletal remains.

The ruined Temple eroded down to its framework, and a statue of a black giant stands as if at the edge of time, its body carved with flying clouds and running beasts. At its feet, piled like mountains, are skeletons, resembling the graves of dragons.

In the sound of the wind, there is a faint booming of an Ancient Bell.

The Ancient altar is sealed with black iron chains, the Ancient Bell roaring in the wind like the howl of a giant beast.

The relics in this ruin are unimaginably large, only Ancient Gods with immense stature could enjoy such grand architecture; gods should be lofty, overlooking all life.

If an ordinary person came to this ruin, they would undoubtedly be overwhelmed with shock.

But for Ascenders, it's not so shocking.

Yet in such solemn and magnificent ruins, there are starkly incongruous elements.

Those are traces of humanity.

Steel scaffolding covers the imposing statue, beside the grim Dragon Bone piles stand makeshift shelters erected by humans, and the ruins have been manually excavated, with rusted diggers, even gigantic trucks parked by sand piles, with leftover water bottles still visible.

In the depths of the ruins is an abandoned research facility, constructed entirely of sheet metal, on the verge of collapse.

This is a strange event.

The strikes of blood mist and black fog flattened the dunes like a nuclear explosion.

Yet, the ruins remain intact.

Everything within the ruins was untouched.

"Battlefield."

Gu Jianlin, supporting his weary body, wandered through the desolate ruins, profiling the lingering clues, murmuring: "This was once a battlefield, if I'm not mistaken, this is where the Qilin Clan and the Candle Dragon Clan waged war. Perhaps 2,500 years ago, the dragons crossed the Sea of Eternal Life, half the

Ancient Dragons perishing at the sea bed, the other half soaring into the sky, they broke the barrier of time and space, arriving at this barren desert."

"No, this was not a desert before, but a vibrant vast ocean. This is the world of Qilin Venerable, and if I'm guessing correctly, he seemed to like the sea."

He closed his eyes, softly murmuring: "This Black Supreme loved watching the sea."

Tang Ling knew he was doing something important and would never interrupt him. She merely held his hand, guiding him through the ruins, using the divination effect of the Mythical Weapon to provide him with clues.

Haunting dragon cries, a boiling sea, a magnificent Temple sinking into the sea bed.

The forcibly devoured sea area, a dried and weathered sea floor.

The furious roaring Qilin, blood staining the barren land.

"This was a city at sea, later submerged due to war, and only revealed after the seawater fully evaporated. You see the buildings have marine erosion, proving they were soaked by the sea for a time."

Gu Jianlin whispered: "That Black Supreme, countless ages ago, probably often came to this city. The Ancient God Clan in this city would come out to greet their God, killing the most beautiful girls in their Clan on ancient altars to please their capricious King."

That large altar is pierced by a black cross, stretching for tens of kilometers, with countless intersecting iron chains on which wind chimes hang, playing a poignant tune in the wind.

This altar is filled with intricate mysterious patterns, with a certain seductive charm.

Not daring to look too much.

Tang Ling lifted her beautiful eyes and saw, as if in a daze, a beautiful girl pierced through the heart by an Iron Sword, her death resembling the fallen flowers from a tree, her blood flowing like a waterfall, staining the deep sea.

There emerged faint roaring cheers, the frenzy of the Qilin Clan.

This is a spiritual vision phenomenon.

As if crossing countless spaces and times, arriving at that distant, divine era.

"Based on our understanding of that Black Supreme, this kind of brutal sacrifice is indeed what he favors."

Chapter 844: The Order of the Hidden's Hideout (Part 2)

Tang Ling lifted her pale face, weakened by severe injuries, and softly said, "According to the religious traditions of the Ancient God Clan, the highest point of the Ancient God Realm is the domain of the Gods, and none of His people may set foot there. The class hierarchy of the Ancient God Clan is even more stringent than that of the human feudal dynasties. The descent of the Gods is a blessing to His people."

She paused, "A supreme blessing."

Gu Jianlin experienced an identical spiritual vision with her, albeit witnessing more hallucinations.

Because he vaguely saw a majestic black silhouette gazing in the direction of the sea.

His people cheered loudly, their gaze fixed on the same point.

"The arrival of the Qilin Venerable likely wasn't merely a blessing but a command for His people to act."

Gu Jianlin pointed thoughtfully to the gigantic skeletal remains in the distance and said, "Before this matter was completed, the Candle Dragon Clan had already breached the dimensional gates of the Qilin Immortal Palace, igniting a war."

"The god of the Candle Dragon Clan is naturally that blood-colored Supreme."

He whispered, "A decisive battle was fought here between the Qilin and Candle Dragon Clans, an indisputable fact. What's peculiar is that I haven't seen the carcass of a Qilin, not a single one."

The Qilin in discussion here is, of course, not referring to that black Supreme.

It refers to the people of the Qilin Clan.

"Based on the outcome, it can be inferred that the Qilin Clan lost this war."

Tang Ling raised her bloodstained eyelashes and earnestly asked, "Did they choose to retreat?"

"Even in retreat, they shouldn't have left without a single corpse."

Gu Jianlin shook his head, denying, "Ever since the Qilin Immortal Palace emerged, the tracks of this mystical clan have been sparse. In the entire first layer, not a single member of the Qilin Clan has been encountered."

