

## The Gods 295

Chapter 295: The Mediocre Person Society, No.15

Cheng Shi felt a bit embarrassed under the scrutiny. He took a few steps back, waiting for the Puppet Master to separate the Divinity.

But when he saw the vast amount of [Prosperity] Divinity being stripped from Zuo Qiu's puppet body, even though he'd mentally prepared himself, he still hadn't expected the quantity to be this enormous.

It was nearly comparable to the [Prosperity] Divinity that Su Yida had brought back!

And one had to remember—Su Yida had come from the future. Just because he could find it didn't mean anyone in the present could do the same!

Thinking about it that way, he couldn't help but hiss—this Puppet Master had some serious connections.

So had she once struggled to seek an audience with [Prosperity] as well?

Working so hard to meet other [Gods]—could your [Silence] Benefactor really be okay with that?

Don't tell me you think His silence means consent, little miss?

Cheng Shi was a bit stunned.

Releasing this much Divinity in such a confined space inevitably caused a phenomenon. Before long, the entire Main House had become lush and verdant, nourished by the overflowing divine essence.

The Mushroom-Footed People outside, witnessing the transformation of the Main House, grew even more devout. Look—this was what a true Divine Envoy was like. Even a simple meeting radiated such... Prosperity!

Hong Lin deftly sealed the Divinity within her body while throwing Cheng Shi a teasing look:

"I heard a certain someone said I like using teammates for sealing experiments. Aren't you afraid I'll experiment on you right now?"

"..."

That big-mouthed Tao Yi!

'I finally understand—this whole world is just one giant mouth!'

'Everyone's a blabbermouth!'

Cheng Shi wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and let out an awkward laugh: "We're all teammates here, how could that happen? Come on, hurry it up. Once we're done, we need to head out. After we send this Puppet Master off, it'll just be the two of us, Baldy. If we want to win the trial, the road ahead is long and difficult."

"Tch, changing the subject."

Hong Lin snickered twice and sped up her sealing work.

Cheng Shi wasn't idle while standing nearby either. He observed the Chosen One's technique for sealing Divinity while quietly performing self-hypnosis.

Yes—hypnosis!

He was repairing the traps that Jiang Wumei had triggered!

When the Dream Peeping Ranger had entered his dream, the failsafe Cheng Shi had left for himself had been triggered once again.

This was a trap he'd specifically prepared for [Memory] Hunters, and the key to triggering it was simple:

Dreams!

Cheng Shi never dreamed!

When he'd first tampered with his memories and performed self-hypnosis, he'd left numerous failsafes. One of them was hypnotizing himself to never dream.

So when he woke up and realized he'd had a dream the previous night, he knew an uninvited guest had visited his mind.

That was why, by the morning of the second day, Cheng Shi had already confirmed Jiang Wumei's identity. But when Zuo Qiu—or rather, the Puppet Master—had passed along the message, he'd feigned complete ignorance. His purpose was to lure the Dream Peeping Ranger into invading his dreams a second night, and then...

To see that old man he hadn't seen in so long.

Longing was like that—wanting to see someone but being unable to. That was what truly wore a person down.

Before falling asleep on the second night, Cheng Shi performed another small hypnosis on himself. It was a necessary step in constructing the trap. Thanks to it being his own dream, operating from a creator-like perspective, it wasn't too difficult to use hypnosis to add one more utterly unremarkable bystander into the dreamscape.

So in that dream filled with memories, there had actually been two uninvited guests—one was the Ranger who peered into others' dreams, and the other was the "Victim" whose dreams were being peered into.

After that, the Victim killed the Ranger in self-defense. The details need not be repeated.

And so, once Cheng Shi had fulfilled his small wish—once the Dream Peeping Ranger had died while peeping into dreams—he had no choice but to hypnotize himself again, restoring each failsafe one by one.

This should have been done from the start, but today one bizarre event had followed another, and he hadn't found the opportunity until now. Only here, standing quietly, could he finally begin the procedure.

By the time he finished, Hong Lin had also completed her sealing work.

"One more thing—I'm the one who killed the Ranger, so the spoils on his body should rightfully belong to me." Cheng Shi chuckled softly, turning his gaze to the Puppet Master once more.

The Puppet Master frowned: "You should know that when a player dies, their personal space is sealed by the game..."

"Of course I know that. But I'm talking about the spoils he was carrying on his person."

"..." The Puppet Master was silent for a moment, then spoke through Zuo Qiu: "When did you notice?"

As she spoke, she directed the Ranger to retrieve a golden card from his pocket.

