

## Ancient 861

Chapter 861: King of the World!

This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Gu Jianlin knew well that opportunity only comes once, so he hesitated not and reached into the black hole to extract the Holy Corpse.

The so-called Holy Corpse is nothing but a pure black bone, resembling a human heart in appearance, with a jade-like crystalline texture, covered with intricate vein-like patterns and red-hot like a stone.

The moment he grasped the Holy Corpse, ancient whispers echoed in his ears, and before his eyes, hallucinations emerged, a black lotus growing at the edge of the sea, almost overshadowing the endless ocean, as a man walked in the world between sea and sky, with his gentle chant, the void mist spread out.

The withered lotus suddenly came to life, as though in the depths, a pair of eyes opened!

In a daze, Gu Jianlin seemed like a massive bronze pillar rising to the heavens, faintly a bewitching soul was nailed to the pillar, devoid of any form, yet endless blood gushed out.

The sea was dyed blood red, and deep under the ocean there swirled groups of dragons, the Qilin inhaled clouds and mist, deer sprouted wings and soared to the sky, giant whales spouted water columns, birds circled in the air.

Five phantoms like Gods hovered above the sea and sky, quietly gazing at the bronze pillar sinking into the depths.

The black lotus withered once again, with a great sigh echoing in the void.

After the hallucination ended, he jerked awake, drenched in cold sweat.

Jiang Chuge, after losing the Holy Corpse, seemed as if drained of his soul, collapsing in a weakened state, signs of primitive evolution receded like a tide, aging decades in an instant, and powerlessly kneeling to the ground.

Bang.

There was a hint of applause.

As though after a splendid play, the audience genuinely praised.

Ying Changsheng suddenly turned alertly, fragments of the Flying Sword hovered, ready to strike.

Jiang Ziyue also flashed to his back, poised for a Space Jump.

Tang Ling silently turned around, fixing her gaze on the newcomer, eyes wary.

"That is the spiritual vision phenomenon brought to you by the Ghostly Glowing Lotus, for the Holy Corpse is essentially just the crystallization of the You Ying Law, it requires human body to grow, like a lifeless parasite. Have you seen the movie 'Alien'? At first, Alien wasn't in human form, it was just a black liquid that, upon entering a human body, develops into the famous face hugger."

Someone said softly, "The face hugger clamps onto the human face, inserts its mouthpiece into the human mouth, implants its genes, thus completing its mission. Ultimately, the human body will nurture a perfect organism."

"That is the Alien, a perfect organism, capable of easily altering a planet's ecology. Speaking of which, the President is particularly fond of this movie too, for human imagination is endless, accidentally uncovering the Ancient God Clan's oldest secret—the origin of the Supremes."

This lazy white-haired youth drew a circle on the ground with his toe, smilingly said, "At the site of the Big Bang in the Universe, in the endless starry sky, two peculiar celestial bodies were conceived, one with an ancient name Zhu Zhao, the other called You Ying, also known as Sun and Taiyin. Humans like to compare them to day and night, but they aren't the same thing."

No one knew when this white-haired youth appeared, he was like a phantom appearing and disappearing mysteriously.

Moreover, upon appearing, he talked merrily like an outgoing extrovert: "Zhu Zhao and You Ying are celestial bodies, yet lack true form, neither fixed trajectory. They wander in the barren Universe, transforming amid endless energy, undergoing fusion reactions within planets, brewing something extremely rare."

He squatted down to draw, sketching six bizarre creatures in the dirt.

"The world's oldest Ancient Ape-man unknowingly played a tune while teaching children to blow reeds; the spark of civilization was ignited thereafter. This probability is like a monkey dancing on a piano eventually playing a full tune of 'Gods Entering the Hall of Heroes'. Well, the actual probability is even lower by a trillion times, but in essence, matter conceived by Zhu Zhao and You Ying landed on certain planets."

The Think Tank continued, "To be precise, planets with life, and that matter we commonly name Ancient God's Breath. Life initially receiving Ancient God's Breath became violent, crazily devouring its kind, propagating their own offspring. Ancient God's Breath transmitted along genetic chains, ultimately influencing an entire planet."

"This planet's ecology was entirely rewritten, after billion-years-long evolution the once-dominant species returned to dust, indirectly affecting fusion within the planet."

He shrugged, "Another hardly possible probability, as though waking to find yourself turned Ultraman unleashing Zaiperiao Light. Can you imagine it? Internal fusion within a planet, ultimately conceiving life, the Universe's greatest life forms, the great Ancient Supremes!"

As for his abstract drawing, that was easily understood.

Candle Dragon, Vermilion Bird, Bai Ze, Xuanming, Qilin.

Finally, a question mark.

Gu Jianlin did not understand why this guy came to say these things, he vaguely recalled the Ancient God Clan history seen in Balensa City, the Ancient Supremes were indeed conceived in endless light and darkness.

Chapter 862: King of the World! (Part 2)

The Sun Candle lineage gave rise to the Candle Dragon and the Vermilion Bird.

The Taiyin Youying lineage gave rise to Bai Ze and Xuanming.

The Third Power eventually nurtured Qilin and Qiongqi!

The think tank then said something baffling: "The uncertainty principle of quantum mechanics tells us the world is impermanent, but many things have traces to follow."

"If you let me choose the greatest god among the six Ancient Supremes, I would, without hesitation, choose that black Supreme. Because I truly admire Him, surviving was an incredible feat in itself, not to mention the astonishing actions He took later on."

He showed an expression of admiration: "Without Him, those practicing the You Ying Law today might have long turned into monsters, lunatics providing nutrients to that lotus."

Gu Jianlin was taken aback.

Because his recent phenomenon of spiritual vision happened to verify these words.

The Ghostly Glowing Lotus is the supreme holy object of the Ancient God Clan; it was not initially withered.

It was because of what the Five Supreme did to it that it withered completely, and that woman nailed to the bronze pillar, no one knows her true background.

"I'm telling you this to assure you that there's really nothing wrong with the You Ying Law."

The think tank scratched his head, with a smile as bright as the sun: "Because that black lotus has indeed been dead for many years, practicing the You Ying Law is the safest, without any worries. The Candle Light Law does have certain problems; however, there's currently a pillar upholding it, so nothing has gone wrong yet."

Gu Jianlin felt a stir in his heart: "What did you say?"

Tang Ling's eyes suddenly turned sharp, altering the Breathing Technique of the Boundary of No Distance. She moved like a ghost, thrusting a sword through his chest, pinning him to the hard rock wall.

