

The Gods 193

Chapter 193: Chain Reaction

Zhen Yi felt like she had been tricked by the Blind One.

She had managed to ditch everyone with a single truthful statement, but in the end, she still hadn't found the so-called future.

This infuriated her.

But what infuriated her even more was that her sister had also played a trick on her.

She didn't know what memory Zhen Xin had taken from her mind, but it left her with a nagging feeling that she had forgotten something incredibly important.

She wanted to ask the Blind One for help figuring it out, but the Blind One had disappeared too.

They always left her out!

Why?!

I'm clearly so adorable!

Zhen Yi was furious, so she decided to seek out her "friends" to vent about her loneliness.

However, when she matched into a trial filled entirely with her "friends," she found their gazes toward her were not exactly friendly.

"Hey, Baldy, what's with that look?"

Miss me that much?

Don't tell me you've fallen for me?"

"Baldy Uses Conditioner," with her flowing hair, chuckled coldly. Instead of answering, she asked:

"Was the fruit sweet?"

?

Zhen Yi raised an eyebrow.

What fruit?

Sweet what?

What good drama did I miss?

Memory?

Could it be the part of her memory her sister had taken?

Countless thoughts flashed through her mind. Even though she didn't know what Baldy was talking about, she still played along with a cheerful grin.

Because that was Zhen Yi—she would never let anyone figure her out, and she would never let the conversation die.

"Sweet! As sweet as our first encounter."

The moment the words left her lips, a wooden spear covered in long thorns whistled through the air from a distance, embedding itself straight into Zhen Yi's chest.

Caught off guard, Zhen Yi clutched her chest, coughing up blood, and cried pitifully.

“Baldy, don’t you love me anymore?”

“…”

Baldy Uses Conditioner closed her eyes and took several deep breaths, forcing down her irritation.

She brushed off the small hand on her shoulder and turned to another Zhen Yi standing behind her, saying:

“Let me beat her up first. That way, I can go easy on her during the group beatdown later.”

“?”

Zhen Yi’s small eyes were filled with immense confusion, but before she could ask anything, a meteor shower of light rained down from the sky, turning the entire plain she was standing on into scorched earth.

“Damn you, I’ll show you ‘sweet’!”

“Zhen! Don’t run if you have the guts!”

“Lie! Keep lying!”

“Heehee~”

Ignoring her disheveled appearance, Zhen Yi ran, her silver-bell-like laughter echoing behind her.

“Try harder! You’re almost catching me!”

Ha, it’s still more fun with “friends”.

Today...

Was really fun~

...

High above, in the distant void, within the pale Fishbone Palace.

Countless noisy cheers echoed from below the hall, and countless sharp praises drifted through the void.

The giant skull seated on the bone throne had eyes glowing with green light, flickering incessantly since moments ago.

His Lordship seemed quite pleased, and the bone servants of the Fishbone Palace looked equally happy.

The reason for their joy...

Was naturally the new torrent of white bones cascading like a waterfall before the palace.

Yes, in His palace, an external waterfall of bones had appeared.

And all the skulls within this waterfall were offerings from His “employee.”

No, perhaps “offering” wasn’t quite the right word. It was more like repayment for a previous debt, along with the interest.

It was just that the amount of interest was... rather substantial.

The reason for all this wasn't actually complicated.

That employee had sent a bone servant to deliver a message, providing a precise time and void coordinate.

Then, this audacious employee dared to ask his "boss" to personally retrieve the offerings owed.

Such a demand, bordering on blasphemy, was something [Death] would normally ignore.

But when He thought of His employee's Patron, thought of the unreasonable [Deceit] who only knew how to smash things, He reluctantly agreed.

However, when His gaze fell upon that coordinate and that specific time, He realized just how massive a surprise His "always-in-debt" employee had prepared for Him.

He had actually offered the deaths of countless [Chaos] followers as a tribute.

But merely that, even if the number of offerings was vast, wouldn't have made [Death] so delighted.

However, if these offerings were originally meant for [Oblivion], presented by [Oblivion]'s followers, and He had intercepted them...

Thinking about it this way, even if His skull had no flesh, He could barely contain His grin.

The conflict between faiths involved many aspects. Winning even a single exchange, no matter the aspect, was the greatest mockery to the opponent.

The giant skull silently admired the fresh torrent of white bones, thinking again of the “part-time” offerer.

He suddenly felt that bestowing His creation upon this employee seemed...

Not like a losing deal after all.

“Cheng. Shi.

Very. Good!”

...

Cheng Shi finally returned to the familiar rooftop.

When his “lovely” warehouse came into view, he let out a huge sigh of relief and collapsed onto the rooftop floor.

That was tough. No previous trial had been as difficult as this one.

The hardest part wasn’t fighting against history or fate, but against those incredibly powerful teammates with their own hidden agendas.

Low-rank trials focused more on cooperation; with insufficient strength, players could only overcome challenges by working together.

But high-rank trials were different. With enough strength and confidence, everyone quietly pursued their own “path,” and this divergence of goals turned what should have been a relatively simple trial into an exceptionally difficult one.

Cheng Shi mentally reviewed everything from the two trials, trying to find any clue related to compromising with [Fate].

He thought long and hard, but came up empty.

He realized that although “fate” had woven itself through the entire event in a subtle way, it had never compromised with anyone involved.

The Conjugated Whispering Tree bore no fruit, the grand scholar died with regrets, the fruit and petals “disappeared,” and the [Chaos] followers gained nothing.

Almost no one managed to change their direction within the established historical fate.

This suffocating sense of despair made Cheng Shi understand even more clearly what “predetermined” meant.

Could it be... that compromising with Him was fundamentally impossible?

Was this trial His way of telling him that begging a [God] for “forgiveness” was a fool’s errand?

Fate, don’t be too cruel, okay?

Lying on the ground, he looked up at the dazzling sun, wondering if [Fate] “shone” upon everyone in the world just as relentlessly, and perhaps the only way to avoid it was...

To hide in the shadows.

Thinking of this, Cheng Shi raised his hand to shield his eyes.

However, this simple action caused cold sweat to bead instantly on his forehead.

?

Wait!

Where's my shadow?