

## The Gods 195

Chapter 195: Praise the Great... [Fate]!

Cheng Shi's body jolted, and he quickly pulled his hand back.

As his hand retreated, the oppressive aura filled with [Void] energy gradually dissipated, and the Die of Fate flipped back to show the number 6.

“.....”

Cheng Shi wore an awkward expression and offered a polite smile.

He stared at the unfamiliar “6” for a long time, finally letting out a sigh before extending a hand in compromise.

But the direction his hand reached towards...

Was the mask again!

The terrifying pressure that had just vanished surged back, and the die once again flipped to 1!

Seeing the unfavorable turn, Cheng Shi immediately retracted his hand, and the immense pressure that hadn't even fully materialized vanished once more...

But the die remained stuck on 1 for a long time.

Only when... Cheng Shi tentatively took a step towards it did it reluctantly, slowly, flip back to 6.

However, this time, along with the die, the intangible mask also changed.

The illusionary mask seemed to “struggle” and twist a couple of times, then gradually faded away in Cheng Shi's vision, dissolving into the void.

It was gone.

Only a single die remained on the scene.

Cheng Shi stared at this, dumbfounded.

“.....”

Damn, not even pretending anymore, huh?

He was utterly speechless regarding a certain [God], yet also deeply impressed.

To be fair, He truly had immense patience.

Putting himself in His shoes, if he were the [God] watching from above, and some clown repeatedly “teased” him, the clown wouldn’t be met with compromise and forgiveness, but with destruction and wrath.

So, He really was incredibly patient.

But even His patience had its limits. What would happen then?

Was there truly no way out?

Did he really have to become an oathbreaker?

Did his own carefree Patron truly not care at all?

Aren't you going to come save your poor follower?

If such a diligent and capable employee like me gets poached, wouldn't your company's performance drop by half?

Cheng Shi continuously grumbled about his Patron internally, his mind racing. After a while, an absurd thought suddenly popped into his head: Huh?

Lord Patron, don't tell me you want me to be an undercover agent for [Fate]?

Knowing [Deceit]'s nature, it wasn't impossible...

Cheng Shi's expression instantly became incredibly complex.

Alright, alright, since you have no objections, what objections could I possibly have?

Countless thoughts flashed through his mind, and finally, he submitted to this "predetermined" fate.

He had no way out, no choice.

So he resigned himself to "fate."

Cheng Shi straightened his clothes, calmed his heart, regulated his breath, and then, with a solemn expression and composed steps, walked towards the Die of Fate, reaching out his hand towards the predetermined 6.

It seemed like the dust was about to settle.

However, what no one expected was that just as Cheng Shi's hand reached halfway towards the die, this slightly trembling, tense hand suddenly changed direction, veering towards the mask's location for the third time!

Even though the mask was no longer there!

He still reached for it!

Once, twice, but not thrice. After changing his mind three times like this, “someone” finally got angry.

The boundless pressure that had dissipated from the starting point of the Fate Path erupted fully, surging from every corner of the space towards the clown who had dared to toy with Him.

The Die of Fate flipped back to 1 again, the stark number 1 like a cold, raised eyebrow, showcasing His endless fury!

When a [God] is angered, the heavens and earth change color!

Cheng Shi instantly felt a pull from the depths of his soul and the annihilation of his physical form!

Irreversible death seemed imminent, yet Cheng Shi showed no fear. Not only that, he was smiling.

Yes, he was still smiling.

At this moment, facing imminent death, Cheng Shi looked like a madman whose wicked plan had succeeded, laughing wildly, laughing unrestrainedly.

Because in this sliver between life and death, this follower of [Deceit], this annoying clown, this “blasphemous” player, had, with lightning speed, reached out his other hand and snatched the die showing 1 firmly into his grasp!

“.....”

At that very instant, the pressure filling the entire space froze.

This immensely furious “punch” seemed to have suddenly lost its target, hanging suspended in mid-air.

Cheng Shi violently spat out a mouthful of blood due to the terrifying pressure, but he didn’t care. Ignoring his wretched state, his mouth full of blood, he burst into loud laughter:

“Hahaha!

Hahahahaha!

It’s not that I didn’t want to pick up this die, it’s just...

I still prefer it the way it was!”

Saying this, he clenched the die in his hand, raising the side showing 1 high, presenting it before the [God].

“.....”

This was undoubtedly another provocative act of “blasphemy,” yet the one being desecrated remained silent.

The moment Cheng Shi raised the Die of Fate, everything around the starting point of the Fate Path receded like a tide.

Space collapsed, and the void reappeared.

The inky black void reappeared beneath Cheng Shi’s feet, and above his head, pairs of eyes filled with stars and spirals were revealed once more.

Except this time, these incredibly familiar eyes looked strangely unfamiliar.

Because He wasn't smiling, because He was utterly cold.

[Fate]!

He had finally arrived...

Cursing someone behind their back and insulting them to their face were clearly different things. When those eyes opened before Cheng Shi, his body stiffened, and he retracted his hand, forcing an awkward smile as he greeted his "new Patron":

"Praise... the great... uh..."

[Fate]..."

The enormous starry eyes remained cold. Without joy or sorrow, He glanced at Cheng Shi, made no move, and simply let out a cold "hmm."

However, this emotionless "hmm" undoubtedly declared to the outside world: He had acknowledged this "prodigal son returning" follower.

Huh?

Wait!

Cheng Shi was dumbfounded.

He didn't feel the slightest lack of emotion in [Fate]'s hum. In fact, that soft "hmm" sounded like celestial music, like the resonance of the stars!

He... doesn't seem angry?

Cheng Shi blinked, quickly replaying his previous actions in his mind. Such provocative blasphemy... was it all forgiven just because he picked up the die?

What kind of... what magnanimity! What tolerance!

No wonder [Fate] encompasses everything, no wonder [Fate] forgives all beings!

Ah! Praise [Fate]!

This time, it was truly sincere!

Watching Cheng Shi's expression shift from "reluctance" to "slight reverence," the corners of those eternally unchanging, cold eyes seemed to soften slightly.

Cheng Shi blinked again, thinking he had misseen. But just then, He spoke.

"Cheng. Shi."

"Yes." Cheng Shi lowered his head in response, looking obedient.

"Now, do you recognize your Patron?"

"..."

This familiar dialogue reminded Cheng Shi of his first death in the void.

You hold quite a grudge, don't you...

But the one who died that time was clearly me! Me!!

Thinking this, he nodded speechlessly and said:

"May... maybe?"

Fearful inside, but stubborn on the outside.

Fortunately, He showed no displeasure, simply staring at Cheng Shi and speaking again:

"When meeting your Patron, why don't you smile?"

"..."