Crack.

Rubble fell, and Tang Ling realized in shock that her strike had missed completely.

Her enemy in front of her disappeared without a trace, and her sword was merely embedded in the rock wall.

The think tank stood behind her unharmed, still maintaining his previous posture, unmoved.

Tang Ling squinted her beautiful eyes, vaguely realizing where the problem was.

"Candle Dragon Forbidden Curse."

Jiang Ziyue murmur softly: "Think tank, you've hidden really well."

Ying Changsheng's long, narrow eyes flashed with intense fear as he chuckled: "The mysterious think tank of the Youying Group is said to possess an Undying Body, but it seems that's not the case. You've just mastered the Candle Dragon Law to perfection, and you can use such a high-burden ability without limitation?"

The think tank shrugged his shoulders, sighing innocently: "After all, I'm facing you all, the most talented young people in the world. Without some life-saving cards, how could I survive? These are all things Wang taught me before he died, but unfortunately, my talent is mediocre, and I couldn't fully inherit his legacy."

"Your battle just now was spectacular, truly worthy of the legendary Shadow Department."

He laughed: "Ziye, you should be the legendary Three, right? It was you who provided intelligence before the Shinjuku chaos; otherwise, the song incident wouldn't have been exposed so quickly. In the Shinjuku Imperial Garden, it was also you who tampered with the Seventh Ancestor. You really did everything to cover your companions' escape. I'm curious, growing up in the Dark World, how did you become a shadow?"

Exposed for who he truly was, Jiang Ziyue's fox-like smiling face remained innocuously innocent.

"Because I'm smart enough."

He pointed to his brain: "My parents died early, leaving nothing for me, but I had a sharp mind. I vaguely remember some things they said to me when I was a baby. Following those memories, I found a secret room in Tokyo, where there were many weapons and cryptic texts."

Gu Jianlin silently looked at this young man, realizing this is the mysterious Three.

From the moment he landed in Tokyo, this has been the person silently helping him.

On the surface, they were enemies, but in reality, he had been secretly aiding him all along.

Hidden very well indeed.

There was a time when they even fought to the death.

"I spent a long time deciphering those texts but could never find valuable information. All I knew was that my parents worked for someone remarkable, someone they thought worthy of sacrificing their lives for. I also knew my parents could have escaped, but they chose to stay to protect me. Because if they had escaped, their identities would have been exposed, and I, left with the Jiang family, would have become a hostage."

Jiang Ziyue said indifferently: "I began to be curious, who was this person worth such a sacrifice? I spent a long time searching but never found out who he was. However, I found my parents' superior. You all thought I had no relatives, but I actually have elder relatives who care about me, though I cannot tell you who he is."

On the surface, he was the adopted son of the Jiang family's legitimate eldest son, a lowly illegitimate child.

Unloved, uncared for, he could only be a fence-sitter to protect himself.

Such a person is often inwardly solitary, with a certain amount of character distortion.

The truth is, he was not such a person; his spiritual world was rich.

He knew his deceased parents loved him.

And he found his parents' elder, growing up under their guidance and care.

Chapter 863: King of the World!\_3

In the cold-blooded Jiang Family, perhaps he was the only one who had love.

So, how could he be psychologically twisted? He was actually quite happy!

Jiang Ziyue always smiled with squinted eyes, because that smile came from the heart.

"By the way, after the President found out about my existence, she even took the time to come see me. Do you know the President's regular activity when she comes to Tokyo? She often goes to Orochi Society to kill some heirs. Once, after she killed someone, she passed through Shinjuku. I saw her from afar, but she didn't see me."

Jiang Ziyue said proudly, "But I know, she came just to see me."

He was just an unnoticed nobody.

To the pillars of the Human World, at most, he was only qualified to be cannon fodder.

However, when the President learned of his existence, she actually made time in her busy schedule to look at him.

That was the President's time, after all.

If possible, Jiang Ziyue would be willing to sacrifice a lifetime to exchange for one second of her time.

Measured in money, his entire life might only be worth one million.

But a minute of the President's time could buy the whole world.

It's probably like a child with cancer writing a letter to an idol, not expecting a visit from the idol herself.

The President coming to see him was the greatest affirmation for him.

That sense of happiness was immeasurable.

The Think Tank nodded slightly, "I think I understand now. This is why you are willing to risk your life for her."

He silently turned his head and looked at another person.

"Don't look at me."

Ying Changsheng said expressionlessly, "I am number two. The reason I am willing to become a Shadow is because of a transaction. Someone touched the untouchable, and I want to find the bastard behind it and drag him out to kill him."

The Think Tank knowingly nodded, turned back and glanced at the arrogant red-haired girl behind him, chuckled and said, "Dear Princess, please give me a minute. I want to seriously ask a question. I know you're stalling because the spirituality of you four is low, and you need to recover using the Breathing Technique."

He turned around, his pupils reflecting the demon-like youth, the corners of his lips curving into an amused smile, "I came specifically to see you this time. Are you satisfied with the gift I gave you?"

Gu Jianlin held the Holy Corpse in his hand, raised his harsh golden eyes, and softly replied, "Gift?"

The Think Tank nodded, kicked the old corpse at his feet, and lamented, "I even gave you the Holy Corpse, I broke the rules for this. In the Dark World, you are not allowed to take the Holy Corpse of the living, only crystals extracted from the dead can be inherited. Of course, you're different, you can take it by force."

"After all, no one expected you to be such a magnificent life."

The smile on his lips became increasingly exaggerated, and he laughed out loud, "Those mediocrities can't see it, but I know who you really are. Mr. Qilin and Miss Skylark are the same kind of people!"

Gu Jianlin's eyes surged violently, if not for the uncertainty of the enemy's strength, he would have acted already.

"Do you want to join my camp?"

The Think Tank suddenly stopped laughing and said seriously, "Become the next king."

Gu Jianlin tilted his head, hoarse and asked, "Red King?"

"No, King of the World."

The Think Tank raised a finger, shushing gently, "After all, she's already dying."

In the distant horizon, glorious gold flickered, about to extinguish, like the setting sun at dusk.

Such desolation.

So... elderly at sunset.

Chapter 864: Foolish Child

Gu Jianlin gazed toward the west, the Qilin Mask was shrouded in the dim twilight, dark red like blood.

"This is the trap you set."

He turned around, golden eyes seemingly flowing with Molten Lava: "You want her dead."

"No, it's not that I want her dead, but the world wishes for her death."