Even those confronted on Penglai Fairy Island were later proven to be ethereal illusions.

They weren't real entities.

At that time on Penglai Fairy Island, he had fought dangerously against an Ancestor of the Qilin Clan.

The ultimate result was that he contained it using the Qilin Wedge.

Afterwards, when he checked the Qilin Wedge, the corpse had inexplicably vanished.

"If I guess correctly, the Qilin Clan indeed was at a strategic disadvantage during the decisive battle two to five hundred years ago, relinquishing their territory in the first layer, so what's left there mostly belongs to the Candle Dragon Clan. Surprisingly, the second layer has the same situation, so where has the Qilin Clan gone?"

Gu Jianlin surveyed the desolate ruins, speaking softly, "The most crucial thing is, who has been here?"

He held fast to a logic.

Anything in the world that cannot be explained is actually due to unknown hidden causes.

This ancient city had been buried for at least two thousand five hundred years.

It was impossible for there to be traces of humans.

"This city was excavated long ago."

Tang Ling squinted her beautiful eyes, walked with her sword under the massive steel frame, and said softly, "Before they left, this group of people reburied the ruins with sand, intending to prevent anyone from seeing these things."

"Cheaters, and quite skilled ones at that."

Gu Jianlin affirmed decisively.

If the Ancient God Realm is likened to an Ancient Tomb, then Cheaters are like Tomb Robbers.

Even before the dimensional gates truly opened, someone had already sneaked in by secret means.

Such a large-scale operation clearly wasn't executed by ordinary people.

These traces were easy to deduce.

Gu Jianlin was a Side-Writer, and Tang Ling also wielded Mythical Weapons with divination capabilities.

They even managed to deduce the general time when that group had left.

It was approximately fifteen years ago.

Exchanging a glance, they walked in unison towards the research institute on the verge of collapse.

The secrets hidden within this research institute might answer all doubts.

Being Ascenders, they needn't worry about the danger of a collapsing building; the door of the institute bore the imprints of an incomplete Alchemy Matrix, showing that those who built it intended to set up a Barrier, but left in a hurry and left it unfinished, resulting in many half-completed structures.

Many traces in this ruin showed that those people left in quite a hurry.

Gu Jianlin pushed open the heavy iron door, and dust rushed towards him.

Tang Ling rummaged through her backpack and threw in a burning stick, its crimson flame illuminating the dark research institute.

Parrots circled above them, eyeing cautiously.

With the bright flame, darkness was exposed with nowhere to hide.

This gloomy research institute, astonishingly, resembled a morgue more.

Because on the operating tables lay scarily pristine white bones, all utterly deformed, exhibiting insect or animalistic traits: some had sprouted grotesque limbs, vicious sharp fangs, and cracked jaws.

It was faintly discernible that they were all humans when alive.

Gu Jianlin glanced at these skeletal remains, his face slightly shifting.

He quickly walked around the rows of operating tables, his expression becoming extremely grave.

Because every skull on these operating tables bore a fine crack on the forehead.

Without exception.

Folder scattered around the laboratory desk, covered by thick layers of ash.

Before leaving, the research institute's owner burnt the majority of documents.

However, in their excessive haste, some incomplete paper materials were left behind.

Even the remaining materials were written in cipher.

Gu Jianlin couldn't understand a word, but recognized the handwriting on the materials.

It was Dr. Aaron's handwriting.

Flashes of memory from when he investigated that company in Tokyo came to mind, where You Ying Group's jurisdiction was rife with so many experimental subjects, yet they hadn't noticed at all.

He always found this very strange.

Even for an entity as vast as The Order of the Hidden, doing something like this was too risky and easily exposed their flaws.

Therefore, only one answer remained.

"I understand now."

At this moment, he finally traced the thread of truth within the fog, like clearing clouds to see the light.

"Those so-called experimental subjects were indeed created by the Dark World. Their Cheaters were the first to arrive here and commenced research lasting a decade in Dragon Burial Valley."

Gu Jianlin stared at a skull, observing its forehead crack, as he explained, "Didn't the Order World also investigate that company? I think, You Ying Group's shock and fury arose not from discovering such experimental subjects but from having their research results stolen!"

"So, You Ying Group didn't dare make war but sought collaboration with the Ether Association."

He paused, "Under the guise of dealing jointly with the Order of the Hidden, they initiated their plan ahead of time."

The Ether Association's fury stemmed from their rejecting the existence of this tech within the world.

You Ying Group was enraged because they were beaten to the punch with something they couldn't accomplish!

Because the Ether Association aimed to create an ultimate monster.

Solely in pursuit of the strongest one.

That person was Tang Ling.

As for You Ying Group, they probably wanted to create an army of experimental subjects to invade this world.

No wonder they could promptly provide multiple reports on experimental subjects.

Because that group had long known what was going on!

"Are you serious?"

Tang Ling looked up in awe because she found that he had taken hold of her hand voluntarily.

No matter how much sword practice she had, her hands remained soft and smooth.

If he wished to touch, she'd, of course, permit it.

The issue was, Gu Jianlin was gripping her hand firmly as if fearing she might fly away.

Gu Jianlin's mood indeed plunged to the bottom at this moment.

Because he thought of something bone-chilling.

