

48 Hours 1421

Chapter 1421: The Beginning Of The Story

After Zhang Heng finished the bowl of NIU he, he thanked the head chef and the rest of the kitchen staff. Then, he stood up and left, heading to the backyard.

There, Agatha had already put on a set of waiter's clothes that she had just stolen. She had also prepared a set for Zhang Heng. Seeing that the latter had changed, she pushed a dining cart that she had also stolen from the kitchen, they arrived at the mysterious room 515.

The two's plan was simple. Since that room was only accessible to the delivery staff, they would dress up as the delivery staff.

Agatha took out her pocket watch and glanced at it. After half a month of follow-up research, the reasoning society had confirmed that the delivery time in Room 515 was fixed, and there was still about 15 minutes before the dinner delivery.

However, there was nothing they could do. If the timing was right, the two of them would definitely meet the real delivery man.

Therefore, Agatha and Zhang Heng looked at each other and quickly knocked on the door in front of them.

"Dear Guest, your dinner has been delivered today," Agatha imitated the delivery man's voice and said.

However, there was no response from the room.

Agatha could not help but become nervous. She was worried that their simple plan had been seen through by the people in the room. Just as she was thinking of what she should say to resolve the problem of time.., unexpectedly, the door in front of her slowly opened a crack.

Agatha's eyes flashed with surprise when she saw this. However, she was worried that if she acted too hastily, the people behind the door would become suspicious, so she tried hard to suppress the excitement in her heart, she stood outside the door and waited patiently for another minute.

However, a minute later, the door that revealed a crack did not open again. There was no one behind it.

Agatha cleared her throat. "We're coming in."

After saying that, she finally reached out and pushed open the door that no one had been able to open.

Behind the door was a set of somewhat shabby-looking guest rooms. According to The Hobbit housekeeper, the guest rooms in the manor would meet the needs of every guest to the greatest extent. For example, Zhang Heng's room, it had a modern decor and was fully equipped with all kinds of electronic devices. For example, the room of the best-selling fantasy author was even more luxurious than the presidential suite of a five-star hotel.

However, this room looked rather shabby. The floor was in disrepair, and when one stepped on it, the ceiling and walls above one's head were covered in mold. The furniture was simple and cheap, surprisingly, the room was clean. It was clear that someone was cleaning it regularly.

Agatha pushed the dining car into the living room and placed it beside the dining table. Then, she did not leave. Instead, she looked around curiously.

Judging from the decoration and furniture, it should be the style of the early 20th century. Agatha was quite familiar with it because she lived in the same era. However, the atmosphere in the room was obviously a little gloomy, just like the crime scenes she had written about.

An ordinary person might not be able to stay for more than a few minutes before they felt depressed. It was no wonder the owner of this room never received any guests.

However, neither Zhang Heng nor Agatha were ordinary people. From the looks of it, neither of them had any intention of leaving.

This was a rare opportunity, and she didn't know when she would be able to enter again.

Even though she didn't bump into anyone in the living room, Agatha wasn't discouraged. She quickly shifted her gaze to the tightly shut door of the study. However, before she could reach it, a voice came from behind her.

"What are you trying to do?!"

It was an old woman with a wrinkled face and a stern expression. Neither Agatha nor Zhang Heng noticed where she had come from.

She was still holding a broom in her hand, and her face was full of vigilance. It was as if she had mistaken Zhang Heng and Agatha for Thieves.

"Ah, are you the guest here? We're here to bring you dinner," Agatha quickly explained as she pointed to the dining cart at the side.

The old lady's grip on the broom loosened slightly. She didn't comment, but she maintained a straight face as she said, "Just leave the things there and get out of Here!"

Agatha was at her wit's end. They had sneaked into the restaurant wearing the service staff's clothes because they had made a mistake. Now that the guests had chased them out, they had no reason to stay.

However, just as Agatha was about to leave, she found Zhang Heng Standing Still.

He looked at the fierce old lady in front of him and said, "You're not a guest here."

"Why do you say that?" Agatha was interested.

"Because this is obviously a man's room," Zhang Heng said, "When we first entered the room, there were two pairs of shoes on the shoe rack. Judging from the size, they were both male, and most likely, they belonged to the same person. Also, even though this room is relatively clean, there are still cobwebs and dust in the corners and places that are not easily noticed. Obviously, the cleaners are not careful enough, so the probability of them being male is higher."

"Last but not least," Zhang Heng said, pointing to the window on his left. "Can you tell?"

Agatha studied the window carefully, and a look of contemplation flashed across her eyes, "The upper part of this window is not as bright as the lower part, because the occupant is about... well, six feet tall. When cleaning, it can only graze the lower part. This... This madam is less than five feet tall, and if you step on a stool, the glass should be equally bright."

"But," Agatha frowned again. "If she is not a guest here, then who is she? How did she get here?"

"According to the rules of the manor, each house can only accommodate one guest."

"I am his aunt. We have always lived together. I take care of his daily life. In this world, only I really care about him," the old woman said.

"Is that why he never leaves his room?"

"That's right. The world outside is too dangerous, and people's hearts are unpredictable. There are traps everywhere. We're living well here, so there's no need for us to leave," the old lady said with a stiff neck.

"But do you know that there's a demon living in his heart?"

Zhang Heng asked. Unlike Agatha, he already knew who was living in this room the moment he stepped into it, because the feeling was too familiar.

It was as if he had returned to that gloomy seaside town or that underwater palace, especially now that he had an unprecedented close connection with that existence. Therefore, when he stepped into this room.., the feeling of familiarity was particularly strong.

Because he knew that this was the origin of everything, the place where all the stories began.

Chapter 1422: Creator

"Devil?" The old woman was stunned when she heard this word. Then, she sneered, "Aren't you guys devils who enter other people's homes without permission and pretend to be service personnel?"

"Even so, it's much more normal than imagining auntie living with you," Zhang Heng said calmly.

"You're saying that she's a figment of her imagination?" Agatha was a little surprised, but the queen of deduction quickly came to her senses and said, "That's right, this manor only invites the author in, and each person has a room. Since the owner of this room is someone else, then his auntie can't be here as well. This is the most logical explanation."

When Zhang Heng said that, the old woman across from him fell silent, as if someone had pressed the pause button.

When Agatha finished speaking, her figure gradually faded away until she completely disappeared.

However, after she disappeared, the gloomy atmosphere in the room didn't improve. Instead, it became more intense, so much so that the other authors who lived in the same building also felt it.

Some authors who were already mentally ill suddenly became depressed because of this atmosphere. Some terrible thoughts flashed through their minds uncontrollably, the pilot man from before began to pace around the room. Fitzgerald picked up the love letter he was writing halfway and threw it into the wastepaper basket. Then, he hugged his head in frustration on the bed, even Hemingway, who had

always been a tough guy, looked at the shotgun in front of his bed a few times. His expression kept changing.

Agatha, who was the first to feel it, felt even more strongly. Her face changed. "How can this be?"