The Think Tank smiled and explained, "This naturally includes herself. Long ago when she deciphered the secret of the Evolution Chain and killed her own husband, seizing the Supreme Position, she had already foreseen this day. It's her Heavenly Destiny, and her sacrifice for the world."

It sounded like a thunderclap exploded beside his ears, leaving Gu Jianlin's mind blank.

Tang Ling suddenly turned around, her beautiful eyes frigid beneath disordered strands of hair.

"What did you say?"

Jiang Ziyue's brilliant smile showed a hint of fissure, an expression of shock never seen on his face. He instinctively wanted to refute, but his voice stuck in his throat and wouldn't come out.

Because he knew what secret was hidden within the Evolution Chain; if that bloody rule was true, then unless the predecessor willingly gifted it, the successor could never surpass.

Of course, there was another way.

"Murder."

Ying Changsheng said softly, "The world believes the President murdered her husband. No wonder these years my grandfather roams the world, particularly lingering around Antarctica. Originally, my grandfather was seeking the truth about the former President's death. My grand-aunt stationed in the East was essentially investigating the truth."

In fact, they never really doubted the authenticity of this matter.

Because this was most likely true.

The certainty didn't come from abundant evidence.

But from the President's occasional display of remorse and guilt, pain and struggle.

The Think Tank shrugged and said, "You need to know one thing, the Sword Sect Path originated from the ancient Bai Ze Clan. The Bai Ze Clan possesses the ability to comprehend all things, their intuition has always been sharp. As early as two hundred years ago, silver and Gold felt something amiss, but unfortunately, they had no evidence and could only investigate secretly over the years."

"Because silver and Gold were the most cherished siblings of the former President, they completely inherited the teacher's philosophy and beliefs. For Gold and silver, Taiqing is sacred and inviolable, while Taihua was just his wife, no matter how great she was, she should never replace him."

He paused for a moment, "As a side note, two hundred years ago Taihua teamed up with Qing and Chi to eliminate her own husband. This matter was done so secretly that it left virtually no evidence. Unexpectedly, silver and Gold were determined overnight that their Master was the mastermind behind the scenes, teaming up to set such a trap."

Gu Jianlin vaguely understood the key point of this trap.

Firstly, it was the timing.

The President might be the Strongest in this world, standing at the pinnacle of the Evolution Chain, invincible like a God.

Even with the strength of Gold and silver, such Catastrophes dare not act rashly.

And the President being ambushed and badly injured in the Sea of Eternal Life was the perfect opportunity.

That's why the Catastrophes rushed to her side immediately.

Not to protect her, but to kill her!

Unexpectedly, the President obtained half of the Eternal Bone, forcibly extending her life.

Therefore, next comes the choice of location.

It's still the same, the President is too powerful in the real world, even if she is badly injured.

Thoughtfully contemplate this point and you'll understand.

The rules of the real world reject the Ancient God's Breath.

If the Heavenly Person Domain unfolds in the real world, such rule rejection will exponentially increase!

silver and Gold must choose a suitable location.

That would be the Ancient God Realm.

Once the above two points were determined, only one matter needed consideration.

That is how to bring the President in her wounded state to the Ancient God Realm.

Gu Jianlin suddenly awoke, as if everything that happened after he went to Tokyo was leading to this current situation, whether it was the experimental subjects erupting in Shibuya and Shinjuku, or the flaws exposed by The Order of the Hidden, until finally the secret of the You Ying Group was exposed, and the plan to resurrect Chi surfaced.

Of course, there was an irresistible lure.

That upside-down pyramid, the mysterious Divine Ruins.

"I guess your answer is similar to mine, right?"

The Think Tank smiled mysterious and profound: "You also sensed that familiar smell."

Gu Jianlin rasped, "The Order of the Hidden."

That feeling was too familiar.

Not long ago the President came to Tokyo to see him, specifically explaining the origins of that mysterious organization to him.

Probably since then, she already had a foreboding.

"Throughout history, as long as The Order of the Hidden desires..."

The Think Tank's words got stuck like a wound-up doll running out, he pondered briefly before pulling out a crumpled notebook from his pocket, and awkwardly said, "Sorry, hold on a moment."

That feeling was like a school kid reciting, suddenly forgetting halfway and taking out pre-prepared crib notes, reciting, "Throughout history, as long as The Order of the Hidden desires an outcome, that becomes the predestined fate. Few have ever been able to defy their will, even if you resist temporarily, you can't resist for a lifetime."

"Those like Emperor Qin, Monarchs of great talent and strategy, can only resist the great will within their lifetimes, that legendary Supreme Lord. But once they die, the lifetime foundations they've worked hard to build would be quickly ruined. This is the flaw of humanity; their fleeting lives are too small on the lengthy time scale."

### Chapter 865: Foolish Child (Part 2)

He recited to the diary, "The main purpose of telling you this is not to enlighten you, but to make sure you don't hate me. Because in this matter, we are really not the masterminds. Even if Taihua is truly dead, it is still their family's private affair, and we are not accomplices."

These words are indeed true, as the You Ying Group did not directly participate in this upheaval, or murder, for that matter.

After all, the strongest fighters in the You Ying Group had already been driven insane by the President.

Without Catastrophe Level combat power, getting involved would be a suicide mission.

Gu Jianlin silently stared at him and said coldly, "Does it really matter whether I hate you all or not?"

The Ancient God Transformation still had some time left, and the spirituality within was gradually recovering.

He would need about two more minutes before he could continue fighting.

"Of course it matters because I want you to become the true Monarch."

The Think Tank pointed westward and said with a smile, "Not just order and darkness, but also the Ancient God Realm and the real world! Ji Zhou may be a great Monarch, but she hopes her child can surpass her! Jiang Chunyang is already old and decrepit. Though he was once great, he is now just a surviving reptile."

"The Ancient God Clan is deeply cursed by fate and has lost its former glory amid eons of internal strife."

He paused, "As for the Human World, it also needs new evolution."

Gu Jianlin said coldly, "True Monarch? Isn't that the goal after the Chi Resurrection?"

"What are you thinking?"

The Think Tank had a peculiar expression, "The one chosen by the King is clearly you."

A trace of astonishment showed in Gu Jianlin's eyes.

The Think Tank cleared his throat and, at close range, scrutinized this devil-like youth, sighing, "The first time I saw you in the records, I thought you were the person the King was looking forward to. Coincidentally, everything you've done aligns with the prophecy in the diary. Otherwise, why would I take care of you so much?"