When did Frida's Schizophrenia first emerge in Order World?

That was long before the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion's plan began.

The Dark World started seeking out patients with Frida's Schizophrenia much later, only after their strike against the Lishan Tiyan Pavilion did they discover where their problem lay.

The Ether Association preceded You Ying Group.

And it involved the Order of the Hidden.

Considering these points, he vaguely deduced a chilling conjecture.

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Rhein silently lowered his head, watching the distant explosion rising to the sky.

The intense rumbling threatened to break his eardrums, yet it couldn't match the shock from what he had just heard.

"Why were Qing and Chi so frenzied back then?"

The Think Tank took a sip of water while still bound to the stone pillar; he remained calm and said, "Because both Qing and Chi were convinced of one thing, that the Order of the Hidden was precisely lurking within the Order World."

Chapter 845: Taihua's Truth, the World's Betrayal

Rhein lifted his eyes and said coldly, "Why should I trust you? The Ancient God Chaos lasted for five whole years, and the former President died in the second year. At that time, Qing and Chi had not yet grown strong enough to reach the decisive battle for life and death. Even if they joined forces, they were only as strong as their teacher and Master."

Moreover, Taiqing and Taihua both possess the Candle Light Law.

This imposes extreme restraint on Qing and Chi.

Most importantly, the idea that Taiqing is the true culprit manipulating The Order of the Hidden is simply ridiculous.

It is impossible for him to believe.

Even if the Think Tank wasn't lying, it might simply be an excuse for Qing and Chi's betrayal of their master.

Facing this issue, the Think Tank just smiled at him, that kind of look vaguely contained mockery.

"Your judgment isn't wrong. Qing and Chi indeed weren't that powerful in the first two years of the Ancient God Chaos. The couple, Taiqing and Taihua, back then, were indeed impossible to defeat."

The Think Tank shrugged and said, "Order World always has an unresolved mystery, which is the cause of death of the former President. The young people only know that the former President Taiqing died in the Ancient God Chaos two hundred years ago, sacrificing himself gloriously to prevent his two students from destroying the world. But the problem is, history is always written by the survivors."

Rhein squinted his eyes, suddenly having a bad premonition.

"I guess you might know, or you might not."

The Think Tank gave a slight smile, that enigmatic smile sending chills down one's spine: "But I think you probably don't know, after all, you wouldn't be dumb enough to know that rule and still not react."

"Whether it's the You Ying Law or the Candle Light Law, there is such an iron rule, or should I say uniqueness. That is, there can only be one standing at the top of this Evolution Chain. This means that

ultimately the evolved person can only be one. Unless he dies and you devour him, otherwise you can never replace him."

He paused: "The one standing at the top of the Evolution Chain is like an insurmountable mountain, blocking all the followers, never to be crossed. If you think I am deceiving you, then please consider the scene when a high-level evolver faces a low-level evolver, plundering the Ancient God's Breath."

When opposing evolvers fight, they are bound to plunder each other's Ancient God's Breath.

Ancient God's Breath can be understood as a special kind of gas.

Moreover, it is a gas that does not circulate.

Order World once conducted an experiment, which was to set a certain range, allowing a captured evolver to plunder the Ancient God's Breath, thereby demonstrating the state of the Ancient God Clan.

In the end, when this area's Ancient God's Breath was exhausted, the evolutionary state was naturally lifted.

They did not use the Alchemy Matrix to isolate the Ancient God's Breath.

This means that Ancient God's Breath is not a circulating substance.

If two evolvers have similar strength, they will plunder each other's Ancient God's Breath until their energy is exhausted.

If a difference in strength is evident, then the weaker one will be gradually devoured by the stronger one.

Rhein was utterly stunned because he suddenly realized something.

Since mastering the Candle Light Law, he had never fought anyone weaker than himself.

To be exact, among his opponents, regardless of strength, there was never a Heavenly Person!

Even Lin Dong didn't use the Candle Light Law against him.

After all, the opponent wasn't from the Ancient God Clan, so why bother using the Heavenly Person Realm, purely a waste of spirituality.

"The Candle Light Law works on the same principle; what you plunder is the power of nature."

The Think Tank smiled and said, "Therefore, this also means that as long as Taiqing is alive for one day, Taihua cannot replace him, and the ultimate of the Candle Light Law can never be transferred."

Like being struck by five bolts of thunder.

Rhein's face was as if covered in Frost, coldly questioning, "You say the former President was killed by..."

"Yes, the one who truly killed Taiqing was precisely his wife, Taihua."

The Think Tank looked up at the sky and said softly, "Back then, Taiqing decided to clean house, personally hunting down his two students, crossing half of Earth, ultimately fighting to the death on the glaciers of Antarctica. The icebreaker carrying Qing and Chi was sunk, they escaped into the icy waters.

However, Taiqing underestimated his two students. Even relying on the restraint relationship of the Supreme Law, he was still severely injured, as he indeed was too old, having experienced too many battles, already decayed."

He paused: "At that time, there should have been someone he trusted the most to meet him, that person being his wife, the current President, Taihua. She was the one Taiqing trusted the most, yet she stabbed him in the back."

Rhein was silent for a long time, feeling the whistling of the cold wind, icy and piercing.