After a moment of silence, Zhang Heng said, "I might have guessed wrong before. I thought his aunt was the main culprit for his mental problems because this room is most likely the place where he lived with his aunt before. Only this can explain why this place is so dilapidated, and at the same time, it has the illusion of his aunt. The Hobbit housekeeper once told me that every guest room would satisfy the needs of the guests to the greatest extent, and he chose to transform his guest room into a place where he had lived before, probably because it would give him a sense of security

"You're right. He has been in the manor for so long, but no one has seen him leave his room. He should be an extremely introverted person. When such a person chooses the style of the guest room, he is most likely to choose the place where he lived, even if it is very simple and shabby, and he could have chosen a better living environment."

Agatha paused. "Wait, you... seem to know someone who lives here?"

"That's right, he's the creator," Zhang Heng said.

"Who is the creator of Who?"

However, Zhang Heng did not answer the question.

So Agatha asked again, "What about the Auntie you mentioned before?"

"I was wrong. The old aunt we met before showed a strong desire to control. I thought that was the reason for his mental problems, but now it seems that his aunt has been trying to help him and solve his mental illness. The reason why he imagined his aunt here is to help himself to stabilize his mental state. This is also the reason why there hasn't been any problems in the manor for a long time, until we exposed his fantasy just now."

"Wait, I still don't understand. Why is his mental illness affecting everyone in the manor?" Agatha asked.

"It's hard to explain in a short amount of time. I have some history with him. Can I have a moment alone with him?" Zhang Heng asked.

"Okay." Agatha could tell that Zhang Heng was very concerned about the guests in the room, so she agreed without hesitation and left.

After she left, Zhang Heng closed the door and walked toward the study. He could feel the gloomy and depressing atmosphere in the study, and if nothing went wrong, it came from there.

Zhang Heng didn't expect that he would find the culprit of all this instead of the owner of Room 515.

Zhang Heng knew that the person in this room was the creator of the monster in Underice City. Since the monster's blood flowed in his body, in a sense, the other party could be considered his half-creator, therefore, the next meeting was going to be very interesting.

Zhang Heng placed his right hand on the worn-out brass handle of the study. He took a deep breath and slowly turned his palm.

The door to the study wasn't locked, which was normal. The owner of this suite usually kept the door tightly shut, so there was no need to lock the study that was used for work.

When he pushed the door open, the scene inside the study was clear at a glance.

This place was as simple and shabby as the reception room outside, but the collection of books wasn't small. It was like a small library, with a lot of old newspapers arranged according to the date and stacked in the corner of the room.

In the middle of the room was an old table. A tall and thin man was tapping on a black typewriter on the table with his back to the door.

The tapping sound of the typewriter was particularly jarring in the quiet room.

The tall and thin man at the table seemed to have heard the footsteps behind him, but he didn't turn around. He just said, "Aunt Annie, you eat first. I'll go to the living room after I finish writing this."

However, the person behind him did not continue to urge him as usual.

The tall and thin man seemed to have noticed something. He turned his head away from the desk and saw a strange man standing behind him. The man was squatting down and picking up a piece of paper from the ground.

It was the end of a novel. Zhang Heng noticed the signature at the bottom of the paper — Howard Philip Lovecraft.

Then, he quickly scanned the rest of the words on the manuscript and handed it back to the man opposite him.

The Man took the manuscript and stammered out his thanks. After a moment of hesitation, he asked nervously, "Who are you, Aunt Annie's friend?"

"No, I'm here to see you," Zhang Heng said.

"See me?" Lovecraft looked surprised, but then he said shyly, "But, I don't know you. Usually, I communicate with my friends through letters. They rarely come to see me."

"Yes, this is our first meeting. Although I have always admired your talent."

"Really? This is the first time someone has said such a thing to me." Lovecraft was a little excited, and his dull face showed a hint of excitement.

Chapter 1423: Mankind's Oldest Emotion Is Fear

Zhang Heng pointed at the half-finished manuscript on the old typewriter.

"Is this your new novel?"

"No, this is not my novel. In fact, it belongs to a friend of mine. I helped him with some revisions and revisions, and in return, he will pay me some money." Lovecraft seemed a little ashamed, he added

hurriedly, "Usually, I do these jobs for free. The main thing is that recently, the situation at home has been a little difficult. By the way, you said you've read my novels. Is it in the newspapers?"

"Actually, they're almost everywhere," Zhang Heng said.

Lovecraft was a little confused.

But before he could ask, Zhang Heng pulled out a chair from the side and placed it in front of him. "Let's talk about the novels you've written."

"Ah, sure." The moment he mentioned his novel, Lovecraft, he changed from his usual stiff and reserved self to one of fanaticism, "The things I'm writing... originated from the horror stories my grandfather told me. They opened a door for me. Before this, I've never seen other words that could stir up human emotions so strongly. What's more interesting is that in most horror stories, the atmosphere before the monsters appear is the most tense. So, from a very young age, I've been thinking, what exactly are we afraid of?"

"Mankind's oldest and strongest emotion is fear, and the oldest and strongest fear is the fear of the unknown," Zhang Heng said.

"That's exactly what I wanted to say!" Lovecraft said excitedly, "Imagination, imagination is the key to all of this. In my novels, I have always focused on creating an atmosphere that can maximize the imagination, rather than directly describing the things that cause fear. This is because no matter how scary the things you describe with words are, they are definitely not as scary as the readers imagine. Other than that, the other trick is to make your story as realistic as possible, so that the readers can combine the novel with their own lives."

"It sounds very effective," Zhang Heng said.

"I also think that this should work, but for some reason, my editor told me that my article doesn't have many readers," Lovecraft said awkwardly, "Actually, I can't afford to live with my aunt by just relying on the royalties. We've already moved a few times. Previously, I didn't like to use a typewriter because the noise it made made it difficult for me to concentrate. Moreover, when I'm writing, I'm used to sketching on the manuscript paper. If I use a typewriter, I can't do this kind of thing."

Lovecraft sighed, "But now, in order to pass more manuscripts, I'm also trying to type on a typewriter. After all, we've moved several times. If we move again, I'm afraid we'll have to go to the slums."

"This will be a good start," Zhang Heng said.

"I hope so."

A smile appeared on Lovecraft's pale face. Then, as if he had thought of something, he opened the drawer of his desk, he took out a half-empty bottle of red wine.

"I didn't expect a guest at home, and I wasn't prepared for it. This is my grandfather's red wine. At the time, my family was quite prosperous. I used to live in a large mansion surrounded by servants, but now, all I have is this bottle of wine," Lovecraft said with a self-deprecating smile.

"Why are you and your aunt the only family members? Where are your parents?" Zhang Heng asked.

“My father... suffered from some mental illness. He had a mental breakdown at a hotel in Chicago, and he died in a mental hospital. My mother, she lived a little longer, but she also fell ill and died. “Not long after that, I met my wife in Boston. We lived together for a few years, but eventually, her hat failed, and we divorced. Then, Aunt Annie and I returned to Providence.”

