

The Gods 189

Chapter 189: Everyone Has Secrets

Reality, Unknown Province and City, Some Remote Area.

The full moon hung high, and the stars flickered faintly.

It was deep into the night. On the vast, desolate plains, not a soul was in sight. Only a single campfire cracked and popped in the stillness, adding a slight warmth and life to the inky, cold-night landscape.

Upon closer observation, one could see that there were three people sitting around the fire, though they were seated far apart from each other. Without focused attention, their figures seemed to meld into the darkness.

“Where’s Lin Renyu?”

“Who the hell knows. Probably dead.”

“Or licking that guy’s boots again. Should we wait?”

“Forget waiting. Who cares if he comes or not? Let’s just get this over with. The sooner we’re done, the sooner we can sleep.”

Last round, we ran into the Blind One. She said the prophecy had already been fulfilled. Damn it, we were still a step too late.

“Why is the damn future so hard to find?”

“I’ve told you before. Competing with a liar gets you nowhere.”

But enough about that. [Life] has a newcomer, someone with a lot of momentum. Never seen her before—her name’s Hu Xuan.

No idea where she got her hands on the [Birth] mark, but she hasn't fully walked the path yet, though it seems like she's close.

Next time you see her, go the other way. Don't say I didn't warn you if you end up tripping over her."

"Damn it, when does good fortune ever come my way, huh?"

Hey, Old Hu, why are you so quiet today? Say something."

"The prophecy was fake. Zhen Yi tricked me. What a shitty day."

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"Didn't I tell you?"

A cold wind swept through, dispersing the three figures and snuffing out the campfire. The night returned to its cold and desolate state.

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Unknown, Unknown World.

When Bai Fei opened her eyes, she found herself floating in the air, her vision filled with the ever-collapsing reality around her.

Endless matter crumbled into ash, cascading down like a waterfall into the vast abyss below, only to roll into the unknown void.

Destruction was happening everywhere, endlessly, in a repetitive cycle.

Bai Fei's gaze sharpened at the sight, but then, an exquisite smile bloomed on her face.

[Oblivion]!

Her Patron had summoned her.

Indeed, her offering had been accepted!

He had finally taken notice of her and saved her from [Order]'s judgment.

And this... this was her first time standing before her god!

She couldn't see where He was, but she knew:

[Oblivion] was everywhere!

At this very moment, as someone summoned by Divinity itself, Bai Fei should have expressed her utmost devotion.

But her cold, glacier-like personality made it impossible for her to utter any flattering words "directly."

And so, the silence stretched on...

Until a deep sigh echoed from the heart of the ever-destroying world.

"Sigh..."

Bai Fei felt her body tense as her consciousness was flung out of that realm and back into reality.

Why had He sighed?

That was the last question that crossed her mind before she lost consciousness.

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Reality, Unknown Province and City, Some Laboratory.

A withered hand reached out from the lab bench and picked up a notebook. Then, a plump, trembling hand grabbed a pen and slowly crossed out several names.

Li Zhi.

Zhou Songming.

Wang Weijin.

Yan Chun.

The owner of these hands looked at the list of names and shook his head with a sigh.

“Ah, so difficult. Lately, too many of the samples have died.

Time to replenish the stock with some fresh blood.”

He set the notebook, which was filled with crossed-out names, back on the table and hobbled over to a large transparent container.

With his plump hand, he gently dragged his long, coiled fingernail across his temple, slowly pulling out a muddy ball of light, which he tossed into the container.

The moment the light entered, the human body floating inside the container abruptly opened its eyes.

“You’re awake. Do you remember who you are?”

“I... I am... I...”

“Your name is Yan Chun. You are His warrior.”

“Yan... Chun. I am... His warrior.”

Yan Chun’s dull, lifeless eyes stared blankly at the figure before him—a man who seemed both young and old—and mechanically repeated the words.

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Reality, Unknown Province and City, Some Residence.

The moment Li Ziran opened his eyes, he looked toward the bed in front of him.

Lying on the soft bed was a pale-faced young girl. When she saw her brother had returned, she quickly choked back the tears in her eyes, forcing a brave smile onto her face.

But the damp spot on her pillow did not escape Li Ziran’s notice.

Or rather, the tear stains were so large that they couldn’t be hidden; anyone who saw them could easily guess what had just happened.