"That was a cold night two hundred years ago, the scorching Sun rose in the frigid Antarctica, instantly melting tens of thousands of hectares of glaciers. That was the power Taihua unleashed by swallowing the Candle Light Power, extremely terrifying."

The Think Tank said, smiling, "Looking at it now, Taihua's talent indeed surpassed her husband's, but it's a pity she cultivated the Candle Light Law too late; otherwise, she should have been the one to reach the Supreme."

Rhein's cold eyes lifted, "The President killed her husband to usurp the Supreme?"

An overwhelming anger ignited from his eyes, a matter he could not condone.

Because Taiqing was very close to the Ying Family.

Chapter 846: The Truth of Taihua, The World's Betrayal (Part 2)

Rhein's father was close friends with the previous President.

He grew up influenced by the previous President.

Even though he never met him, he regarded him as his faith.

"Perhaps Taihua also believes her husband is the leader of The Order of the Hidden?"

The Think Tank gritted his teeth as he pulled the Iron Sword from his chest, a cascade of blood spurting out, causing him to shudder in pain: "In any case, you must understand, Taihua may not be on the same page as her two students, but their interests align. Qing and Chi need time to grow, while Taiqing's existence poses a great threat to them."

"Even if Taihua could replace, it would take years to digest such power, which happens to give them enough time to recuperate, perfecting their You Ying Law."

He casually tossed the Iron Sword aside, shaking his bloody hands, laughing: "Taihua stands to gain more benefits, she leaps to become the master of the Order World, dominating one of the Evolution Chains supreme positions. In the end, she can sit back and watch her two students battle each other to exhaustion. I must say, it's brilliant!"

Rhein felt his heart sinking into the abyss.

In the endless darkness, a raging wildfire burns.

Throughout, he never stopped the enemy's act of pulling the sword.

Whether out of disdain or reluctance was unknown.

"Oh, and don't feel like your faith has collapsed."

The Think Tank remembered something, his smile radiant: "Because Taiqing isn't that easy to deal with, even though he's been dead for many years, his influence still remains. For example, Gold and Silver, and another example, you. In fact, you've been playing factional struggles for so long, without knowing who your real enemy is."

"The reason Taihua supports you as her successor isn't because of your excellence, but because behind you are Platinum and Gold, these siblings could live at least another hundred and fifty years."

He laughed triumphantly, his smile growing increasingly exaggerated: "Lin Dong seems isolated, yet why has he persisted for so long? Haven't you thought about who is behind him?"

Rhein remained silent.

"Taihua, yes Taihua!"

The Think Tank sneered: "Haven't you forgotten that time you were tricked by Mr. San? You've been cautious for so many years, never making a single mistake. Only that once, you were caught and punished, losing the honor of killing an Ancient Ancestor. You were so young, such an honor was vital to you, yet it was ruthlessly stripped away by the Strongest above you."

Rhein couldn't deny this point, and it puzzled him back then.

"Where did you learn all this from?"

He questioned coldly.

The Think Tank smiled mysteriously, pulling a diary from his pocket and shamelessly shaking it in front of him: "Wang, before his death, had already written every step of the plan in this diary. He's the kind of person who can foresee five hundred years into the future, his computational abilities surpassing even super quantum computers, creating miracles of foresight."

"Taixu was all created by him, I think that's quite convincing, isn't it?"

He hesitated for a moment: "Finally, let me say something off-topic, I also believe The Order of the Hidden is concealed within the Order World. I know you've always been concerned about Thunder, though I feel you don't truly love her, you just want to marry her to erase her threat to you. But let me tell you, women are emotional beings, and unreliable at crucial moments... oh, sorry, I'm digressing."

Rhein frowned and asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"Do you remember Frieda's Split Personality syndrome?"

The Think Tank tilted his head and pointed to his brain: "Actually, it's not a disease but a man-made trauma, the aftermath of an experiment. The critical point is, when Tang Ling exhibited this disorder, it was actually earlier than the research of Lishan Tiyan Pavilion and Buzhou Mountain's plan. Similarly, ahead of both Ether Association and You Ying Group."

Rhein's pupils flashed a chill, his face stern, his voice hoarse: "The Order of the Hidden was the earliest to master this technology, wherever this technology first appeared, that's where they're hiding."

When he reached this point, he had a complete realization.

Because this involves a key question.

If The Order of the Hidden truly hides within the Order World, then who are their agents?

Just like in that famous movie.

You clearly only ate one bowl of noodles, yet someone falsely accuses you of eating two.

Do you really need to cut open your stomach to show them?

The methods of Qing and Chi are just like this; they presume you're guilty, then kill you to confirm.

That's why Taiqing decided to cleanse the house.

Even if The Order of the Hidden is indeed hiding within the Order World, it doesn't mean the previous President is the mastermind.

It could entirely be Qing and Chi setting a trap to retaliate.

Or perhaps the current President is the real plotter, the one enjoying the biggest gains.

"Yes, you've finally grasped the core of the problem."

The wound on the Think Tank's chest silently healed, he smiled and said: "History is a cycle, events that occur in the past often replay in the future, sadly people never learn from history. The corpse lying on the ground yesterday may possibly be you tomorrow."

"Is the President such a person, does it disappoint you?"

He retracted his smile and spread his hands: "But it doesn't matter, you must believe that karma exists in this world, if you betray others, others will betray you. Some things can no longer be undone."