Suddenly, there was a series of knocks on the door. Then, a strange expression appeared on his face as he muttered to himself, “Aunt Annie asked me to go to dinner again. That’s weird. She just asked me to go to dinner 15 minutes ago.”

“Do you want to go open the door first?”Zhang Heng asked as he took a glass of wine from Croft.

“No, Aunt Annie will open the door,”Lovecraft said. “I just need to focus on my work.”

Not long after he said that, the sound of the door opening came from outside.

A dining cart was pushed in. The waiter seemed to have gotten used to the strange situation in the room. He didn’t say a word throughout the whole process. After delivering the food, he immediately pushed the dining cart out of the room and closed the door before he left.

“Come and have some with us,”Lovecraft said warmly. “As long as you don’t mind my food being simple and crude.”

However, Zhang Heng did not get up.

He looked at the man in front of him and asked, “How long have you been suffering from mental illness? Did you inherit it from your father?”

Lovecraft was startled. A moment later, he revealed a bitter smile, “How do you know? My father... After his death, I did experience a period of depression. No, to be more precise, during that period of time, my spirit would break down from time to time. I was unable to complete my high school education, and because of that, I was unable to get into the university I wanted to go to. But now, I feel much better. Dr. Green gave me a prescription, and I’ve been taking it.”

Lovecraft pointed to a small bottle of medicine on the table.

Zhang Heng opened it to take a look, but it was already empty.

This was not surprising. Because of Lovecraft’s expression and his living environment, his family was already running out of money. Even his food was running out, and the medicine that the doctor had prescribed earlier had no reason to be affordable.

At the end of his life, the horror novelist was at the end of his rope. At the same time, he was suffering from mental problems. He couldn’t even tell what was real anymore, what was an illusion was just like the believers in his novels who were influenced by Cthulhu and gradually lost their rationality.

Zhang Heng suddenly understood how the monster in the city under the middle of ice was born. He looked at the thin and sickly-looking horror novelist in front of him and said, “There’s no need for dinner. I have something else to do today.”

Lovecraft’s expression darkened when he heard that. Even though he had been locked in his room, he could tell that deep down, he also yearned for friends, especially friends who would recognize him, even

though he had only known Zhang Heng for a short time, when Zhang Heng said that he appreciated his talent, he had already decided to treat this stranger as his friend, therefore, when Zhang Heng rejected his invitation to have dinner with him, he felt extremely disappointed.

However, before he could say anything, Zhang Heng continued, "You said that you were helping other authors rewrite their works, and I happen to have some writing problems as well. If it's not too much trouble, can I continue to visit you in the future?"

"Of course," Lovecraft said happily.

Chapter 1424: Outline

Zhang Heng handed the outline printed from the computer to Hemingway.

"Is this the novel you plan to write?" After reading the outline, Hemingway handed it to Fitzgerald. After the latter finished reading it, he passed it to the next person, the outline returned to Zhang Heng's hands.

Then Zhang Heng asked, "What do you think?"

"A very interesting story," Agatha said, "I quite like it, especially the last twist. It's full of drama. This will be a very popular novel. No matter what era it is, I believe it will be popular with readers. People will break down bookstores for it."

"I don't plan to sell it. I want to put it on the internet for as many people as possible to read for free."

"What is the Internet?"

"The internet is like a giant grocery market that everyone in the world can easily reach," Zhang Heng explained.

"It sounds cool, but, uh... it would be even better if writers could earn money from it to support themselves," Dickens said.

"In my era, there are indeed some writers who can support themselves through online writing," the fantasy bestselling female writer said.

At this time, Fitzgerald also said, "Your outline is great, but how do you plan to solve the relationship problem?"

"We have provided you with several solutions, but it seems that you don't like them," Hemingway added, "Of course, to be fair, these solutions are indeed not perfect. Emotions are like the soul of a story. Without it, your story will never be complete."

"I have already figured out how to get back my feelings." Zhang Heng paused. "At least, in the creation of this novel."

"Then you will get a great story," Fitzgerald said.

"A magnificent epic of adventurers." Asimov also pushed up his glasses.

"An unprecedented best-selling novel," the fantasy bestseller sighed.

“This is all thanks to your help. If it weren’t for you teaching me how to write and guiding me through the maze, I wouldn’t have been able to do this alone.”Zhang Heng put away the outline and thanked the authors.

Then, he went to room 515 alone and knocked on the door three times. Then, he inserted a copper key into the lock and twisted it gently.

He had done this many times, so he was very familiar with it. After entering the living room, Zhang Heng didn’t stop. He pushed open the door to the study.

For the first time ever, Lovecraft didn’t help others rewrite or write on his own. He placed the old typewriter on the bookshelf beside him, on the table, there was a small bottle of red wine and two glasses.

The bottle of wine from Lovecraft’s grandfather had already been drunk by the two of them. This bottle was a gift from Zhang Heng three days ago.

Lovecraft poured the red wine into the glass, just like when they first met. However, today he was wearing a suit that he had not taken out for a long time, so he looked a little more energetic.

After Zhang Heng brought the outline to him, Lovecraft put on his glasses and started reading eagerly. After a long while, he put down the manuscript paper in his hand. He hadn’t even gone to drink his glass of wine yet., but at that moment, he felt like he had just finished a bottle of wine and heaved a long sigh of satisfaction.

“You don’t mind if I use the settings that you made before to write the story?”Zhang Heng asked, surprised.

“Of course not. I really like having writers to help me improve and fill my world. In fact, many of the pen pals that I’ve written to before have used this setting to write a story,”Lovecraft shrugged.

“What about the ending? Can you accept the ending?”Zhang Heng asked. “After all, the ending of the story that I’ve created is different from the ones that you’ve written before.”

“Before I met you, I would have felt that this was indeed a little against my usual aesthetic standards. Because the stories I created, no matter how much the main character resists, they will eventually be shrouded in greater despair. And you, on the other hand, were the first person to write a story after that. Even though you borrowed my system, in reality, you were telling a story about a person who was shrouded in despair and knew that he could not escape. How he used all his strength to fight against Fate!”

Lovecraft seemed to be thinking about how to express himself more accurately. After a moment, he continued, “It’s like... All the hope in my novel is to welcome the final despair, while all the despair in your novel is to prepare for the final glimmer of hope. This is indeed different from my writing style, but this doesn’t stop me from liking your story. I don’t know why, but maybe it’s because hope and despair are two sides of the same coin. Just like light and darkness, without either side, the world can not truly become real.”

“To be honest,” Lovecraft said as he looked into Zhang Heng’s eyes, “I feel like your new story has helped me fill in the last hole in my story. For that, I should propose a toast to you,” Lovecraft said as he raised the glass in his hand.

Zhang Heng also raised his own glass. “To the fear of the unknown.”

“To the unyielding courage of mankind,” Lovecraft said in a low voice as he downed the glass of red wine in his hand.

Fifteen minutes later, Zhang Heng walked out of Room 515 with the outline.

