

## Ancient 45

### Chapter 45 - 20 Return to School Day

Gu Jianlin felt the pale Ghost Fire burning on the five fingers of his right hand and fell into deep thought.

"If an average person only has one bar of spiritual mana, consuming fifty mana points per skill use to deal a hundred damage, then in my case, it's as if I have an invisible duplicate behind me—a duplicate with two bars of spiritual mana. I consume fifty mana points but deal two hundred damage."

"And the benefits brought by the Qilin likely don't stop there, because right now I'm in my human form, not like I was in the Ancient Tomb..."

"But there's no such thing as a free lunch. Beyond my own progression, I also have to allocate half to feed the Black Qilin. Yet clearly, my power isn't solely that of an Ascender; it also includes the Qilin Power belonging to the Ancient Gods."

The only question is how many more resources this will burn through.

As for the existence of the Black Qilin, he was somewhat used to it now.

Initially, he thought that the legendary Qilin Venerable had been resurrected inside him.

Like something out of a xianxia tale, trying to seize control over him.

But in reality, the Black Qilin and he were one and the same.

The sensation was uncanny, as though another personality had split off within him.

A personality embodying the majesty and wrath of a king.

Gu Jianlin was certain that this posed no real danger to him personally.

Previously, when he used his profiling ability, he could even glimpse fragments of other people's lives, experiencing them as if he were there himself.

The more he observed, the more he understood.

And as the saying goes, the more people understand, the less happy they become.

This did, to some extent, place a psychological burden on him.

Fortunately, his personality was detached and unyielding, not easily swayed by emotion, with a remarkable capacity for self-regulation.

The only consequence was that he became increasingly taciturn, finding joy harder and harder to come by.

In other words, prone to depression.

When his father taught him profiling, he had warned him to practice moderation.

Yet whether it was in the Ancient Tomb or beneath the overpass, both times he harnessed the Qilin Power within him, he could feel that overwhelming anger and majesty—like embodying a god through profiling.

Then, the god would replace him.

"Li Changzhi took me away to get my father's relics. But my father left me nothing but that mysterious Qilin Mask. If my guess is correct, the Qilin Venerable's power might have been preserved in that mask... and my profiling ability interpreted that power?"

Gu Jianlin found his conjecture absurd, but not entirely implausible either.

Nowadays, when he profiled himself, he always saw two forms.

One was the image of the Divine.

The other was the image of the Black Qilin.

Currently, the Black Qilin was nourished by spirituality and in much better shape.

"I wonder if I can replicate those strange syllables from the Ancient Tomb..."

If he could wield that power again, this evaluation task would be in the bag.

He extinguished the Ghost Fire in his right hand and put on the test wristband from the Deep Space Network.

The black wristband lit up with a green light and emitted two beeping sounds, accompanied by a humanized mechanical voice.

"Rank: Zero-tier! Spiritual accumulation: 25%!"

Gu Jianlin thought to himself, as expected. He had received three doses of Spiritual Secret Medicine as a reward for being a Self-Ascender and for eliminating a First-Order Fallen. Normally, that would've completed half of someone's spiritual accumulation at this stage.

Most rookies only get a single dose.

Yet because of the Black Qilin, he required all three to only reach a quarter of his accumulation.

A long road lay ahead.

Gu Jianlin reached under his bed and retrieved a safe. Surprisingly, the safe even featured high-tech eye recognition.

"Reserve Investigator, Gu Jianlin."

"Welcome to Deep Space Technology!"

The safe opened automatically, revealing a golden Desert Eagle resting inside.

Alongside it, there were a hundred bullets gleaming with a golden radiance.

"A Desert Eagle, the overhyped weapon of countless novels and movies, but still..."

Gu Jianlin picked up the Desert Eagle and inspected the intricate patterns on its body.

It seemed as if flames roared, molten iron flowed, and complex, mysterious motifs etched themselves across the surface. He could even hear the rumble of machinery.

Indeed, it was mass-produced, but far from ordinary craftsmanship.

Alchemy technique!

Gu Jianlin was still a rookie, clueless about alchemy.

But from what he'd gathered on the Deep Space Network, Ascenders' most commonly used gear was Alchemy Weapons.

Without exception, they were products of alchemy.

As for the higher-level Mythical Weapons, those were rare and almost impossible to obtain.

Gu Jianlin loaded the Desert Eagle with bullets from a box, then grabbed a set of fresh clothes and darted into the bathroom.

He took a shower, changed into a loose white t-shirt, secured his jeans with a belt, and finished dressing.

He removed the magazine from the Desert Eagle, loaded the bullets one by one, and reinserted it.

The magazine held seven bullets.

He pocketed the remaining box of bullets.

Finally, he tucked the Desert Eagle into his waistband and pulled his shirt's hem down to conceal it.

With his school uniform on top, it became completely undetectable.

A solid sense of security.

He stood before the mirror and brushed his bangs down, conveniently covering his forehead.

Without bandages or gauze, his mother wouldn't notice his injuries.

And he could hide it from Youzhu as well.

Gu Jianlin returned to his room and packed the empty vials of potion into a delivery box, planning to throw them out.

However, to err on the side of caution, he lit a lighter, ran to the rooftop, and burned them there.