

The Gods 210

Chapter 210: It Was Actually Him!

The Iron Law Knight Order arrived and surrounded the entire prison. Their defensive target wasn't just the unruly deathmatch convicts, but also all the Punishment Knights present. They believed an assassin from an unknown faction had infiltrated their ranks, so everyone was on high alert.

But the players knew the assassin was likely not some outsider, but one of their own teammates.

They just didn't know what purpose drove this teammate to stage such a grand drama, causing such a huge disturbance that trapped everyone and forcibly confined a group of Punishment Knights within the prison.

This effectively reduced the players' room for maneuver to almost zero.

If the person who made the move was still inside the prison, how did they plan to resolve the situation they themselves had created?

Cheng Shi had considered that Su Wu might have done it all, faking his death after orchestrating everything to eliminate his teammates.

But the Iron Law Knights quickly dispelled this idea. When they dragged away the sole deceased from the chaos, they casually put another spear through his heart.

The thrust was solid, even piercing through the corpse's chest cavity and connecting with the spear wound on his back. But the body remained unresponsive, clearly thoroughly dead.

Evidently, the Iron Law Knights had considered this possibility and taken practical steps to close the loophole. After these finishing touches, the corpse, pierced through chest and back, was dragged away by the Punishment Knights like a rag doll to the morgue outside the prison.

The deceased Su Wu could likely be ruled out. But among the remaining teammates, who would orchestrate such a scheme?

It definitely wasn't the vanished Li Yi. He was probably still somewhere in the prison, and restricting his own escape options wouldn't serve his interests.

Ji Er? As a Clown, or rather, as a Priest, he had no reason to crash the situation like this only to send himself into the arena for a deathmatch against a warrior.

Gao San was a possibility, but how could he be so confident he could defeat everyone and earn a pardon?

At least, this Acrobat (himself) and the Scriptwriter in cell four should have been challenging opponents for him.

But if Gao San was ruled out...

Was Zhao Si possible? His situation was the same as Gao San's; there was no need to play such an extreme game.

Cheng Shi couldn't figure out the cause and effect. But there was no more time for him to think clearly. After the situation stabilized, the prisoners in the central area who had lost their cages were dragged by the Iron Law Knights, who had taken over, towards the arena above.

And the players in the red uniforms were the first group taken away after the chaos.

Ji Er, curled up on the ground, and Gao San, stiff as a board, were dragged away like that. Under the gaze of countless knights, they had no chance for further tricks.

Gao San naturally wasn't nervous; after all, he was a warrior. But Ji Er was different. He completely lacked his earlier defiance, looking as if he had suffered immense shock during the foggy chaos.

When the seven individuals were dragged into the arena on the ground level, countless spectators erupted in thunderous cheers. The huge arena was divided into four sections, hosting four deathmatches simultaneously. The audience no longer had to worry about a single dull match, as they had plenty of choices.

In the southwest corner of the arena, Gao San cautiously approached Ji Er, who still seemed dazed.

Ji Er scrambled backward on all fours, his voice trembling through the helm. He was terrified, truly terrified!

“Don’t... don’t kill me! We’re teammates, we still need to cooperate...”

Don’t, please, don’t!”

“Too late. I preferred you when you were unruly. Sorry, I have to live.”

“No!!!”

...

Under the close watch of the Punishment Knights, Cheng Shi had absolutely no opportunity for subtle actions.

He pondered for a long time and realized that besides being dragged into the arena, there seemed to be no other way to escape the heavy guard of the knights.

The teammate who had performed a series of bizarre maneuvers in the fog had pushed everyone into a desperate situation.

The Final Deathmatch became the players’ only option to leave the prison. Realizing the current situation, Cheng Shi decisively abandoned his own little plans and began conserving his strength, waiting for the Final Deathmatch to arrive.

He was already considering whether he would face the warrior of [Truth] or the mage of [Fate] next.

However, Zhao Si... was he really a mage of [Fate]?

If he truly was a Scriptwriter, why didn't he rewrite someone's script during the recent chaos?

A Scriptwriter at this level couldn't influence the main story's direction, but they could indirectly affect the "protagonist's" path by rewriting the stories of "passersby."

So in his story, who would be the "protagonist," and who the "passerby"?

Or had he already rewritten the story?

Whose? Li Yi's, Gao San's, or the drastically changed Ji Er's?

Filled with extreme doubt, Cheng Shi turned to look at Zhao Si, only to find Zhao Si looking back at him. Not only that, but Zhao Si had cleverly pressed his lips against the mouth hole of his helm, communicating with faint lip movements.

Fortunately, Cheng Shi actually understood lip-reading. He understood the meaning Zhao Si wanted to convey. The other party was saying:

"I didn't do it."

!

Cheng Shi's gaze sharpened. Mimicking Zhao Si, he pressed his lips close to the helm and mouthed back: "I don't believe you!"

Communicating like this under the noses of countless Punishment Knights felt incredibly risky, sending a surge of adrenaline through Cheng Shi.

Zhao Si received Cheng Shi's response and fell silent.

Although Cheng Shi hadn't said anything specific, Zhao Si had already guessed something. He realized the attacker wasn't Cheng Shi either.

Because if Cheng Shi were the culprit, he wouldn't need to acknowledge Zhao Si now, needlessly increasing the risk of accidents. He had already achieved his goal; he just needed to wait for time to deliver the answer.

Therefore, the moment Cheng Shi responded, from Zhao Si's perspective, the attacker was almost certainly narrowed down.

Ji Er, or Gao San.

Whoever orchestrated this scheme during the chaos, the answer would soon be revealed, because the orchestrator would definitely not let themselves die first.

Zhao Si narrowed his eyes slightly and said no more.

Seeing his reaction, Cheng Shi's doubts were similarly resolved.

This wasn't the demeanor of a schemer. So Zhao Si was kept in the dark. Thus, the answer really seemed to lie between Ji Er and Gao San.

Cheng Shi leaned towards Gao San, as the warrior of [Truth] did seem somewhat peculiar.

But he absolutely never expected the outcome of the arena fight to reveal a different answer.

Less than ten minutes after Ji Er and Gao San were dragged away, the defeated deceased in the red uniform was dragged back down by the Iron Law Knights.

The corpse's limbs were twisted and limp, as if the joints had been dislocated. Although the chest cavity was dragging on the ground, the holes in the helm faced directly upwards!

Clearly, his neck had been broken, twisted a full 180 degrees.

And the build of this person told Cheng Shi he wasn't Ji Er, but Gao San!

Gao San was dead, killed by a "Priest."

Cheng Shi's pupils constricted in disbelief.

It was actually him!

The attacker was actually Ji Er!

Just as he had suspected, Ji Er had hidden a deadly trump card.

But what exactly was that trump card?