At this point, he had already completed most of his plans. There was only one thing left, and that was the emotion he lacked.

After Zhang Heng bid farewell to Hemingway, Lovecraft, and the others, he finally found The Hobbit housekeeper.

“Is there anything I can help you with?” The Hobbit housekeeper asked politely as she put down the vase in her hand.

Her racial talent allowed her to be silent no matter where she went or what she did. In fact, she had been in the hall the whole time, but few of the passing writers could find her.

“Yes, I want to meet someone,” Zhang Heng said.

“Who?” The Hobbit housekeeper asked, “I will try my best to meet your request, but other than the writers in the manor and the service staff, I can’t help you bring the people outside in.”

“But there is one person who can,” Zhang Heng said straightforwardly, not keeping her in suspense, “I want to see the Butler, Kanser, who received me before I came to this manor. He is also one of the attendants. You should be able to help me find him, right?”

“You want to see him?” The Hobbit housekeeper was a little surprised.

“That’s right,” Zhang Heng said, “In 20,000 Leagues under the sea, Kanser accompanied the main character, Professor Aronas, for the entire journey. Therefore, I guess my relationship with Kanser should not be limited to the first time we met.”

Chapter 1425: The Most Primitive Game

The expression on the hobbit housekeeper’s face became strange.

This time, for the first time, she did not agree to Zhang Heng’s request. Instead, she said, “I will help you deliver the invitation to Butler Kanser. However, I can not guarantee that he will not come to see you.”

However, before she could finish her sentence, she noticed that Zhang Heng’s gaze had changed. He shifted his gaze away from her and focused on a certain spot behind her.

There, Butler Kanser, who was wearing a tuxedo, was slowly walking over from the other end of the lawn. The setting sun had coated his body with a layer of afterglow, making him look somewhat sacred.

He waved at the female hobbit butler. “Thank you, Belladonna. Leave this to me.”

Hearing that, the female hobbit Butler bowed and left. Then, Kanser raised his head and smiled at Zhang Heng. "We meet again."

"That's right. It's been almost a year since we first met," Zhang Heng said.

"The deductive copy is from 'Sherlock Holmes', one of my favorite novels," Kanser said, "Even though I've always felt that the guy wasn't really suitable to be my roommate, it seems like you're getting along quite well with him."

"You gave me that pen when we first met. Is it because you already knew what would happen to me after that?" Zhang Heng looked directly into Kanser's eyes.

"I'm not the go." Kanser said, "I mean, I'm a god, but I'm not an omnipotent existence. I Can't predict the future, but I can certainly lay some foreshadowing at the beginning of the story. As for whether these foreshadowing can be used, to be honest, I don't know. So don't think I'm that powerful. I only know your identity a little earlier than others. On the other hand, I'm curious about you. How Do you plan to deal with the current predicament?"

"The feelings in the story?" Zhang Heng asked.

"That's right. Since you told Belladonna that you wanted to find me, you must have found a way to solve the problem. Do you have a way to restore your feelings?"

"No, but I know where the feelings that I lost are," Zhang Heng said calmly.

Kanser's eyes were initially filled with confusion, but after a moment, he seemed to have thought of something. His lips twitched, and finally, a look of realization appeared on his face.

"What are you saying about your past experiences?"

"That's right." Zhang Heng didn't try to hide it anymore and directly stated his request, "I want to see those old friends again. They have the feelings that I left behind in them. I will once again collect these feelings and write them into my story to complete the final creation."

"So that's it?" Consul revealed a surprised smile, "So this is your final answer? Do you believe that there will be traces left behind? No, wait, the new story you're going to write has the same theme. Could it be that you've already made up your mind to accept that Guy's arrival and allow your soul to be destroyed?"

"This is part of my plan." Zhang Heng's expression was as calm as ever, as if he was facing the same problem, it was no different from the problems he had encountered in the different dungeons. They would be solved very quickly.

"I've asked Isis and Sage, and they both said that the soul can not be restored after it is destroyed."

"They didn't lie to you," consul nodded.

"But after studying your birth, growth, and decline, I realized that there are no absolute rules for you gods. Just because something is impossible at this stage doesn't mean that it is impossible. "As long as the public accepts it as much as possible, then new rules will naturally be formed."

“So you wanted to create a new rule through novels to help you fight against the existence of the city under the ice.” Consel nodded, “I already knew this when you stepped into this instance dungeon, but what I don’t understand is why you have to take the risk to accept the descent. Is it because there isn’t enough time?”

“Time is one thing. With this dungeon, I can easily finish writing in it. However, even if I can publish it immediately after exiting the dungeon, I need to leave enough time for the readers to read and spread my novel. Most importantly, if my soul can not be completely destroyed, then I will forever be a mortal. Reality has proven that mortals can not be influenced by novels, no matter how popular they are.”

Zhang Heng paused for a moment before continuing, “Other than that, there are some other creative reasons. I need a dramatic ending.”

“I’m sure that when the others read the ending of this novel, they will be amazed by the final twist,” said consul. However, he suddenly changed the topic, “I roughly understand what you want to do, but your request is a little beyond my ability. I can only create an illusion of the author and their characters in the dungeon that belongs to me. I Can’t pull in the characters from other dungeons that you’ve experienced. Fortunately, I know someone who can do it.”

“Gam?”

“That’s right, but from what I know, he has already repaid the debt he owed you. Even though I know that guy likes you, he’s a stickler for rules. He can’t break his own rules and offer you any help without any conditions.”

“That’s fine, I’ll play a game with him,” Zhang Heng said.

“What Game?” Consul was curious.

“The oldest and most enduring game in the history of mankind.”

“You want him to gamble with you?” Consul frowned. “I already know your request, but what about your bargaining chip?”

“I’m trying to help him solve the problem caused by that guy from Underice City.”

Consul frowned slightly. Just as he was about to say something, Zhang Heng continued, “Also, I know what his real purpose in creating this game is. I also know that he has been searching for a way to free the gods from the shackles of fate. I might be able to help him with this matter.”

“How can you help?”

“There’s an old saying among us humans. Danger is also an opportunity. Gaime is unwilling to use violence, so he can’t really send the gods into his game world. However, if he can’t do it, I can, or more accurately, the guy who intends to take over my body can.”

“Are you trying to... ?” Consell was truly moved this time. His mouth was wide open.

“That’s right. If I’m not wrong, the reason why Gaime suddenly disappeared was because he was disappointed at the restarting of the war between the new and Old Gods. At the same time, he hoped that his departure would allow the gods of the two camps to reunite under the threat of the Master of

the ice city. If that's the case, why not take a step closer?" "As long as Gaime appears a little later, I will be able to make all the gods willingly enter the game world he created to take refuge. The so-called proxy war was originally just his excessive plan, wasn't it? He created that unparalleled game with the real purpose of creating a new home for the gods, so that they can get rid of the shackles of fate, and at the same time, they can live in peace with the humans."