"Think about it, although we are in different camps, have we really ever faced each other in life-or-death situations?"

He shrugged, "You don't like the Judgement Court, so I sent that document to Zhang Xuzhi. There were some twists and turns, but the end result was that Rhein fell from favor, right? When you arrived in Tokyo, I sensed your presence, and Si Xingye's identity just happened to be able to cover for you, and I even personally delivered the Moon Princess to you."

"Oh my God, you have no idea what kind of risk I took. The President loves you so dearly, if she found out that you were impersonating the Si Family's young master, she might think I'm trying to steal her disciple's woman."

He displayed a look of lingering fear, much like an actor in a Sichuan opera changing masks: "You have no idea how domineering and protective that woman is. If anyone bullies her children, she would slaughter their entire family."

To increase credibility, the Think Tank pulled out a large stack of yellowing documents from his chest.

These were mostly ancient records, the earliest dating back to the late Ming Dynasty.

Gu Jianlin glanced briefly; they were mostly records of massacring entire families.

"You all think the President is gentle, but you'd better ask these dead people if they agree."

The Think Tank shrugged and said, "I know the young lady is with you, so I even gave you a strategy guide. Even though the young lady is our strategic weapon, I didn't tell anyone. Instead, I turned a blind eye. After all, I'm also curious if you two, the only ones of your kind, will spark something together."

"If you could have a child, wouldn't that be like a modern-day Adam and Eve?"

He said regretfully, "Unfortunately, neither of you has lived up to it; otherwise, you would both be on maternity leave by now."

Gu Jianlin always had a sense of illusion.

This Think Tank knew everything, yet saw through everything without exposing it, and even helped him openly and secretly.

Now, this suspicion was confirmed.

Pa.

The Think Tank hastily slapped himself, "I misspoke. The young lady doesn't mind. I can swear on my integrity; your boyfriend and our young lady are absolutely clean, they have nothing going on."

Gu Jianlin's eye twitched ever so slightly.

Tang Ling finally figured out who he had been with all this time, her stern eyes narrowing without saying a word.

"After all, I also hope to see you both have children soon."

The Think Tank laughed, "The child born from both of you should be quite remarkable."

Gu Jianlin did not want to continue this nonsensical conversation any longer; his voice was as harsh as iron grinding together: "You also mentioned that I would lose someone very important to me."

Who exactly was that person?

He once thought it was Thunder.

But now he realized.

The Think Tank suddenly stopped smiling. He gazed at the twilight in the west and softly said, "Child, I don't have that kind of power. I'm saying these things not just to make you not resent me, but truly to tell you one thing. If you truly are destined to lose someone very important to you, the only perpetrator will be fate."

Gu Jianlin was taken aback.

"It's an irrevocable tragedy, an ordained destiny."

The Think Tank softly said, "The President has chosen such an ending for herself; she sincerely hopes someone can replace her step by step, becoming the new supreme figure to lead humanity toward a bright future. But she also knows how cruel the rules of this world are; she has come from a feudal dynasty and deeply experienced how terrifying the struggle for the throne among princes can be. When the old King dies, her children won't be allowed to live in this world either."

"But someone like her, how could she not leave a way out for her children?"

His gaze deep, like an ancient well silent for a thousand years: "She is so thoughtful, how could she not guess that you would be willing to risk the world's reproach to reveal your true identity?"

At this moment, Gu Jianlin finally understood the President's intent.

"Dark World."

Tang Ling softly said, "She entrusted us to the Dark World."

Jiang Ziyue and Ying Changsheng remained silent, for they were wise and had understood everything as well.

"My respected Mr. Qilin, this world no longer has a place for you, only the Dark World is still willing to open its arms to welcome your ruling presence. Of course, along with your lover and your comrades."

The Think Tank supported himself up and came before the young man, indulging in the fierce aura, intoxicatedly saying, "Don't persist any longer, even if you can master Primordial Return, at your current rank the cost is enormous, and it may even affect your true self. Why not let it go?"

"As long as you leave, the Heaven's Punishment Meteor will not fall."

He earnestly said, "In theory, the Heaven's Punishment Meteor could indeed be blocked by your supreme authority while traversing the dimensional rift, but that's only a theory. Based on my calculations, the Qilin Forbidden Curse is very likely to collapse, and your true self will be critically injured, near death. Meanwhile, your friends will also be annihilated."

Gu Jianlin silently listened to him, saying nothing.

"As long as you leave, everything will be fine."

The Think Tank smiled and said, "Why not just let it go? Since the President's death cannot be changed, why not lie low for a while? I indeed cannot defeat silver and gold, but for you, it's only a matter of time. The King of Qing has indeed led you on the transcendent path, but he is certainly not a qualified mentor. Only when the Red King rules the world will he be fit to teach you how to tap into your true potential, allowing you to become invincible by that time!"

"As long as you nod, we can go back and kill that old ghost of the Jiang Family, welcoming the Red King's arrival."

His eyes turned blood red with a ferocious glint, though his gentle voice seemed as if a beast was gnawing at blood.

"By then, your fury will burn darkness and order to ashes. Even the Order of the Hidden cannot halt your steps, and the Gods behind them will be buried by your own hands. Your enemies will all kneel at your feet, turning into grim, white bones. You will establish unparalleled feats, bending heaven to your will, making the Gods kneel!"

Perhaps this was the world's devil most adept at manipulating hearts.

He spoke with such deep emotion, eloquently.

His eyes were frenzied, his expression wildly arrogant, performing the world's most insane opera.

Gu Jianlin, however, silently gazed at the twilight in the west and softly uttered a single word.

With a loud boom.

Distant thunder rumbled, and golden rain poured down from the sky.

Taihua stood with hands behind in the ruins, gently sighing.

Chapter 866: Primordial Return, True Form of the Qilin!

Taihua heard the roar from the distant wasteland, the dark clouds seemed to coalesce into a pitch-black Qilin, the exploding thunder like its stern vertical pupils, overlooking the vast earth.

As the strongest in the Human World, she could certainly sense from whom that imposing aura emanated.

So violent, so dignified.

Yet, to her, it felt somewhat warm.

With her hands behind her back, she gazed at the Qilin, a golden light curtain hovering behind her, stirring ripples wide and far, while numerous ominous Iron Swords emerged from the void, their edges sharp and exposed.

"Master, that's an Ancient God Clan."

