

The Gods 154

Chapter 154: Class Dismissed! Free Time

There was a deep sense of lament in Hu Wei's voice as he recounted the history, and indeed, the tale was nothing short of awe-inspiring.

But the three listeners had their minds fixated on a single question:

The World Tree bore fruit?

And where did that fruit go?

Whenever it came time to ask questions, it was always the class representative's job to step up.

Neither Cheng Shi nor Bai Fei said a word, though both of their glances naturally drifted toward Yan Chun.

As expected, the Vertical Wall Knight didn't disappoint, firing off a series of questions:

"So the [Twilight Church] just took the fruit?

Who took it?

And what did they do with it?"

Hu Wei chuckled, shaking his head as if amused by the group's curiosity.

"Chaos is chaos precisely because it defies all order.

The history of the surface of the Land of Hope is like a sprawling, intricate tapestry, with countless 'painters' adding their touches, creating a grand epic across the ages.

But the history of the underground is not like that.

It is fragmented, scattered, and devoid of connection.

The puppets of [Corruption] indulge in depravity, the zealots of [Decay] rot away in their singular pursuit, and the followers of [Oblivion] destroy far more than they create.

In the end, there is hardly any 'history' to speak of in [Descent].

Followers of [Chaos] never record anything, [Folly] scholars never share, and [Silence] seekers never express.

Under [Chaos], there is no 'history' to reference.

Thus, no one will ever know which [Chaos] follower took the fruit during that brutal battle that erased Gasmira from the surface of the world.

And no one will ever know the true, mysterious purpose of that fruit.

Not even the [Twilight Church] itself.

Because what they spread is chaos, and what they worship is disorder!

His followers are like locusts, sweeping through and leaving nothing behind. They never look back to see the traces of their actions, believing that even reflecting on the past is a form of order. And order...

Is a blasphemy to Him.

So, this experiment that lasted for centuries ended in failure just before it could yield its most brilliant result.

And there's not even a record of that failure.

Generations of scholars worked tirelessly, only to have all their efforts end in a city consumed by flames and deaths full of regret.

Perhaps this is simply...

Fate!"

As Hu Wei finished his lengthy explanation, the sound of history's relentless march echoed in Cheng Shi's mind.

But there was one term Hu Wei repeatedly mentioned that caught Cheng Shi's full attention:

The [Twilight Church]!

This was a large, subterranean faction spreading the will of [Chaos].

It was referred to as "large" only because of its numerous followers. By the end of the Age of Civilization, their presence could even be found on the surface.

But in truth, they weren't a centralized power or an organized authority.

They were simply a group of individuals who believed they had been chosen by [Chaos], guided by a rumored [Herald]—a subordinate god who rallied all the faithful to enact the "will of Chaos."

The [Twilight Church] had no rulers, no hierarchy. They gathered spontaneously to spread chaos and then scattered like wildfire, igniting rebellion in every corner.

Because [Chaos] itself is disorder, and order is unnecessary.

So, you could say that all of His followers are the [Twilight Church], or you could say that every single one of them is the [Twilight Church].

They destroy all order and cast aside all rules. By the end of the Age of Civilization, they had launched a counterattack on the surface in a bid to tear down the “twilight” of [Order].

And it was from this “twilight” that they took their name.

Cheng Shi had known little about the [Twilight Church].

But after learning that he might be the [Herald] of [Chaos], he had spent some time roughly familiarizing himself with the chaotic organization through books he had found in previous trials.

His opinion of these insane troublemakers came down to four words:

Stay far away!

This has nothing to do with me!

First of all, their madness wasn't something he was encouraging.

Secondly, my name is Cheng Shi—a simple and honest trickster, not some [Herald of Chaos].

Cheng Shi's disdain must have shown on his face for a brief moment, just long enough for Hu Wei to catch it. The Grand Marshal turned to him with a knowing smile.

“As a follower of [Fate], I'm sure you must have unique insights into destiny. Care to share a few words, brother?”

Me?

Cheng Shi froze for a second, his expression stiff as he pressed his lips together.

He did have plenty of insights, but if he were to sum it all up, it would come down to six words:

It's all _____.

He couldn't say that out loud, though. He was currently trying to reconcile with [Fate], and dropping a bomb like that now would only make things worse.

So Cheng Shi hesitated for a moment before offering a vague, diplomatic response:

"People often blame misfortune on fate, unaware that, before fate's final judgement, they have already written their own story.

My... ahem, my Patron simply answers their calls, labeling these stories as 'fate.' But remember:

It's not fate that drives everything—it's everything that shapes fate."

With that, Cheng Shi fell silent, adopting an air of mystery.

But inside, he felt utterly uncomfortable.

It was... painful.

Really, really painful.

Telling blatant lies was almost worse than eating dirt.

But just as he was wallowing in his own self-disgust, the dice in his chest pocket gave an unexpected jolt.

The sensation echoed like a heartbeat, causing Cheng Shi to flinch.

!!!

Crap!

His back stiffened, and he stood frozen in place, not daring to move an inch.

The other three didn't notice Cheng Shi's sudden change, as they were busy mulling over his remarks about "fate."

To be fair, at any rank, it was rare for [Fate] followers to openly share their insights.

First, even His followers didn't dare claim they fully understood [Fate].

Second, those chosen by [Fate] often used "mystery" as a protective veil, as if without that layer of enigma, they would be left vulnerable.

So, no matter how you looked at it, hearing anything remotely insightful from a follower of [Fate] was a rare and intriguing experience.

Hu Wei pondered for a moment before bursting into laughter.

"Not bad, not bad.

Indeed, you truly are a follower of His. Your words are quite different from what I've heard before—definitely worth reflecting on.

Cheng Shi, I knew my judgment of you was right!

Alright, folks, today's trial ends here.

We've come this far, but our timing is unfortunate. We didn't witness the grand moment when the 'Whispering Tree Seed' was planted, nor did we see the fiery end that consumed the World Tree.

Still, making it to the Void Experimental Grounds of Gasmira is a reward in itself.

We have two and a half days left in the trial.

Before we leave, you're free to move around, gather whatever information you want, and collect any intel you need.

But please remember one thing:

For now, the four of us are united. If any one of us disturbs the current peace, we'll all be in serious trouble.

So, be efficient, be discreet, and don't cause any major disturbances.

Hahaha, no need to look so stiff—every history lesson has to end at some point. Now it's time for free exploration.”

With that, Hu Wei stopped paying attention to the other three and dissolved into a wisp of smoke, disappearing on the spot.

Cheng Shi's gaze sharpened as he watched.

The lingering aura of [Chaos] told him that Hu Wei hadn't truly left. Instead, he had used the power of [Chaos] to alter their perception, making them believe he had left.

The reason for this? Clearly, he wanted to separate from the group to handle something in secret.

As for what that something was, no one could guess.

Bai Fei scanned the surroundings, furrowing her brows for a moment before turning and walking away.

The "students" who had been so immersed in the tides of history just moments before were now reduced to only Cheng Shi and Yan Chun.

They exchanged disdainful looks, both snickering before turning their backs and walking in opposite directions.

I've got nothing to say to an idiot (lunatic).

That was what both of them were thinking.