Chapter 1426: Visitors

A month ago, Zhang Heng discovered that he had an extra 24 hours in his day.

The first thing that changed was his watch. It was a starfish automatic III mechanical watch made by Tiansuo, Switzerland. It had been given to him by his parents in Iceland on his 18th birthday.

He had placed an order on Taobao perfunctorily, the seller had delivered the goods, and the address had been filled in by the wrong class.

..

Zhang Heng placed his finger on the keyboard and typed the first paragraph of the novel. His writing skills had already reached level 3, and he had already finalized the outline, so what happened next was completely natural.

Just as he finished writing the story that happened in the cafe, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Zhang Heng stood up and walked into the living room. He peeked through the peephole.

He saw the two figures standing outside the door.

— Ed Wilson and Bell Brett.

In a corner behind the army captain and the Explorer stood a shy, short-haired young man. Unlike the first time they met, this time he wasn't wearing just a pair of shorts, probably because he was visiting a friend, he was wearing a hoodie.

Zhang Heng opened the door. "Welcome."

"We received a letter from you asking for our help," Bell said with a smile, "We rushed over immediately, but I have to say, this place is quite mysterious. I just had a cup of coffee, and when I woke up, I was already at the manor's entrance."

"I was about the same," Ed immediately replied, "But my experience was even more bizarre. I still remember that I was very sick, and after I used all my strength to leave the last sentence of my life, I lost consciousness. When I woke up again, I found myself lying on the ground, and there was a pit beside me, which looked like my grave. Then, a man stood in front of me and handed me your letter, telling me that he could send me over. Oh, right, he also gave me a set of clothes."

The short-breasted man was as silent as ever. He didn't say a word, but after the army captain finished speaking, he nodded, indicating that his experience was similar to his.

After the others finished speaking, Bale looked at Zhang Heng again and said straightforwardly, "Alright, let's continue reminiscing during dinner. First, tell us what you need us to do for you."

"It's very simple. I'm writing a novel, and I need you to help me finish it," Zhang Heng said.

"A novel? Does that mean my life chicken soup can finally reach its destination?" The army captain's eyes lit up when he heard that. He rolled up his sleeves and looked like he was ready to do something big.

Bell and the others stayed at the manor for about a week. With their help, Zhang Heng finished writing the first unit of his new novel. This unit was based on his experience in a beginner's dungeon. Of course.., on this basis, Zhang Heng also did some artistic work to make it more popular and convenient to read.

After Bale, Ed, and the short-breasted man left, the second wave of visitors knocked on Zhang Heng's door.

The Tokyo Girl, Ameko, who wore a short skirt and had tiger teeth when she smiled, walked into the living room with the aquatic shop owner, Toya Yosuke, who looked like he deserved a slap in the face.

"Sorry to bother you, Zhang Sang." Ameko bowed with a red face and said, "My father and I won a mysterious travel prize, but we didn't know you were here until we got on the plane."

"Boy, are you the one who played all these tricks? I felt that there was something wrong with the grand prize at that time. I want to warn you not to have any strange thoughts about my daughter!" Toya Yoshike noticed that Ameko's expression was a little strange halfway through his words, he immediately changed his tone. "But, if you can beat me in a race again, it's not that I can't accept it..."

"Let's talk about the race another time. Actually, there's something I need your help with this time." Zhang Heng bowed back to Ameko.

"What is it? You've helped us before. It would be great if we could help you as well." Toya wanted to put on a show when he heard Zhang Heng's request, however, AMEKO had already agreed to it.

"Actually, I've been writing a novel recently, but I've encountered some difficulties in the process."

"Really? You know how to write a novel?" Ameko was pleasantly surprised. "But you said you've encountered some difficulties? What kind of difficulties? My father and I don't know how to write a novel either. We don't know if we can really help you."

"We can, as long as you can do as I say," Zhang Heng said.

..

The time flow of 1:2400 made every minute in the real world feel exceptionally long.

Zhang Heng did not use up all the time in the dungeon.

He had already finished writing the novel on the 2571st day.

Around 2460 days later, he sent away the last wave of visitors. However, he was not alone because one of the visitors from before had chosen to stay.

It was also with that person's company that Zhang Heng finished writing the end of the novel.

When he typed the last word on the keyboard, consul returned to his room.

“You’ve finished writing your story?”

Zhang Heng nodded.

“But you know that you can’t take anything from the dungeon with you, right? No matter whether you print the story or write it on paper, you can’t take it out of the dungeon.”

Zhang Heng didn’t say anything. He only took out the [EdwardwarUSB usb drive] from his pocket.

This F grade item was used to make the user’s IP untraceable when it was inserted into the computer. However, many people had neglected the storage function of the USB drive itself.

Although its quality was very low and only had an F grade, it was still a genuine game prop.

And any game prop could be brought out of the dungeon.

Zhang Heng copied the novel he had just finished writing into the USB flash drive. Eight gigabytes of storage space was already a bit small for today, but fortunately, it was enough to hold a novel.

“As expected, the seemingly unsolvable problems are often hidden in those inconspicuous corners,” Kanser sighed, “I have no more questions. I’ll remind you one last time to be careful of Kronos. He hopes to use you to plot against the Master of the city under the ice. If he finds out what you’re doing, he’ll definitely try to stop you.”

“It doesn’t matter. I’ve already found my messenger. She’s a completely invisible person. She’s harmless to everyone and has no offensive power. No one will notice her or make things difficult for her, and she’ll help me finish the rest after I die,” Zhang Heng said.

“It seems like you’ve already arranged everything.” Kanser glanced at the figure by the window. The figure had been standing there quietly like a floor lamp, not attracting any attention at all, however, Kanser knew that if he showed any hostility toward Zhang Heng, even if it was just a hint, the figure would immediately raise the shotgun at his feet and put a few holes in his head.

“Since that’s the case, then I have nothing more to say. I’ll leave the remaining 329 days of this dungeon to the two of you.” Kanser whistled and turned to leave, before he left, he even closed the door behind him.

Chapter 1427: Out Of Control

... The Slaughter continued. The panicking gods were like a flock of lambs waiting to be slaughtered, fleeing in all directions under the fangs of wild beasts.

They wailed and wept, their distorted faces filled with despair and fear!

Once upon a time, they had once dominated this land. Behind every name was a series of brilliant legends. However, in today’s story, they were just supporting characters.

“We can’t hold on anymore!” Apollo, who was covered in blood, had already retreated to the front door of the villa.

Six of the seven strings of his seven-stringed zither had been broken, leaving only the last string. The golden arrows in the quiver on his back had long since been shot empty. However, this was not the most despairing thing. The most despairing thing was that his opponent was actually unharmed!

Not only Apollo, but the god of electricity, Hades, the god of guns, and the others were also in a sorry state. Perhaps the only thing that made them feel gratified was that they had been able to stop them during this period of time.., the other gods had basically all left safely.

Hades held the broken staff in his hand and said, "We have to destroy the tunnel. Otherwise, if he enters the new world, everything will be over."

