

The Gods 39

Chapter 39: This Is a High-Level Game!

The bed, chairs, floor-to-ceiling windows, balcony.

A warm breeze leapt over the window frame, entering the room and curiously examining every corner. It gently brushed the curtains, teased through Cheng Shi's hair, and filled the room with a cozy warmth that lulled the senses.

Cheng Shi felt the tickle of his hair and suddenly opened his eyes, realizing he was lying on a soft bed.

This was...

A guest room at an inn?

Surprised, he sat up and looked around. The room was fairly spacious, but there was no one else inside.

Just him.

A sense of unease crept into Cheng Shi, and he furrowed his brow.

This was the first time in a trial where he had opened his eyes and not seen anyone else.

As always, any change meant new dangers.

Cheng Shi wasn't one to be reckless, so he quickly got out of bed and cautiously inspected the room.

After thoroughly checking and confirming that there were no magical arrays or traps, he finally allowed himself a sigh of relief.

During his inspection, he thought he heard some movement from the room next door.

Could it be that this time, everyone had their own room?

Thinking this over, Cheng Shi quietly slipped back onto the bed and pressed his ear against the wall.

Just as he was about to listen for any sounds from the neighboring room, he suddenly heard a faint, almost inaudible breathing.

!!!

At that very moment, just on the other side of the wall, someone else was also listening, trying to eavesdrop on his room!

Cheng Shi's pupils contracted.

But while his heart raced, he wasn't afraid.

He knew that if he were the one eavesdropping, he wouldn't let out a single sound—not even a breath.

The fact that the person on the other side had made a slight noise meant one thing: this wasn't an eavesdropper; it was a probe.

The person next door was likely another player!

And judging by their tactics, they were someone with a lot of mental tricks up their sleeve.

The best way to deal with people like that? Direct confrontation!

Cheng Shi quickly simulated a mental exchange with the person beyond the wall, then pressed his lips close to the surface and whispered:

“Palace Jade Liquor?”

The breathing on the other side immediately hitched.

But instead of the response Cheng Shi expected, there was a sudden thunk as a sharp dagger pierced through the wooden wall, stopping just millimeters from Cheng Shi’s throat.

The gleaming blade was precisely controlled, the distance perfect, the speed astonishing!

Cheng Shi didn’t even dare swallow, for fear that the movement of his Adam’s apple would graze the blade and take off a layer of skin.

But he didn’t flinch because he sensed that the other party wasn’t trying to kill him.

Indeed, the person on the other side had no intention of killing.

This was merely a way of saying hello.

The dagger turned slightly, the flat of the blade tapping Cheng Shi’s neck a couple of times before slowly withdrawing.

The next moment, through the small hole the dagger had left in the wall, a slender, pale hand slid through, five delicate fingers spreading toward Cheng Shi.

The fingers were as white as green onions, the nails painted a glossy red like a pair of lips.

Nice manicure!

Cheng Shi smiled and clasped the cold hand in his own.

“Pleasure to meet you.”

Though he greeted the other player, his eyes stayed fixed on the small hole left by the dagger.

Calling it a “hole” was an exaggeration—it was more of a crack.

The dagger had been thin, making a gap less than two centimeters long and barely wide enough to see through.

Yet somehow, an ordinary adult arm had seemingly “flattened” itself to fit through the crack before expanding back into a perfectly normal-looking hand.

Impressive!

That was Cheng Shi’s first impression of the person on the other side.

After their brief exchange of greetings, the person next door finally spoke.

“Pleasure.”

It was a woman’s voice.

But her voice was completely different from what Cheng Shi had expected.

It wasn’t the clear, crisp sound of a girl-next-door type, but rather a low, husky voice—like a smoker’s deep, throaty tone.

This...

Sister, your voice doesn’t match your appearance at all.

Cheng Shi wasn't some lecherous old man, so he quickly let go of her hand and smiled, asking:

"Can you accurately sense my position?"

The woman was silent for a moment before giving a soft, affirmative hum.

