

The Gods 208

Chapter 208: Every Plan Has Accidents, But This Accident Was... Rather Large

The crowd exchanged glances for a moment, clearly finding no better alternative to Ji Er's method.

A widespread mist causing mass unconsciousness, even for just three minutes, was enough time to accomplish many things.

But judging by his attitude, he clearly had no intention of sharing the means to resist the mist.

However, that wasn't a major issue, because Li Yi smiled.

He took out six playing cards from his inventory space. Each card bore the same image: a small figure piously opening its arms towards the heavens, receiving a blessing as a beam of green light shone upon it.

"Purification cards. Tricked them out of some priest friends. Just stick it on your body, and it will continuously purify non-lethal negative effects.

The lazy desire effect of [Corruption] isn't intense; this card should be sufficient.

But there's one thing: once this card activates, it will glow, and quite brightly.

Whether you want to use it or not is entirely up to you."

Cheng Shi paused, then without a second thought, took one.

He wasn't a priest this round and lacked purification abilities, so having a purification card as a backup was a good idea.

After a moment's thought, the others also took one each. With the last two cards remaining in his hand, the Magician unexpectedly tossed one into Ji Er's cage.

“I’m not stingy like you. Since I took them out, consider this a gift.”

Ji Er dodged the card sideways, coldly watching it flutter to the ground.

“No need.”

“With these, the plan has only one step left.” Gao San thoughtfully tapped his helm and said seriously, “Brother Ji Er, despite his foul mouth, has a point. We should avoid bumping into each other again due to swapping identities.

I know none of you trust each other, and I know none of you will reveal your locations, even if this card has a slight ‘tracking’ implication. But who knows if the light in the fog is actually coming from oneself?

Alright, don’t blame me for being direct. [Truth] perceives all. Since I saw it, I must warn you: don’t get yourselves tangled up trying to pull tricks.

To leave here foolproof, perhaps we should trust each other a bit more. Dividing this large prison into six sections shouldn’t be difficult, right? How about we avoid each other?”

Su Wu shook his head and chuckled:

“As you said, once areas are divided, won’t everyone’s location become public knowledge?

Right now, we have a common need and lean towards cooperation. But when separated, when closer to the answer, how do you know someone won’t resort to dirty, disgusting tricks?

I think this Brother Ji Er has such thoughts.”

Ji Er snorted coldly, pointed two fingers at his own eyes, then pointed at Su Wu. “Don’t let me catch you.”

“See? His bad intentions are exposed.”

“...”

Cheng Shi felt quite helpless about this too.

The plan was barely sketched out, yet the cooperation that had just improved for a second seemed on the verge of collapsing.

Indeed, in a round filled with liars and fanatics, no one would trust anyone.

Amidst the cooperation and friction, time quietly slipped away. Before long, the sound of clashing armor echoed through the noisy prison again.

The troop of knights that had left earlier returned, dragging a disfigured corpse behind them.

The corpse, dragged upside down, left a striking, eye-jarring scarlet trail on the grayish-white floor like a brush dipped in cinnabar.

Cheng Shi frowned slightly looking at the corpse. He could tell the deceased died from bites.

Yes, bites. His entire body was covered in teeth marks and bite wounds. It was evident his opponent lacked fighting skills and won the duel solely because the deceased had too many wounds, was too severely injured, and couldn't hold on any longer.

Although the loser's death was gruesome, it was actually good news for the players.

It clearly indicated that the other prisoners posed no real threat, confirming the feasibility of swapping identities to win the Final Deathmatch.

But Cheng Shi had one question: what kind of “spectacle” was this level of “duel” supposed to be, that even one of the three High Judges of the Grand Tribunal Hall would take time out to watch?

Even the recruitment trials for the Iron Law Knight Order would be ten thousand times more exciting, right?

While Cheng Shi was frowning in thought, several knights once again pried open the cage door of the blue-uniformed prisoner number 3, dragging out the eager deathmatch convict inside.

But the knights didn’t stop their selection process there. The burly knight captain scanned the area and, surprisingly, shifted his gaze towards the players’ location.

Just a brief glance exchanged with the knight captain’s cold eyes sent a chill down everyone’s spines.

