

## **The Gods 186**

Chapter 186: The "Fireworks" That Will Be Remembered Forever

Reality, Gasmira Central Academy, Experimental Site No. 69.

As Cheng Shi stepped onto the land of Gasmira, the vast canopy of the World Tree, which seemed to blot out the sky, immediately caught his attention.

What a vibrant, robust tree, he thought. Who would have guessed that such a "healthy" life form could be infertile?

Sigh... Fate...

Wait!

Fate really is something, isn't it?

Cheng Shi quickly shifted his thoughts and let out a sigh of relief.

Thankfully, the script was reaching its final act, and it wasn't the time for anything to go wrong now.

He found himself at Experimental Site No. 69, the most heavily guarded location in all of Gasmira.

So, when the security knights saw a stranger emerging from the void, they approached with solemn expressions.

"May I ask who you are...?"

Before the knight could finish his sentence, Cheng Shi interrupted.

"I'm Laier, a student of that scholar over there."

The knight frowned and turned around, spotting a scholar with slicked-back hair near the exit. The scholar turned at the sound of the voice, and the moment he saw Cheng Shi, his face froze.

The security knight called out:

“Scholar Feike, this person claims to be—”

“Yes!”

The knight was interrupted again, this time by the scholar, his face pale, nodding vigorously.

“He’s my student. He was also invited here, but he must have forgotten his ID. You can log it—he’s a student of the Department of Mechanical Engineering...”

Cheng Shi quickly chimed in:

“Laier, my name is Laier. Teacher, wait for me!”

With that, he jogged toward the “teacher.”

The security knight smiled and stepped aside, allowing them to pass.

Step by step, under the watchful eyes of the security knights, the two of them left Experimental Site No. 69, a place filled with misfortune and ill fate.

Cheng Shi quickly caught up to the scholar, Scholar Feike, who was in fact Yan Chun. Walking close behind him, Cheng Shi muttered quietly:

“I say, Little Yan, aren’t you sneaky, running off to reality like this?”

Weren't you supposed to witness an experiment? Why'd you run halfway through?"

Cheng Shi gave him a playful look. Indeed, this "Scholar Feike" was none other than Yan Chun. However, Yan Chun's expression was incredibly complicated. He didn't respond to Cheng Shi's question, nor did he try to change the subject; he just kept walking silently, as if he were channeling Bai Fei's cold demeanor.

Seeing Yan Chun like this, Cheng Shi quickly understood.

It seemed the Vertical Wall Knight had overheard something in the experimental site and realized that Cheng Shi was actually Zhen Yi in disguise.

And so, when the alarm bells rang and chaos was about to erupt, he took advantage of the deadlock between the three others and slipped away.

Only, he hadn't expected to run into Cheng Shi again outside.

Judging by his expression and attitude...

Huh? Interesting. Does he know Zhen Yi?

Cheng Shi suddenly recalled the look of fear on Yan Chun's face when he heard the name of [Deceit].

Could it be that the one who had caused him so much trouble in the past was Zhen Yi?

What? What a coincidence!

Am I lucky today or what?

Cheng Shi was stunned for a moment. He reached into his pocket and rolled the dice. When they stopped, he felt them carefully.

A 1. Still a 1.

“.....”

Looks like I was thinking too much.

Cheng Shi chuckled to himself, amused by his own wild ideas.

He drew his hand out of his pocket and patted Yan Chun on the shoulder, just about to ask him, “Why don’t you recognize me?” when Yan Chun suddenly stiffened and, as if spilling beans, blurted out a string of words:

“I already witnessed an experiment. I met the hard requirement to join the History School.

Additionally, I’ve found a sponsor. He’s another player from [Folly], like me, and he’s promised to secure me a recommendation slot.

I’m about to fulfill the task you set for me, but you came too soon. I don’t have any insider information to give you yet.

I didn’t know you were impersonating this person—I thought he was just a regular Weaver of Fate...

Please... I beg you...

Spare me.”

By the time Yan Chun finished speaking, his voice was trembling.

“.....”

Cheng Shi stared at him, stunned, his mind buzzing.

Wait, Zhen Yi, what did you do?

You scared the kid out of his wits...

Was it Zhen Yi who pushed Yan Chun to join the History School?

What was she planning?

To steal classified informations?

Not bad. Quite excellent, actually.

A [Folly] scholar, who typically looked down on everyone, was now groveling before a [Deceit] trickster, looking as miserable as a weakling.

This was too hilarious.

Looking at Yan Chun's pitiful expression, Cheng Shi almost felt bad for him.

"Are you scared?"

"I... no, there's just too much shade here. It's cold. My body is generating heat."

"....."

Classic [Folly].

“Well, since you know it’s me now, why don’t I help you with your fear?”

Yan Chun’s face twisted with confusion, fear flashing in his eyes.

When he looked into Cheng Shi’s mischievous gaze, his expression changed drastically. Instinctively, he spun on his heel and bolted, pulling out his lance as he sprinted, erecting the High Wall of Truth behind him.

Too late.

Fear had already charged the [Death]’s Ring, allowing its attack to bypass the wall and strike Yan Chun directly.

And so...

Boom—

The world lost another down-looking scholar.

“I told you, I, Cheng Shi, never let grudges last overnight.”

