

The Gods 205

Chapter 205: The Deathmatch Arena Blooming in Montelani

The guards resumed their whip work, lashing out at the cursing and howling prisoners.

The six players withdrew their gazes, exchanged glances for a moment, and then immediately focused on Gao San and Zhao Si.

Based on past experience, whenever such a situation arose, the mages and [Truth] followers could usually deduce something from the limited information, delivering a vivid and memorable history lesson to analyze the current historical context.

But today, both the mage and the [Truth] follower remained silent.

Then, Cheng Shi and the others looked towards Li Yi. The eloquent Bard also took a slight step back under everyone's gaze.

Seeing this, Cheng Shi sighed.

Confirmed. This round is full of underachievers. Can't count on them.

Looks like I still have to rely on myself.

Seeing that no one had anything to share, he took a few steps back, leaning against the rear of the cage, and softly called out to the iron-helmed figure in the white uniform behind him:

"Hey, brother, I have a way to escape tonight. You seem like a good person, and I feel we have some affinity. I plan to bring you along. How about it? Join me tonight?"

The prisoner in the white uniform, who had just stopped arguing, paused, turned his head towards Cheng Shi, pointed at his own helm, and asked dumbfoundedly:

"I seem like a good person? How can you tell?"

“...Uh, feeling. A mysterious feeling. Just tell me, do you want to escape or not?”

“You have a way?” The white-uniformed inmate seemed skeptical.

“Yes, I do. But the way is outside. I need you to get me out of this prison. As soon as we’re out, someone will pick us up immediately.

Don’t worry, you don’t need to exert any effort, just point me towards the exit. I can handle the rest. How about it?

If we cooperate, you can go back to your Dolly girl right away.”

As Cheng Shi spoke, he kept picking at his iron nostril, his fingertip turning red after a while.

But the fellow inmate paid no attention to these small actions, instead questioning him suspiciously:

“What way do you have to get past the [Iron Law Knight Order]? If you had that kind of ability, how did you get caught in the first place?

Also, Dolly isn’t a girl.”

?

Never mind whether Dolly is a girl or not...

Iron Law Knight Order? Isn’t that the strongest force of the Grand Tribunal Hall? What are they doing here?

Wait, could this be the capital of the Grand Tribunal Hall, Katouting?

Is this trial taking place in a prison in Katouting?

Even so, the Iron Law Knight Order shouldn't be stationed at a prison, especially one in such deplorable conditions.

Now it was Cheng Shi's turn to be dumbfounded. He asked confusedly:

"What are the Iron Law Knight Order doing here?"

"You don't know? You lost your memory too?"

Every year around this time, one of the three High Judges of the Grand Tribunal Hall comes to Montelani to watch the Deathmatch Arena and grant pardons to the winners.

I just forgot why I was sentenced to the deathmatch. You, on the other hand, forgot even this.

But seriously, do you really have a way out?"

Cheng Shi chuckled and decisively withdrew.

"Nope, just kidding." He didn't pick his nose this time.

The prisoner, having been tricked, stood stunned, then furiously shook the iron cage, cursing wildly in the direction Cheng Shi had walked away.

"Son of a bitch! Come back! Come back if you dare, I'll rip your head off!"

However, his impotent rage only earned him a whipping. A prison guard walked over coldly and thoroughly "educated" this foul-mouthed inmate on Cheng Shi's behalf.

But Cheng Shi was no longer in the mood to pay attention. His mind was solely focused on one word:

Montelani.

This was a city located in the High Mountain Prefecture of the Grand Tribunal Hall, administratively considered the provincial capital. It was the cradle of the New Law Faction within the Grand Tribunal Hall and the birthplace of countless bizarre laws.

As everyone knows, where there are people, there are factions.

A power like the Grand Tribunal Hall, dominating the Continent of Hope, naturally had numerous factions. But unlike traditional political factions, the divisions within the Grand Tribunal Hall were more like different paths forged by followers of [Order] based on their varying interpretations of [Order].

The New Law Faction was one of them.

