

The Gods 100

Chapter 100: Today's Warrior and the Nature Cult

Li Bola clearly recognized Ji Ran's faith. She raised an eyebrow, her tone laced with mild sarcasm:

"Today's Warrior?"

Ji Ran didn't deny it, nonchalantly nodding.

[Fate] had many domains, but none more dramatic than "randomness."

Today's Warriors were those who had accepted this singular blessing of "randomness."

Initially, many players had chosen this class. After all, the title of "Warrior of Fate" carried an air of mystery and tragic heroism, making it sound like the perfect protagonist's role—irresistible to many.

However, six months later, this class had become one of the least populated in the game.

Even fewer than the Priest of Births.

The reason could be summed up in three words: too many deaths.

Randomness meant complete unpredictability.

Humans couldn't find patterns in endless randomness, and without patterns, there was no stable way to strategize. This doubled the danger of every trial.

The reason they were called "Today's Warriors" was because even they didn't know if they would actually be a warrior on any given day.

The [Fate] invocation required them to roll the Dice of Fate, and whether or not they would become a warrior that day depended entirely on the dice roll.

If they rolled a 1, the poor soul abandoned by Fate would lose all their divine power and become as helpless as an ordinary human.

But if they rolled full points, they would become a force blessed by Fate, with divine power surging through them, like a bulldozer flattening everything in their path!

So in a way, Today's Warriors were kindred spirits with Cheng Shi—they were both deceivers.

They typically hid their dice roll results to avoid being looked down upon by their teammates.

Of course, when they rolled a full score, there was no need to hide it.

In those moments, they would be the star of the team, basking in the admiration of their companions.

Cheng Shi couldn't help but grin mischievously as he asked:

"You've rolled already, right? Warrior today or not?"

Ji Ran had a score of 2076, and the Dice of Fate had 14 sides.

Realistically, rolling a 7 or higher would place him on par with the average player—reliable, but not someone you could count on to carry the team.

Rolling a 12 or higher would make him a valuable asset to have on the team.

Rolling a 14? Well, you might as well start calling him "Big Bro."

Cheng Shi had only meant to poke some fun, but to his surprise, Ji Ran actually responded.

“Thirteen.”

Cheng Shi’s eyes narrowed.

He wasn’t lying.

Damn, bro, you didn’t get some sort of weird [Divine Will] today, did you?

Cheng Shi quickly plastered a flattering smile on his face, trying to curry favor with the big shot.

But the “big shot” didn’t acknowledge him, maintaining his slacker attitude.

Seeing this, another female player chimed in.

“Not bad. How about a quick spar? I could use a warm-up.”

The woman, dressed in sportswear—a tank top and hot pants—stretched her limbs as she introduced herself with a smile:

“Qin Chaoqe, Voice of the Storm, 2190.”

Voice of the Storm, a bard class under the [War] faith.

Her personality fit the stereotypical image Cheng Shi had of [War] followers, but her class...

Sister, you’ve got biceps like that, and you’re a support class?

Are you buffing yourself before jumping into the fray?

Although Qin Chaoge came across as a loud and brash [War] follower, her observational skills weren't lacking.

Two players still hadn't spoken, and one had yet to even show up.

Yet after just a brief exchange, Qin Chaoge had confidently revealed her faith, without hesitation.

In trials of this level, that was unusual. Unless you were certain there was no opposition present, players often kept their faith hidden, at least initially.

At this point, Cheng Shi still hadn't fully grasped the situation. The only thing he felt certain about was that the last woman present didn't seem to be a follower of [Silence].

As for the missing player, there was no way to know.

"I'm fine being your punching bag, but I'm not fighting back."

Ji Ran shrugged as he plopped down on the floor of the corridor, looking up at Qin Chaoge with a smirk.

"Assuming we have a priest on the team."

Well, how convenient...

If we can get a [Fate] follower beaten up...

Cheng Shi wasted no time, responding in the blink of an eye:

"Cheng Shi, [Descent], Priest, 2401."

"....."

Ji Ran was visibly surprised that Cheng Shi was a priest. His first impression had been that of an assassin or a hunter.

After all, from the moment they met, Cheng Shi hadn't stopped scanning everyone with calculating eyes.

Ji Ran blinked innocently and reluctantly got to his feet.

"Alright, let's get this over with. But let's agree—no hitting the face, and no hitting the goods."

Qin Chaoge grinned and gave a nod, then, without warning, launched a punch that sent Ji Ran flying before he could even fully stand up.

"....."

"....."

"You... bard?" Cheng Shi forced a laugh.

"What's the matter, handsome? Want me to give you a taste too?"