The Golden King knelt halfway on the ground, hands resting on a broken Iron Sword, his bare upper body covered with shocking sword marks, as hot blood flowed out, staining the earth red.

The Silver King's condition was relatively better, although their white hair had become a disorderly mess, and their white long dress was covered in dust, their breath as chaotic as it could be: "You treated him as a candidate successor, and had long engagements with him; don't say you didn't notice his abnormalities. We've been suspicious too, but we never had evidence."

Few in this world have witnessed battles of the Demigod Level, mistakenly thinking they are like ancient myths, with gods exhibiting their powers. In fact, at this rank, they have returned to the truth, stronger than hitting with every strike.

The gap in strength has been made apparent now.

In her injured state, Taihua fought against two, still dominating crushingly.

Of course, this was because Silver and Gold couldn't use the You Ying Law, limiting their power to the Demigod Level.

"I knew from the start."

Facing away from them, Taihua seemed defenseless, her voice indifferent: "But so what?"

If someone else were to say this, it wouldn't be a problem.

After all, throughout history, many humans have willingly been enslaved by gods in pursuit of Changsheng.

Yet this was Taihua.

The President of the Ether Association, the strongest leader in ancient and modern times, who once led countless human sages to carve a bloody path through the dark age, ushering in the golden dawn.

Towards the Ancient God Clan, she had always been relentless in her extermination.

Her methods were cruel, her demeanor tough, her temperament cold-blooded.

Rare in ancient and modern times.

Yet now she said, "So what."

"Master, you've truly changed."

The Golden King found the figure before him increasingly unfamiliar, growing ever more puzzled: "You killed your husband, and yet are so accommodating to an Ancient God Clan. Can such a you still be the leader of the humans?"

The Silver King coldly said: "The death of the teacher is our private matter, but it doesn't concern this world. None of us have the right to make a mistake that could bury the world over personal emotional problems. These are the principles you taught us; are you now becoming the one who deviates from the norm?"

Taihua remained silent for a moment; the smile at her lips flowed like a spring breeze: "I also once considered this matter seriously, much earlier than you did. Ever since Wang took this student, I've been observing him in secret. I was curious to find what was special about this child, and later I discovered he held a great gift and curse."

"I also wanted to kill him, to cut off any potential changes."

She paused: "After all, I also thought he was an Ancient God Clan, and even though I considered him a good child, I still decided to make a decisive killer move. I once thought of treating him as a tool, to use and then dispose of him."

Silver and Gold remained silent; they knew that after doing this, their evaluation in history might not be very favorable, even though this upheaval had a justified origin, fought for the teacher who passed away.

But even so, there would always be people who believed the upheaval was incited for the Supreme Position.

The truth might be so, might not be.

But they wanted to know, what had happened to Master.

"But later, this child gave me an Eternal Bone."

Taihua said softly: "He said he didn't want me to die."

This woman raised her head, gazing at the Qilin entrenched in the depths of the dark clouds, smiling: "I once thought he wanted to gain something from me, but he never asked for anything. I suspected he was enduring for a greater scheme, yet he risked his life time and time again, doing everything earnestly, beautifully."

"Only then did I realize what a pure and proud person he was, his simplicity made him hope everyone around him would be well, his pride didn't allow him to endure even a hint of failure."

Her eyes grew deep as she spoke earnestly: "I feel ashamed for my past schemes."

The Golden King also fell silent for a moment, then responded: "According to the prophecy, the Ancient God Clan could potentially break the restrictions of rules, His appearance is the best proof. Perhaps this is just His disguise of humanity."

"You should not make a misjudgment because of personal feelings."

The Silver King said solemnly.

"I haven't made a misjudgment, because I know he is human."

Taihua's eyes surprisingly revealed a trace of girlish obstinacy, speaking lightly: "No matter what you say, I still consider him human. He's my child, and of course, I wouldn't kill him."

If the King of Qing were here, he would probably burst into curses.

In terms of arrival, he came first.

In terms of relationship proximity, they were also master and apprentice, akin to father and son.

How did he suddenly get intercepted halfway through?

Chapter 867: Primordial Return, True Form of the Qilin!

The Golden King knew that the woman in front of him was beyond reasoning. He forced his robust body to stand, steam evaporating with each muscle tremor, and his body temperature gradually rose as his spirituality boiled.

"I've heard that people become muddled in their old age."

The Silver King said coldly, "I didn't expect it to be true."

"It's you who are muddled; I am very clear-headed."

Taihua chuckled silently, arrogance filling her fierce eyes: "Liu Bei has fought battles all his life, why can't he continue with music and dance? I've dedicated my whole life to this world, why can't I have a bit of selfishness? Moreover, the conflict between the Ancient God Clan and humans is not because of resources or hatred. We've been fighting for twenty thousand years without a result, so why not try to solve the problem from the root with a different approach?"

She suddenly turned around, her robes flapping in the wind, the setting sun engulfing the giant stone statue like blood, radiating imperial majesty, and thunder seemed to rumble in a daze: "Silver, Gold, have you ever wondered why I always favor Qing and Chi? Because the biggest problem with the two of you is not weakness, but stupidity."

The radiant Golden Realm suddenly trembled, hovering mid-air like the sun.

Encompassing lands for thousands of miles.

Her pupils ignited, as if the fire of divine wrath had been kindled.

"Two hundred years have passed, and you've made no progress. If you want to kill me, you better be ready for a mutual destruction. One of you should choose to gamble your life with me, while the other survives to reap the benefits. Since it's murder, why pretend to be aboveboard? You didn't even resort to poison, so how could you hope to defeat me?"

Taihua reprimanded, "Golden, your swordsmanship is just as dreadful as it was two hundred years ago. Silver, if it weren't for you being a girl, how embarrassing would you be right now? Like a bullied weak girl, covering your clothes in shame?"

Only she could reprimand two Catastrophes like this.

Even having to hand-hold and teach her students how to murder her, a senior.

Indeed, fitting for Taihua.

Even when betrayed, she still maintains such demeanor.

As soon as she finished speaking, Taihua lowered her head, and a hint of black veins appeared on her wrist.

She was briefly stunned, then smiled contentedly.

"Poison was added to the medicine prepared for you back then."

The Golden King said expressionlessly, "The medicine concocted by a Demigod Level Alchemist, and you couldn't even smell it."

