

The Gods 152

Chapter 152: Failed Escape

The [Folly] follower was utterly overwhelmed, while the [Oblivion] follower, Bai Fei, showed no surprise at Hu Wei's revelations.

Of course.

For anyone who had reached 2600 points, they likely already had some understanding of the gods. Perhaps the signs had been there all along, and Hu Wei's "truth" merely helped her connect the dots.

She lowered her gaze in thought, as if realizing something, but didn't let anyone else see her expression.

As for Cheng Shi...

He believed it. Or rather, he pretended to.

Because once he learned that Hu Wei wielded the power of [Chaos], Cheng Shi no longer trusted a single word that came out of the [War] follower's mouth—not even past statements or punctuation marks.

The Master of Deception talent could expose lies, but the power of [Chaos] was no lie.

Just like the [Chaos] bard Huang Bo in an earlier trial—he had stolen a teammate's identity, yet Cheng Shi had been unable to determine whether anything he said was true or false.

Now, Hu Wei might possess similar abilities.

So why was this [Chosen One] of [War], this Grand Marshal, sharing such "secret" information with two relatively insignificant players?

For someone like Bai Fei, who was bound to discover these truths eventually, Hu Wei could justify it as a way of winning her over.

But what about him and Yan Chun?

The difference in their rankings was too vast.

Even if Cheng Shi really was 2400 points, that still left a notable gap between him and those at 2600.

No one shares information for no reason. And if someone does, they wouldn't be a [Chosen One].

After all, those who are too generous with their knowledge tend to have lower scores.

Or, to be blunt, their "game lifespan" tends to be short.

This is the harsh reality—the [Faith Game] does not reward sincerity.

With a solemn expression, Cheng Shi gazed down at his feet, putting on a convincing display of being deeply shaken by Hu Wei's words.

But in his mind, he wasn't thinking about what Hu Wei had said at all. Instead, his thoughts were consumed by someone else.

An old enemy.

A trickster from the future:

Su Yida!

When Su Yida had returned, the power of [Time] flowed from his fingertips, far more potent than the borrowed strength of [Memory].

Cheng Shi had long wondered where Su Yida's power came from. Now, as he reflected on Hu Wei's words, he began to think that maybe the Grand Marshal was telling the truth.

At some point in the future, had the gods rewritten the game's rules, doing away with the requirement for players to follow a single faith?

Had the power of faith truly fused?

But aside from Su Yida, there was another person on Cheng Shi's mind.

It was this other person who made Cheng Shi hesitant to trust Hu Wei's story entirely.

That person was none other than the [Order] heretic who had mixed other faiths into his own, the whistleblower of [Chaos], Chernosly!

It was Chernosly who had once confided in Cheng Shi about how his fusion of different faiths had drawn the attention of [Chaos]. And so, Cheng Shi found himself weighing Hu Wei's words, uncertain whether they were true.

Was the Grand Marshal sowing chaos to gain further favor from [Chaos], or was he genuinely sharing information in the hope of receiving something of equal value from the three of them?

The more Cheng Shi thought about it, the more he leaned toward the former.

This wasn't conspiracy thinking—it was simply that Hu Wei didn't strike him as the type of person who traded sincerity for sincerity.

Sure, Hu Wei was generous, but the force behind his generosity was hard to ignore.

If you didn't mind being manipulated, Hu Wei might be a good "partner." He certainly wasn't stingy with his allies.

But if you hated being used, cooperating with someone like Hu Wei would be like eating dirt.

Cheng Shi was definitely the latter. He could stomach some dirt, but he couldn't tolerate someone imposing their will on him.

With one exception.

Suddenly, the atmosphere grew tense.

The flames behind them still roared, and the sound of mechanical Assault Mechs scraping the ground could still be heard beyond the fire wall.

Hu Wei's "sincere" gaze swept over everyone, and he shook his head with a wry smile.

"Understanding yourself and walking the path before you is what matters. Don't chase a future you can't see.

Time is short—we should move."

But after all that had happened, none of the three, including Cheng Shi, was willing to step through the small door Hu Wei had opened with the power of [Chaos].

"Hahaha, since none of you want to go first, I'll go."

"Remember my words—I only strike my enemies."

With that, the Grand Marshal strode boldly through the door.

Yan Chun hesitated for a moment, but in the end, his desire to witness a Void Experiment from the Tower of Logic outweighed his doubt. With his lance held high and a look of deep seriousness, he followed Hu Wei through the door.

Cheng Shi didn't move. He even wondered if he could just make a run for it.

After all, the one who had roped them into this was already gone. Technically, at this point, he was just a free agent.

Well, not entirely free.

There was still the ice-cold beauty standing beside him.

Cheng Shi quickly adjusted his expression and turned to Bai Fei, only to find her watching him intently. Smiling gently, he extended his hand like a gentleman and said:

“Ladies first.”

Bai Fei remained expressionless, as cold and unmoved as when they had first met.

She was an iceberg, through and through.

Seeing that she had no intention of moving first, Cheng Shi's eyes darted around before he tried another approach:

“Wanna add me on WeChat?”

The moment those words left his mouth, the icy woman shot him a sideways glance, said nothing, and promptly stepped through the door.

As soon as she disappeared from sight, a grin spread across Cheng Shi's face, and without a second thought, he bolted in the opposite direction—away from the High Wall of Truth.

Goodbye, Void Experiment Grounds!

If this keeps up, I'm going to end up as one of the lab rats.

See you later, folks—I'm finding my own way home. You guys enjoy yourselves.

But just as Cheng Shi reached the fire wall Hu Wei had conjured earlier, the once-raging flames suddenly extinguished.

With the barrier gone, the Assault Mechs that had survived the fire immediately spotted the "intruder" once again.

Even though the original four intruders were now reduced to one, the mechs wasted no time in surrounding him.

"...Damn it. I knew it!"

Cheng Shi's face darkened as he turned and sprinted back.

This was Hu Wei's version of generosity!

This was Hu Wei's "I only strike my enemies."

Sure, technically, Hu Wei hadn't lied. But he had still managed to force every choice in his favor.

With the Assault Mechs' spears closing in, Cheng Shi glanced at his ring.

Three charges!

Even with three Screaming Mouths ready to go, there was no way he could escape. If he kept running, he'd never find a way home—he'd probably end up on a one-way trip straight to a divine audience.

Sigh, what a mess.

Whether I stretch my neck or pull it back, the blade's going to fall either way. So I might as well step into the danger.

Who knows? Maybe I won't die after all.

With that thought, Cheng Shi let out a deep sigh and dashed through the door.

Once all four players had entered, the small opening in the High Wall of Truth vanished with a thunderous sound, and the wall returned to its previous, unbroken state.

Golden light once again flowed along its surface, radiating a holy and untouchable aura.

The Assault Mechs, having lost sight of their target once more, slowly stood up, repairing themselves as they trudged back to their posts.

The void fell silent once again, leaving only the glow of "Truth" to illuminate the surroundings.