"Perhaps... we can use explosives to blow up the villa, but I need some time to set up," the god of chemistry suggested.

However, before he could finish his sentence, the mustached man standing at the side suddenly said, "Leave it to me. You are almost at your limit. Hurry up and leave. Don't make unnecessary sacrifices."

When he said this, Apollo and the others heaved a sigh of relief. No one knew their own physical condition better than them. Just as the mustached man had said, they were indeed at the end of their rope, the reason why they were still holding on was entirely due to their pride. No one was embarrassed to be the first to leave.

Since the mustached man was willing to stay behind to finish the job, they naturally had no reason to hold on any longer. They all ran into the villa and pushed open the door to the New World.

The Man with the mustache, who had been watching from the side, finally moved this time. He waved his hand and a novel flew from the bookshelf in the villa's study into his hand, it was a book from "Star Wars."

The Man with the mustache flipped through the pages and in the next moment, a small green-skinned man with pointy ears that was less than 0.7 meters tall appeared in front of him.

When his feet touched the grass, he did not pay any attention to the divers around him. Instead, he bowed to the bearded man first.

"Go!" The bearded man nodded at him.

In the next moment, a light sword appeared in the hand of the green-skinned humanoid with pointy ears.

The force was injected into the Kyber crystal. A ball of plasma immediately formed a sword blade under the restraint of the magnetic field!

The green-skinned, pointy-eared little man easily used this blade to cut a diving diver that pounced on him into two halves.

There were so many books on the bookshelf, and the bearded man had chosen this "Star Wars" for a reason. As everyone knew, the vast majority of Jedi warriors had a strong will, especially the leader of the Jedi map, Master Yoda, whose spiritual power was particularly strong.

One had to know that under the current circumstances, there were very few characters who could display their full potential. Only a dark nemesis like Yoda was able to move freely.

However, even though he could fight against so many of them at the same time, it was impossible for him to defeat the Master of the city under the ice with his strength. In reality, Yoda only managed to hold on for less than a minute, he was already being targeted by 'Zhang Heng'.

The next moment, his small body suddenly shook, and a pained expression appeared on his face. Although he was still trying his best to wave the lightsaber in his hand, his movements were clearly slower than before. It didn't take long for him to reveal a flaw, he was pounced on by the swarming divers.

Following the death of Master Yoda, the 'Star Wars' book in the mustached man's hand also started to burn.

At that moment, he was surrounded by the lurkers. He stood alone in front of the villa's entrance. However, his face did not reveal any panic like the other gods before him. Instead, it was filled with emotion.

"Are we finally entering the final chapter? You came earlier than expected, but thankfully, the time is almost up."

"Zhang Heng" did not answer or react. He was acting as if he had not met the mustached man in the game not long ago.

He did not even pay attention to the man with the mustache. Instead, he turned his head mechanically to look for the gods who had fled. In the end, his gaze landed on a certain direction, that was also the location of the door in the villa.

It was unknown how his gaze had penetrated through the layers of reinforced concrete. After confirming the direction, 'Zhang Heng' took another step towards the man with the mustache. It seemed like he was going to get rid of this guy blocking the door first.

When they saw their master take action, those who were already impatient immediately followed suit and pounced on the man with the mustache.

In the end, the man with the mustache suddenly took two steps back and opened the door that should have been guarded tightly behind him. At the same time, he made a 'please' gesture, and his body became more and more transparent, finally, he turned into a streak of light and flew into a certain book on the bookshelf.

"Zhang Heng" ignored the fly that had escaped halfway and continued to walk forward, as if nothing in the world could stop him.

He walked into the villa and walked all the way to the door without any obstruction.

"Zhang Heng" did not hesitate. He reached out to push open the door, but the next moment, the second hand on the starfish that had already stopped moving suddenly started to rotate again.

The minute hand and the hour hand started to move. Their speed was faster than a normal watch, and they finally stopped at 23:55.

This number had a special meaning to Zhang Heng. It was the start of every dungeon run, and it also meant that a new extraordinary experience was about to begin.

However, "Zhang Heng" only turned to look at the starfish on his hand. He didn't feel anything, so he pulled off the watch and tossed it aside, then, he pushed open the door in front of him.

One step, just one more step, and he would be able to enter the new world, completely eliminate all the Troubles, and bring destruction to every corner of the world.

However, in the next moment, his left foot, which was about to step out, suddenly stopped in the air, unable to move.

'Zhang Heng' frowned. Ever since he took over this body, he had never encountered such a strange situation. The reason was very simple, because this body was already flowing with his blood, it was a part of him. He entered this body under the name of descending, but in reality, it was more like taking back something that should have belonged to him a long time ago.

But now, he could clearly feel that he was losing control of his body.

Chapter 1428: The New Legend (End)

A powerful and terrifying aura rose into the sky, causing the surrounding space to distort!

This was the terrifying power of Cthulhu, and this power originated from the fear of the unknown!

It looked so unstoppable, as if it was despair itself!

The gods outside the villa had already proved that even if they joined forces, they would not be a match for this power. With this power, 'Zhang Heng' had regained control of his body. However, at the next moment..., the Fishbone bracelet hanging behind the door suddenly trembled.

Then, from somewhere far away, came a whale's cry!

The Whale's cry was drowned out by an indescribably terrifying aura. It seemed extremely small, but it did not disappear. It was like hope itself.

"Zhang Heng"'s body was once again pinned to the ground, but this was not something that truly baffled him, what truly baffled him was that he realized that a part of the power in his body had actually flowed to an unknown place.

He could clearly feel that in that place, a brand-new but familiar soul was being born!

But How was this possible? !

The human soul that had appeared in this world by accident had been completely destroyed by him when he descended into this body, just like a glass that had been restored to its molecular state, logically speaking, it should not have been restored.

But now, this incredible thing had indeed happened to him.

Even though he had only taken over this body for a few months, “Zhang Heng” felt that he had already adapted and familiarized himself with this new body. However, at this moment, he realized that he had no idea where the new soul was located.

He wanted to make a move, but he was unable to do so. Therefore, he could only continue to release that unmatched power, trying to destroy the new soul directly through the pressure. However, as he continued to increase his power.., “Zhang Heng” was surprised to find that the power he had lost was also increasing.

In fact, the power he released was like nutrients, constantly supplying the new soul and helping it complete the whole process of breaking the shell.

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After 132 days of destruction and darkness, Zhang Heng opened his eyes again.

However, this was not the world he was familiar with.

He realized that he was standing on a burning street, just like in the dream. Everything he saw was burning crazily, and the remaining humans were laughing maniacally, killing each other for fun, it was as if they were not in hell, but in heaven.

On the hill of corpses sat another him, like a ruler of the world, looking down at him from above. There was a rare look of mockery in his eyes, as if he was saying that it was too late.

Too late?

Zhang Heng frowned. Did something go wrong with his previous plan? Did the little girl who was responsible for sending the USB to Han Lu fail to complete her mission, or did the god of fiction fail to place all the key items that triggered his rebirth in place, or did his novel not catch on as quickly as he had expected? Or did something go wrong in some other place that he had not thought of before.

