

The Gods 145

Chapter 145: You're Not a Cremator, Who Are You?

“.....”

“.....”

Cheng Shi and Yan Chun were both dumbfounded.

They exchanged glances, their eyes filled with confusion.

Never mind dealing with the void rift—just the height alone, the neck-breaking elevation above them, how were they supposed to follow?

Cheng Shi glanced toward Yan Chun's hands, his meaning clear.

Hey, bro, how about conjuring up some walls for us?

Build a staircase or something so we can climb up there.

But Yan Chun, clearly too proud to use his ability for such a humiliating task, stood there with a dark face, refusing to move or speak.

In the end, it was Bai Fei who sighed at their inaction. Grabbing both of them by the collars, she effortlessly tossed them up into the void.

“.....”

Cheng Shi didn't feel embarrassed at all—especially when he saw the [Folly] warrior's face turn beet red with shame. Instead of feeling awkward, Cheng Shi found the whole situation hilariously amusing.

I mean, come on, isn't it normal for a healer like me to not be able to jump that high?

But a warrior, unable to make the jump...

Tsk, not very impressive.

The two of them were flung toward the void rift, where Hu Wei laughed loudly and caught them with his hands, which were engulfed in flames, pushing them into the void. He then shouted down to the two who remained in the alley:

“Disguise yourselves as civilians and blend in. Lay low until the trial ends if you want to keep your lives.”

After that, he gently pushed Bai Fei, who had leaped up behind him, into the void.

Meanwhile, the city’s warning signals had gone off, and knights of the city guard were pouring in from all directions.

Rows upon rows of raised lances reflected the sunlight, forming a blinding sea of light that sent shivers down the spines of anyone who saw it.

The sight alone was terrifying.

Li Ziran wasted no time. He grabbed his staff and bolted toward the exit.

Zhang Ruyu, watching Hu Wei hang in the sky, bit his lip, as if contemplating whether or not to follow. But Hu Wei’s gaze never turned toward him, and when his desire for attention went unmet, he gritted his teeth and chased after Li Ziran.

After all, that 1400-point priest still had over a dozen bottles of Prosperity of Yesteryear.

That was a small fortune.

However, just as Zhang Ruyu took a few steps in Li Ziran's direction, a sharp blade whistled through the air, slicing past his neck and embedding itself in the ground next to his feet.

Zhang Ruyu felt a stinging pain on his neck, his pupils shrinking in fear.

The blade had been just an inch away from severing his throat.

There was no doubt—this was a warning from Hu Wei.

The Grand Marshal's gifts were not to be coveted by others.

However, Zhang Ruyu's desire had nothing to do with the Prosperity of Yesteryear.

As he stared at the blade, still embedded in the ground and smeared with his own blood, his breathing quickened. In less than two seconds, he collapsed to the ground, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he gasped for air.

His lips curled up in satisfaction, and his eyes glazed over with ecstasy.

Clearly, he had reached his limit of pleasure.

“.....”

Hu Wei, still hanging in the sky, turned completely black with rage.

Heh, after all my calculations, out of everything, I ended up being outplayed by a 1700-point Siren!

He never wanted those bottles of life-saving potions—what he wanted was that blade!

Pain and fear were pleasures to him.

“Damn, you’ve got guts!”

Hu Wei laughed in anger, but he no longer bothered with the writhing Zhang Ruyu and instead turned his attention to the approaching city guards.

The fate of that particular teammate was no longer important—what mattered now was the growing army of soldiers below. To most, it would be a terrifying sight, but to him...

Who could say?

Hu Wei seemed entirely unfazed by the encroaching army. Staring down at the sea of armor and spear tips shuffling in unison, he burst into laughter.

“A humble soldier of [War] just passing through. No need to see me off. Perhaps we’ll meet again!”

With that, he turned and disappeared into the void.

...

The void.

Once again, the void.

Staring into the endless darkness that stretched before him, Cheng Shi couldn’t help but click his tongue in frustration.

Even though he was a follower of [Void], his trips home were becoming far too frequent.

But this time, it was even more ridiculous than usual.

This time, it was a player who had opened the door to the void.

Cheng Shi had never imagined that what most players would avoid at all costs—void rifts—were no different from regular doorways to Hu Wei.

