

Ancient 42

Chapter 42 - 19: The Ancient God and the Ascender, Dual Core Drive!

As the eastern sky began to pale with the light of dawn, the sunlight was blocked by lush branches, and the shadows beneath were dense like curtains.

Someone stood in the shadow, silently gnawing on a piece of bread.

The rumbling of trucks echoed above the overpass, while beneath it lay a sealed-off path scattered with yellowed weeds, sandy gravel, and two deep, gouge-like tire tracks, accompanied by several ghastly craters from explosions.

The thick iron smell of blood had long since congealed in the dirt, mixed with some viscous substance, leaving a mottled black stain.

In the distance sat a white Volkswagen, still parked there, unclaimed.

"Killed, huh?"

The man squatted down, studying the bloodstain, and, like a hunting hound, leaned in to sniff it carefully. "Hmm, it's the investigators' scent. No wonder—even after deformation, they still got killed. There are no signs of a fight at the scene, so they were probably finished instantly. The one who did this is strong—at least a Fourth Rank Ascender."

"Hmm, and there's a woman's scent too. Nice perfume. Smells like an elegant, cold, older sister type? Tsk tsk tsk, I do love beautiful women. Ssss..."

He licked his lips, muttering to himself, "Hmm, but even if those two were here, I could still leave unscathed. Looks like sending Li Changzhi to test the waters was a mistake. Seems we startled the snake from the grass."

The man swallowed the last bite of bread and walked over to the white Volkswagen.

The car's windows had already been shattered. He leaned in directly, sniffing the scents inside the vehicle.

"Hmm, the scent of a teenager... and an attractive one at that? Tsk tsk tsk, I do love attractive men too."

He let out a sickening slurp and chuckled, "Oh, just a little guy who hasn't awakened yet."

Under the sunlight, the man's shadow trembled, suppressing a hoarse laugh.

"Who would've thought that Professor Gu's son is still just an unawakened little runt?"

The man laughed. "Hahaha, I thought the kid was some big deal, made me stay on edge this whole time."

With a bang, he smashed his fist onto the car's hood, grinding his teeth.

"If I'd known earlier, I would've come myself!"

The man snarled through clenched teeth, "No one's surveilling this area, so this might be bait from the Judgement Court, intentionally leaving clues to lure me out. Whatever—doesn't matter. As long as I get the key, I'm safe."

After a long silence, he began laughing softly again, his laugh eerie and mad.

"That's fine. Let's take it slow. Uncle will wait for you at your school."

He turned and walked away.

In the final moment, the reflection on the car's broken window glass revealed a twisted, grotesque clown face.

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Gu Jianlin sat in his room, quietly opening a package, his expression tinged with forlorn helplessness.

"A sex toy? A sex toy it is, I guess—beats getting exposed."

He locked the door before fiddling with the package containing the spiritual secret medicine.

Good heavens, the cover of the package was printed with Taixu's black lace maid outfit, and it wasn't just any maid—it was an anime-style, overly cute version. Her full, snowy-white chest practically burst off the packaging, playfully sticking out a heart-shaped tongue.

And given the design, anyone could easily misinterpret it.

Recalling the look the girl gave him moments ago, he suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of despair.

After breakfast, the siblings resumed their individual daily routines.

Su Youzhu, like always, took a bath, did her makeup, and then busied herself in her room with her wardrobe, snapping beautiful photos to post on her social media. Supposedly, she even landed quite a few advertisements that way.

Gu Jianlin once calculated that she secured an average of ten ads a month, each worth about three thousand yuan.

She was, in essence, a low-key little rich woman.

By comparison, his part-time work involved grinding as a game booster. After painstaking hours of completing orders, he occasionally encountered customers who wouldn't pay. After subtracting his living expenses, he could only send about one or two thousand yuan to his mother.

That was how he justified staying in this house without guilt.

He didn't want to be a freeloader, eating and living off others for free.

"First, I'll take the spiritual secret medicine, then get a good rest."

Even after breakfast, the hunger gnawing at Gu Jianlin's soul continued to torment him.

Adding to that, he hadn't slept all night, leaving him mentally drained.

He opened the box, taking out the three vials inside.

Additionally, there was a wristband used for measuring one's own spirituality.

—For Ascenders, spirituality is akin to food for humans.

It is also the source of their extraordinary abilities.

The book "General Knowledge for Transcenders" records that anyone with the potential for ascension retains spirituality within their body after their first glimpse of the other world. This spirituality allows them to sense the inheritance path and complete their awakening.

Whether it's leveling up or using extraordinary abilities, spirituality is essential.

The upper limit of accumulated spirituality determines your progression.

And the spirituality within your body is what you rely on during battles.

Previously, when Gu Jianlin used the Divine Sacrificial Fire, he expended spirituality!

But figuring out how to accumulate spirituality was no easy task.

Aside from meditation, the most common way was constant battle—by depleting and replenishing it over and over, thus raising the upper limit of accumulation.

And the simplest, most brute-force method was the spiritual secret medicine!

This stuff resembled those test-tube-style oral solutions you'd get at a pharmacy. The glass vials contained a deep azure liquid, shimmering with starlike brilliance, emanating an inexplicable aura.

It had no discernible smell, yet it seemed to exude an intense, springlike sweetness akin to sweet nectar.