

The Growth 743

Chapter 743 1: Echoes of the Ancient God

The national holiday passed in the blink of an eye, and Li Hao returned to his usual routine of study and life.

Although the one participating in the learning and living was just a mortal incarnation of Li Hao.

However, ever since he began officially "refining Qi," the qualities of this incarnation have started to skyrocket.

Most notably, this incarnation's energy far exceeds that of a normal person, requiring only about three hours of sleep a day to meet the needs of an entire day's rest.

Moreover, as this incarnation gradually mastered the flow of Life Essence Qi, every breath subtly altered his being.

To say the least, Li Hao could be sure that the lifespan of this incarnation would far exceed that of a normal person.

On Earth in the Fallen Area, Life Essence Qi can basically not be supplemented by external means.

Yet normal living beings, in their daily activities, almost constantly deplete their own Life Essence Qi.

When Life Essence Qi is exhausted, the biological functions will rapidly decline until complete death.

In contrast, Li Hao's incarnation has outstanding physical qualities.

After mastering the flow of Primordial Qi, he has minimized the loss of Life Essence Qi to the greatest extent.

Theoretically, without any celestial calamities or serious illnesses, this incarnation of Li Hao could live up to the genetic maximum lifespan.

This is without considering the consumption of any elixirs.

Otherwise, with the astonishing effects and production of the Automatic Alchemy Furnace, Li Hao's incarnation could absolutely surpass the limits of his own life.

Combined with influences from his main body, the inspiration of this incarnation had long transcended this dimension.

Those humans and creatures marked by Ancient Gods are similar existences.

However, those who heard the voices of the Ancient Gods often could hear only echoes of remnants of the divine soul.

But Li Hao's incarnation is different; he's receptive to almost all echoes of the Ancient Gods.

Every nightfall, upon entering dreams, this incarnation of Li Hao would hear countless indescribable bass tones echoing by his ears.

At first, Li Hao could actively shield those sounds, disguising himself as a normal person who heard nothing.

However, as the number of those voices increased and the volume grew louder.

Even Li Hao could no longer pretend to hear nothing.

"So, am I dreaming now?"

As his eyes slowly opened, Li Hao could clearly know he was dreaming.

Because even when dreamers open their eyes, they can only see blurry reflections within the dream, not the real world.

In a trance, Li Hao felt as if he returned to the time when he fought Candle Dragon in a dream.

All perception was blocked, only the voice of the Ancient God was so clear.

"Help me... I know you can hear my voice..."

Unlike Candle Dragon, the voice reverberating in the dream seemed to lean towards the feminine.

Just hearing this voice, Li Hao's incarnation began uncontrollably secreting dopamine and hormones.

Making all creatures who heard this voice instinctively feel fondness for its owner.

"Unfortunately, I am the exception."

With a light sigh, Li Hao quickly discarded the influence of dopamine, reexamining this voice's impact on himself with utmost rationality.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the chaotic dream became clear.

Everything forming this dream came from Li Hao's memory, scenes from his daily life that were most impressed upon him.

Among them were his bedroom at home, the laboratory at school, and even reflections of the massive library in the Divine Treasure Vault...

"Let me see, just which god's obsession you are!"

Traversing through various memory fragments, Li Hao's memories slowly blurred, replaced by the memory of that Ancient God's remnants.

It was as if entering a time tunnel.

The scenes before Li Hao's eyes changed continuously, each one incredibly vague and fleeting.

Even with Li Hao's current vision and memory, it was tough to capture specific details from those scenes.

Of course, this wasn't surprising.

After all, what's left in the Fallen Area is only remnants of those Ancient Gods, who possibly couldn't remember their own memories before death clearly.

Like Hua She, who was protected by the Winged Serpent God and retained complete memories and thoughts, fully intact divine souls are rare.

In most cases, those remnants of the Ancient Gods are just fragments, preserving only some unforgettable obsessions from when they were alive.

"Did this Ancient God have a rather long life?"

Wandering among those blurry memory scenes, even Li Hao eventually forgot how long he'd been there.

The only certainty was that it wasn't brief.

This also meant that the Ancient God had a rich enough life experience to leave so many memory fragments after death.

Unfortunately, these memory scenes didn't provide Li Hao with any useful information.

From those identifiable memory scenes, you could tell the Ancient God's appearance during life was ever-changing,

ranging from animals to plants, male to female, natural to celestial calamities...

This is the norm for a long-lived god; their specific appearance depended entirely on what image they needed at the time.

Only by tracing back to the god's original form would you see their true appearance.

"Hmm?"

To Li Hao's surprise, when he traversed countless memory scenes, reaching the end of the dream, what he saw was a mass of intangible and scattering blue mist.

As soon as Li Hao saw the mist, the mist also noticed Li Hao.

"You... finally see me..."

The mist's voice remained long and gentle, yet a mysterious sense of crisis suddenly surged in Li Hao's heart.

Fortunately, Li Hao was prepared for this, responding slowly in refutation.

"Yes, I do see you, but you see me too."

With these words, the mist, which had little thinking capacity left, was immediately at a loss for words.

"You see, I also need to sleep at night."

"If you keep bothering me like this, and I can't get up tomorrow, it'll affect my studies."

With a bit of a teasing tone, Li Hao stepped towards the mist opposite.

At this moment, the consciousness of the Ancient God's obsession realized the crisis and instinctively wanted to push Li Hao away.

But Li Hao merely smiled faintly, using the scenes built from his memory to trap the mist in place.

"Targeting me comes at a price!"