In the past, whenever faced with this scene, the 1400-point Li Ziran would have had no choice but to cry along with her.

But today was different.

There wasn't a trace of sadness in his eyes—in fact, his face was filled with a hope he hadn't felt in a long time. He rushed to the bed, grabbed his sister's hand, and shouted with excitement:

"I got it! Ah Jing, I got it!

The Prosperity of Yesteryear!

It's the Prosperity of Yesteryear! You're saved! Ah Jing, you're saved!"

He jumped and cheered, but after just a few cries, he suddenly stopped, his face turning serious as he carefully pulled out...

Two vials of medicine.

Each vial of Prosperity of Yesteryear was only half full. As for where the other half had gone...

The answer was obvious—it had gone into his own body.

To safely bring the medicine back to reality, Li Ziran had spent the past three days acting as an inconspicuous vagrant in this city full of knowledge seekers.

He blended in among the beggars, counting the hours cautiously, and at the last moment, even wounded himself to test the effectiveness and authenticity of the medicine.

He didn't dare harm even a single vagrant, fearing that any more obstacles might arise during the judgment at the end of the trial.

Finally, his efforts paid off. He successfully cleared the trial and brought back over a dozen vials of medicine.

With trembling hands, he carefully poured the medicine into his sister's mouth, watching as the power of [Memory] coursed through her body, and the strength of [Prosperity] spread through her veins.

At that moment, Li Ziran couldn't hold back his tears.

"Ah Jing! You've healed! Ah Jing, you're okay! You're okay!!"

Ah Jing clung tightly to her brother, feeling her limbs move once more as she sobbed uncontrollably.

"Brother! Brother!!"

This poor girl had regained the ability to speak once more.

The two of them embraced and cried for a long time, until Ah Jing, still sniffing, gently grasped her brother's hand and said:

"Brother, this trial must have been so hard...

You suffered so much... for me..."

Hard?

Pretending to be a vagrant was indeed hard—they smelled terrible.

Suffering?

Living off scraps was indeed suffering—the food was always spoiled.

Li Ziran had no idea how to explain his extraordinary luck to his sister. After thinking for a while, he decided to let her figure it out on her own.

He emptied the small stash of Prosperity of Yesteryear onto the bed.

As her brother dumped out over a dozen A-rank vials of medicine onto the bed like a street vendor arranging his wares, Ah Jing was dumbfounded.

Her first thought was that her illness hadn't been cured at all, and that her desperate hope for recovery had made her hallucinate.

"This must be fake, right? You're fooling me, Brother!"

Li Ziran chuckled at her words.

"Forget whether the medicine is fake or not—this thing you just said sounds awfully familiar.

Would you believe me if I told you your brother, despite only having 1400 points, once participated in a high-level game...?"

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Reality, Unknown Province and City, Some Street.

The city's starry sky was far less dazzling than the one in the wilderness. The night, heavy with clouds, seemed even more oppressive as the trials grew tougher.

And with such oppression came the need for release.

Which was why, in the dead of night, long after most players had gone to sleep, the streets echoed with a piercing wail.

The sound was like a cat in heat, shrill and sharp, shattering the peace of the entire neighborhood.

A few minutes later, lights flickered on in the nearby buildings, and shouts and curses quickly followed.

“Goddamn Zhang Ruyu! If you keep making that noise, I swear I’ll kill you!

You really think my gun doesn’t have bullets in it?!”

The furious voice came from a large man on the sixth floor. He flung open his window and shouted for a while, then stormed back inside, retrieved a submachine gun, and fired at the street below.

Ratatatatatatata—

However, the gunfire did nothing to silence the cat-like wail. If anything, it made the shadows in the alley grow even more excited.

“.....”

“.....”

The neighbors had had enough and began to “offer advice.”

“Hey, buddy, just give it up. This happens every night—you’re not gonna stop it.”

“Yo, you screeching cat! Why are you so weak tonight? Losing your edge?”

“Ha! I’ve known for a while that the guy on the sixth floor must like this Siren. Why else would he reward him every night?”

“Screw you and your mother!”

“Yeah, he’s my mom!”

“Screw your mom! Ratatatata—”

“Meow~ Awoo~~”

The night was thick as water, and spring fever was in full bloom.