

## **The Growth 183**

Chapter 183 15: I'm Just a Scholar (3/3)

The intersection between worlds was not the grand scene Quinn imagined.

If it weren't for the guidance of the Burrowing Insects, Quinn would never have imagined that a rift in space the size of a well's opening could be the entrance to another world.

"Have you sent anyone in before?"

Gently turning his skull, Quinn asked in his characteristically hoarse voice.

"Yes, and not just once."

Wriggling its body, the Burrowing Insect leading the way nodded in affirmation of Quinn's statement.

"But for some reason, none of those who went ever returned."

"According to the Divine Oracle given by the Gods, they have all betrayed their faith."

The Burrowing Insect paused slightly in its speech with unconcealed fear and anger when mentioning this.

"Betrayed their faith?"

This time, it was Quinn's turn to be somewhat astonished.

In this world where the Gods truly exist, betraying one's faith is akin to blasphemy.

Even hostile Gods rarely accept believers who defect from their adversaries.

On one hand, because it's unnecessary, and on the other, the sin of betraying one's faith is far too serious.

If you can betray the God you once served, how can you guarantee that you won't betray your current God?

For these various reasons, unless the Gods completely fall out with each other, they generally won't entice the followers of others to join their own ranks.

"Were those you sent over Shallow Believers?"

Although knowing that such a blunder could not occur among the leaders of the Burrowing Insects, Quinn couldn't help but ask.

As Quinn expected, the Burrowing Insect shook its head without hesitation to deny it.

"No, those who can be sent over are the most steadfast warriors of our people!"

"Even if the apocalypse arrives, they would never willingly betray the Gods!"

Faced with the Burrowing Insect's firm assurance, Quinn merely shook his head noncommittally.

"The fact is, the warriors you sent over have indeed betrayed their faith."

"Otherwise, I wouldn't be here, would I?"

In typical style of the Skeletons, Quinn's straightforwardness left the surrounding Burrowing Insects feeling quite awkward.

For most Skeletons, beating around the bush is not their habit, nor do they have the emotional intelligence to understand subtlety.

They have always had the style of saying what's on their mind.

"Ahem, in any case, be careful once you're there!"

"Even if you can't find the warriors we sent over, you must return safely."

Lack of social intelligence doesn't mean a lack of intelligence, and Quinn quickly caught the underlying meaning in the Burrowing Insect's words.

"I'm different from you. My faith in the Creator is etched into my soul!"

"Not to mention a group of Mysterious Gods in hiding, even if the Immortal Goddess and Sun God descended themselves, they couldn't shake my faith in the Creator!"

As he spoke, Quinn had already stepped forward to the small well-sized space rift.

"By the Creator above! I shall return in triumph!"

Shouting an overzealous slogan, the slightly invigorated Quinn leaped into the rift without a backward glance.

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle...

In an instant, the dark spatial rift swirled into a vortex, swallowing Quinn whole.

"..."

The Burrowing Insects who witnessed this remained speechless for a long time.

Only after a while did the leading Burrowing Insect slowly ask, "Do you think it can last long?"

This question might seem pessimistic, but it was the genuine thought of the Burrowing Insects present.

Although never openly expressed, most Burrowing Insects actually somewhat looked down on the Skeletons.

To the Burrowing Insects, the Skeletons only became followers of the great Creator by a stroke of fate.

In terms of civilization Level, artistic achievement, and scientific prowess, the Skeletons had nothing that could surpass the Burrowing Insects.

To say something potentially blasphemous, had their own God strived harder, the Burrowing Insects would not have fallen to the point of seeking help from "primitive natives" of another world.

Of course, the Burrowing Insects did not deny the strength of the Skeletons either.

Whether in survival skills or combat ability, enhanced by their Longevity, the Skeletons far surpassed the Burrowing Insects in so many ways.

"I think it can succeed!"

At this moment, the Burrowing Insect most familiar with Quinn spoke.

Not in agreement or response, but firmly believing from its deep understanding of the Skeletons as a group.

"Quinn is different from us; they're very pure and confident."

"Those who know the Creator know that the Creator doesn't actually care about faith and has never purposely displayed miracles."

"So the Skeletons' faith in the Creator is purely voluntary, without any utilitarian motives."

"Just on this point alone, none of us can compare to them."

This Burrowing Insect's remarks successfully plunged the scene into another bout of silence.

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With Quinn's leap into the space-time rift leading to another world.

In just an instant, it felt its Perception and body being distorted.

The rules between the two worlds were rapidly altering Quinn's physical structure, trying to transform it into an Undead more suitable for the Otherworld.

Fortunately, Quinn's body was resilient enough to quickly adapt to the change.

Not only that, Quinn also prematurely sensed some information from the transformation.

The Otherworld adjacent to the Marz World seemed not only similar in rules but also in other aspects.

The ecological environment, atmospheric structure, and even gravity are not much different from the Marz World.

[Is this... another world?]

By the time Quinn realized, its body suddenly plummeted from mid-air to the ground.

Bang!

With the sound of a heavy object striking the earth, Quinn clumsily climbed out of the pit.

"Cough, cough..."

Knowing that no acquaintances would witness this embarrassing scene, Quinn habitually coughed twice anyway.

For Quinn, who prided itself as a "Scholar," it still cared about its image to some extent.

"This world is a bit more desolate than I imagined."

Surveying the surroundings, Quinn's eyes beheld a vast wasteland and ruins.

Especially the remnants of man-made structures reminiscent of the Burrowing Insect Civilization, which helped Quinn understand why these two worlds were drawn to each other.

Similar environments, similar ecology, even similar civilizations...

It's truly bizarre that such worlds wouldn't attract each other.