

The Gods 122

Chapter 122: Don't Worry, You'll Understand Once You See It

“Your little girlfriend? Tsk tsk, people aligned with [Time] aren’t exactly the best choice.”

“No worries. Choices are temporary. I’ll switch things up soon enough.”

“Tsk, false words, but true logic.”

The older Cheng Shi laughed heartily and pointed in a random direction within the void.

“They’re alive—everyone who stepped into this place is alive. They just bumped into me, and got trapped in my ‘Pocket of False Memories.’”

Cheng Shi finally understood.

So, it wasn’t that the void here was inherently dangerous—danger had just happened to arrive here.

Facing the older version of himself was indeed a danger, a fatal one, at least for the current players.

“So, this really is the void.”

“Of course. If it wasn’t the void, how could I have come back?”

Indeed, even the powerful future version of Su Yida and his future self had to traverse through the void to travel back.

This confirmed Cheng Shi’s suspicions.

The void was both his home ground and a cradle of danger.

Because you never know whose home ground it might also be.

“In that case, enlighten me. What secret is hidden beneath this void?”

“Don’t overly rely on external help—this is the guiding principle of our lonely path.”

“You don’t count as external help. I didn’t ask for you to come, and since you’re already here, why not share some wisdom? Let’s chat!”

“Hahaha, now I finally see a bit of myself in you. Looking at that furrowed brow of yours, I’d have thought you were completely cornered.”

“Alright, alright, I get it, you’ve had it rough. But what does that have to do with me? Ears are clean, now spill it!”

The older Cheng Shi laughed so hard he almost doubled over. It wasn’t until Cheng Shi urged him for the third time that he finally spoke, throwing it back:

“Why don’t you tell me how you see it first?”

Oh great, a test.

How ridiculous!

Cheng Shi felt like he was back in school, having the teacher constantly breathe down his neck.

It’s not like this guy isn’t me! How could my future self be bullying me like this?

Slightly annoyed, Cheng Shi pouted but then began organizing his thoughts.

“The situation in Far Dusk Town isn’t that complicated. That puppet is the key figure controlling everything.

He’s spreading faith, bringing in travelers, managing the population, turning the town into his slaughterhouse, and meticulously maintaining the accuracy of the so-called parable.

He’s been doing this for a long time, way too long for it to just be about enjoying the killings.

So, I believe there’s a deeper purpose. This idea came to me after observing Hu Xuan.

It’s possible that he, like Hu Xuan, is trying to seize authority!

But instead of [Eternal Sun], his target is [Bloody Moon].

By carrying out countless killings over many years, he’s slowly trying to understand Its will, to get closer to It, become It, and ultimately replace It.

That’s how I think the process works, but there are still many things I don’t understand.

For one, if it’s simply about killing, why does he need to manage the town’s population so precisely?

And if travelers can bring children to the town, why does he have to switch people around so often? Why not just keep one group as breeding stock?

Also, both [Eternal Sun] and [Bloody Moon] are incomplete versions of the gods. But how did their authorities end up here?

And why wouldn’t they retrieve their lost authorities?

I can understand someone turning themselves into a puppet to follow strict rules, so they don’t change over time.

But... can a puppet truly steal authority?

Or, is it possible that he's trying to return to being human this way?

Or maybe he doesn't need to become human again—perhaps he's aiming to directly... become a god?

One last question: [Fate] never speaks in vain. I still don't understand what this 'clinging' refers to.

From the perspective of the town's residents, it could mean their faith in [Eternal Sun] is actually a form of clinging to [Birth], but that feels weak, like it's not the real answer."

As Cheng Shi spoke, he kept thinking, but no matter how much he racked his brain, he couldn't connect all the dots. Finally, he looked up and asked:

"If you hadn't come, what would I have seen if I walked in here?"

Or, to put it another way, what is this void hiding?

Is whatever's here—or whoever's here—going to answer all my questions?"

The older Cheng Shi gazed at his younger self with amusement and admiration, his eyes filled with something like pride. He smiled and answered:

"Yes, and no."

Cheng Shi blinked, confused.

"What do you mean, yes and no?"

“Don’t worry, you’ll understand once you see it.”

With a casual wave of his hand, the older Cheng Shi conjured a memory, its imagery swirling with the essence of the void, and projected it in front of them.

Cheng Shi felt a sense of *déjà vu* as the scene unfolded. He frowned and focused on the image.

The memory’s perspective was that of a child.

A child born in an unnamed town.

But Cheng Shi knew—this was Far Dusk Town.

The boy was born into a happy family, with a strong father, a gentle mother, a doting sister, and a protective older brother.

