

The Gods 37

Chapter 37: The Meaning of the [Faith Game]?

If the Descended Ones were present, they might have grabbed pen and paper to record this monumental scene.

Because this was a moment worthy of being etched into history—a moment when a human, a mere “plaything” under the [Gods], had the opportunity to pose a question to one of them for the first time.

In past special summoning events, the [Gods] would merely announce their will.

The believers would bow their heads, receive a few vague words of praise, and remain completely silent throughout the process.

But today was clearly different.

Both sides of the conversation were genuinely engaged, and both were quite talkative.

Having gathered his thoughts, Cheng Shi carefully composed his first question, asking with great seriousness:

“Why did the [Gods] descend?

Or rather, what’s the purpose of the [Faith Game]?”

[Deceit] didn’t seem surprised by the question at all. The god slowly replied:

“To become gods.”

!!!???

To become gods?

Who was trying to become gods?

The [Gods]?

The players?

Given that this answer came from [Deceit], it seemed to imply the [Gods] themselves.

But weren't they already gods?

Of course, this could also be a lie. It certainly sounded like a lie.

Which meant the next answer would likely be the truth.

Assuming, of course, that [Deceit] wasn't using his authority to manipulate the game.

"Hehe, my turn."

"Do you want to become a god?"

Cheng Shi's mind was in turmoil, but he kept his face expressionless as he replied:

"No."

The eye in the starry sky blinked twice, offering no further comment.

"Your second question, then. In this [Faith Game], can humans—or rather, players—become gods?"

[Deceit] remained as emotionless as ever, but this time, the reply came quickly:

“Yes.”

“Hehe, my turn again.

Why don’t you want to become a god?”

Cheng Shi’s thoughts exploded as he carefully considered the significance of the word “yes.”

Yes?

Players can become gods?

This answer felt even more like a lie than the previous one.

But if [Deceit] wasn’t lying about the rules of the game, it meant that at least one of these seemingly impossible answers had to be true!

Either the [Gods] weren’t truly gods...

Or humans could become gods!

Whichever one was true, the revelation was staggering.

Cheng Shi almost lost control of his facial expression.

After a long pause, he finally gave an honest, straightforward answer to [Deceit]’s question.

“Because it’s meaningless.”

[Deceit] blinked, then erupted into thunderous laughter.

“You’re not lying. You really are one of [Void]’s chosen.”

“But then again, if I didn’t know you better, based solely on the questions you’ve asked, I’d think you were secretly joining that organization behind my back.”

That organization?

The Torchbearers?!

Thud!

Cheng Shi’s heart sank.

Despite already knowing that [Deceit] was aware of the Torchbearers, hearing a [God] openly mention an organization that stood against the [Gods] sent a wave of anxiety through him.

Truth be told, Cheng Shi wasn’t a good person.

He had all the usual flaws of humanity:

A touch of selfishness, a dash of indifference, a sprinkle of cowardice, and a vague hope for the future without any real desire to pursue it. His attitude was very much “live for the day, one day at a time.”

But none of that stopped him from understanding and admiring people who dreamed of a better future and strived to bring light to others.

And the Torchbearers were exactly that kind of people.

“I might never join them, but I’d never despise them either. If there’s ever a chance to lend a hand, I wouldn’t turn a blind eye or stand idly by.”

And now, it seemed like one of those times had come.

Cheng Shi wrestled with his thoughts for a moment before deciding to ask a question on behalf of those “poor souls carrying the weight of humanity.”

“In the eyes of the [Gods], are they just a joke?”

He phrased the question delicately, though the “delicacy” referred to whether or not the [Gods] were aware of the Torchbearers’ existence.

For the Torchbearers, this question might hit hard.

However, [Deceit]’s answer was unexpected.

“You care about them?”

Interesting.

But you can rest easy. The [Gods] are unaware of their existence.

Of course, except for me.”

“!!!”

A tidal wave of shock crashed over Cheng Shi, and he blurted out:

“Why?”

“Why? Well, that’s a new secret.”

Cheng Shi immediately lowered his head, thinking hard about how to extract more information. After a moment, he tried again:

“If the [Gods] don’t know about them, then I guess that means the gods aren’t omnipotent.”

[Deceit] chuckled softly, showing no anger at Cheng Shi’s bold words.

“No being is omnipotent, nor is any void all-encompassing.

The [Gods] exist within existence, and the void remains void. It’s only natural that neither is omnipotent, isn’t it?”

Suddenly, a gleam flashed in Cheng Shi’s eyes. He lifted his head and locked his gaze onto [Deceit], speaking slowly and deliberately:

“So the [Gods] descended with the [Faith Game], to become omnipotent gods. Isn’t that right?”

[Deceit]’s eye showed no reaction, still bearing that ever-present, mischievous smile. The laugh lines around the eye were like folds in space-time, unchanging.

The tone of the god’s voice, however, was as deceitful as ever.

“You guess.”

“No need to guess. You didn’t lie.”

“Oh?” The eye looked at Cheng Shi with curiosity, clearly intrigued. “And how do you know I didn’t lie?”

Cheng Shi pointed to his heart and said:

“An S-rank talent—Master of Deception. It’s the ability you granted me. It can see through all falsehoods.”

[Deceit] seemed momentarily taken aback by Cheng Shi’s optimism, and then burst into uncontrollable laughter again.

“You’re using the power I gave you to listen to a [God]’s innermost thoughts, and you think it’ll work?”

Cheng Shi, outwardly confident, replied:

“Since the [Gods] aren’t omnipotent, that means they can still be deceived, and their innermost thoughts can still be uncovered. So why wouldn’t a mortal with divine favor succeed in hearing the truth?”

The great eye blinked, seemingly digesting Cheng Shi’s reasoning.

“I see what you’re after.

You really are a sly one.

I can indeed grant you a power that could deceive the [Gods].

But the question is—why would someone who doesn’t want to become a god need an ability that only a god could wield?”

Cheng Shi replied honestly:

“I don’t want to become a god. That doesn’t mean I don’t want to deceive one.”

“?”

“Hahahaha, I see! I like you more and more.”

The eye’s laughter slowly faded, and the entire celestial form began to melt into the void.

“Today’s meeting was quite enjoyable. Go now. When you become my [Chosen], I’ll grant you the power to deceive them.”

That’s it?

Cheng Shi panicked slightly. “What about [Fate]? If He comes after me again...”

“Endure it—until you can deceive Him.”

“.....”

Endure your mother!

Cheng Shi was about to curse out loud when his vision suddenly warped.

When his consciousness returned to his body, he found himself back on the rooftop of the resting area.

The first thing he saw was the bright sun hanging high in the sky.

The first thing he heard was:

“Hey, buddy, um... do you still have any more of that Prosperity of Yesteryear? I’d like to get a couple more bottles for Lulu.”

Cheng Shi’s face immediately darkened.

Damn it, there really is no escape from these bitches everywhere.