Zhang Heng did not have time to think about it because he saw the remaining survivors, the half-human, half-fish-frog-like divers, and the smaller version of Cthulhu’s star minion swarming toward him, just as Zhang Heng was about to turn around to face the enemy, he realized that his body was frozen in place like he was in a dream.

Zhang Heng closed his eyes as if he had accepted his fate and the world’s fate.

However, he suddenly said, “It seems like you really can’t do anything to me. If it’s only an illusion of this degree, why don’t you just admit defeat?”

As he said this, the corpses and monsters around him had already disappeared.

Zhang Heng opened his eyes for the second time and realized that he had returned to the underwater palace. He stood face to face with the black shadow that was as large as a mountain and faced the terrifying aura.

At that moment, the world became extremely quiet. It was as if there was only one person and one monster left.

“I used to think that you grew up because of the fear of swallowing humans. It wasn’t until I saw you, no, our creator, that I realized what really made you,” Zhang Heng said as he looked straight at the monster in front of him.

The monster in front of him seemed to have not heard him. It dragged its huge body and walked toward him step by step. Its thick tentacles dragged on the ground and emitted a terrifying sound that reverberated above the palace.

However, Zhang Heng, who was in front of it, did not run away nor was he prepared to fight.

“The life of despair and loneliness is the most terrifying thing in this world. “However, don’t worry. Unlike the other people in this world who don’t understand you and only want to destroy you, I have no intention of killing you. Moreover, the life of despair and loneliness can not be killed, just like you can never kill me completely because Hope has always existed. So...”

Zhang Heng paused and continued, “Next, I’m afraid we’ll have to share this body and spend quite a bit of time together. Currently, you can use 24 hours for about 23 hours and 50 minutes, and I can use the remaining 10 minutes. Don’t look so sad. On the bright side, at least you won’t be as lonely as before.”

When the monster heard this, it stopped in its tracks.

Even though it remained silent, Zhang Heng seemed to know what it was going to say, “Are you trying to say that 10 minutes isn’t going to change anything? That You’re going to destroy the world while I can’t control my body? “Unfortunately, since you have my 10 minutes, your original plan can’t go on.

“In my next 10 minutes, I will take you to a new world. All the characters there are already in position, but the final boss position is still vacant because they can’t find a powerful character, and this final position is tailor-made for us.”

Zhang Heng seemed to have thought of something as he patted his head and added, “Oh, by the way, I almost forgot to mention, although on the surface our time allocation is 23 hours and 50 minutes versus 10 minutes, in reality, my day has 48 hours, so strictly speaking, our time ratio is 23 hours and 50 minutes versus 24 hours and 10 minutes.

“This is much fairer, and in this case, my day is 10 minutes longer than the average person’s. I don’t have a problem with that. Also, the flow of time in that world will also be slightly different from the real world. I hope you won’t be too surprised when we go in later.”

“Alright, that’s all I have to say. There are still a lot of things I need to do. I need to make sure that you can’t escape from that world. I need to help the other guy appease the old and New Gods that were tricked into that world. After that, I need to prepare for the game world to be opened again to welcome players. After all this is done, if there’s still time, I’d like to use the rest of my time to meet some old friends.”

After saying this, Zhang Heng closed his eyes again. “Next, let’s write a new legend together.”

Chapter 1429: The Troubles Of The Gods (Thanks To Alliance Leader Fang Dalin)

“I’m sorry, this area hasn’t been opened for the time being.”

As more and more gods began to explore the area, more and more people received similar notifications.

This time, it wasn't just the tarot card god. The other gods' expressions changed as well.

"Why is this happening?"

"Is it because of Gaime? We've already reached this point, yet he still wants to scheme against us?"

"What exactly is Gaime trying to do? Is he trying to imprison us in this Godforsaken Place Forever?"

"Where's Isis? who was close to her before she came in? We know where she ran off to."

"..."

The gods were clamoring, trying their best to figure out what exactly was going on. Unfortunately, there were all sorts of guesses, but only a few useful suggestions.

At this moment, someone finally noticed the silent Kronos, who had been watching coldly from the side. He said to him, "God of time, do you have any good suggestions for our current predicament?"

"Wait."

Kronos opened his mouth and spat out a word.

"Wait? Wait for what?" Hercules frowned, "That fellow from Undercity is still behind us. We don't know if the god of novels will be able to successfully destroy that door. Let's hurry up and find Gam or Isis. At least cut off the passage before we talk about anything else."

Hearing this, Cronus snorted coldly. He originally did not want to explain further, but seeing that there were other gods looking over, he understood that if he wanted to leave this place in the future, he would need the help of others, at the moment, he had to unite all the forces that could be united, so he patiently continued.

"Since Gaime has already done this and has schemed against all of us, it is impossible for him to be completely unprepared for the situation outside the door. His relationship with the god of novels is extraordinary. Whether it is here or outside, there must be some arrangements. Moreover, we are now in his territory. There is no other way except to wait."

Hercules' brows relaxed slightly. He had to admit that Kronos' words sounded reasonable, but he still couldn't help but ask., "Then how long do we have to wait in this damn place? A Day, a week, or a month? If Gaime doesn't come looking for us, then wouldn't we have to wait until the seas run dry and the rocks rot?"

"Although the situation you mentioned might happen, the probability is very small," Chronos said, "Gaime is not a madman like Seth. There is a strong logic behind everything he does. Just by looking at the decorations and decorations of this place, we can see that this is just an area similar to a transit station. Under normal circumstances, we won't stay here for long."

As if to confirm Kronos' words, not long after he finished speaking, the large screen in the center of the waiting room and all the hanging televisions lit up.

The gods finally saw that young face again after five months!

Gaime, the god of games, appeared on the screen with a pair of sleepy eyes. He looked like a primary school student who had just played games all night but still had to get up early to go to school.

Although many people were dissatisfied with Gaime's behavior of trapping them in this waiting hall, Gaime was still the leader of the gods. His prestige from before was still there, especially at this juncture where Cthulhu had escaped from his cage under the sea, he had slaughtered his way through the human world, forcing the gods to hide in the new world, terrified like stray dogs.

At this time, both the new gods and the Old Gods missed the days when Gaime was still alive.

Some people even saw GAIME's tears of excitement. However, the god of games looked a little embarrassed. He scratched his head and adjusted the camera in front of him, at the same time, he seemed to be using this time to organize his words. Finally, he said, "Welcome, Welcome to the 'station'."

"Station?" Kronos raised his eyebrows. "So, this place is really just a transit station. I just wonder, where does the train in your station lead to?"

"To the various dungeons of the game world," the little boy replied quickly as if he could hear Kronos' question.

The gods were in an uproar when they heard this. The previous game world was built by them after they accepted Gaime's invitation. However, they never knew that.., there was a place called the station hidden in that game world.