Suddenly Rhein understood why Silver and Gold are by the President's side.

Not for close protection.

But for surveillance.

Possibly even...

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With a snap.

The communicator Tang Ling pulled out was pressed against the operating table.

"Do not contact the Ether Association."

Gu Jianlin's face looked as if he had seen a ghost, he whispered: "They're not trustworthy."

Now it's already clear when the Ether Association and You Ying Group acquired the Transplantation technology.

The Order of the Hidden acquired it even earlier, which isn't surprising.

Because behind The Order of the Hidden is the fifth born Ancient Supreme, Qiongqi Venerable.

He is also the Supreme mastering the Third Power.

Qilin Venerable and Qiongqi Venerable originate from the same source, they possess similar characteristics.

That is, they can adapt to the rules of this world.

Which is Transplantation technology!

Given that, wherever this technology first appeared proves where The Order of the Hidden is concealed.

"What's wrong?"

Tang Ling raised her vermillion beautiful eyes, her appearance bewitching yet cold, injured adding a pale beauty.

At that instant, Extreme Thunder suddenly trembled in her hand, turbulent rays of thunder pierced through the lab's dome within moments, radiating brilliantly in the darkness, and flickering with intense brilliance.

It was evident someone tampered with her Mythical Weapon.

The person capable of such action, goes without saying.

"Seems the location is still exposed."

Gu Jianlin sighed softly: "You're right, they never considered you human from the start; they just regarded you as a tool. For this operation, you were indeed the bait, yet it wasn't to lure the Dark World."

Tang Ling looked stunned, yet before her eyes he reached out and lifted her forehead hair, gazing at her brow.

"The ones truly walking into the trap should be me."

Gu Jianlin lightly touched the crack on her forehead, profiling the hardships she endured as an experimental subject during her naive youth; perhaps she's forgotten, yet he could vaguely sense it.

"Perhaps there will soon be people coming to capture us."

He spoke softly: "It could be the Order World, or it could be the Dark World, and most likely they're working together. Now I have to tell you something, it's crucial for you."

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In a ruin shrouded in sand and dust, Taihua gently paused her steps.

In the distance, the towering thunder light arose, illuminating her austere and majestic phoenix eyes.

"All these years have passed, you still can't forget your teacher, can you?"

She softly lamented.

"Immediately act, recover Qilin and Thunder."

The Golden King holding the communicator, coldly commanded: "Begin the plan."

The Silver King gazed at the Master's back, expressionless, asked: "Teacher was killed by you, was it?"

The sand and dust whistled, yet the silent meaning spread quietly.

"Hmm, it was me."

Taihua softly responded: "I personally pierced his heart and then devoured him."

Chapter 847: You Will Know Who I Am

No one expected that Taihua would openly admit it like this.

Worthy of being the Ruler of Order, unwilling to defend herself or find any excuse.

What's done is done.

What do you want then?

The Silver King's eyes lowered, even the most ruthless Sword Sect Path couldn't conceal the sorrow and anger in her eyes, like clouds gathering in the sky, brewing a stormy power.

The Golden King was not surprised, saying expressionlessly, "You admitted it."

"Why not?"

Taihua paced to the edge of the ridge, the wind swayed her black coat, rustling: "Since ancient times, the throne of the world has been for the capable, since he can, why can't I?"

She gazed down at the desolate desert, her long black hair blowing in the wind, her pale skin glinting with a brilliant golden hue, her dark coat flared like an imperial robe, regal and imposing.

Since the end of the Ming Dynasty, the Human World had plunged into the darkest times. It was this woman and her husband who established a new order, saving the collapsing world, and sounded the horn of counterattack on the Ancient God Realm, forging a path with iron will and methods.

The Golden Age of Humanity was thus born.

She was born a leader, destined to carry the world forward, naturally possessing imperial majesty.

If not for her husband, she would long have been the Emperor.

"He was your husband, and my mentor."

The Silver King closed her eyes. This woman was not exceptionally beautiful, her facial lines carved hard like chisel and ax, her voice calm: "Years ago, the Ying Family was nearly exterminated by the Candle Dragon Clan, if it weren't for the teacher's life-saving act, I wouldn't have survived, wouldn't have become the Silver King today."

The Golden King had nothing much to say either, being raised by the former President, the relationship was like father and son, thus he spoke without hesitation: "Because you are my Master's Wife, I am willing to support you becoming President. The premise of all this is, you are my Master's Wife."

The meaning behind this was clear.

Whether silver or gold, the person they supported has always been the former President.

That was Taiqing.

Not Taihua.

If Taihua were the wife of the former President, then everything would be fine.

If Taihua were the murderer of the former President, then there would be problems.

"So what?"

Taihua whispered: "Do you wish to avenge him?"

She raised her eyes, the depths holding ancient thunder, ready to punish the rebellious sinner.

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The parched, decayed desert, a battered off-road vehicle jolted as it drove.

An old man raised his head, gazing towards the eastern plains, where resplendent golden light veiled the sky, as if it would burn a hole through the sky, fierce and overwhelming.

Like sunrise.

"After all these years, the Master's Wife is still the same."

