

## The Gods 105

Chapter 105: Wind-Tamer Ranger

Li Bola laughed heartily.

“I’m not that desperate; I came in here on my own.”

Cheng Shi raised an eyebrow in surprise.

In this situation where there were no “Today’s Warriors,” the hunter woman had revealed her faith.

To silently bypass the guards and enter this place without drawing attention, she could only be a follower of [Time], specifically a Wind-Tamer Ranger.

Strictly speaking, “wind” isn’t one of [Time]’s domains. However, [Time] governs “speed,” and from it, “wind” is derived, giving its followers an affinity for it.

Wind-Tamer Rangers almost max out this affinity.

They can, according to their will, transform into a gentle breeze.

Of course, it could also be a chilling, murderous wind.

It seemed that she and Ji Ran were indeed on opposing sides.

“So, are you into this kind of roleplay? Prisoner or interrogator?” Qin Chao asked with growing interest, looking more like someone seeking a thrill rather than a prisoner. Her energy was more suited to someone with a unique taste for excitement.

Li Bola shook her head, smiling.

“No need to pretend anymore. Why don’t we all be a bit more honest? You two came in here for the same reason: to start investigating the town’s power structure.

The Traveler’s Office deals with all the visitors here, making it a crossroads of countless fates. It’s the perfect place to start digging, don’t you think?”

Qin Chaoge blinked in confusion, then turned to Cheng Shi and asked:

“Is that what you were thinking?”

Cheng Shi felt exasperated.

This woman was really getting into her act, changing personas as if she were some kind of chameleon.

“What else would I be here for?” Cheng Shi replied, annoyed, before turning to Li Bola and sharing the strange things he had noticed earlier.

He could tell this ranger wasn’t a newcomer, and her purpose in being here might be to exchange information. If he was honest, perhaps she would reciprocate with valuable intel.

So, he shared everything he could.

Listening to him, Li Bola smiled genuinely.

Cheng Shi had guessed right. She was indeed here to exchange information.

Although the killer of their teammate had yet to be identified, and everyone was a suspect, that didn’t mean the trial should stall. Cooperation was still necessary, even if caution remained.

In fact, much of what Cheng Shi had shared, Li Bola had already noticed. She'd been quietly listening, not just for the sake of exchanging information, but to gauge the attitude of her teammates when it came to sharing.

If a teammate was too secretive, she would be less inclined to share her findings and would likely suspect that person of being the killer.

But now it seemed this priest teammate was trustworthy and someone who could be worked with.

"Very attentive observations," Li Bola said with a smile, turning to look at the still-pretending Qin Chaoge.

Her expression clearly communicated: Everyone here needs to share something.

Qin Chaoge blinked and then, after a moment of realization, put on an act of obliviousness, saying:

"Well summarized, no wonder I trust my teammate—someone with a score over 2400! Not like... some others... ahem..."

Her words were an obvious attempt to align herself with Cheng Shi, suggesting that she had no additional information to share.

Li Bola chuckled, giving Qin Chaoge a long look before replying:

"Oh? 'Some others'? So, it seems you've also encountered that Sage of Life."

"You've met her, too?" Cheng Shi asked, intrigued.

"Mhm. We didn't just meet—we're now the proud parents... of a child."

The moment she finished speaking, the previously loud and boisterous Qin Chaoge fell completely silent. Her expression darkened dramatically.

Meanwhile, Cheng Shi was left utterly dumbfounded.

Wait, what? Is today some kind of sisterhood bonding day?

“You... gave her a child?”

Li Bola nodded meaningfully.

“Yes. Her belly’s now grown even larger. I’m quite curious to see what kind of newborn she’ll deliver.”

“.....”

Cheng Shi was utterly speechless.

Curiosity might just kill you, lady.

Li Bola chuckled nonchalantly, seemingly unbothered by the bizarre circumstances. She studied Cheng Shi’s face and mused aloud:

“You don’t seem to revere [Corruption], which means you aren’t one of His followers.

And back at the inn, when cleaning up after the bard’s crime, you didn’t take charge, which suggests you don’t feel the need to make offerings to Him.

Which means...

Oh—

You're one of His followers, aren't you? A blood-swapping priest."

