

Ancient 32

Chapter 32 - 15 Divine!

The dark hall, ancient and towering sculptures illuminated by blood-red moonlight.

Gu Jianlin stood in the darkness, feeling as insignificant as an ant, gazing up at the ancient and magnificent relics of civilization.

According to Lu Zicheng, the older the Inheritance Path, the more powerful it becomes.

From this perspective, the most majestic four sculptures could be discerned to originate from Eastern Inheritance Paths, crystallized by countless human Ascenders throughout history, forged with living vitality and spiritual will into a path forward.

As for the other broken sculptures, they could essentially be ignored, as they all originated from the West.

The West might have ancient paths as well, but none were visible here.

"If nothing unexpected happens, this time I haven't crossed into the Qilin Immortal Palace with my physical body, but rather something akin to what Lu Zicheng mentioned—temporary consciousness traversal," Gu Jianlin muttered as he reached out to touch himself, only to pass through as if he were a phantom.

The nature of this space remained an enigma.

At this moment, beyond finding the killer who murdered his father, he also felt a hint of curiosity toward this unfamiliar world.

Human curiosity is innate. And though his temperament was indifferent, he was no exception to this.

Perhaps many have fantasized about this—after a day's work, dragging a tired body out of the subway station and rounding a corner, only to arrive in a new, bizarre world.

The origin of life, technology and futurism, the stars and the Milky Way, the Universe's unknown vastness.

Everything was right before him.

As Gu Jianlin's thoughts wandered, the Black Qilin in his mind kept staring intently at the statue of the Priest.

Given his personality, he always liked playing DPS roles when gaming, leading the healers of his guild into dungeons, holding his ground alone in front while slashing away—an immensely gratifying experience.

Ancient Martial and Overlord were the two Inheritance Paths that suited him best.

The former needs no introduction.

Previously, Lu Zicheng casually snapped his fingers, triggering a terrifying Qi Force explosion that directly blew the head off a Fallen—a scene of immense impact.

The latter also seemed appealing.

Overlord pulling a massive bow, radiating unrivaled might... wait, not "forcing the bow," but "holding the bow tight," majestic and imposing.

Yet, succumbing to the instinct of the Black Qilin in his mind, he moved toward the most enigmatic and eerie statue.

On the ancient altar, it seemed as though a Priest from Ancient Times was chanting a hymn: "Ji Ri Xi Chen Liang, Mu Jiang Yu Xi Shang Huang! Fu Chang Jian Xi Yu Er, Qiu Qiang Ming Xi Lin Lang..."

Gu Jianlin listened to the Ancient hymn and attempted to raise his hand, trying to touch the statue and sense its mystery.

This path was called "Divine."

Bang!

The darkness trembled violently, blood-red moonlight flickered, and the Ancient Priest's statue swayed as fractures spread across it, shedding cascades of crumbling stone.

Whether it was an illusion or not, Gu Jianlin thought he heard again the roar of the Qilin within his mind.

The statue of the Ancient Priest collapsed with a loud crash, releasing a torrent of luminous materials.

That was spirituality.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but the moment the statue landed, it seemed to crouch or kneel.

As if... it was worshipping him!

At that very moment, accompanied by murmurs from Ancient Times in his ears, a flood of illusions appeared before his eyes.

There were distorted writings carved into ancient stone tablets, seemingly coming alive, twisting and rotating. Towering ancient trees consumed by pale flames withering suddenly. Resurrected corpses with blood-red pupils.

Gu Jianlin felt as if he was thrust into nothingness, swept backward by the torrent of time, glimpsing the fleeting yet grand sweep of history—wars with clashing steel from a thousand years ago, blood-soaked battlefields, and invincible Kings.

Lost histories rushed by.

Finally, he plummeted into what resembled an altar made of towering rocks.

In the darkness ahead was a burning path reaching toward the heavens, disappearing into the firmament above.

Ethereal soul figures ascended this path.

Some resembled normal-sized humans, some were extraordinarily large, and some were gigantic, like titans.

Upon closer inspection, it wasn't darkness surrounding him but rather shadows shrouding everything.

A colossal being, silhouetted against the heavens, walked along this burning path, blocking all light!

What the hell!

If Gu Jianlin had physically been there, he might have simply died on the spot from fright.

What monstrosity was this—why was it so massive!

For a brief moment, pale flames ignited upon the rock altar.

Gu Jianlin stood amidst these flames, engulfed in pale fire, yet he felt no pain.

On the contrary, he found it incredibly comforting, as if his soul were ascending!

As the flames burned, a mark of pale fire appeared on his brow, enigmatic and profound.

Once the mark of pale fire formed, the entire world seemed to lose its colors, becoming monochrome in black and white.

In that instant, the world shattered.

Gu Jianlin felt the weightlessness of his soul.

In that moment, he achieved clarity—he had completed his choice of Inheritance Path and was about to return to reality!

From this moment forth, he was an Ascender!

His chosen path: Divine!

.

.

Gu Jianlin opened his eyes again, rising as though awakened from a nightmare.

Outside the window, the majestic and mysterious Floating Island still loomed, coiled like a massive Qilin amidst clouds and mist, surrounded by sinister planets moving along its orbit, casting jet-black shadows under the blood-red moonlight.