'I knew it!'

'The Ranger had something in his pocket!'

Cheng Shi actually had no idea what was on the Ranger's body, but he could deduce it from the Puppet Master's behavior.

Because according to her own logic, if she'd only converted the Ranger into a puppet to bolster their combat strength for exploring the Sighing Forest, she had absolutely no reason to rush the "refinement" process so frantically.

The instant Cheng Shi had opened his eyes, the Puppet Master had moved the Ranger away from his original position to stand beside her. That abnormal action didn't look like she was staking a claim on the corpse—it looked more like she was hiding something.

Could it be that she'd discovered something valuable on the Ranger?

So Cheng Shi had tested the waters with a small bluff, and to his surprise, it actually worked.

"What is this?"

Hong Lin raised an eyebrow and took the card from Cheng Shi.

It was a solid gold card—the front gleamed brilliantly without any markings, while the back bore only three small black characters and a serial number in the lower right corner.

It read:

Mediocre Person Society, No.15.

"The Mediocre Person Society?"

What kind of shady organization is this?"

Hong Lin furrowed her brow. After examining the card several times and confirming there was nothing wrong with it, she tossed it directly to Cheng Shi.

Cheng Shi gave it a single glance and slipped it into his storage space with practiced nonchalance, as if he already knew exactly what it was for. He had no idea what the card's purpose was, but now was clearly not the time to investigate.

Yet his smooth, effortless motion made it look to both observers as if he knew precisely what the card did.

The Puppet Master was silent for a moment, then spoke in a cautionary tone:

"This is a stage for mediocre people. It's not suited for you."

Cheng Shi smiled: "I am a mediocre person. Tremendously mediocre. Anyway, we've wasted enough time. Let's move.

Oh, right—you've been controlling Zuo Qiu to go out every night. What did you find?"

The Puppet Master paused briefly but didn't hide anything. Through Zuo Qiu's puppet, she answered honestly: "There are some surface-world objects in the Tribe. They look like they belong to the Tower of Logic—very old, can't tell much from them. I have some dealings with the History School and was hoping to acquire a few pieces to bring back."

'The Tower of Logic?'

'A scholar who stumbled into the forest?'

Cheng Shi hummed thoughtfully: "I hope you live long enough to continue your dealings."

With that, he and Hong Lin exchanged a glance, nodded simultaneously, and pushed open the door one after another.

The Mushroom-Footed People had been waiting eagerly. Amir in particular was so excited he didn't know what to do with himself.

Hong Lin produced the Desolate Lamp and led the group to the Altar, where she opened the Fog Gate once more. Cheng Shi tilted his head, gesturing for the Puppet Master to go first. And with her departure, this chapter of his own trial journey came to a close.

"Since you want to go deeper into the forest, I assume you have your methods. We won't concern ourselves with the spatial descent inside the Fog Gate. Off you go—and good luck."

The Puppet Master nodded expressionlessly, driving her three puppets through the gate one by one.

After she'd been gone for a while, Cheng Shi finally picked up Amir and followed Hong Lin inside.

The moment they stepped through, he knocked the overexcited Amir unconscious and said to Hong Lin with a frown:

"The Puppet Master isn't simple. She seems to want us to..."

"Awaken Eposka's [Prosperity] soul?"

Cheng Shi blinked: "You figured it out?"

Hong Lin spat irritably: "I'm just not that clever. Doesn't mean I'm stupid."

"..."

'Well, but I was going to say—someone with that kind of self-awareness is already pretty smart...'

Of course, Cheng Shi would never dare say that aloud. He nodded and spoke while thinking:

"This God Worship Society member who loves making deals obviously wants us to use this [Prosperity] Divinity to make contact with Eposka. It covets [Prosperity], so it probably won't refuse. But the question is—she's already heading deep into the forest. Why would she still care about this trial?"

Helping out?

Helping whom, exactly?

Baldy, don't tell me you actually know her and you two are putting on an act for me?"

Hong Lin shot Cheng Shi a disgusted glance and sneered: "I was actually wondering if you two were teaming up to fool me. You wouldn't be planning to feed me to Eposka, would you?"

"..." Cheng Shi stared, jaw dropping. "That's going too far, sis. Your imagination is a bit too wild."

"Is it?" Hong Lin studied Cheng Shi for a moment, then suddenly stopped walking. "Stick out that tongue of yours."

Cheng Shi blinked.

"What?"

Baldy, what are you trying to do? Truth or dare?

Here? In the middle of a spatial corridor?!

Are you serious?"