Li Bola had hit the nail on the head. There was no point in hiding it, so Cheng Shi nodded honestly.

"Good. I appreciate your honesty.

I've learned quite a bit from you. As a gesture of goodwill, I'll tell you something interesting I just found out."

With that, Li Bola unfolded a drawing in her hand. The piece of paper, scrawled with crude and twisted lines, looked like it was drawn by a child.

Despite its roughness, the image it conveyed was hauntingly vivid.

It depicted a large house, its roof covered with black birds, while a blood-red moon hung ominously in the sky.

The door of the house was open, and a small figure lay on the ground by the entrance, clutching a dagger, having apparently committed suicide.

Blood flowed from the body, trickling down the steps in front of the house, pooling into a reflection of the blood moon in the courtyard.

It was eerie and unsettling.

"Is this... a suicide?"

Cheng Shi furrowed his brow, quickly catching on to what the hunter was implying.

“Correct, a suicide.

Just like our unfortunate teammate at the inn.”

“Why?” Qin Chaoge’s question came at just the right moment. She, too, had recalled the sight of their dead teammate’s body at the inn, her brows furrowing in thought.

Li Bola seemed uncertain. As she pondered, she explained what she knew:

“According to the townspeople, everyone must return indoors by nightfall. No one is to leave their homes during the night.

If they do, the blood moon will corrupt them, turning them into creatures with an overwhelming urge to end their own lives before sunrise.

But even staying indoors isn’t entirely safe. On nights when the blood moon shines particularly bright, some people still go mad and commit suicide in their own homes.

These individuals are given a special title by the townspeople:

Blasphemers.

They believe that these people have desecrated [Eternal Sun], causing Him to abandon them during the blood moon’s night.

And dying under the blood moon’s gaze is known in the town as ‘the Blasphemer’s Punishment.’

See the problem?”

Cheng Shi’s gaze sharpened as he slowly voiced the answer:

“Murderous intent.”

“Clever!” Li Bola raised an eyebrow in approval. “[Corruption]’s murderous intent.

But this desire seems a bit twisted. Instead of being directed outward, the infected turn their murderous rage inward, upon themselves.

This aligns with the townspeople’s belief about the blood moon. They’ve always thought the blood moon seeks to destroy their town.

There’s something else I uncovered, too—a strange little rhyme.

It goes like this.”

Li Bola cleared her throat and recited in a soft, almost haunting tone:

“When light fades from our world,

When the night crows sing their dirge,

The blood moon will descend upon the earth,

To punish... the sins of the blasphemers.”

The eerie melody sounded like the whispered words of a demon, echoing in their ears.

Cheng Shi and Qin Chaoge both felt their heads buzzing after hearing just a few lines.

“This is...”

“A parable!

Remember the trial’s description? ‘All parables of gods are merely the attempts of weak beings to cling to Them.’

Now, the parable has appeared!

The ‘weak beings’ clearly refer to the townspeople of Far Dusk Town. As for whether their god is actually the one we’re thinking of, I’m not sure yet.

But the more important question is:

Clinging!

Why does [Fate]’s hint describe faith as ‘clinging’?

Could it be that [Eternal Sun] doesn’t actually view the townspeople as His followers?

To be honest, it would make sense.

I’ve never heard of a god punishing a follower for blasphemy by using another god’s power.

Especially when these two gods seem to be like opposing forces in a play.

Ha, ridiculous, isn’t it?

The last time I heard something so absurd was at one of those ‘sharing circles’ held by [Deceit]’s followers.”

“?”

Why drag [Deceit]’s followers into this? What have we done to you?

We can’t chat with others?

I chat with people all the time!

I never lie!

Despite his internal complaints, Cheng Shi’s expression remained serious.

He was wondering—if the sun was [Birth] and the blood moon was [Corruption], then how had Far Dusk Town become their battleground?

And if neither of them were involved, where did these two mysterious gods come from?

Li Bola’s point about “clinging” also made sense.

Were these pious followers actually followers at all?

Realistically, when it came to discussions about the history and beliefs of the Land of Hope, most mages and bards could contribute some knowledge.

But today...

The [War] bard was just sitting there, wide-eyed, looking completely clueless. Her face practically screamed, “I’m the dumb kid in class.”