

## The Gods 142

Chapter 142: Wait, Where's My Easy Fish-in-a-Barrel Game? Where's My Big Fish-in-a-Barrel Game?

In front of Cheng Shi stood three other men.

Two of them were listening with perked-up ears to Hu Wei's booming voice, while the third had a clearly displeased expression.

His gaze toward the group of three was filled with impatience, and before long, he had enough of Hu Wei's rambling and interrupted him.

"Alright, it's great that you're all happy to reconnect during the trial, but shouldn't we consider the time?"

Instead of chatting, how about we introduce ourselves and start our [Divine Will]?

Let's save some time."

Hu Wei, who had been chatting with Bai Fei, was momentarily stunned by the interruption. He turned his head toward the teammate who had spoken, clearly amused, and asked with a grin:

"Interesting—haven't matched with you before. What's your name?"

The young man with slicked-back hair tied into a small bun snorted softly, confidently and seriously introducing himself.

"Yan Chun, [Chaos], Warrior, 1977."

"?"

The moment he revealed his score, both Hu Wei and Bai Fei's brows furrowed slightly.

Hu Wei's expression darkened, and he turned to the player holding a staff, asking in a low voice:

"And you, brother? What's your score?"

Under Hu Wei's imposing gaze, the player holding the staff grew visibly nervous. Sensing the high-level aura emanating from Hu Wei, he tightened his grip on the staff and forced out a somewhat awkward smile.

"Li Ziran, [Life]..."

"Bro, just give us the score, quickly."

Li Ziran froze for a moment before gripping his staff even tighter, clearly feeling more on edge.

"1469, I'm at 1469 on the ladder."

After seeing Hu Wei's frown deepen, Li Ziran hesitated for a moment but eventually mustered up the courage to finish introducing himself, "I'm a priest, a [Life] priest."

1400?

Now Hu Wei's expression turned even darker.

An intangible pressure seemed to radiate from him as he turned to the last player. Without hesitation, that player spit out a number that made Cheng Shi amused and Hu Wei frustrated.

"1721! Big bro, I'm at 1721."

Zhang Ruyu, [Descent], Bard."

Oh ho, the highest at 1900 points? Looks like I'm back to my familiar fish-in-a-barrel game.

Fish-in-a-barrel trials are great—easy to leech off!

Cheng Shi had been thinking about how to report an appropriate score that would align with the big brother, hoping to ride along for another easy win.

But hearing the low scores of the three other teammates, he suddenly realized that reporting a low score wasn't a bad idea at all.

After all, they've already set the stage for him. It wouldn't be strange for his score to dip a little after slacking off, right?

So, when Hu Wei and Bai Fei turned their attention to him, Cheng Shi flashed a sunny, cheerful smile and blurted out:

"Cheng Shi, Cremator, 2401."

?

His back stiffened, and the smile froze on his face.

Hearing Cheng Shi's score, Hu Wei's expression finally lightened up a bit, but not by much.

However, Bai Fei's gaze toward Cheng Shi now carried a hint of scrutiny, as if she was trying to piece together the relationship between Cheng Shi and Hu Wei based on that score.

Cheng Shi was fuming inside, gritting his teeth as he mentally cursed the Fool's Lips, but on the outside, he had no choice but to maintain a composed demeanor, accepting the "admiration" from his teammates.

Yes, admiration.

The moment that score slipped out of his mouth.

Li Ziran's staff fell to the floor, Yan Chun's pupils shrank to pinpoints, and Zhang Ruyu's jaw dropped, unable to close.

"Two thousand four hundred?!"

"No way, bro! You're joking, right?!"

To be honest, Cheng Shi didn't enjoy this kind of admiration.

Too much attention would inevitably lead to a situation where his lies would become difficult to maintain.

But right now, he had no choice but to endure it.

It was... incredibly frustrating.

The Fool's Lips never alters scores for no reason. If it has spoken, there's only one explanation:

That damned mouth wanted to stir up some chaos again!

It knew Cheng Shi hated doing extra work, so it would occasionally make sure he had to put in more effort.

After all, a performance without the clown is only half as entertaining.

But the question was, why did it report such a high score this time?

If the score had only been 100 points higher, it might have just made his teammates wary.

But with a 400-point gap, they'd just cling to him, shouting "carry us!" all the way.

