

## **The Gods 87**

Chapter 87: So You Were..., and the Liberation of Blood and Fire

Su Yida felt completely unfamiliar, so unfamiliar that he seemed like a different person altogether.

And yet, his appearance and voice were nearly identical to the Su Yida they had met before.

Could it be that something from the void had possessed Su Yida's body, replacing his consciousness?

Or perhaps...

What had he just said?

He and Cheng Shi had led them out of the trial?

Out of the trial? How could that be?

The trial wasn't over yet, so how could they have "exited"?

Zhao Qian suddenly froze, but in the next instant, an absurd thought began to form in his mind.

His eyes widened even further, and his expression grew even more shocked.

"It seems... you've figured it out?"

"No, it's impossible. The powers of [Memory] aren't supposed to affect past trials. That's a known fact, a rule! You can't possibly be..."

"There's no such thing as impossible. The only reason you think something is impossible is because you're not strong enough."

Perhaps because killing Cheng Shi had put him in a good mood, Su Yida's tone was lighter, more talkative.

Smiling, he extended his hand. A swirling, mesmerizing blue energy—[Memory]—appeared in his palm, flowing and wrapping itself around his fingers like something alive.

“Self from the Past.”

“You’ve probably never heard of this talent before. Of course, it hasn’t been officially added to the [Memory] roster yet.

It’s one of the rare demigod-level talents, allowing you to return to the past and find yourself.”

Zhao Qian’s pupils shrank as he gasped in disbelief.

“You... You really are...”

“Alright, that’s enough of the pleasant chit-chat. Now that you’ve figured out my identity, I’ll have to ask you to help me keep it a secret.”

With that, Su Yida reached out again, this time aiming for Zhao Qian’s throat.

In that moment, the tension that had been building inside Zhao Qian suddenly released. A look of bitter resignation spread across his face, but there was also a faint smile of relief.

“It seems you’ve come to terms with it. Good. At least you won’t die a resentful soul.”

Zhao Qian’s face turned a deep shade of purple as the pressure on his throat increased, his blood vessels bulging. Struggling to get a few last words out, he sputtered through his clenched teeth:

“If... you really are from... the future... can you... tell me... does the future... still have hope?”

Su Yida blinked in surprise, as if he hadn't heard correctly.

This man, Zhao Qian, a Hawkeye Scout, was asking him, in his final moments, if there was hope left in the world of the future.

Ha.

Hope?

Hope to become gods, or... hope that the world could return to what it had been before the [Gods] descended?

What was the point?

Foolish.

Su Yida let out a cold, mocking laugh. "What nonsense."

But then, he released his grip.

His expression suddenly shifted, growing strange. Watching Zhao Qian gasp for air, Su Yida nodded slowly, as though a realization had dawned on him.

"So that's it... So you're one of them."

Zhao Qian froze, his muscles tensing as his head remained bowed, saying nothing.

"There's no need to hide it, oh great Torchbearer. I know about your kind, just like I knew about Cheng Shi."

Zhao Qian jerked his head up, his eyes—previously filled with despair—now burning with hate and anger.

For an outsider to know about the Torchbearers... that would be the Torchbearers' greatest downfall!

And this had already happened to them once before!

He couldn't allow it to happen again.

"Angry? Don't worry, I'm not like some people who'd reveal your existence to the gods.

Honestly, you people are admirable, and I'm not heartless.

However...

Judging by the way you used this [Truth] follower as a test subject, it seems you're a...

Fortress Builder?"

Su Yida eyed Zhao Qian with interest, stroking his chin.

"To borrow power from the gods and build a new nation.

Heh, what a stirring slogan.

Who would've thought that the people behind such a passionate battle cry would turn out to be nothing but cold-blooded lunatics?

Even in your aim to save the world, you can't let go of that elitist mentality.

Fortress Builders, huh?

It's a shame your god-making plan nearly failed.

Oh, I forgot—at this point in time, the god-making plan probably hasn't even started yet. It's probably just an idea in its infancy.

Knowing so much about the future from my mouth, are you intrigued, Mr. Fortress Builder?"

Zhao Qian remained silent, his thoughts racing.

As he processed this shocking information about the future, he pondered his own fate.

The god-making plan!

It sounded like a beautiful plan. Finally, they had reached that pivotal moment. For the sake of a new world, for the sake of new hope, they had launched their final challenge against the gods on the thrones!

But, it seemed he wouldn't be able to participate in this grand endeavor.

Even though Su Yida had momentarily stayed his hand, his attitude was clear. There was no way he'd allow Zhao Qian—even with all this knowledge about the future—to live.

Accepting this, Zhao Qian spoke in a low, solemn voice: "You've told me so much. What do you want? Just say it."

"Smart.

I like dealing with straightforward people.

Even though you're part of the Fortress Builders, I still respect you.

To be honest, I need a body, but for certain reasons, I can't kill you myself.

So...

Would you, Mr. Fortress Builder, kindly... end your own life for me?

Do me that small favor."

Zhao Qian thought he'd misheard. He let out a sarcastic laugh.

"Are you really trying to mock me right now? What's the point?"

"This isn't a joke, Zhao... Oh right, Zhao Qian.

It seems you don't believe me. Fine, I'll give you a reason to die."

Su Yida's face lit up with a radiant smile as he stared into Zhao Qian's furious, defiant eyes, speaking each word with deliberate weight:

"Don't get mad. After you hear this, you won't just willingly die—you'll be deeply grateful to me for it..."

The soft murmur of Su Yida's voice drifted through the void. Though it was barely more than a whisper, each word hit Zhao Qian's soul like a hammer, pounding at his very core.

“.....”

“.....”

Zhao Qian listened in silence, and when Su Yida finished speaking, he closed his eyes with a peaceful smile.

“Borrow power from the gods, and build a new nation!

For the continuation of humanity!

For a new world!

Goodbye, cruel world!”

The flames of [War] blazed in the eyes of the [War] follower, but beyond the fire, the light of hope burned even brighter, far more intense than any flame.

Tears mixed with white-hot fire flowed down his cheeks, spreading across his body until they consumed him entirely.

The blood of [War] trickled down, and in the final moments, extinguished the indomitable flame. There, blood and fire became his liberation.

Su Yida watched as Zhao Qian self-sacrificed, his expression complicated. When it was over, he bowed deeply.

“To the most honorable Torchbearers.”

He hoisted Zhao Qian’s charred body over his shoulder, his face returning to its cold, indifferent state, and without looking back, he stepped once more into the void rift.

