

## The Gods 118

Chapter 118: I, Cheng Shi, Never Let Grudges Last Overnight!

Cheng Shi, of course, had no idea about any of this. He continued to walk casually, applying healing light as he went, until he reached the space between the ranger and the black-robed figure. That's when he paused for a moment.

He noticed that the black-robed man, with eyes full of murderous intent, had quietly shifted his gaze toward him.

"You're a follower of [Bloody Moon]?"

Oh no, I should call you a follower of [Corruption], right?"

The black-robed figure remained silent, but the bloodlust in his eyes only intensified.

Seeing that the man wasn't going to respond, Cheng Shi shrugged and continued talking to himself:

"Let me guess. You must be the guide that's been bringing travelers into Far Dusk Town.

These people probably didn't pay to get here, did they?

You must have captured them outside, erased their memories using some method of puppet-making, and made them think they're travelers from afar...

Hmm, that makes sense.

Far Dusk Town is near the [Abyssal Volcano], and sometimes refugees from the surface might want to hide underground, while the dregs from the underground world might want to experience the surface.

So you hunt them down outside, bring them here, and make them breed children for your townspeople."

Both Ji Ran and Li Bola frowned as they listened to Cheng Shi's words. The black-robed figure remained silent.

"Are you mute?"

Don't tell me you're a follower of [Silence]—now that would be hilarious.

Let me think some more.

You've been stirring up killings in Far Dusk Town, leaving behind terrifying songs in the town's long history, and even raising a flock of... night crows?

I was really curious why the night crows would always land on the rooftops of these so-called 'blasphemers' you chose.

But just now, when I saw those birdcages at the chapel's entrance, I suddenly understood.

All you have to do is sprinkle the food for your domesticated night crows on the rooftops of the 'blasphemers' who are supposed to die that night. The crows, unaware, turn them into 'blasphemers!'

So, you must have a legitimate position in the town, right?

Something like... the High Priest?

Interesting, now I'm genuinely curious.

Are you a follower of [Birth], or a follower of [Corruption]?

Otherwise, how do you explain that you created a town symbolizing the light of [Eternal Sun], spreading His faith tirelessly, only to then turn into the blood moon's executioner, indulging your bloodlust?

[Eternal Sun] despises His blasphemous followers, yet chooses to have them devoured by [Bloody Moon].

How absurd! How ridiculous!

I can't believe you came up with this.

But no matter which god you follow, you really are a bit too dedicated to your work.

If it were just bloodlust driving you, you wouldn't go through all this trouble or persist for so long.

So, what is it that motivates you to carry on with these foul deeds, year after year?

Hmm, let me guess again.

Is it possible that neither of these gods are your true master, and like Hu Xuan, you're using some special method to steal their authority?

That's why you're so strong—strong enough to take on two opponents while still paying attention to my rambling!

I think the answer lies behind that door you're guarding.

Am I right?

Can I go in?

Not speaking means yes, right?

Good, I'll take that as a yes."

With that, Cheng Shi began walking toward the door.

But he had barely taken a step when the door behind the black-robed figure burst open, and a swarm of night crows erupted from the opening, screeching and shrieking as they rushed toward Cheng Shi.

Cheng Shi's pupils contracted, and his face turned grim.

He quickly gripped two surgical scalpels, spinning them in his hands to protect his face, while simultaneously slashing his own wrists to unleash the power of [Decay], hoping to fend off the wave of night crows.

But there were too many crows, and Cheng Shi, overwhelmed, stumbled backward, tripping and nearly falling into the center of the room where the others stood.

However, just as he was about to hit the ground, a sudden flash of violet light erupted from his fingertips. A roar of thunder shot out from the energy, streaking directly towards...

Ji Ran.

It was the same tactic he had used outside the chapel.

Mid-battle, Cheng Shi suddenly switched targets.

"Surprise, you little bastard!"

I, Cheng Shi, never let grudges last overnight!

Ji Ran clearly hadn't expected Cheng Shi to endure the relentless pecking of the night crows just to land one vicious strike on him.