And that position—the one where people are holding on, cheering—was his.

The joy that came from such a massive score difference wasn't even joy anymore. Forget the fact that Cheng Shi didn't actually have 2400 points—even if he did, he was long past the age of enjoying such low-level indulgences.

So after thinking it through, the answer could only lie with the other two.

Could it be that their scores...

Wait!

Yuan Shuai!

They mentioned Yuan Shuai at the beginning. Where is Yuan Shuai?

There's no one here named Yuan Shuai, though?

Cheng Shi was stunned for a second, blinking as a sudden realization struck him.

"....."

Crap, you mean Marshal!?

Huh?

If he wasn't mistaken, wasn't [War]'s Chosen One known as the Grand Marshal?

And Hu Wei just so happened to be His follower!

Cheng Shi's pupils shrank as he was shocked by his own thoughts. He immediately turned to look at Hu Wei, who, after a moment of contemplation, wore a somewhat frustrated expression and said in a low voice:

"Bro, you really have been slacking off.

No wonder I haven't matched with you in so long.

This round... something's off.

Hu Wei, Warrior of the Frontlines, 2632."

?

Two thousand six hundred!?

Before anyone could even process what they'd just heard, the cool-faced Bai Fei spoke up, equally coolly announcing her own score.

"Bai Fei, Endwalker, 2615."

??

Hold up, did I just hear that right?

2600 points?

Not just one—two of them?

Cheng Shi's eyes widened as he looked at Hu Wei, who now seemed both familiar and foreign. That score was somehow both shocking and... fitting.

He really did deserve the title of "Grand Marshal," given his impressive leadership skills.

But still...

Come on, bro, sis—you're both just a bit too over the top...

Huh?

Cheng Shi's brain felt like it was about to explode.

Wait, where's my easy fish-in-a-barrel game?

Where's my simple, laid-back trial?

Am I the fish here?

Alright, fine, fine!

His gaze turned to Bai Fei again, and upon closer inspection, he noticed that she somehow seemed even cooler than before.

Her aura had grown even sharper.

If Bai Fei had been an ordinary iceberg from the Arctic earlier, now she was a piece of cold jade, hidden beneath glaciers.

Cold, yet precious.

Was I just seeing things? Maybe.

Perhaps high scores really do have a way of dazzling people.

Getting matched into a high-level trial was usually a good thing—it meant he might be able to just ride along for an easy win.

But if the scores were too high, that wasn't necessarily a good thing anymore.

Cheng Shi thought to himself, I only prayed to watch a "movie," so how did I end up in the same trial as these two?

The rules for Wishing Trials, unlike special trials, meant that players matched into the same trial weren't entirely unrelated.

At the very least, the things they prayed for would somehow be fulfilled in this trial.

Whether they found what they sought directly in the trial or received it as a reward afterward, it didn't matter. The things they prayed for would be somewhat connected.

Thinking back to his own prayer, perhaps "witnessing fate" was an ambiguous enough wish with a fluctuating difficulty—he could accept that explanation.

But what about the other three teammates?

Cheng Shi's gaze swept over them, especially lingering on the [Life] follower with the 1400-point score. He couldn't hide the confusion in his eyes.

He just couldn't fathom what Li Ziran had prayed for that would match him with someone like Hu Wei.

They were almost 1200 points apart—nearly double the difference.

And it wasn't just Cheng Shi who was confused—Li Ziran was also reflecting on his situation.

He had only prayed for a bottle of "Prosperity of Yesteryear" to save his sister. How on earth did he get matched with two players with 2600+ points?

This was a disaster. Not only was he failing to save his sister, but at this rate, he'd probably end up getting himself killed in the process.

Can I even survive in a trial of this caliber?

Just one glance might kill me!

His gaze toward the high-ranking players was filled with fear, and the hand holding his staff had turned white from gripping it too hard. His feet shifted, subtly taking a step back, clearly showing his desire to flee.

But his clumsy movements were impossible to hide, and to Cheng Shi and the others, it looked almost as if he were holding a megaphone shouting, "Don't come near me! I'm quitting!"

An eerie tension slowly spread through the alley.

Just as silence was about to descend again, Hu Wei finally spoke up.

“No need to panic, folks. I don’t eat people.”