

The Gods 146

Chapter 146: Damn Your Stupid Game, Can't Catch a Break

Weaver of Fate, a priest of [Fate], a walker of [Void].

Now it all made sense.

Why Cheng Shi's aura seemed favored by the void—because he was, in fact, a walker of [Void].

At least, that part was undeniably true.

A flicker of realization passed through Bai Fei's eyes, and without saying a word, she began walking in a certain direction, like a scout gazing out before battle. She slipped into her role seamlessly, scouting for a path.

She had no reason to talk to Cheng Shi and Yan Chun. If she had to speak with anyone, it would only be with Grand Marshal Hu Wei. She came for cooperation, not to play the role of a caring sister.

Hu Wei didn't restrict Bai Fei's actions. He knew that the two of them shared a common goal, so he let her be.

As for Yan Chun, he didn't revel in the fact that he had exposed a 2400-point player's true identity. Instead, he cautiously stepped back, not wanting to provoke any conflict with Cheng Shi.

Cheng Shi noticed all this, smiled, but said nothing.

None of us are good people here. Come on, let's all lie together!

Hu Wei, with a meaningful look, handed the dice back to Cheng Shi. Noticing the confusion in both Cheng Shi and Yan Chun's eyes, he laughed and patted Cheng Shi on the shoulder, offering some explanation.

"Brother, I get you—everyone wears many hats.

But I recognize you as a person, not as some Cremator.

Now, I know you have questions, and it's not that I've been keeping things from you. But until I find what we're searching for, I don't even know exactly what's out there.

Only when we find it can we begin to understand what it truly is.

But I can give you a hint. What we're looking for comes from the prophecy of a [Fate] follower."

As he said this, Hu Wei turned to Cheng Shi and continued.

"She shares the same faith as you. She's a blind prophet—we like to call her 'the Blind One.'

She pointed us in a certain direction, and so we want to see what lies at the end of that path."

Cheng Shi was puzzled and asked:

"A direction? What direction?"

I've heard recently that many [Chosen Ones] are deliberately lowering their scores. Hu Wei, when you say 'we,' you don't mean...

All the [Chosen Ones], right?"

Hu Wei nodded with a smile.

"That's right. Everyone's aware of the prophecy. As for how they learned about it..."

It was actually someone from your own [Void]...

Ah, forget it. You probably don't know her, not at your score level—it's bad luck to even mention her.

Anyway, everyone believes that the Blind One's prophecy is real this time, so here we are."

Someone from [Void] too?

[Deceit]?

Cheng Shi furrowed his brows, thinking.

If Hu Wei was talking about [Fate], there wouldn't be any need to say it like this.

Does that mean a follower of [Deceit] told all the [Chosen Ones] about this prophecy from a [Fate] follower?

Who would casually spread such a high-stakes prophecy that even the [Chosen Ones] care about?

That's just... crazy...

Wait a minute!

Speaking of crazy... could it be her?

Zhen Xin!?

The name suddenly popped into Cheng Shi's mind, along with the image of that cackling maniac, Shaman.

Ugh—just my luck!

He immediately shook his head, trying to banish the deranged woman from his thoughts. But then he remembered that Hu Wei had also mentioned it being “bad luck.”

Crap, it really could be her, couldn't it?

“But what does this have to do with lowering scores?” Cheng Shi's face twisted in a strange expression as Yan Chun, unable to contain his curiosity, asked the question that had been on Cheng Shi's mind.

Yan Chun hadn't wanted to ask such a straightforward question, but his curiosity had gotten the better of him, causing him to forget the supposed “superiority” of a [Folly] follower.

Cheng Shi kept quiet, opting to listen.

Hu Wei seemed to have anticipated the question and explained without hesitation:

“Because the [Chosen Ones] are unseen.

The Blind One said that the thing we're looking for is hidden somewhere not far from us. After considering it carefully, we came to the conclusion that 'not far' refers to score.

So, we believe the prophecy will be fulfilled in one of the lower-score brackets. That's why we've come down.”

So that's it!

So, the [Chosen Ones] weren't dropping their scores in search of something tangible—they were chasing after a vague prophecy.

How very [Fate] of them.

To be honest, Cheng Shi wanted to ask Hu Wei: aren't you afraid that this so-called Blind One is just making things up and pulling the wool over your eyes?

After all, it's [Fate] we're talking about... you know how it is.

Plus, even if the Blind One was sincere in her prophecy, how can you be sure that the version Zhen Xin relayed to you was legitimate?

Is she really that kind-hearted?

But these thoughts remained unspoken. Cheng Shi knew better than to say them aloud.

After all, with his current score, he shouldn't even know someone like Zhen Xin.

He didn't want to attract unnecessary attention or create trouble for himself.

Because it was clear to Cheng Shi that Hu Wei hadn't been so open and honest just to clear up their confusion.

There was no reason for him to do that.

The only reason he had done so was likely the same reason Cheng Shi had acted sincerely in the last trial—Hu Wei was trying to use sincerity to get sincerity in return. He was fishing for something that would help him confirm his own suspicions.

After all, if the prophecy was real and the [Chosen Ones]' deduction was correct, then the “not far” place referred to could be right around the 2400-point bracket—exactly where Cheng Shi had falsely claimed to be!

No wonder Hu Wei had been looking at Cheng Shi with such expectation!

He probably thought the clue he was searching for was with Cheng Shi!

And now it made sense why he had chosen to bring along Yan Chun. It wasn't just a matter of convenience—Hu Wei likely thought there was a chance Yan Chun might also hold a piece of the puzzle.

But in his mind, a 1900-point Yan Chun clearly couldn't be as close to the answer as Cheng Shi, with his supposed 2400 points!

Realizing this, Cheng Shi felt a wave of unease.

This trial had just become a lot more troublesome—he was now being closely watched by a high-ranking player.

What exactly was this prophecy?

If it really was something Zhen Xin had spread...

Cheng Shi began to recall everything Zhen Xin had done in the previous trial, but nothing came to mind.

Her actions had been...

Well, not "normal," but at least they didn't seem like she had any ulterior motives.

Especially since she lost that trial, and she didn't show any hostility toward Hu Xuan, who had won.

So, whatever the prophecy was pointing to, it couldn't be related to any [Divinity], at least not the [Birth] Divinity.

Sigh, there's still too much missing information.

Cheng Shi sighed internally, no closer to understanding what was going on.

Yan Chun was in the same boat. He, too, had realized Hu Wei's intentions and had been trying to piece together everything he knew.

But his lower score limited his perspective, and after a long while of thinking, he came up with nothing.

Perhaps he really had just been picked up along the way.

Hu Wei, for his part, didn't rush them or interrupt their thoughts. On the surface, he seemed to be resting, but in reality, his gaze never left the two of them.

A commander never underestimates their opponents. Hu Wei wasn't about to dismiss the information these lower-ranked players might hold. The bait had been laid, and now he waited to see how the "prey" would respond.

Cheng Shi was doing the same. His peripheral vision was constantly monitoring the other two—no, three people. He even kept part of his attention on Bai Fei, who had ventured off in the distance.

This level of hyper-awareness kept his mind on high alert, his nerves constantly tense.

He had to maintain an open, cooperative façade while carefully avoiding the traps Hu Wei had set, all while trying not to become the hunted.

It was exhausting—mentally draining.

Cheng Shi kept his usual smile plastered on his face, but inside, he was cursing.

Damn this stupid game—can't catch a break.

