

The Gods 73

Chapter 73: !!!!!!!!!!!

“Zangier’s records in the histories of the Tower of Logic are sparse. From the limited sources we have, we know that in his youth, he frequently violated his school’s rules, conducting forbidden creation experiments in secret. He was warned many times.

But he was exceptionally talented and quickly made a name for himself within the school, eventually catching the attention of the Council of Scholars. He received substantial funding and manpower support.

Unfortunately, his good fortune didn’t last. At the height of his fame, he once again conducted a forbidden experiment without permission. This time, the experiment went awry, causing an explosion that collapsed the school’s laboratory. Nearly all the students in the Alchemical Creations Department perished with him...”

Cheng Shi listened intently, his head lowered in thought.

This aligns with what Chernosly had said.

Zangier had been assassinated, and his students were banished. Among them were Ardos and Kataro, who fled to the underground and joined the [Chaos] seedling faction.

Such seedy events would, of course, be scrubbed from existence by the Tower of Logic, with the historical records painting a more “reasonable” and “legitimate” picture.

“What experiment was he conducting?”

“There’s no official record of it. However, there are rumors. It’s said that Zangier had initiated an experiment called ‘The Creation of a Flesh God.’ He allegedly stole [Truth] divinity from the Council of Scholars and tried to combine it with alchemical puppet techniques to create an entirely new [God].”

“!!!”

Cheng Shi’s eyes widened, and his thoughts buzzed in disbelief.

No wonder Ardos ended up paired with Chernosly. His teacher was literally trying to create a god!

As a student, summoning the attention of a new god didn't seem far-fetched, right?

"Did he... succeed?"

"Didn't I just tell you? He failed! The divinity exploded, killing almost everyone in that department."

No, that didn't add up!

Chernosly had specifically said, "The Tower of Logic assassinated Zangier before he could publish his newest findings," which implied that Zangier had succeeded!

And if the rumors were true, it meant Zangier had already created a [God]!

Or, at the very least, a flesh-and-blood being infused with divinity!

Holy crap!

Where did this being go?

Did the Tower of Logic seize it?

Cheng Shi mentally filed this information away for future thought, then asked:

"So, none of the students survived?"

“Almost none. If any had, there would’ve been a record of them, survivors of such a large-scale accident would definitely be mentioned in history.”

Cheng Shi frowned. Something wasn’t adding up. He probed further:

“I’ve heard a story about an Alchemical Creations Department student named Ardos who killed a judge named Moxius from the Grand Tribunal. This supposedly triggered a large-scale surface war in the mid-Civilization Era. If we trace the timeline, it seems to align with Zangier’s period?”

Gao Yu was surprised. He smiled in genuine admiration:

“To bring up the name Moxius shows you’re truly interested in history. This figure is sparse even in the official records of the Grand Tribunal, and most of what we know comes from fragmented documents pieced together by scholars.

But there’s one point you got wrong. The one who killed Moxius wasn’t this ‘Ardos’ you mentioned—that name doesn’t ring any bells for me.

The truth is, it was a mysterious figure from the underground who killed that first-class judge!

We sifted through countless sources and eventually found a clue in a collection of poems by a bard born near the end of the Civilization Era.

In that collection, the poet described a journey to the underground, where he witnessed a memorial ceremony being performed by [Chaos] followers. During the ritual, they mentioned a specific name...

...Ultraman!”

“!!!???”

“Buzz—”

The moment Cheng Shi heard that name, it was as if his brain had been struck by a thunderclap. His mind was filled with a buzzing sound that seemed to reverberate across the universe.

Gao Yu, noticing Cheng Shi's stunned reaction, chuckled.

"Surprised? I was too—I couldn't believe someone in the Land of Hope would pick such a name. It's so ridiculous, completely out of place with the seriousness of history."

It took Cheng Shi a moment to recover. He quickly composed himself, putting on a sheepish smile as he replied:

"Yeah, it's like finding modern emojis in ancient scrolls. Hilarious."

But this person... what did they do?"

Gao Yu, clearly excited by the topic, leaned in with a gleam in his eyes, lowering his voice as if ready to share the juiciest gossip:

"The History School hasn't yet officially determined this person's identity.

Some believe he was a puppet scholar exiled from the Tower of Logic, later corrupted by underground faiths.

Others think he was a defector from the Grand Tribunal, seeking revenge on the judges by aligning himself with the underground.

And some...

Some believe that he—yes, you heard me right, he—was the harbinger of [Chaos], an emissary of [Disorder]!

In the period when [War] had just begun to eye the Land of Hope, but before He had fully descended, and when [Chaos] had yet to discover that corner of the universe, this figure wandered the stars. He found this fertile land for his patron lord and began sowing the seeds of His will in the underground!

How about that? Doesn't it feel like the start of an epic? This could very well be the story of a [Herald]!

It might even mark the beginning of [Chaos]'s descent!

I spent a lot of points to get my hands on this information from the History School! Lucky you!"

"Hey, Cheng Shi?

What's up? What are you thinking about? Isn't it mind-blowing?"

Yeah, mind-blowing alright. So much so that my skull feels like it's about to fly off!

When the hell did I become a [Herald] for [Chaos]?

Huh?

This... this is me, right?

That Ultraman... isn't that just a joke I made offhand?

How the hell did that end up written into historical records found by the History School?

Alright, sure. Fine.

So now, not only am I a follower of [Deceit], a "Defector" of [Fate], and an intern for [Death]...

But I'm also, apparently, a [Herald] for [Chaos]!

How do I have all these identities that even I didn't know about!?

Is this still a trial?

Am I still dreaming!?

For the first time in ages, Cheng Shi's normally steady demeanor cracked. He stood there, stunned for a few moments before raising a hand and slapping himself across the face.

"Slap."

The sound was crisp—and painful.

Nope, not a dream.

"....."

Gao Yu, witnessing this odd display, was understandably confused.

"Uh... that's a pretty unique way to express excitement."

"....."

As Cheng Shi snapped out of his emotional breakdown, his expression grew serious.

If Gao Yu had no ulterior motives, if this random conversation hadn't been manipulated or altered by some entity, if that bard and his collection of poems really existed, and if...

Cheng Shi's mind raced, working through countless ifs before daring to form an utterly absurd conclusion:

I... changed the history of the Land of Hope in my last trial.

A player from reality... altered the background lore of the [Faith Game]!

This realization was eerily similar to what Du Xiguang had done when he tampered with everyone's memories. Cheng Shi's first thought was to connect this event to a certain [Entity].

[Memory]!

Could this be [Memory]'s doing?

After all, [Memory] is the enemy of [Deceit], and I... I'm one of [Deceit]'s "cherished treasures."

If [Memory] had really intervened, the only time it could have happened was after I met with [Death].

Because [Death] seemed to have a favorable opinion of me but didn't have much fondness for [Memory] for not finding the Garuda Dagger.

If [Memory] had already tampered with my record by then, [Death] surely wouldn't have ignored it.

So, was it [Memory]?

And if so... why?