

SUMMIT OF THE OLD GODS

Chapter 2: 001 The God Worship Platform that Day_2

"Hehe~" Jiang Ruyi easily broke her concentration and looked at the Gods' Album again.

The smile on her face slowly turned back into a worried expression.

Lu Ran comforted her, "Personality is just one reference factor, not a deciding one.

Your talents are solid, and your heart is sincere enough. You're guaranteed to succeed!"

Jiang Ruyi looked at the figure of Lord Jian Yi in the album, with his unrivaled charm, listening to Lu Ran's comforting words.

Gradually, the smile returned to her face: "Mmm, you'll succeed too."

Lu Ran turned his gaze to the third row, the fifth God.

It was a statue of a stern man draped in a large cloak, holding a Spirit Talisman in his hand—Jade Talisman!

He was the God who Lu Xing, his late father, had worshipped.

...

The light rain pitter-pattered as the two of them, sharing an umbrella, arrived at the front gate of Rain Alley City First Middle School.

The campus was swarming with people inside and out; the rainy weather couldn't dampen the enthusiasm for worshipping the Gods.

Lu Ran and Jiang Ruyi, amid the blessings of the townsfolk, struggled through the crowd and entered the school gates.

On the sports field, second-year students had already formed neat ranks, waiting for the God Worship ceremony to start.

There were also many third-year students who had failed last year, hoping to try their luck again with the school's organization.

Each year, about 30% of students failed to be chosen, and the success rate for those trying again the next year...

Was almost zero!

Faced with the harsh reality of life without divine protection, many students couldn't bear it, with quite a few making a scene with their crying and commotion.

Lu Ran certainly didn't want to become this sort of person; he had always trained extremely hard.

All for today!

"Ts ts~ These two really dare! Their homeroom teacher is right there, and they're still sticking so close?"

Right as Lu Ran and Jiang Ruyi walked into their class line, they heard some murmuring.

"Damn, what's so great about Lu Ran? He's just taller than me, fairer than me, handsomer than me... Ugh, it hurts, I want to cry."

"Just your thoughts are impure. Haven't you seen Jiang didn't bring an umbrella?"

"You brought one! Yours is the biggest umbrella in the class; you could open a stall and sell skewers, but Jiang didn't come under your umbrella, did she?"

"Nonsense! Aren't I just not selling yet? Wait till I set up the grill, and then we'll see if she comes over or not."

"Hey, what the fuck?"

In the midst of the murmurs, Jiang Ruyi, her face reddened, retorted: "Don't talk nonsense."

"Here." Lu Ran stopped in his tracks and handed the umbrella to his deskmate.

Jiang Ruyi refused, "No need, you use it."

Lu Ran: "It's fine, I'll just squeeze in with the guy selling skewers."

"Heh." Jiang Ruyi was initially a little annoyed but was made to laugh by Lu Ran's comment.

Persuaded by Lu Ran, she took the umbrella and headed towards the team.

The weather was still rather kind, the rain getting lighter and lighter.

By nine in the morning, the God Worship ceremony began amidst the drizzle.

A female student from Class 2-1 was the first to ascend the platform and, under the expectant gazes of all, invited a God.

"Wow, a fortune-teller?"

"It's Spiritual Sign! That's Lord Spiritual Sign!" shouted a student with sharp eyes.

High in the sky, a ten-meter-tall male apparition gradually appeared, smiling down at the people below.

He had a slender figure, wearing a gray robe, with one hand holding a bell and the other clutching a flag.

The writing on the fortune-telling flag, however, was somewhat blurred and unreadable.

"This is a fourth-row God! I heard Spiritual Sign's Believers can help with marriage inquiries and fortune telling."

"Come on! For fortune-telling, you still have to go to temples and shrines; Spiritual Sign's Believers are unreliable."

"Agreed, agreed! Especially during battles, they f***ing draw lots and use skills randomly!"

"They're just a bunch of gamblers..."

"You're still complaining about receiving one? This is a fourth-row God! You'd be lucky to get even an eighth-row God!"

There was a buzz of discussion among the students below, while the girl on the stage was thrilled, kneeling down to the God.

Lord Spiritual Sign remained smiling, his fortune-telling flag waving gracefully, and strands of mist descended from the sky toward the platform.

In an instant, the white mist surged into the student's body, and the figure of Divine-Spiritual Sign gradually faded away.

"Did it succeed?"

"Congratulations, congratulations!" Cheers and applause resounded from inside and outside the school.

Yet amid the voices, there were murmurs like "Another gambler" mixed in.

Then, the second student was led up to the platform.

The God this male student had invited was Divine·Nine Bamboo, who was ranked in the seventh row.

The apparition of this God was rather hazy, its gender difficult to discern, but the Bamboo Whip in its hands was quite clear and exquisitely crafted.

Even though the God's rank was lower, the student didn't dare to be negligent and immediately knelt in reverence...

And it was from this God that the situation took a dramatic turn for the worse!

Classes 1, 2, and 3, totaling over a hundred and twenty people, invited Gods who were all below the fifth rank.

Most of them were sixth, seventh, or eighth-rank Gods.

All sorts of humanoid, animal, and plant Gods dazzled everyone, causing a stir of silent sighs.

Everyone had thought that Fourth-class God·Spiritual Sign was just the beginning.

Who would have thought it was the peak?

That being said, having a God to take you in is still better than having none at all.

After three classes had completed their Worship God ceremony, more than ten students had already failed.

"Only about ten people didn't get chosen?" Lu Ran observed everything, puzzled in his mind.

This year, the proportion of Believers the Gods were taking in seemed unusually high?

Could it be because the Evil Demon Clan was becoming increasingly powerful, so the Gods lowered their thresholds for accepting disciples?

"Get a grip, everyone!" Homeroom teacher Li Yanzhu shouted loudly, snapping Lu Ran out of his thoughts.

Finally, it was the turn of his class, Class 2-4!

At the front of the line, Li Yanzhu led Jiang Ruyi towards the platform: "Show your deepest respect..."