Cheng Shi shrugged and stepped forward, ready to loot the body.

But he wasn’t looting; he was delivering something.

He waved his hand over Yanchun’s remains, which quickly transformed into a bouncing skull that eagerly darted into the skeletal gate Cheng Shi had set up.

“Honorable Patron, your payment is on its way. How much you can collect is up to you.”

With a light chuckle, he turned and slipped into a nearby alley before the noise of the explosion could cause any chaos.

...

Meanwhile, "200 Years Later."

Ji Yue had collapsed.

No one knew what had happened.

After she drank the Twin Elixir, a concoction that had never existed in history, she vomited blood and passed out.

This made the already strained battle situation even worse.

Fortunately, Cui Qiushi's Holy Light Wall held strong, buying the group a brief moment of respite. Fang Shiqing used the last of their healing potions, desperately trying to save the team's strongest member.

But that moment of respite was all they had.

As time passed, the moment the Holy Light Wall fell, it would likely mark the deaths of all four of them.

The flame of the Torchbearers was on the verge of being extinguished.

"Do you regret it?"

"Hm?"

Cui Qiushi, focused on withstanding the barrage of attacks, had no time for idle conversation. So the question was directed at Bai Ling.

“Do you regret joining the Torchbearers?”

Bai Ling was taken aback, but then her face blossomed into a radiant smile.

“I only feel that the time spent with you, Sister Qing, has been the happiest time of my life.

I don’t regret it.

Not in the past, not now, and not in the future.”

“Thank you. Thank you for being with us.” Fang Shiqing smiled warmly, her eyes sincere.

Bai Ling’s smile grew even sweeter.

“Thank you. Thank you for inviting me.”

“Sister Qing... I can’t hold on much longer!

Remember, that skeletal warrior! When I fall, use it on me first!

My body is strong—it will amplify the skeleton’s power. That way, you’ll survive!

Sister Qing!

You have to survive!

The spark may fade, but the flame must not die!

For the new world we've dreamed of!

You have to survive!

The shield is... breaking!"

The moment Cui Qiushi finished speaking, the Holy Light Wall shattered.

The cheers and howls that had been echoing through the space suddenly flooded their ears.

"The glory of [Chaos] is upon us!

Brothers and sisters, let us toll the bell for the final remnants of order!!"

"Fictional laws, cosmic jokes!"

"[Chaos] is eternal!"

"Awooooo~~"

The Death's Bell Knights launched another charge toward the highest laboratory, and the Doomsday Brigade surrounding them unleashed the energy they had been accumulating.

The end that the followers of [Chaos] had painted for the Torchbearers seemed inevitable.

But just as Fang Shiqing saw countless spells streaking across the sky, about to strike them, her vision was suddenly filled with ten dim rays of light, shooting outward in every direction at lightning speed.

In an instant, the lights exploded, transforming into terrifying black holes that swallowed everything in their path.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

They had detonated.

The soundless explosion was far more impactful than any audible blast could be.

The firework that had been lying in wait for over two centuries had finally made its grand entrance at the most critical moment. Though it had been slightly delayed, it was still “right on time.”

The annihilation had come so swiftly that the images of their enemies were still burned into everyone’s retinas.

The Death’s Bell Knights had been frozen mid-charge, and the Doomsday Brigade’s bombardment had stopped in midair.

Cui Qiushi stared in confusion at the scene before him, as if everything had “paused” or ceased to exist. He rubbed his ears in disbelief, thinking he had gone deaf.

It wasn’t just him. Even Bai Ling, usually so full of confidence, rubbed her ears in disbelief.

And then she heard a weak voice.

“Silent Arrow...”

She turned in shock to see Ji Yue, pale-faced and lying in Fang Shiqing’s arms, her eyes now open.

“I never thought...”

The Void Matter Theory department had used [Oblivion] to set a trap...

I’ve never read any record of this in the department’s history...

So... that explosion from the void wasn’t caused by the collapse of the Conjugated Whispering Tree after it was consumed...

It was... a trap set by the department... in advance...”

Ji Yue, barely awake, was stunned by the sight before her. She was shocked by the endless mistakes in history, unaware that the “history” before her had already been rewritten by someone whose memory had vanished from her mind.

But one thing to note is that even though history had been rewritten, it was still history! It was the tale upstream in the river of time, a chapter buried deep in memory. No matter how many versions it went through before being heard, when someone finally learned of it, that was when the story would end, and the final chapter would be sealed.

So, you could say history had been changed, or you could say history had never changed at all.

It all depends on how you look back at it. It also depends on whether you were part of the story.

This is the “closed loop” of [Existence], the “fate” of history, all wrapped up in this.

“Ji Yue!?”

Fang Shiqing hurriedly lifted Ji Yue up, her gaze darting between the scene around them and Ji Yue, deeply concerned.

“Did you... succeed?” Fang Shiqing asked, her tone grave.

“Cough... cough... Thank you, thank you for not abandoning me in the darkest moment...”

“We entrusted each other with our lives. We’re... companions!” Fang Shiqing said resolutely.

Ji Yue smiled, her beauty radiating with an otherworldly charm.

“Yes...”

We are companions.

So, my dear companions...

Can you explain to me what this ‘Torchbearing’ business you mentioned is all about?”

“.....”

Fang Shiqing froze, her entire body going rigid.