

Ancient 31

Chapter 31 - 14 Selection of Inheritance Path_3

Then, with a look reserved for ex-convicts, she asked him if he wanted to eat more.

Gu Jianlin thought to himself that this hunger wouldn't be solved anyway, so he decided not to trouble her any further.

Mom and Uncle Su wouldn't be back until tomorrow night.

The house was lit with a warm glow, but only the two siblings were present.

At this moment, Su Youzhu was tinkering with her makeup in her room while casually chatting with her older sister on the phone.

"Youzhu, since Mom and Dad aren't home lately, how's it been feeling living a two-person world with him?"

A teasing, gently melodic, older-sister voice chimed with deliberate mischief.

Su Youzhu's utterly unaffected voice seeped through the doorway: "It's fine. He's very polite, keeps everything clean, and even helps tutor me with homework. He's just a little too distant. Lately, he's even been working odd jobs to help cover the household expenses."

"Oh, come on, that's not what I meant! Of course, I know he's obedient, polite, and good-looking. I'm asking how you feel being around him. You're the same age after all—anything feel different?"

Her sister's voice emerged teasingly again from the phone.

This time, Su Youzhu pondered for a full three seconds: "Uh... a late-in-life child?"

Pfft.

Gu Jianlin nearly lost it—he never in his wildest imagination thought that would be her answer.

A late-in-life child? Seriously?

He didn't want to listen anymore. After finishing the dishes, he prepared to return to his room.

Yet from the adjacent bedroom, whispers could still be heard.

"What do you mean a late-in-life child? You're how old, exactly?"

"It's like... I feel like I've become a mother prematurely."

"That exaggerated?"

"Mmm, spending time with him these days has made me understand the greatness of all mothers."

Gu Jianlin quietly closed his door, shutting out the sisters' conversation. He wiped his face.

He shook his head with a wry smile as he glanced at the time.

Almost ten o'clock.

The weather in Peak City was unpredictable. It was only early April, but already there was a hint of summer warmth.

The sea breeze drifted in from the window, carrying a moist, salty tang.

Standing by the window, Gu Jianlin silently gazed at the shimmering sea, and suddenly froze.

Because at some point, the pitch-black sea surface had started to emit a faint, scarlet glow.

Thick and viscous, like blood.

He instinctively looked up and was shocked to see the moon above had transformed into an enormous Blood Moon!

The pitch-black night sky was illuminated by the Blood Moon, replacing its usual vastness with endless light. Countless dark spheres hovered above the sky, massive and shadowed as if they were backlit planets.

Strange glowing halos circled these spheres, radiating an eerie light.

Faint outlines of broken, dust-shedding structures hovered amidst these celestial objects.

It was like destruction, like collapse.

Like... annihilation!

And above the black sea, closest to the Sky Dome, loomed an enormous shadow.

No, it wasn't just a shadow.

It was an inverted island, suspended in the sky.

Under the Blood Moon's crimson light and the pitch-black night sky, it stood majestic and towering, shrouded in mist and clouds.

As if it were something that didn't belong to this world.

Anyone witnessing this scene would feel as tiny as an ant!

Gu Jianlin took just one glance, and a thunderous roar erupted in his mind.

Because he felt a deep sense of déjà vu about this island!

The island's appearance bore an uncanny resemblance to a slumbering Qilin!

Qilin Immortal Palace!

For a fleeting moment, Gu Jianlin's mind was overwhelmed with awe, as if something within him had awakened, dragging him into another world.

Spirituality.

Perhaps this was spirituality!

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He had no idea how much time had passed—it felt like an eternity yet only a fleeting instant.

When Gu Jianlin came to his senses again, his expression abruptly turned vigilant.

This time, he stood amidst infinite darkness. Before him was the crimson glow of the Blood Moon, and an array of towering, magnificent sculptures.

Whispers seemed to echo softly around him, like the rhythm of a storm or the murmurs of ghosts.

It was as though they were tempting him to make some kind of choice.

The ancient sculptures were varied in form, grand and mysterious, like divine beings.

One depicted a sturdy warrior clad in pitch-black armor.

The fiercest close-combat Inheritance Path.

Another was an archer perched atop a horse, a massive bow strapped to its back.

Yet another wielded a horsetail whisk and stood upon a Yin Yang Tai Chi Diagram—clearly a Taoist.

The final one stood proudly atop an altar, as if silently singing a sacred hymn—a Priest.

Apart from these four grand sculptures, countless fragmented ones lay below.

Some were Magicians, others Witches, or Holy Knights, and so forth.

"Ancient Martial, Overlord, Heavenly Master... and this last one is..."

Gu Jianlin gazed intently at the four sculptures, listening to the faint murmurs around him as meanings of the names began to surface in his mind.

Four Inheritance Paths derived from the East.

Meanwhile, the countless broken sculptures below represented Inheritance Paths from the West.

"Ancient Martial seems to be the strongest close-combat Inheritance Path. Overlord corresponds to archery, clearly a ranged combat path. As for Heavenly Master, that's easy enough to guess—it deals with flashy spells, right? So what's this last one?"

Gu Jianlin wandered through the darkness, brushing past the grand, solemn sculptures, feeling an unprecedented sense of reverence.

The next moment, the Black Qilin within his mind stirred violently.

"Roar!"

The Black Qilin let out a low growl, then turned its gaze towards the final and most mysterious of the four massive sculptures.

It was the one standing atop the altar, silently singing its sacred hymn.

Divine!