"Alright. Everyone's got their secrets, don't they? So, what's next?"

As soon as he finished speaking, there was a knock at the door.

Not just his door—the knock could be heard from the room next door as well.

Both doors knocked at the same time?

Cheng Shi's brow furrowed slightly, but he remained silent. The woman next door, however, wasted no time, shouting:

"Get lost!"

The knocking stopped for a moment, followed by a low laugh.

"Come on out. Only you two are left."

?

Another player?

It didn't seem like a lie.

Still keeping his options open, Cheng Shi knocked on the wooden partition and whispered to the woman next door:

“I’ll open my door first. You stay put.”

Since she had spoken first earlier, it was his turn to take action this time.

This was one of the most basic aspects of teamwork and etiquette in trials.

Cheng Shi wouldn’t play dirty when it came to seeking cooperation.

However, the woman with the dagger wasn’t listening to him at all. He heard her bed creak as she jumped up and rushed to open her door.

Cheng Shi shook his head in exasperation and got up to open his own door.

Pushing the door open, he found three men standing in the hallway outside the inn.

Their presence was hard to describe, but at a glance, they seemed like seasoned warriors who had been through battle.

Unlike ordinary soldiers, these men had an air of confidence—an aura of dominance, as if they looked down on others with ease.

Cheng Shi took one look at them and immediately knew there was no need to worry about freeloading this time.

These guys are all pros!

Two of them had already changed into the inn's provided clothing. Cheng Shi had noticed a set of clothes on the table when he inspected his room but hadn't put them on out of caution.

Now, it seemed these two players were fully immersed in their roles.

The man closest to Cheng Shi wrinkled his nose in slight disgust as he sniffed the air, then said:

"Unnecessary caution."

?

Did he just diss me?

Cheng Shi grinned and didn't bother to argue.

The woman from the room next door also stepped out. Cheng Shi glanced her way, but aside from her striking, flamboyant sleeve tattoo, nothing else stuck in his mind. She wore a tight tank top, tactical leather pants, and had a dagger strapped to her waist.

Definitely an assassin.

The man standing in the center of the hallway glanced over the railing to check something on the floor below before turning back with a smile.

"A fresh challenge, but still the same old faith-based nonsense, right?"

Let me introduce myself—Fang Jue, Lawbringer, 2437."

!

A Lawbringer, a bard of [Order]!

In his last trial, Cheng Shi had witnessed the death of a Lawbringer NPC. He hadn't expected to meet a real Lawbringer player this time around.

And more importantly, this guy had a score of 2437!

What a pro!

In this game, the way high-level players operated was completely different from low-level players.

It was said that players with over 2400 points would introduce themselves upon meeting, without worrying about opposing faiths. That was a far cry from how players in the 1000-point range handled things.

Perhaps this was the legendary truth: all fear stems from a lack of confidence in one's own strength.

At this level, no one would think they could be easily killed by an enemy.

They had plenty of reasons to back that confidence.

That confidence could come from experience, from caution, but more importantly, it came from the blessings of their gods.

They all had enough powerful talents to support their thoughts and actions.

And most importantly, players with 2400 points had an additional talent slot compared to those with 2000 points.

When the [Faith Game] first descended, every player received one initial faith talent and one initial class talent.

Upon reaching scores of 1200, 1600, 2000, and 2400 on the Path to Godhood, players unlocked additional talent slots.

These slots could be used for either class talents or faith talents.

And talents were undoubtedly the biggest lifeline players had in this insane game.

The Lawbringer was one of the two players who had changed into the inn's clothes. He wore peasant clothing typical of the Land of Hope, but the aristocratic aura that clung to him was impossible to hide.

At that moment, he looked more like a bard than a Lawbringer.

None of the others seemed surprised by the Lawbringer's score. The man next to him—the one who had knocked on the woman's door—pushed up his glasses and smiled as well:

"I love all kinds of support, especially Lawbringers. Du Xiguang, Memory Traveler, 2502."

Wait a minute!

Young Master Du?