

Ancient 159

Chapter 159 - 79 Breathing Technique_2

Jing Ci handed him the bottle: "Bourbon Whiskey, want some?"

Gu Jianlin shook his head: "I don't drink."

Jing Ci didn't say much. He carried the bottle in one hand, slipped the other into his pocket, and walked out of the grocery store.

Gu Jianlin watched his figure disappear, sensing an inexplicable regal air about him.

The personality profile revealed traces of a life full of stories.

"Profiling me? Go ahead, use me as practice."

Without looking back, Jing Ci smiled and said: "Your father probably told you this—everyone has different life experiences, which makes profiling them more or less difficult. Some people are like a thin résumé: born, schooled, graduated, worked, married, had kids, aged, passed away—a straight line, simple and clear."

He paused: "But in the world of the transcendent, there are things beyond imagination—stories so impossible they couldn't even be written. Such people aren't profiled through mere traits or characteristics."

Gu Jianlin followed behind thoughtfully, signaling his understanding.

Jing Ci led him into a small alley at the corner of the street: "Not many people here. This'll do."

The alley was empty; a yellow dog lay napping on the sun-warmed ground.

On the surrounding walls, a few white cats flicked their tails languidly, bored.

Utter tranquility.

Suddenly, Gu Jianlin sensed something amiss, turned around, and squinted.

Across the busy street, someone quickly turned away and entered a bank.

"Feels like someone's following us."

Gu Jianlin stood in the alley, staring at the bustling crowd across the street.

Passing cars whizzed by, obscuring his view. Their exhaust stung his senses.

When the cars cleared, the unusual individuals on the street had vanished.

"Not following us—following you."

Jing Ci corrected him: "You openly challenged the Judgement Court this time, and you've thoroughly offended the Yan family. They're bound to seek revenge. This stalking is just the start—they'll try every method to retaliate. By the way, I'm not planning to clean up your mess here."

He paused: "First, neither I nor the teacher would stoop to dealing with small fry like the Yan family—it's beneath us and a waste of effort. Second, if you can't even step over the Yan family, what's the point of you living?"

Gu Jianlin said nothing, because he felt the same way.

"The teacher has already started teaching you the Breathing Technique, and you'll learn Forbidden Spells next. Once you master these skills, your power will ascend another level, allowing you to protect yourself."

Jing Ci turned his back toward him: "As for your family, I've got them covered. Don't worry."

Gu Jianlin was baffled: "First, what are Breathing Technique and Forbidden Spells? Second..."

When did the old man start teaching him the Breathing Technique?

"Forbidden Spells are complicated. It'll take some time to explain."

Jing Ci said: "As for the Breathing Technique, it has plenty of benefits. Don't you feel your spirituality recovers very slowly every time you fight? Don't you find the process of accumulating spirituality through meditation, without relying on Spiritual Secret Medicine, utterly hopeless? And that's not even all of its advantages."

Suddenly, he raised his right hand and reached into the Void.

With a resonating hum, he slowly pulled out a black Tachi inch by inch from the Void.

Crack.

There wasn't even a motion of swinging the blade, yet the vibrating sound of its edge rippled through the air. A chilling burst of light crisscrossed in midair, fracturing the surrounding space like a shattered mirror!

The silent alley splintered apart like a scattering of fragments, creating an enormous black vortex out of nowhere.

Gu Jianlin felt as though the world was spinning, the universe roaring in upheaval.

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The world spun like a kaleidoscope—azure skies, white clouds, distorted cityscape.

Gu Jianlin felt dizziness overwhelm him, nausea creeping upward, his body wavering.

"Ugh."

In truth, he wasn't usually this fragile, but his body was too weakened to endure such strain.

Though it lasted only an instant, it felt as though he'd spent an entire day on a roller coaster, battered by centrifugal force and acceleration so intense it almost flung his consciousness away—his soul ready to eject from his physical being.

"Don't worry; you're just unadapted to crossing space with Divine Speed Force for now."

Jing Ci patted his back: "If you feel like throwing up, go ahead. You'll get used to it eventually."

Gu Jianlin almost vomited his breakfast. His vision plunged into darkness.

Forcing himself to take deep breaths, pushing back the nausea, it took mere seconds for his senses to stabilize—but the sight that greeted him left him stunned.

The space around him was no longer the alley before.

It was an abandoned construction site beneath a highway overpass, surrounded by dense weeds, the ground etched with eerie tire marks.

The yellow dog and white cats from the alley glanced around in bewilderment, equally confused as to why they were here.

Even more astonishing was the grocery store that had appeared beneath the overpass.

The shop's door was open; an elderly man lay on a rosewood recliner, breathing steadily and deeply.

Unexpectedly, the grocery store had materialized here!

"Amazing, isn't it?"

Jing Ci smiled: "It's nothing surprising, really. This store, at its essence, is a Mythical Weapon—a sort of mobile home for the teacher. It can reset spatial coordinates and overlap with the dimensions of the real world, functioning like a miniature Ancient God Realm. Its capability for spatial relocation comes from high-level Divine abilities."

He explained: "The core of Divine abilities involves control over Dark Energy and Dark Matter. Have you heard of curvature spacecraft? They're common in sci-fi novels. Their principle functions by bending spacetime using massive amounts of Dark Energy. Theoretically, you remain stationary, but the space shifts, placing you in another location."

Gu Jianlin blinked, his expression still stoic, though inwardly, he was stunned.

This power sounded downright godlike.

But then, he noticed something peculiar.

The old man's breathing.

Gu Jianlin's observational skills were sharp; noticing the elderly man's breathing rhythm revealed a mysterious cadence—a profound harmony with some intangible universal pattern.

It felt as though all things in existence were breathing in sync with this rhythm, the man seemingly merged as one with nature.

"Don't rush. Savor it. Understand it. The Breathing Technique isn't something you learn overnight."

Jing Ci said calmly: "You should recognize this place—it's where you were taken by Li Changzhi and where you fought. At that time, you weren't a Divine yet; both the teacher and I were preoccupied with other matters. Later, when we investigated, we found some interesting traces."

He stepped through the thick grass and into the sheltering woods, halting his stride.

"Look, there's a footprint here."

He chuckled: "Someone was standing here when your incident occurred."

Gu Jianlin hesitated for a second before walking over.

When he saw the footprint, he paused yet again.

Several days had passed since the event, including heavy rain in Peak City—and yet, this footprint remained.

The print was deep, indicating the individual's strength.

But its size suggested the person was light of frame.

"At the time, you lacked Life Perception, so you couldn't detect this person's presence. Honestly, even given your current level, I doubt you'd be able to sense them. Mu Feng once warned you not to rely too heavily on profiling or Life Perception. Though Mu Feng is nothing now, he was a top-tier elite in his prime."

Jing Ci raised three fingers: "Next, I'll take you to three more locations: the rooftop of Peak City High School's main building, the top floor of Black Cloud City's inn, and the place you least want to remember..."

Gu Jianlin caught his meaningful glance and squinted.

"Yes—the highway where your father had his accident."

Jing Ci locked eyes with him, speaking deliberately: "The teacher's directive is that, after visiting these places, you must internalize the rhythm of the Breathing Technique. You aren't expected to immediately achieve meditative breathing—not yet. The Breathing Technique embodies millennia of human wisdom; it's humanity's edge against the Ancient Gods—the lone treasure uniquely ours and not from the Ancient God Clan. It's not something effortlessly mastered."

He smiled slightly: "Ready to cross space again?"