The Silver King advanced, wielding the Iron Sword, with the Ancient God's Breath raging within, a strange blood hue surfacing in his eyes, speaking earnestly with confusion and incomprehension: "Teacher, you have weakened, weakened greatly. If you were still as strong as before, we wouldn't plan to delay your death by joining together; we would immediately flee. Even now, why haven't you unleashed the Heavenly Person's Wedge, or even performed Heavenly Personification, is it that we're not worthy?"

In the knife-cutting winds, Taihua's fringe fluttered continuously, her blazing pupils devoid of emotion, indifferently said: "In my current state, I no longer possess such abilities, but dealing with you is more than sufficient."

With these words, both Silver and Gold were shocked.

A gigantic fissure opened in the horizon, vaguely a light descended, locking onto the Qilin cloud afar.

"These foolish children."

She softly said: "Do survive, won't you."

The Think Tank raised a hand to shield his eyes, a massive pillar of light descended from the heavens, illuminating the desolate ruins in bright daylight.

"What a pity."

He stepped back, a vague black hole opening behind him, as deep as the void.

Because Gu Jianlin said a word.

No.

What followed was beyond his control, for his strength was indeed weak.

Heaven's Punishment descended from the sky, destined to obliterate all.

Gu Jianlin gazed upwards, the massive pillar of light locking onto him from above, hearing the sound of thunder and fire clashing from the void, the sound of Heaven's Punishment Meteor crashing through the chaotic dimensional streams.

He made this decision, certainly not of his own volition.

For his companions had all made their choices.

"I won't give up on you. Once I've found reinforcements, I'll come for you, you must wait for me." Tang Ling raised her rose-red eyes to him, outwardly calm yet innerly trembling, her right hand's knuckles whitening from gripping too hard, the other hand's Extreme Thunder also trembling slightly.

As the successive President, she had her pride.

She could not watch her mentor die like this.

Hence, she must find the reinforcements capable of rewriting the battle's outcome and change this fate with her own hands.

The issue being, their actions essentially wagering their lives.

Because if Gu Jianlin failed to withstand Heaven's Punishment, they would all perish.

The stake rested solely on Gu Jianlin.

"Rest assured, I will bring your girlfriend out alive."

Jiang Ziyue scratched his head, stated with a cheerful smile: "Before Lin Dong arrives, neither I nor she shall die."

Ying Changsheng said nothing, instead he scrutinized the burning ruins, seeking any operational helicopter.

From beginning to end, they never mentioned their own life or death.

Someone once said that trust is the most expensive thing in the world.

It seems to be true now.

Gu Jianlin muttered, as the firmament burned in his eyes, and immense fissures spread forth.

The aura of destruction descended from the heavens.

"Is someone looking after you over there?"

Tang Ling suddenly asked, "Moon Princess?"

Gu Jianlin was slightly taken aback.

"If it's her, then I can rest assured. I don't know what kind of relationship she has with you. For now, I'll entrust you to her, but when I find you, I'll still have to take you back." Tang Ling suddenly stepped forward, tightly embraced his back, her soft body trembling slightly, whispering softly.

The demon in front of her seemed to have no warmth, cold like a corpse.

Only in this way could she feel a hint of warmth.

"Promise me, don't die."

She whispered, "I won't abandon you, never."

Gu Jianlin could feel the warmth transmitted from his back, raising his hand to press on her delicate hand.

"Okay."

Bang!

Vast spirituality ignited, the fierce wind surged all around.

Tang Ling stepped back step by step, staring at the young man's silhouette, the roar of the helicopter echoing behind her.

Ying Changsheng finally started a damaged helicopter, a machine covered in scars, yet still functional.

At the crucial moment, Jiang Ziyue pulled the girl into the vehicle.

The helicopter shot into the sky like a bird with broken wings, yet it teetered precariously.

Of course, the helicopter couldn't fly out of the Heaven's Punishment Meteor's targeting range, but since they had already made their choice, there would be no regrets. None of the people chosen by the President were cowards afraid of death; instead, they were all reckless individuals who defied convention, excessively arrogant madmen.

Mediocre people go with the flow.

Geniuses often swim against the current!

The helicopter flew farther and farther, that demon-like silhouette becoming smaller in the wind and sand.

Yet it stood towering, comparable to the heavens!

In Gu Jianlin's palm appeared a black hole, forcefully devouring that Holy Corpse, as the Ancient God's Breath erupted like molten lava, and he casually drew the Qilin Wedge from the void resembling a cross scepter.

At this moment, his emotions were as calm as dead water, no one had ever taught him what to do, yet this instinct engraved in his consciousness dictated his actions, the black Qilin in the depths of his soul suddenly awakened.

Also at this moment.

From the fractured firmament, a massive meteor forcefully tore through the dimensional rift, descending from the heavens!

Vaguely, the world was shrouded in darkness.

Because the Heaven's Punishment Meteor obscured everything.

Blazing firelight ignited, the desolate ruins appeared as if they had fallen into hell.

For the meteor's friction produced Heavenly Fire that rained down.

It was practically doomsday.

"Let me see."

Ying Changsheng put on noise-canceling headphones, looking down he said, "The true Primordial Return."

Jiang Ziyue also looked down upon this scene, knowing he might witness a divine miracle.

Fierce winds filled the cabin, Tang Ling's red hair fluttering like petals, her eyes reflecting a black Qilin, fleeting amidst the void, its ethereal roar piercing deep into the soul.

"Unsealing!"

The parrot softly said.

Gu Jianlin reversed the grip of the Qilin Wedge and suddenly pierced his own heart.

Pitched black lightning flashed and extinguished between heaven and earth.

In the ultimate roar, the Think Tank stood on the edge of the black hole, shouting madly.

"Primordial Return, Qilin's true form!"

Bang.

A black Qilin suddenly broke free from the shackles deep within the soul, soaring to the heavens.

#### Chapter 868: Qilin and Candle Dragon

Gu Jianlin felt an unprecedented pain, as he pierced his heart with the Qilin Wedge. Yet, the avatar condensed by the Original Forbidden Curse did not perish; rather, it seemed to have unlocked the shackles deep within his soul. A surge of fury erupted like molten lava, capable of burning a hole in the sky.

The intense pain feedback reached his body, and the Nightmare descended.

The ancient, ruined city, the kneeling sinners, the king wielding a torch, as if to set the world ablaze.

This was like a millennia-old mural, with the king standing alone at the edge of the world, overlooking this silent city. His only companions were the burning flames and the falling rain from the sky. His gaze was so cold and silent, time flowed without a sound, telling unknown stories.

He lowered the torch, and the sinners were burned into charcoal while maintaining their kneeling postures.