In such an environment, the boy experienced a childhood far better than Cheng Shi’s own.

Seeing this, Cheng Shi raised an eyebrow in surprise. Back then, it seemed that Far Dusk Town still had a normal birth rate.

As the boy grew older, Far Dusk Town flourished day by day.

Until one day, a massive sun rose in the sky, replacing the original sun.

The town’s residents noticed it and began to panic, unsure if this massive sun signaled fortune or disaster for their town.

So they prayed—everyone prayed together, pleading for the giant sun to bring blessings, not calamity.

And their prayers seemed to work.

The giant sun did not bring disaster but instead bestowed strong bodies, beautiful appearances, and an unrestrained ability to procreate.

At that moment, the god granted the town his blessing. The residents, overjoyed at being noticed by the god, wholeheartedly embraced the will to reproduce.

What followed was a period of chaos, where both reason and morality completely collapsed.

After enduring that shameful era, the population of the once small town, which had only numbered in the hundreds, swelled to tens of thousands.

The boy in the memory also grew up and became the father—and mother—of dozens of children.

And by then, the so-called disaster that the residents had long forgotten finally arrived.

One night, a blood moon rose, replacing the once gentle moon that had illuminated the town's nights.

Every resident who looked upon the moon was overtaken by an uncontrollable terror, gripped by a bloodlust that drove them to kill their loved ones while fearing they too would be killed.

And so, in the chaos, a massacre began.

In all of Far Dusk Town's history, there had never been a night as lively as that one.

Tens of thousands of people flooded the streets, tens of thousands of people raised their weapons, and tens of thousands of people were slaughtered...

In just one night, the town's population was reduced to a mere fraction of what it had been.

When the sun rose the next morning, those who had survived stared in horror at the mountains of corpses.

The boy, victorious in this “carnival” of killing, collapsed atop the bodies of his family and wailed in despair.

The survivors either fled or scattered, leaving only the broken souls who still loved and longed for their town. They stayed behind, waiting for the second night... and its final release.

In their grief and fear, they chose not to resist.

However, on that second night, though the blood moon rose, the survivors were not corrupted.

Listlessly, they stared up at the red moon, wishing for death, wishing to join their family and friends.

But that night, the blood moon spared them.

The survivors wept, believing they had been redeemed.

And so... they buried the bodies, cleaned the streets, held funerals, and resumed their lives.

The sun’s blessing was still effective. They remained vibrant, and as long as they embraced reproduction, the town could quickly prosper again.

The seeds of hope were planted in everyone’s hearts, and indeed, that’s what happened.

Many years later, the town’s population swelled once more.

Everyone assumed the blood moon was just a one-time event, that it would no longer punish them.

But then, one night, the slaughter began again.

History repeated itself, over and over, in an endless cycle.

Far Dusk Town faced extinction after extinction, each time followed by a “rebirth.”

Coincidentally, every time the town was nearly wiped out, that boy was the luckiest survivor.

After several cycles, the “keen-eyed” residents finally uncovered the secret of the sun and the blood moon.

Once the population exceeded a certain threshold, the blood moon’s corruption would descend.

So, to prevent the town from being wiped out, the population had to be controlled.

But after generations of worship, the residents couldn’t live without the blessing of the sun.

No one wanted to leave the town, and no one wanted to give up their strong bodies and beautiful appearances.

Yet if things continued like this, Far Dusk Town would face endless pain.

The “keen-eyed” residents didn’t want everyone to suffer repeatedly, so the “Divine Punishment Plan” was born.

They named the giant sun and the blood moon, gathered the sun’s followers to form a church, and selected a “Divine Envoy.”

And during each year when the population swelled, the residents would stage a man-made divine punishment, using various methods to kill the chosen residents. The next day, the “Divine Envoy” would declare that [Eternal Sun] had punished the blasphemers...

And that boy became the first “Divine Envoy.”

On the first night of the “Divine Punishment,” he personally killed the only friend who had survived several extinctions with him.

With tears in his eyes, he plunged a dagger into his friend’s chest. His friend grasped his hand tightly, full of gratitude.

“We must ensure the town continues...

This is everything we have—this is our paradise...

Glachior, I’m a coward. I’m terrified of going through another disaster... I’m truly scared...

You’ve freed me at last. Thank you, and please...

Keep it safe!”

With those final words, his friend passed away, and the “Divine Envoy” collapsed onto his body, crying in utter despair.

Just as he had when the first extinction struck—the same helplessness, the same confusion.

“Goodbye, Shilinji. I will... keep it safe!”