Though Hu Wei's hands, still burning with flames, were now bulging with veins and trembling slightly, it didn't change the fact that this former number one on the Ladder of Ascent had the power to conquer the void rifts.

Big bro really is something!

But what exactly is he trying to do?

Cheng Shi was more confused than ever, and it seemed that no one could answer his question except Hu Wei.

Well, maybe there was one other person who could.

Taking advantage of the moment while Hu Wei was resting, Cheng Shi quietly approached the other top-tier player in their group.

The cold-faced, aloof Bai Fei.

He shot a glance at Yan Chun, then slowly crept behind Bai Fei, positioning himself so that her shoulder would block his mouth from the others' view. He whispered:

"Sister Fei, where exactly are we going?"

Bai Fei noticed Cheng Shi's subtle movements. Her face remained as cold as ever, but she glanced at him and spoke:

“You’re not a Cremator. Who are you?”

“.....”

Cheng Shi kept his head lowered, his expression unchanged, quickly following up on her accusation.

“Oh, come on, Sister Fei, that’s just a joke. I—”

Before Cheng Shi could finish the sentence, Bai Fei extended her hand and pointed to a spot in the void. A surge of [Oblivion]’s power flowed out from her, seeping into the void, but moments later, the void spat it right back out.

“[Oblivion] is not the god of the void. Our relationship with the void is far from harmonious.

You’re not hiding your aura well. The void likes you.

I don’t know why the Marshal hasn’t exposed you, but trying to deceive me with faith won’t work.”

“.....”

Can we even play this game anymore?

Seriously, is this fun for you?

Cheng Shi was mentally exhausted. But he pushed through and forced himself to finish his thought.

“Sister, there’s no need for this. I really am a Cremator. That was my job before the [Faith Game] descended.

I worked at a crematorium, tending to the furnaces. You can call me a Cremator—it's not entirely wrong."

"?"

Bai Fei had never seen a high-score player with a face as thick as Cheng Shi's. Even after being exposed, he was still brazen enough to double down on his bluff.

Without a word, she shot him a disdainful look and turned her head away.

Her stance was clear—until Cheng Shi came clean, she had no intention of engaging with him.

And perhaps ignoring him was the kindest response she could offer. After all, she was only doing it out of respect for Hu Wei.

If it were anyone else, this lying clown would've been tossed into some unknown dimension by now.

Cheng Shi could tell—this woman genuinely wanted to kill him.

Actually, no—it wasn't about killing. She seemed to be struggling to suppress an overwhelming desire to destroy everything around her.

That much had been clear from the arrow she had fired back in the city.

She could have easily controlled the explosion to a smaller area, but instead, she'd obliterated half the alley.

Tsk tsk tsk, definite violent tendencies—best to keep a distance.

But I still want to try.

After some thought, Cheng Shi decided to come clean with everyone.

This scene was all too familiar.

A “truth-telling” session in the void.

“Alright, fine. We’re already here, so I won’t keep hiding the truth.

I’m a clown, a follower of [Deceit].”

The moment he said that, Yan Chun—who had been a few meters away—somehow crept closer without anyone noticing. The second he heard Cheng Shi’s confession, he let out a mocking snort and cast a knowing glance at Cheng Shi’s chest pocket.

That sneer was so sharp in the silent void that Bai Fei’s gaze instantly followed Yan Chun’s, now also staring at Cheng Shi’s chest.

Cheng Shi’s expression didn’t change as he smiled and subtly began stepping backward.

But before he could retreat, a large hand suddenly reached out from behind and grabbed the item in his chest pocket...

The Dice of Fate.

Cheng Shi’s expression finally shifted.

Hu Wei, now holding the dice, looked at it in surprise, a mix of laughter and disbelief on his face.

“Brother, that’s not cool. You’re one of [Fate]’s followers, just like the blind man?”

So, back when you were pretending to be a Cremator, you were actually weaving another's fate into your own?

I knew you were a sneaky one, but wow—you even fooled me.”

Having his identity exposed, Cheng Shi's face flashed with embarrassment, but soon after, he let out a sigh of relief, as though a heavy burden had been lifted.

“Sigh, what can I do? More identities, more lives. I was just trying to survive.

I never meant to trick you, Brother Hu.

Let me reintroduce myself: Cheng Shi, Weaver of Fate, 2401.”