

THE ANCIENT GODS' WHISPER

Chapter 14 - 6 Going Home

Ever since Gu Jianlin learned profiling, he often saw things that defied conventional explanations.

These were personality portraits constructed from subtle clues; with just a moment of observation, he could analyze someone's profession, psychological state, and health condition. However, ever since his car accident, he gained an effect akin to spiritual vision.

To obtain a more complete personality portrait, more meticulous observation was required.

The only instance of in-depth profiling was today, regarding the mysterious Qilin Mask he acquired.

Unexpectedly, this led to him assuming the identity of the Qilin Venerable and entering an ancient tomb.

Originally, he thought it would all end there, but the Black Qilin that appeared in the mirror truly startled him.

"What the hell,"

Gu Jianlin murmured in shock, "Did I turn into a Qilin?"

He touched his body again to confirm that no abnormalities had occurred, and only then did he relax.

Once he calmed down, he began to ponder—what exactly was going on?

He had developed the habit of profiling, instinctively analyzing whomever he laid eyes on.

When he saw himself in the mirror just now, he reflexively used profiling as well.

But the result of the profile turned out to be—a Qilin!

Looking back now, the reason he traversed into that ancient tomb and was mistaken as a resurrected Ancient God—it all stemmed from him wearing the Qilin Mask. Perhaps profiling played a role too.

So far, the details recorded in that post all appeared to be true; they simply drew parallels to games as an analogy.

For example, the five individuals led by the elderly man—they were akin to players entering a game dungeon.

But Gu Jianlin was different.

Even though he also entered the game dungeon, his identity wasn't as a player; he inherited someone else's account instead.

No, it wasn't "someone," but a god.

Using a gaming metaphor, ordinary people enter the server, create accounts according to the process, then upgrade, fight monsters, and complete quests on the map.

Gu Jianlin entered the game as an NPC embedded in the background story—or the final Boss!

Yet, he could still return to the real world.

This meant he also had player privileges, freely logging in and out.

According to the legend mentioned in the post, the Qilin Venerable was defeated and sealed by the Candle Dragon Venerable within an ancient tomb.

This explained the pitch-black Dragon Bone he saw—the constraint left behind by the Candle Dragon Venerable.

Were it not for the passage of time weakening the Candle Dragon Venerable's power, the mere thought of breaking free from the confinement would've resulted in him being immediately obliterated by that terrifying force.

The Qilin Mask may not have vanished but instead might have fused with him to some degree.

As for the true Qilin Venerable, his whereabouts remained unknown.

"If my guess is correct, it must have been because of that Qilin Mask. I profiled the mask deeply, then saw a Qilin. That Qilin charged at me, and I crossed into the Qilin Immortal Palace. At the same time, I awakened in the coffin originally belonging to the Qilin Venerable and was mistaken by a group of Fallen as the Qilin Venerable."

"The key point is—the seal used by the Candle Dragon Venerable to imprison the Qilin Venerable seems to have been transferred onto me."

"So it wasn't that those five Fallen were foolishly mistaking a human for an Ancient God; rather, I truly, in a certain sense, replaced the Qilin Venerable, becoming an Ancient God who was defeated and sealed two thousand years ago and has now just awakened."

"At present, I've formed some kind of bond with the Qilin... No, perhaps I've already become the Qilin."

Gu Jianlin stared at the Black Qilin in the mirror. Its expression and demeanor mirrored his own precisely.

At this moment, he no longer felt as frightened; after all, it was his own reflection.

That mysterious Qilin Mask didn't seem to have disappeared.

Instead, it had altered him in a way he couldn't comprehend.

"Let's go home first."

Ever since using that syllable in the ancient tomb, Gu Jianlin's body had become extremely weak, and his stomach growled with hunger.

He barely managed to pick up his suitcase and head out, locking the door behind him as he turned to go downstairs.

This old neighborhood was located on North City Ninth Road, roughly half an hour's drive to the new home in Southern City.

His mother's new home had a one-living-room, three-bedroom layout, purchased with her new husband. It featured a Northern European minimalist interior design with a white base tone, elegant furniture, and a faint floral scent.

The house was originally arranged for his mother and Uncle Su to share one room, while the two sisters occupied their own separate rooms.

Since Gu Jianlin moved in, the sisters simply decided to share a room again.

After all, his older sister was already working and rarely returned home, so space wasn't an issue.

When Gu Jianlin returned home, he was on the brink of fainting from hunger. Previously, during his relentless pursuit of justice for his father across various police stations, he often went entire days without eating, but he had never felt this starved.

Thankfully, the microwave contained fried rice, a steak, and a glass of milk.

Thank heavens for having a sister who could cook.

Gu Jianlin didn't even bother reheating the food. He brought it to the living room and devoured it ravenously.

Only after ingesting some energy did he feel slightly better and regain his ability to think calmly.

"What's known so far is that, beyond the reach of ordinary people, there truly exists an unknown world belonging to Ancient Gods and Ascenders. Many phenomena that defy conventional reasoning might not be illusions at all."