The torrential rain fell, and the world was submerged in the storm. Only the lonely silhouette of the king stood unwavering.

This was not his memory; it came like a cold storm, seeming to push him into the abyss.

In the wind and fire, the man suddenly turned, his face terrifying and demonic, cruel golden eyes flashing with endless pain and solitude, embracing him strongly.

The king's embrace was so cold, as if to swallow him whole.

"I bless you, and curse you."

His voice was gentle, yet exploded like thunder: "What I possess, you must possess. What I lose, you must lose. I want you to be as strong as I am. I want you to be as... lonely."

This king is... the Qilin Venerable!

In the real world, the ruined ancient city revived at that moment.

This was a true revival because he really came back to life!

The ancient palace shook off the dust with a tremor, and the dusty walls were no longer mottled. The thousand-year-old mural came alive, with scarlet blood seeping through, and the king in the painting raised his staff and roared to the sky!

Like a tsunami, grand funeral music played, thunderous and solemn melodies echoed in the silence. Yet, there were no instruments, only ancient wind chimes swayed, and the ancient bell thundered.

The city's life and death were reversed!

Accompanied by countless hands breaking through the soil, the vast scorched earth was torn apart.

Corpses from a thousand years ago returned from death, with bare white bones remaining. Yet, they knelt on the ground, chanting ancient hymns, as if welcoming a returning king.

The king had already risen skyward.

It was a Qilin covering the sky and sun, never had there been such a majestic body; half-decayed flesh, the other half pulsing with scarlet eerie veins, life and death perfectly combined, solemn as mythology. Mist exhaled formed menacing clouds, brewing terrifying lightning and thunder.

This suddenly descending Black Qilin completely engulfed the boy.

He felt the proliferation of flesh and fascia, bones creaking as they reshaped a mythic body.

Boom!

Thousands of wind chimes shattered, the ancient bell exploded into a mist, and the revived ancient city collapsed with a roar!

The eyes of billions of resurrected skeletons gleamed with scarlet light, seeming to sweep through the ancient city.

"This is impossible."

In an unknown corner, Mr. Solomon murmured softly. Behind him, blood splattered out, and all researchers controlling the Heaven's Punishment Meteor were killed. Control was forcibly seized by him.

The Heaven's Punishment Meteor had already descended, unstoppable by anyone.

He only came to watch, to see with his own eyes the appearance of death among those young people.

Unexpectedly, he witnessed such an astonishing scene.

Mad laughter echoed between heaven and earth.

"Look."

The Think Tank proclaimed loudly: "That Black Qilin is about to charge toward the sky's extreme!"

The Heaven's Punishment fell.

It was a meteor from the Ancient Times, yet it released scorching energy like a burning sun, dragging a kilometer-long tail as it descended, illuminating the barren earth.

Even if it was a Heaven's Punishment Meteor thrown across worlds, only one was enough to destroy any Superdimensional Level being. Even those at the Holy Land Level would flee without hesitation, never choosing a direct collision.

The Primordial Return demonstrated by the King of Qing blocked the vast killing intent of the stars.

Now, what his student was doing bore striking resemblance.

Gu Jianlin charged skyward against the heavens. He was no longer in human form but a Black Qilin covering the sky and sun, the most original form of the Ancient God Clan, recorded in mythology as a demon god's form.

The vast breath of the Ancient God flowed through his body, liberating endless vitality as if an ice river thawing, that constant power was so impetuous, like a volcano about to erupt, inch by inch exploding.

In an instant, the life of the ancient city was completely devoured by him.

The ancient city revived for him, and perished because of him.

The Spiritual Domain left by the Qilin Venerable was now his to use.

Gu Jianlin inhaled tidal vitality, keen golden eyes flashing with chilling light. He gently uttered an ancient syllable and the ultimate of the Ancient Divine Language was unleashed, the solar flame consumed his body, propelling him into the sky like a meteor, tearing the heavens apart accompanied by thunderous melodies!

Bang!

The Black Qilin forcefully collided with the Heaven's Punishment Meteor!

Chapter 869: Qilin and Candle Dragon (Part 2)

Accompanied by a huge cross-shaped flash of light, the massive shadow enveloping the ancient city collapsed with a roar!

The shattered meteorites fell like a rain of fire, riddling the desolate city with holes.

The Heaven's Punishment Meteor has shattered!

The world echoed with the exhilarating roar of the Qilin!

It rode on clouds and mist, trampling on flames and lightning, and roared angrily at the sky!

Like a demon, yet also like a king!

The ultimate weapon invented in the human era was as fragile as a toy in the face of the gods.

The low-end technology that only manipulates energy is utterly vulnerable before the deities who master the rules of the universe!

Military helicopters were also bombarded by the rain of fine stones, swaying like birds with broken wings, the alarm filling the entire cabin and illuminating the young people's pale faces.

"It's like witnessing a myth firsthand, really don't know if he is actually human."

Ying Changsheng yanked off his headphones and grabbed the parachute on his back, "Prepare to jump."

Jiang Ziyue was just about to notify the princess, only to see her charming yet pale profile.

Such a look of despair should not appear in the eyes of the princess.

Yet she was so utterly despairing.

"There's still one more Heaven's Punishment Meteor."

Tang Ling murmured softly, as if she heard someone's cold laughter in the void.

In that secret military tent, Mr. Solomon withdrew his gaze with a cold sneer and turned to leave.

At that moment, a shadow faintly obscured the sky, and a fierce wind howled past.

Mr. Solomon's eyes froze, revealing an expression of disbelief.

"Detected high-specification Ancient God's Breath, detected high-specification Ancient God's Breath!"

Taixu's voice echoed on the communication channel, "Alert, the second member of the Ancient God Clan... has joined the battlefield!"

The Heaven's Punishment Meteor was forcibly shattered, yet the flames enveloping the world did not dissipate.

The scorching heat came rushing forth.

Because behind the shattered meteor, there was unexpectedly a second falling massive stone!

Still Heaven's Punishment.

The second Heaven's Punishment Meteor!

Gu Jianlin roared loudly, but the ancient and majestic body of the Qilin was collapsing and disintegrating, seemingly unable to bear the load of the Ancient Divine Language, flowing with scalding golden blood, and the intense Divine Sacrificial Fire burned to its limit!

Even though his body was already on the brink of collapsing, he forcibly squeezed out his last ounce of strength, his spirituality and physical strength already dried up, and the Ancient God's Breath had also been burned out, yet there was still a surge of power rushing out, like a tsunami rolling to the heavens, wanting to pour anger into every corner of the world!