He seemed intent on selecting another group to go up and fight simultaneously!

Cheng Shi was stunned, or rather, everyone was stunned.

During the earlier intelligence gathering, no one had found out about this. It turned out the Final Deathmatch wasn’t conducted sequentially, group by group, but with multiple groups fighting concurrently!

And the knight captain had undoubtedly already chosen the lucky ones to share the stage with the first group in blue uniforms—the players in the red uniforms!

He snorted coldly and strode forward, lance in hand.

This time, no one could laugh.

What plan? What cooperation? What friction? It was all a joke!

The trial hadn't given them enough preparation time. Just as they had barely grasped their surroundings, the unexpected arrived before the plan could even take shape!

"I've seen countless excited, angry, irritable, timid, and retreating deathmatch convicts, but rarely have I seen ones as silent and calm as you. What conspiracy are you brewing?"

Useless. The brilliance of [Order] will cast down the will of judgment. Any blasphemous delusion against Him will never become reality.

Hmph, go repent in the arena, scum.

Them. Take them away!"

Saying this, the knight captain pried open the cage doors of Li Yi and Ji Er.

And just then, just as the knights charged into their cages with menacing grins, a sudden change occurred!

No one saw how Ji Er detonated the so-called "smoke bomb," nor did anyone know if it was truly him who detonated it. Everyone only saw that the instant the strong knights stepped into the cages, "Bang—," a cloud of mist erupted from beneath their feet without warning.

But!

This mist wasn't the [Corruption] smoke Ji Er had described, but extremely ordinary war fog!

This black fog only served to obstruct vision and wouldn't cause anyone to fall asleep. Furthermore, the mist's range wasn't the entire prison, but only the nearby few dozen meters!

The moment the fog exploded, the surrounding Punishment Knights reacted quickly, surrounding the misty area while mercilessly whipping the jeering and howling prisoners within sight.

And within that fog, in the area of the players' cages, several bright lights suddenly flared up, abruptly becoming "guiding beacons" in the obscured region!

Clearly, some players had made their move. They had immediately applied Li Yi's purification cards to avoid being affected by the [Corruption] mist. But they hadn't expected that acting so quickly wouldn't save them from drowsiness, but instead turn them into focal points.

They had been "tricked," tricked by both Li Yi's generosity and Ji Er's lie.

As the lights flared, the knights in the mist shouted, raised their long spears, and thrust towards those nearby. The knight captain charged towards the light sources, snorting coldly as he advanced.

"Indeed, a conspiracy! But utterly laughable!

Everyone, be alert! Locate enemies, leave them alive!"

The sounds of clashing weapons and muffled groans of flesh being pierced instantly filled the mist. Small-scale conflicts erupted immediately, and the chaos began to spread towards the edges of the fog.

But Montelani's emergency response mechanism was clearly very mature. The moment the prison alarm rang, countless Punishment Knights poured in from the stairwells, completely surrounding the prison. Not only that, but higher-ranking knights took command of the scene. Listening to the chaotic sounds within the mist, one shouted gravely:

"Dispel the fog!"

"Civilization's fire rises, [Order] endures!" All the knights outside raised their lances in unison, letting out a resounding cry.

Each shout struck like a giant hammer on everyone's heart. The brilliance of [Order] lit up point by point on the lances, instantly connecting into a sheet that completely dispersed the fog in the prison center.

And the chaos in the prison settled the moment the war fog dissipated.

The turmoil, from beginning to end, lasted only a few minutes. On [Order]'s turf, [Chaos], after all, couldn't always get its way.

The central area was a mess of broken cages and debris. Wailing prisoners and injured guards lay scattered on the ground. The only figure left standing was the knight captain who had come to retrieve the prisoners.

He held his lance, its tip dripping blood, staring grimly at the dead red-uniformed prisoner at his feet, veins bulging on his forehead, his brow twitching uncontrollably.

"Apol, deathmatch convicts cannot be executed without authorization. You..."

"I didn't kill him!"

The knight captain turned, his gaze dark as he looked at his comrade, his face ashen as he said:

"Someone took the opportunity to fish in troubled waters!"