He held the insulated cup in his arm, softly coughed up a bit of phlegm mixed with blood, said gently:
"You know, my junior brothers and I were raised by her. We all think she is such a gentle person, but

unfortunately, the world harbors many misunderstandings about her. The Master's Wife was born to bear the world's burden, thus she must be heartless."

"I always feel that this responsibility does not suit her. She has lived four hundred years, yet not a day truly for herself. When we did what we did back then, it was considering her."

"The world owes her too much, why not let her be free, leave the rest to us."

Huai Yin's sigh was so aged, his gentle tone moved hearts.

Jing Ci drove the car, calmly asking: "But you disappointed her?"

"Yes, because our methods always took risky paths, never gaining her approval."

Huai Yin laughed: "Back then, my brother and I were chased by the teacher, sky and earth blocked, had it not been for the Master's Wife secretly aiding us, finding people to shield us, we would have perished long ago. The Master's Wife privately urged us to return more than once. Unfortunately, we failed her intentions."

Jing Ci, silent for a long time, suddenly asked: "The mastermind behind The Order of the Hidden, is it really the Ancestor?"

Huai Yin silently chuckled, nodded: "It's not wrong. When my brother and I returned to Earth, we were subjected to countless assassination attempts. What kind of people are we? We investigated, finally tracing back to that person. We discussed overnight strategies, those choices agonizing."

"Even the Master's Wife initially didn't believe it, but since she did that, it proves she ultimately acknowledged this answer. Otherwise, given her character, how could she kill her own husband?"

He mused: "The hardest thing in the world to fathom is the human heart; the easiest, too, is the human heart."

This sentence sounds contradictory, but upon closer thought holds deep meaning.

Jing Ci was slightly startled.

"You might not believe it if I told you, she is the kind to pick up a stray cat off the street. Yet how could she, for the world's throne, personally kill the companion of two hundred years?"

Huai Yin shook his head, said: "That's why I always wanted her to come down from that position, even if it meant letting her die, living like that is too exhausting, worse than death. You don't know the pain at the end of the Candle Light Law's Evolution Chain. You won't understand how much pain her heart felt all these years."

Chapter 848: You'll Know Who I Am_2

No one in this world knows how cruel it is for that woman to serve as the pillar of the Order World.

Even he doesn't know.

If you are not the fish, how can you understand the fish's joy?

If you are not the fish, how can you understand the fish's sorrow?

"Even so, Master will not tell junior brothers and sisters what kind of person the teacher truly is."

Huai Yin suddenly stopped smiling, her eyes deep: "Because she can't bear to see her two students' faith collapse, she cannot declare to anyone that the mastermind behind The Order of the Hidden is her husband, the former President. If this matter were made public, it would cause enormous upheaval both publicly and privately."

Jing Ci looked towards the East, his eyes filled with admiration: "So she chooses to bear everything alone."

To bear the burden, to bear the fruit of bitterness, to bear infamy.

Even if pointed at by thousands.

Even if... doomed to eternal damnation!

"This is the Emperor's burden to bear."

Huai Yin said quietly: "Among us siblings, we've never truly respected anyone from the bottom of our hearts, except for Master. It's a pity, ultimately, this world will betray her tenderness."

Jing Ci vaguely understood that the President's death would soon come.

The rebellion of silver and gold may have long been planned.

The rebellion at this time was indeed unexpected.

"You're not going?"

Jing Ci suddenly asked.

Huai Yin said with regret: "I have already failed her once; some things, once they happen, can never be undone. I am no longer the child I was. Having walked this path, there's no turning back. Based on emotion, I should go save her. Based on reason, I have more important things to do. This too was our agreement; if I help him now, then all her efforts will be in vain."

Jing Ci understands his teacher's temperament; he is someone who truly perseveres in his beliefs, almost akin to a God in his resolve—nothing would sway him emotionally to achieve his goals.

Even if the entire world perished before his eyes, he'd remain unwavering.

"Do you think I'm heartless, unfilial?"

Huai Yin stroked the car window, gazing at the distant golden light, and said, "Currently, my heart is indeed tearing in pain, wishing to send those unfilial offspring straight to Hell. But when you reach my age, you'll understand, everyone will die, and death is no longer a dreadful thing. Compared to death, redemption is more important."

"Master's redemption has already appeared, I only hope he doesn't betray her tenderness."

His eyes solemn, with a hint of nostalgia: "After all, she left the best for him."

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In the laboratory of the Ancient Ruins, Gu Jianlin took out the secret medicine from the Qilin Wedge, casually pulling the stopper from the reagent, adjusting the dosage: "There are some things I didn't want to tell you because they are too cruel for you but time is pressing, I have to speak. What is called Frida's Schizophrenia is not actually a disease, but a residual effect of human experimentation. You heard correctly, it's man-made."

Just this sentence left Tang Ling seemingly soulless, her pale face devoid of color.

Like a bolt from the blue, it tore open her psychological defenses unexpectedly.

Memories long forgotten poured forth like a flood, breaching her mental defenses.

"Look at your forehead, is there a scar like this?"

Gu Jianlin lifted her bangs, using the black phone screen as a mirror to show her face: "Look again at the foreheads of those corpses, aren't there similar marks? You should think carefully, whom you met and what you experienced as a child, all are important clues."