Only then did he realize, that what sustained the Ancient God Transformation was by no means material energy.

Not physical strength, not spirituality, not even the Ancient God's Breath.

But anger.

Enormous anger!

But it still wasn't enough.

A little more.

Let the flames of anger erupt like molten lava, burning everything to nothingness.

The parched body once again surged with a lava-like angry will, propelling the soon-to-be-shattered body into the sky.

He did not know what the result of this desperate move would be.

But every fight he engaged in was with a mindset of certain death.

That's just how he was, his fights had never ended with a third outcome.

It's either you die, or I forget!

At that moment, he heard a distant whistling sound.

No.

Not a whistle, but a dragon's roar!

Within the terrifying dragon's roar, a distant and ethereal song vaguely echoed!

A blood-red Ancient Dragon pierced through the flames, its noble and rugged dragon body seemed to extend to the ends of the earth, the burning city being shattered by the sonic boom, huge stone statues collapsed with a roar, as if kneeling!

With the collapse of the giant stones, an ancient mural from millions of years ago burned in the sea of fire.

The Qilin and Ancient Dragon in the painting fought fiercely and soared into the heavens!

But today's scene seemed somewhat different.

A pitch-black Qilin.

A blood-red Ancient Dragon.

These two noble and majestic deities soared into the sky together, enacting an epic of ancient myth!

"You're late."

Gu Jianlin said coldly.

The primitive body of the Qilin was peeling away, his body like a leaf swaying in the wind, falling downwards.

"Do you really think the Seventh Ancestor is just some mutant?"

Skylark sneered coldly, "It's already good enough to make it here."

The primitive body of the Ancient Dragon was also collapsing, ink-black long hair swaying in the wind, half-covering a stunningly beautiful demonic face.

At this moment, they raised their hands together, palms suddenly clasped!

Boom!

The Qilin and Candle Dragon rose into the sky together, their primitive bodies suddenly flashing into fragmented light, their faces sinister like demons melting and cracking, two completely opposite domains of the Ancient Divine Language fused together, exploding violently!

The world fell into a quagmire of silence, only a domain of extinction spread across the heavens and earth, bringing obliteration to everything it touched, and the moment it reached the second Heaven's Punishment Meteor, it disintegrated into ashes!

The Think Tank raised his hand to block in front of him, the oncoming heat wave scorching half of his hair, he murmured softly, "Truly a match made in heaven, the most perfect life in the world, the masters of the Supreme Law of Zhu Zhao and You Ying, Constant Star-class ultimate life. I wonder if it can contend with Him."

A giant mushroom cloud loomed in the sky, seemingly scorching a horrifying void in the atmosphere.

Only burning dark clouds remained, yet to disperse, with scars of searing lightning lingering in the fractured gaps.

Like the vertical pupils of a god, overlooking the earth.

Burning with the fire of anger.

The helicopter exploded in mid-air, three parachutes opened, drifting towards the desolate mountains.

Chapter 870: Qilin and Candle Dragon (Part 3)

"Oh my God, what am I seeing?"

The voice of Jiang Ziyue was drowned out by the wind: "Qilin and Skylark, are they both using Primordial Return together?"

Such a jaw-dropping scene, yet he wasn't too surprised.

After all, he had long suspected that the two of them had a connection.

Just without any substantial evidence.

"Grandfather and Grandmother probably regret forcing out such opponents. This is a true Ancient God."

Ying Changsheng, bracing against the approaching strong wind, frowned as he said, "However... if they truly belong to the Ancient God Clan, why do they have emotions? This doesn't fit the behavioral logic of the Ancient God Clan. Qilin is like this, and so is Skylark. It seems we need to redefine our understanding of races."

Are the Ancient God Clan still human?

This is a difficult question to differentiate.

Of course, there is an even more crucial problem.

Jiang Ziyue and Ying Changsheng both turned their heads, wanting to know how the Princess felt right now.

Because this time, someone took away her man right in front of her.

Most likely, it's not the first time.

Tang Ling silently stared into the distance where the mist was dissipating, until the mythological forms of Qilin and Candle Dragon completely vanished into the void, her rose-colored eyes settling once more: "It's not important."

No wonder she is the Princess of the Ether Association; she quickly regained her composure and said expressionlessly: "The urgent matter is to find reliable reinforcements and figure out what exactly is going on behind all this."

At that moment, the sound of tapping a secret code echoed in their wireless earphones.

A jeep roared across the wilderness, its engine roaring as if it was about to break down.

"Ancient God Clan."

Han Jing gripped the steering wheel, the accelerator already floored, her face as cold as frost, pale: "Is that Xiao Gu? How is that possible? Old Gu's son, I watched him grow up. How could he belong to the Ancient God Clan?"

"I don't know, but I vaguely have a guess. I'm not sure if it's reliable."

Lin Dong sat in the passenger seat, clutching his bleeding chest, speaking in a deep voice: "Han Jing, you need to go faster. The Netherworld's injuries aren't much better than mine, but it might still catch up."

He paused: "We must find those young people first; they are in immense danger!"

Deep in Dragon Burial Valley, in the darkest part of the night before dawn.

Gu Jianlin sat by the campfire, letting out a soft groan, covering his lips.

The blood rushing to his throat was forcibly suppressed by him.

He raised his hand to press against an ancient tree, his palm igniting with pale Divine Sacrificial Fire, frantically absorbing the life force.

That was the aftereffect of high-intensity use of Ancient God Transformation. He was enduring excruciating pain, like being slashed a thousand times. If his body collapsed and blood flowed from the cracks, it would inevitably be noticed.

Therefore, he had to endure, continually devouring life force to sustain himself without letting a drop of blood spill.

"Are you alright?"

The Moon Princess realized something was wrong with his double; his face was devoid of color by the campfire, and his trembling was alarming. She instinctively grabbed his hand, only to be shocked.

Because Gu Jianlin's body was as cold as a corpse.

"Hahaha!"

From afar in the camp, an old, eerie laugh sounded like a ghost.

Jiang Chunyang gazed at the western twilight, his deranged laughter interpretation of a small man's arrogance.

"Taihua is going to die!"

He danced with joy, as if to embrace the sky: "Hahaha! Taihua is finally going to die!"

The old man laughed wildly, his laughter filled with arrogance and glee.

Completely unaware that the young man by the campfire was looking at him with an expression that suggested he was staring at a dead man.