

## The Gods 126

Chapter 126: This Is the Tower of Logic, This Is the Council of Scholars

A vivid image formed in his mind...

Cheng Shi's face grew increasingly grim—whether it was due to the terrifying image of the [Pillars of God], or from the realization of the story hidden behind this trial, it was impossible to say.

After a long silence, he finally spoke:

“So, hidden behind this trial is a [Life] subordinate god, whose birth is uncertain!

There's a [Birth] emissary observing us from the void!

And above, high in the heavens, the Council of Scholars watches over us!

And we... we know nothing.”

The older Cheng Shi clapped his hands in affirmation:

“That's right.

If it weren't for me stumbling into all of this by accident, even if you entered the void, the only thing you'd have seen is the 'Divine Envoy' memory I showed you.

The 'Stellar Dagger' that's hidden within the void—there's no way you could have found it with your current abilities.

So, this is a trial doomed to failure.

And by extension, you would have made the wrong decision in this void, causing the experiment to prematurely end...

And the consequences of that?

Whether it's the Council of Scholars from the Tower of Logic, or the [Eternal Sun]—which is part of the 'Stellar Dagger'—none of them are beings you could possibly contend with.

Tsk, turns out they wrote you off in the script. Seems like He doesn't like you very much.

Take a lesson from this—watch your mouth in the future.”

“...”

Cheng Shi's face darkened completely, blacker even than the void around them.

He hadn't just hidden the answer in the void—no, He placed the entire trial within the void, and then hid another layer.

How could anyone pass a trial like this without outside help?

Was he supposed to rely on Hu Xuan?

Wait... Hu Xuan?

That's right—if it's so difficult to merge with divine essence, how did she manage to steal part of the authority so effortlessly, just by giving birth?

Cheng Shi furrowed his brow and spoke up again:

“I have a teammate...”

Before he could finish, the older Cheng Shi already knew where the question was going.

“The Sage of Life?”

“Yes, exactly. It seems she’s merged part of the divine essence of [Birth].”

“Indeed, she has,” the older Cheng Shi replied wistfully. “She’s a true follower of [Birth], and through sheer luck, she managed to steal back a portion of the authority that the Council of Scholars had planned to take.

But in contrast to a giant like Zangier, she’s far too small. An ant trying to shake a tree—wishful thinking.”

“So she...”

“She’s caught in the tug-of-war over the unconscious divine essence of Zangier. Soon, you may lose another teammate.”

“...”

Hu Xuan might die.

No—perhaps everyone was meant to die.

Because this was a trial designed for death.

In a trial where [Fate] never seeks the end of life, they had encountered a situation where death was the only outcome.

Hah.

Who should be redeemed?

I think I'm the one who needs redemption the most!

If I keep swallowing this crap, I'll cease to exist!

Dear Lord, don't you care!?

Your poor follower is about to be snuffed out!!

"You're sure it wasn't He who sent you back here?" Cheng Shi abruptly asked.

The older Cheng Shi paused for a moment, realizing which He Cheng Shi was referring to. He laughed heartily, but his smile took on a deeper, more enigmatic tone.

He didn't answer.

"Fine... Well, thank you anyway."

"No, you should thank yourself."

Cheng Shi didn't want to waste time trying to solve the older Cheng Shi's riddles anymore. He began organizing his thoughts, preparing for the Fate's Judgment that was soon to come.

In this trial, both Far Dusk Town and the experiment site had one thing in common—there had never been any [Gods].

All there had ever been was humanity, weak and vulnerable, clinging to the [Gods].

The ignorant residents clung to the false gods created to ensure their survival.

The mad scholars clung to the divine essence left behind by the [Gods] in their bid for godhood.

All the gifting rituals were just steps in the experiment!

All the slaughter, merely part of the plan.

And as for the so-called guardianship, it was likely just a delusion.

Because even now, Cheng Shi couldn't be sure whether this mysterious "Divine Envoy"...

Was truly the priest who hid in the shadows to preserve the town, or a staff member from the Alchemical Creations Department, sent in to guide the experiment.

After all, for the alchemists, understanding was as flexible as anything else they worked with.

"The 'Divine Envoy,' the High Priest of Far Dusk Town... Who is he, really?"