"Don't blame the President; she never regarded you as a tool or weapon. You're her child, as am I. The President loves us and every subordinate she has. Old Gu and Old Tang volunteered for the mission back then, even defying her orders. How could someone like her send her subordinates to die?"

He said softly: "Old Gu and Old Tang, even in death, had to bear infamy, possibly by their own will, to protect their teammates, today's Shadows."

"Shadows?"

Tang Ling murmured.

"I've met them; they are trustworthy, good people."

Gu Jianlin had never spoken at such length before, holding the secret medicine to her lips, gently saying: "Drink it, your injuries are severe, and there might be a fierce battle ahead."

Just earlier, he saw through the laboratory door, golden light soaring skyward.

Such dazzling brilliance he had seen before.

No one who witnesses this divine miracle would ever forget; this glory belongs to only one person in the world.

The President.

Logically, the President should be under the protection of the Order World.

She should not personally take part in battle.

Upon reflection, only one possibility remains.

Those within the Order World have betrayed her.

The President had long hinted to him what might happen once she fell gravely ill.

What would unfilial children do when seeing their dying mother on her sickbed?

The answer is clear, they would pull out the oxygen tube.

To inherit her vast legacy.

The highest seat of the Candle Light Law, an allure none can refuse.

Tang Ling's thoughts were chaotic, subconsciously drinking the secret medicine, feeling the surge of vitality flooding into her, healing her waist wound, yet her face was paler as she softly said, "It's bad."

Chapter 849: You Will Know Who I Am_3

Gu Jianlin frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

Tang Ling took out a Golden Phoenix Feather from her pocket, her voice hoarse. "This is the token given to me by the President. It has never been so silent in over ten years. I can no longer sense her presence through the Golden Phoenix Feather."

Gu Jianlin also took out an identical Golden Phoenix Feather, pondering that it must have been prepared by that woman intentionally to protect her child. Now its color was so dim, as if it had decayed.

This meant that the President was in extreme danger.

Of course, this implied another issue.

No one would be able to shield his aura when Gu Jianlin performed the Ancient God Transformation anymore.

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On the desolate ridge, the wind howled, faintly revealing ancient ruins in the distance.

Ying Changsheng adjusted his wireless earbuds, listening to orders from his grandfather, and spoke expressionlessly, "The Qilin and Thunder are now in this canyon, and our task is to retrieve them. Remember, they are important assets of the Order World, and no one can harm them. If possible, bring them back using gentle means."

"According to intelligence, the Qilin and Thunder may resist."

He raised his eyes, a glorious golden hue filling them, and calmly said, "I am now also a Heavenly Person, the only Sixth Rank in the team. Your task is to act around me, understand?"

Mu Qingyou looked towards the skyward lightning, recalling what her teacher had instructed her before departure, and nodded.

Li Hanting was also in the team. After the incident at the Sea of Eternal Life, he had been severely punished, and his future was basically halved, yet due to his good repentance performance, he was allowed to return to Omega.

At this moment, he frowned: "Shouldn't we be focusing on stopping the people from the Dark World? Why retrieve the Qilin and Thunder? They are vital combat forces."

The word "retrieve" especially made him inexplicably nervous.

"I also want to know this question."

Cheng Youyu silently raised his hand in the team; he was now a Fourth Rank Mad King, and due to his unique alchemy skills, had been specially allowed to join the team as the think tank.

"If we're just to bring them back, why would they resist?"

Nie Xiangsi gathered courage to ask, the Holy Light she held proof that she was now a Fourth Rank Holy Mother.

Their questions went unanswered.

Because on the opposite cliff, at some unknown time, there was already a smiling young man.

Jiang Ziyue maintained a frenzied evolutionary state, standing opposite Omega alone.

He raised a sliver of crimson eyes and laughed, "Everyone, don't be anxious, perhaps I can answer your doubts. According to the think tank's instructions, my brother and I are to stop you here and show you something."

Vaguely, a breeze blew in, and Jiang Chuge, carrying a Sword Box, had appeared beside him. The brothers had long discussed via radio and would meet here in the ancient ruins to prevent the secrets of the You Ying Group from being leaked.

"The think tank hopes you can wait five minutes."

Jiang Chuge said expressionlessly, "We will cooperate with your actions."

He looked up, the night already deep and dead, the canyon seeming to echo with ghostly wails.

"It's about time."

Jiang Chuge glanced at his watch, "Order World members, you may issue the final ultimatum. If the Qilin and Thunder don't cooperate, you will witness what they really are."

He paused, "Especially the Qilin."

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Gu Jianlin also heard the ghostly wails, not only from afar, but also right by his ear.

The skeletons on the operating table began to tremble violently, a thick death aura spreading like a tide. The chilly wind seemed to come from the deepest parts of hell, sending chills down one's spine as if plunged into an ice cave.

"Since the people from the You Ying Group came here, why did they leave in such a hurry?"

Tang Ling also felt the death aura and spoke softly.

In fact, this question already had an answer.

This city was once visited by Qilin Venerable, close to that mysterious Divine Ruins.

Here lies the Spiritual Domain he left behind.

The power of reversal of life and death.

The sound of countless trembling bones echoed, as if playing a requiem from hell.

Gu Jianlin faintly sensed something and smiled silently: "Do you remember, when we were at the Sea of Eternal Life, you once asked me who I really am? Because I had many inexplicable mysteries."