They always insisted that [Order] shouldn't just be rigid rules, but should also possess endless variations and the right to change rules at any time, even if these changes and variations needed to adhere to a certain [Order].

Although this ideology was quite popular among the populace, its supporters were not the majority among the judges. Therefore, the judges of the New Law Faction couldn't promote their views throughout the entire Grand Tribunal Hall and had to settle for carving out a niche, turning the High Mountain Prefecture into a cradle for "new laws."

These so-called new laws weren't thoroughly debated and implemented novel legislations, but rather "novel" laws that were completely unsuitable for the "main stage."

Cheng Shi knew a bit about this city because he had undergone a trial in the High Mountain Prefecture before.

That trial happened to be one of [Order]'s. He had endured the longest three days of his life under absurd new laws such as "no eating meat after midnight," "no snoring while sleeping," and "a third person must be present during heterosexual dates."

And that city wasn't even the provincial capital. So, as the birthplace of the new laws, one could only imagine how ridiculous the laws in Montelani would be.

Cheng Shi was only thankful that this trial was brought by [Chaos] and not [Order]. This way, at least he didn't have to worry about the high-and-mighty trial judge finding excuses to strike him down again after the trial ended.

He frowned and walked to the other side of the cage, trying to use the newly acquired information to jog some of his teammates' "historical" memories. His teammates hadn't been idle while Cheng Shi was gathering intelligence; at least, it seemed everyone had made their own discoveries.

Being a poor student doesn't matter; as long as you're willing to learn, there's still hope.

Li Yi, as the proponent of trial cooperation, tapped the cage bars to attract everyone's attention. He carefully chose his words and selflessly shared everything he had just learned.

"Deathmatch Arena. The place we are in is called the Deathmatch Arena.

I don't know if any of you are familiar with the deathmatch sentence. It's one of the new laws enacted by the New Law Faction a few years ago. Criminals sentenced to deathmatch, regardless of their location, are imprisoned here together, right here beneath our feet in Montelani. Then they undergo a cruel deathmatch performance with the goal of 'only one survivor.'

No one knows why they are sentenced to deathmatch, nor how one gets such a sentence. This punishment seems to be arbitrarily assigned by the judges. Every sentenced person has no recourse for appeal or defense.

Not only that, but the deathmatch sentence often involves many people, ranging from 3 or 4 to 7 or 8. These criminals are imprisoned simultaneously, dressed in the same colored uniforms, awaiting the arrival of the 'Final Deathmatch.'

On the day of the 'Final Deathmatch,' the prisoners ranked 1 and 2 are dragged into the arena. Then, watched and cheered on by tens of thousands of Montelani citizens, they duel each other to the death.

The winner then proceeds to another 'performance' against the prisoner ranked 3. This cycle repeats until only one prisoner of the same color uniform remains.

This final lucky survivor receives a special pardon from the Grand Tribunal Hall, exempted from punishment, and might even be recruited into the [Punishment Knight Order].

As for what the Punishment Knight Order is... you might want to look back. Those guards whipping the prisoners everywhere are the Punishment Knights.

They endured the same lashing before donning the prison guard uniform, which is why they know exactly how to angle the whip to inflict maximum pain on the prisoners..."

"..."

So the dragonslayer becomes the dragon.

Putting aside the dragon analogy, you, a prophet, seem to know quite a lot you didn't mention earlier?

Why didn't you say so before?

Cheng Shi wasn't the only one with this doubt; others had it too. But the one who clarified things wasn't Li Yi himself, but rather Ji Er from cell 2.

He rested his helmet against the bars and spoke again, sarcastically:

"Since when did prophets have a talent for making people tell the truth?"

I just saw you stick a card onto that old fellow behind you. A playing card with a mouth drawn on it. So, I'd like to ask our prophet teammate, what...

Was that?"

Hearing this, Cheng Shi's pupils constricted sharply.

Playing card.

Whether prophets have this or not is uncertain, but one class definitely does.

That is the Bard of [Deceit], the Magician!