Qin Chaoge looked like she was considering giving Cheng Shi a punch as well, sending him scrambling to wave his hands in surrender.

If you want to sing, I'll listen to a song. But if you just want to fight...

Maybe give the [Fate] follower a few more punches instead.

This trial's dynamics were different from usual.

The team's scores weren't particularly high or low, placing them in the same general bracket as Cheng Shi. Normally, this would be a good thing—players in the same range were easier to cooperate with.

But this time, the problem didn't come from the teammates—it came from Cheng Shi himself.

Before the introductions, Cheng Shi had tried to swap his faith. To his surprise, several faiths had outright rejected him.

[Prosperity], [Truth], [War]—every one of them had failed.

There wasn't time to dwell on the reasons. He had already started speaking and could only go with what was left—[Decay].

Thankfully, [Decay] didn't turn him down.

But Priests of [Decay] were blood-swapping healers, a class heavily reliant on teammates. They often ended up severely weakened after saving others.

To avoid putting too much pressure on himself, Cheng Shi had chosen to slightly inflate his score.

With a score of over 2400, the chance of rolling an SS-level talent might act as a deterrent for anyone with bad intentions.

Also, Cheng Shi wasn't lying—he did have an SS-level talent.

So...

Today, Cheng Shi...

Was forced to become a follower of [Decay], the Withering Priest.

...

Qin Chaoge's personality didn't quite match her class, leading to mixed first impressions from the group.

The last woman, who had remained quietly observing, finally showed a flicker of surprise when she saw the explosive power of the [War] follower. A slight smile crossed her face as she gracefully introduced herself:

"Hu Xuan, Sage of Life, 2433."

Sage of Life, a mage class under [Birth].

Cheng Shi's eyes narrowed slightly. This woman's demeanor was clearly that of a seasoned player.

Not only had she revealed her faith without hesitation, but she also seemed entirely unconcerned about whether her faith might be in opposition to the others.

Had she figured something out?

Or was she so used to high-level trials that she had the confidence to announce herself so boldly?

Sister, you're making me feel a bit dazed here.

I mean, I'm only 1 point over 2400, and even I didn't feel confident enough to blurt out my faith...

Frustration aside, Cheng Shi was admittedly surprised.

He hadn't expected this elegant, alluring woman to be a follower of [Birth].

His first instinct had been that she was from [Corruption].

“Wow, so you haven’t bathed in the Sea of Desire, huh?”

Tsk tsk, it’s rare to see someone from [Birth] so... liberated.”

Qin Chaoge had a way of striking up conversations with anyone. Her gaze roamed over Hu Xuan, as if trying to see through the poised, yet provocatively dressed woman.

Hu Xuan wore a black, high-slit dress. And by high slit, it wasn’t limited to just her hips—her neckline also plunged deeply.

What’s more, this form-fitting dress, which accentuated every curve, had cutouts around the midriff, making it impossible to miss the key features at a glance.

She was hot, really hot.

Despite Qin Chaoge’s invasive look, Hu Xuan didn’t seem offended. Instead, she responded with an elegant smile and adjusted her posture, standing tall to better display her figure.

Honestly, nobody could resist taking a second look.

Cheng Shi’s gaze was instantly drawn to her.

It’s human nature to be drawn to beauty, and this had nothing to do with personal preferences.

Besides, Hu Xuan was undeniably beautiful.

Every inch of her body was perfectly proportioned, embodying the saying:

“If you add an inch, it’s too long; if you take away an inch, it’s too short.”

Who wouldn’t be captivated by a woman like that?

Wait... cough cough, let’s clarify—I’m not...

Seeing everyone staring at her, Hu Xuan smiled again and gracefully spun in place.

Alright, fine—I admit it! I’m captivated!

Swoooooon!

“Heh, a Nature Cultist.”

Li Bola sneered, revealing Hu Xuan’s true identity.

The Nature Cult, a group that believed divinity was born from human nature itself, advocating for the liberation of the self and a return to one’s natural essence.

In the early days of the [Faith Game], the Nature Cult had been a legitimate faction, composed mostly of [Life] path players. But as more players from different paths joined, the cult’s doctrines began to shift and evolve.

Now, they stood at the fringes between [Life] and [Descent].

Many members of the cult walked a fine line between “embracing one’s nature” and “indulging in corruption.” By treading this precarious path, they claimed to be getting closer to what they called “true nature.”

But at the core, the Nature Cult was no different from the Logic Association—they both sought godhood.

It was just that the Logic Association was more brazen, while the Nature Cult was more discreet.

Hu Xuan didn't deny it. She smiled warmly and replied:

“To nurture life is to nurture nature.

As followers of our deity, returning to the essence of nature is the only true path, wouldn't you agree?”