Tang Ling furrowed her brows, a vague sense of foreboding arising, gently holding his hand.

"I don't want to know anymore."

Her eyes showed a hint of stubbornness, lightly biting her cherry lips.

"No, you will know."

Gu Jianlin let her hold his hand, smiling with relief.

Chapter 850: Qilin!

The solemn and sacred sound of the bell echoed, accompanied by a cool and somber voice resonating in the wind and sand.

"This is the highest directive from the Ether Association."

The voice of Taixu was icy and devoid of any emotion: "Omega Sequence members, please immediately withdraw from Sado Town. Qilin and Thunder, take note, put down your weapons at once and return to headquarters. This is the final warning, don't attempt any resistance, for it will be meaningless."

The lightning released by Extreme Thunder had already died out, cooling down in a silence akin to slumber.

Tang Ling silently drew her sword; Extreme Thunder had self-sealed, and even she, its master, couldn't undo it.

This must have been her teacher's handiwork.

She coolly said, "Rather than calling this an order to withdraw, it's more like a final ultimatum before arrest, isn't it? We haven't done anything, yet we're treated like criminals."

No one likes betrayal, and she was no exception.

Gu Jianlin held her hand and led her out of the research institute. The burning stick was gradually extinguishing, and in the darkness, the chilling sound of bones clashing emerged as the dead skeletons began to resurrect.

"The President is in danger, can you think of something?"

Tang Ling stared into his eyes, enunciating each word: "I know this is your avatar."

This meant that Gu Jianlin could leave at any time.

"Don't worry, I will figure something out."

Gu Jianlin did not look back, gazing at the broken remains within the ruins. "I will certainly leave, as the avatar will eventually collapse. But before leaving, I must take you out, or else I won't be at ease."

Tang Ling was slightly taken aback.

"Perhaps we are truly valuable assets to the Order World, or it might be due to our close relationship with the President. The President hopes that I can protect you well, so I won't let you be taken back, as those people won't treat you as a person. Therefore, the next fight will be tough." Gu Jianlin never asked for her opinion, as the strength conveyed through her grip had already said everything.

A brilliant beam of light pierced through the wind and sand, enveloping them from overhead.

Gu Jianlin raised his hand to shield his eyes; a military helicopter hovered above, casting a dazzling searchlight.

"I saw this helicopter before I came."

Tang Ling also looked up, her red hair fluttering in the wind, her slender figure seemingly about to blend into the light beam: "This aircraft is equipped with an alchemy nuclear bomb, initially thought to be used against the Ancient God Clan."

No one expected that this kind of weapon would ultimately become a tool threatening them.

"Immediate conveyance of orders from the Silver and Gold, the internal permissions of the Ether Association have been changed. The mission to explore the second layer of the Qilin Immortal Palace is terminated immediately. Qilin, Thunder, you are vital assets to the Order World, pillars for the future Human World. Abandon the mission instantly, and return to the real world."

The solemn voice of the Golden King resonated, majestic as a lion: "No matter what happens in the future, I can guarantee your safety. At the right time, you will naturally be placed to take over our positions. You will receive the world's best resources and treatment. To put it in ancient terms, you will be the Crown Prince."

"This is a promise from the Order World, one that will never be broken."

The Silver King coldly stated: "You will become the next Taiqing and Taihua, as long as you are willing to return."

No matter how the previous generation tosses and turns, they will try to avoid affecting the next generation.

Even if Gold and Silver wanted revenge, they would consider the Human World.

With their status and capacity, they naturally wouldn't go back on their word.

These strongest figures standing at the pinnacle of the world, disdain deceiving two juniors.

As long as they return, the future is limitless.

"Indeed a very tempting condition."

Gu Jianlin kept his head up; countless specks of dust floated in the bright beam, vaguely blurring the view. He spoke softly: "Unfortunately, we are not fools. You are already prepared to use force."

Tang Ling asked coldly: "How is the President now?"

Amidst the helicopter's roar, no other sounds arose.

The time of the Catastrophes was too precious and they would never give a second chance.

In the communication channel, a cold voice echoed.

"Begin the mission."

The helicopter soared skyward like a hawk, its rotor wings tearing through the sandstorm. The massive searchlight illuminated the desolate ruins into glaring brightness, casting two lonely shadows in the stark light spot.

"Truly stubborn."

Nie, the Deacon personally sat in the cockpit. His hand, poised to press the button, trembled slightly. The order he received was to use the alchemy nuclear bomb for deterrence, but unfortunately, the two kids in the ruins were unruly maniacs.

With a thunderous roar, the barren ground collapsed and cracked open as the sandstorm surged forth.

The laboratory was violently demolished, and the deformed experimental subjects surged forward like a tidal wave. They grew flesh as if given a new life, evolving into grotesque forms that were half-human

and half-beast, twisting together like dragons and serpents, with suppressed, gnawing, and blood-sucking sounds in their throats.

It wasn't just the laboratory.

In the desolate burial grounds, within the collapsed temple, and among the skeletal remains buried beneath the sand.

The sound of bones breaking echoed continuously, as if an infernal mass was being played.

They rose from the dead; they howled at the sky!

The wind and sand howled, the dust filled with dancing shadows of madness, and a dense killing aura swept forth like a hurricane.