Cheng Shi asked the question with a conflicted tone, and the older Cheng Shi responded with an equally complex one.

"I've mastered some memory techniques, and before I pulled you into that pocket of false memories, I took a peek at his.

He...

He isn't originally from Far Dusk Town.

But he's not a scholar of the Tower of Logic either.

Because he arrived in Far Dusk Town when he was still very young.

The scholars... were his parents.

They brought their family into the town under the guise of residents, quietly 'guiding' the townspeople's beliefs.

Don't be too shocked—there are actually a lot of people like them. Most are students from the Alchemical Creations Department.

They devoted everything to their research.

But when the first blood moon rose, his parents died.

He discovered their belongings and research notes and resolutely took over his parents' duties. Because the same blood coursing through his veins—the blood of mad scholars.

But over the years, his feelings toward the town began to change. His memories of Far Dusk Town grew stronger, while those of his parents, his colleagues, and the Tower of Logic grew fainter and more distant.

And so, at some point, his perspective reversed.

He suddenly wanted the town to continue. Even though he knew there was no end, he wanted to keep protecting it.

Because he had lived his entire life here.

That friend of the 'Divine Envoy,' the one you saw in the memories, Shilinji, was also the son of students from the Alchemical Creations Department.

After saying goodbye to his last friend, Glachior used his parents' notes to turn himself into an eternal, unrotting flesh puppet."

"..."

Cheng Shi looked down at the black-robed man at his feet, at Glachior, who was still trapped in his suicidal logic error, unable to break free.

Suddenly, everything made sense. The reason the killer was so obsessed with "suicide."

It was because he was in so much pain. No matter which side he stood on, his existence was nothing but suffering.

He had long wanted to end things, just like his old friend. But no matter what, he couldn't let go of the town where he had been born and spent his entire life.

So he turned himself into a puppet and wrote "no suicide" into his rules.

But his obsession still drove him. And so, all the "blasphemers" ended up committing suicide.

As time passed, this obsession grew heavier and heavier.

So heavy that it had spiraled out of his control.

Now, he was trapped in a loophole in his own rules, squeezing his heart, caught between life and death.

Cheng Shi sighed deeply. Perhaps the "Divine Envoy" was the one most in need of redemption.

“I have one last question. Since the Council of Scholars agreed to fund Zangier’s experiment, why did they kill him?”

“?”

The older Cheng Shi snapped out of his moment of reflection, then snorted and let out a hearty laugh:

“Who told you he’s dead?”

Stop listening to rumors and read more books.”

“...”

Cheng Shi was speechless. Books? I’ve read enough to know all about breeding pig-beast hybrids!

Still, he nodded helplessly, looking to the older Cheng Shi for an answer.

With an amused smile, the older Cheng Shi stomped on the ground, right atop the hand of the corpse, and said:

“He’s right here, isn’t he?”

“!!!???”

Cheng Shi’s eyes widened in shock as he stared at the gigantic corpse before him, its eyes the blazing sun and the bloody moon. He was speechless for a long time.

“He... he...”

“How could a thief steal anything without diving into the game himself?”

But after the first strand of consciousness awakened in [Eternal Sun], all of Zangier's life force was drained.

He's not dead, but not alive either.

The Doomed Hanged Man... Zangier was given a new name, ha..."

"What about the people from the Tower of Logic? Why didn't they..."

Cheng Shi trailed off, suddenly realizing the answer.

Why would they save him?

They could plunder the Stellar Dagger's resources, take over the Alchemical Creations Department's experiments, eliminate Zangier's students, and then...

The Council of Scholars would reclaim full control of the experiment.

The experiment had already begun, the methodology was sound—so what difference did it make if Zangier was involved or not?

"You get it now, don't you? The world is this cruel."

"And they aren't afraid Zangier will succeed in becoming a [God]?"

"Do you know when they decided to abandon Zangier?"

"... When [Eternal Sun] awakened, and it seemed like Zangier had failed."

“Smart!

They were observing. If the experiment could continue, they’d take over smoothly.

But if something went wrong, the person running the experiment would already be dead. Why would [Birth] come looking for trouble?

All quests for truth are sheltered by [Truth].

They never make mistakes—until the day civilization collapses.

This is the Tower of Logic. This is the Council of Scholars.”