He felt the divine power of the lightning, knowing full well he couldn't block it. His face twisted in panic, and, abandoning any pretense of composure, he threw down his greatsword and reached out...

Toward the black-robed man!

Once again, Ji Ran manipulated the threads of fate, swapping his destiny with the black-robed figure.

Ji Ran had arrived late and hadn't given Cheng Shi's ring any time to recharge, so the lightning strike wasn't guaranteed to hit.

He barely dodged the fatal blow.

But even followers of [Fate] can't always rely on good luck.

You may be fortunate once, but not twice.

The moment Ji Ran pulled the strings of fate, his aura wavered.

That was all it took—his balance was shattered!

The ranger seized the opportunity, yanking her bow from her abdomen with a roar of pain and firing two wind arrows, pinning Ji Ran to the ground in front of the door.

She didn't waste this single window of opportunity, executing a perfectly synchronized attack with Cheng Shi!

Ji Ran collapsed, coughing up blood, gravely injured. But someone else was in even worse shape.

The full fury of the lightning crashed down, striking the black-robed figure square in the chest, sending him flying backward.

The surrounding bolts of electricity incinerated every night crow in the room, reducing them to ash!

Li Bola, glancing at the scene as she fired her shots, was utterly stunned.

She was blown away, completely speechless.

“You... you...!!”

In that moment, she searched her mind for any combat profession, trying to find one even remotely related to a healer that could unleash such devastating lightning.

But she failed.

She couldn't think of any class, short of an Elemental Judge, that could unleash such terrifying thunderbolts!

But an Elemental Judge had nothing to do with being a priest!

There was no time to dwell on it.

As soon as the lightning dissipated, Li Bola transformed back into the wind and rushed toward the black-robed figure. By now, Ji Ran was like a fish on a chopping block, completely powerless to resist.

The only remaining threat was the black-robed figure, whose fate remained uncertain.

Though Li Bola doubted anyone could survive such an intense lightning strike, battles aren't over until your enemies are reduced to dust.

So, she intended to make sure this enemy had no chance to recover.

But just as the wind swept toward the black-robed figure's feet, a sudden change occurred!

A blood-red glow burst from the black-robed man's eyes, shooting up into the air. All at once, an overwhelming surge of murderous intent flooded everyone's minds, violently seizing control over their consciousness.

In an instant, the three of them froze, their gazes turning blank, then resolute, and finally, crazed!

Their faces twisted into gruesome expressions, terrifying smiles spreading across their lips as they reached for the nearest weapons.

Without hesitation, they lifted their blades and...

Stabbed toward their own hearts!

"No!!"

Ji Ran, already heavily wounded, knew that if his hands drove his greatsword even a finger's width into his chest, he would die instantly!

But the overwhelming bloodlust was impossible to resist. With the last shred of his willpower, he fought against the violent urge to end his own life!

His eyes bulged with strain, veins throbbing on his forehead as he gripped the sword's blade, his hands trembling and bleeding, barely managing to stop the sword from plunging into his body.

Li Bola and Cheng Shi were in no better shape.

Li Bola had once again driven her bow into her abdomen.

And Cheng Shi had already pierced his chest halfway with a surgical blade. If not for his desperate effort to deflect the tip, he would likely already be dead.

“Do... something...!!!”

For the first time, the confident Wind-Tamer Ranger faced the brink of despair. This savage red light had sealed off all their powers, making even transforming into the wind an impossible dream.

Fortunately, the black-robed figure seemed just as paralyzed by the red light. His arm, too, had pierced his own chest, with his hand lodged deep within his heart.

He, too, was struggling against himself. This was a trump card that spared no one—not even its user.

Kill one thousand enemies, lose one thousand of your own.

The standoff resumed.

But now, the number of participants had increased from three to four.

And the enemy was no longer each other, but themselves.

Just then, the door to the room creaked open again.

A figure, drenched in blood, staggered inside.

When the three players saw who it was, their eyes lit up with hope!

Qin Chaoge!

The [War] bard had finally arrived at the climax of the battle!