Of course, Gam had gone missing for four months. With his strength, he could build a new site on his own. However, to connect this new area called the station to the various dungeons.., this involved adjusting the structure of the original structure. It was a very difficult thing. It was basically equivalent to overturning half of the game and redoing it.

Therefore, there was only one explanation for the current situation, which was that this area called the station had been in GAIME's plan since he started to build the magnificent game world that he had imagined, it was just that he had hidden it away, and no one else knew about it except him.

It was only until today that this area was put into use and welcomed the first batch of guests.

At this time, even god Pan, who did not like to use his brain, reacted. He lowered his head with goat horns, "Respected god of games, Gaime, why did you leave behind such an area behind us?"

"So that the game can enter the third stage," Gaime answered every question.

"The third stage? What third stage? We thought we had already agreed that this game was only prepared for the human players," the god of cars said, "The first stage is convenient for us to choose the agents we like, and the second stage is for those agents to kill each other to end the conflict between us, to abandon those ancient and bloody traditions, and to step into the era of civilization. As for the third stage, what is it?"

Hearing this, Gaime was silent for a moment, and then he said again.., "I'm sorry, I've hidden some things from everyone before, and I'm sure some of you have already guessed the real purpose of building this game."

“Are you crazy? !”Kronos said with a sullen face. “You may be the strongest among us, but what right do you have to decide the fate of all of us? To decide where we live?”

His words also received the approval of a group of gods.

However, at this moment, Gaime had gradually recovered from his initial shyness. When he heard the questioning of the god of time, he scratched his head again. “Weren’t you the ones who had no choice but to enter my game world to seek protection?”

Cronos,” ...”

“And if you really think about it, isn’t this the trouble you caused? Cronos, it was you who brought that human out of the city under the ice and made him your agent. At the same time, you kept his true identity hidden.”

Chapter 1430: The Troubles Of The Gods 2 (Thanks To The Naive And Innocent Ge)

Chronos was speechless.

Indeed, when he brought Zhang Heng out of the city under the ice, it was equivalent to helping the world solve an imminent crisis. However, now that the gods had fallen into such a tragic situation., it was also related to him.

Outside the mansion in Pluto, the gods were all mourning for having to leave their homeland. No one was in the mood to settle old scores with him. When they reached the station, everyone was busy figuring out the current situation, so naturally, they couldn’t care less about him, until now, GAIME, who had been missing for five months, showed up again.

Everyone regained their backbone. Their previously tense nerves relaxed a little, and they began to plan for their future lives. In addition, Chronos had taken the initiative to lead the conversation here, only then did the gods remember which bastard had tricked them into such a state.

Thus, everyone’s gaze towards Kronos immediately became unfriendly.

Kronos knew that he was in the wrong, and he could not refute it. In fact, the reason why he did not want to enter the New World with the other gods was because he did not want to be blamed for his previous actions, however, he did not have a choice when his life was in danger.

Kronos knew very well that the reason why no one was looking for trouble with him was because the huge shadow of Cthulhu had always shrouded everyone. Once he got rid of the threat of the monster, he would be punished sooner or later.

However, Kronos did not expect this day to come so quickly. It was also his fault. He had guessed what Gaime was trying to do and was too angry. He could not hold himself back for a moment, causing trouble to come out of his mouth.

He knew that what he said next would be meaningless. It would only attract hatred towards himself. Therefore, he wisely chose to shut up and not speak anymore, however, he also believed that he was not the only one who could see what Kronos was trying to do. With him starting it, there would definitely be others who would follow up.

Kronos' guess was not wrong. Although the gods were very unhappy with what he had done previously, everyone still tried their best to suppress the anger in their hearts and turned their attention back to the current situation.

Pan again came forward, bowed to Gaime on TV, and asked, "Dear god of games, can you help me? I'm sure you have your reasons for building such a unique functional area."

"Of course," said Gaime, nodding, "I am also a god, so I naturally know what the shackles on the god's neck have been for a long time. Each of us has our own destiny, but this destiny is not chosen by ourselves. It has long been written into those legends and heroic poems. Even for a new God like me, who was not born for too long, our destiny is decided by the common will of most humans. It has something to do with everyone in this world, but it has nothing to do with us. This is the same whether it is the new God or the old God."

Gaime successfully made the gods in the "Station" fall into silence. Apparently, what he said just now had also hit the bottom of everyone's heart, but after a moment, Apollo, the Sun God, who looked a little embarrassed, raised his head again and said.

"This is a curse that each of us is born with, and it is also the source of our strength. We have nothing to complain about. We have lived like this for thousands of years. It is not that no one has tried it before, but the facts have proved that we can not change our fate by ourselves. I thought that this was already our consensus."

"You're right. In this era, even my old friends, the god of novels, and the god of new media, are unable to directly change their own destinies, let alone others. The only person I know who successfully changed his own destinies was also the one who made all the arrangements when he was still a human."

Gaime admitted, but then he changed the topic, "But that's all in the real world. In the game world, we can move freely. This has been proven repeatedly in previous dungeons."

"Are you referring to the dungeons that we created to select agents?" The evernight goddess Nix stepped forward and asked, "We can indeed influence the direction of the dungeons to a certain extent there. So, what do you mean? Do you want us to live in Your Game Forever? "But if this goes on, we will be forgotten by the humans sooner or later. For a long time, we have always been symbiotic with the humans. We satisfy their prayers and wishes, and they offer their faith and worship to us. So, although they need us, we can not leave them either."

"Of course, how can a perfect game only have aborigines?" Geim paused for a moment before announcing another piece of news. "So, I plan to open the game world to human players again."

However, his words caused another uproar, and this time, the uproar was even bigger than before.

"You plan to open the game world to human players again?" The god of Lego rolled his eyes, "Wait, maybe I should say something else. Do you plan to open up the game world again to those humans who have been corrupted by the spirit of the Master of the city under the ice? "For what? So that that guy can come in and kill us all?"

"Don't worry, the outside world will not be destroyed," said Gaimu.

It would have been fine if he had not said this, but once he had said it, the gods immediately exploded.

Because to put it bluntly, the reason why everyone was willing to stay here and discuss the possibility of living here with GAM was that the world outside was about to be destroyed, so they had no choice.

Otherwise, as gods who had lived outside for hundreds or even thousands of years, they naturally didn't want to give up everything they had on that piece of land.

Meanwhile, GAIME seemed to have expected such a reaction from the gods. He patiently waited for the chaos to subside and the gods to calm down before continuing, "I said that the outside world will not be destroyed, but the premise is that all of you, including me, will stay here obediently."

"Why?" The God of awakening asked. Although the situation had reached a critical point, he still yawned, looking as if he could fall asleep at any time.

"Because I need to borrow your strength to leave it in this game world."

This time, the person who answered was not GAIME. When the gods looked towards the voice, the crowd that had finally calmed down began to panic again. No, more accurately, it was Panic! Moreover, this panic was growing exponentially.

Because, they saw a figure that they did not want to see no matter what.