

The Gods 244

Chapter 244: When a Brother Needs Help, I Help

He heard the voice before he saw the person.

Cheng Shi didn't even need to turn around to know exactly who this uninvited guest behind him was — Galusha!

'Damn — why is she here!?'

'No — she was always going to come!'

'I knew it. The script's finale had to be hiding one last bombshell. But the question is — how could a small fry like Galusha possibly kill this many teammates?'

'So the one who pulled the trigger is that Elemental Judge with the explosive fire-element affinity — Melina?'

'Does that mean I need to start running too?'

'Damn it!'

'It was supposed to be over! Why does the script's last page need a cliffhanger!?'

'Who the hell wrote this script!?'

Just as Cheng Shi stood frozen, weighing whether to turn around and reveal his face to this madwoman who had buried the Tower of Logic, the ever-composed and patient Li Zhi suddenly changed expression.

His gaze, dark as a storm, locked onto the little girl in the doorway. Then he picked up the Concentric Dagger from the experiment table, and through clenched teeth, ground out a single name:

"Galusha!"

Everyone was startled by his reaction — but Galusha was even more so.

"You know me? Who are you? Where's Grandpa Selius?"

"Yes, I know you!

I remember the twelve burn marks you carved into my face!

I remember how you tore off my limbs and ground them into paste, then fed it into my mouth!

I remember how you set fire to the Erudition Presidium's round table and skewered the Grand Scholars' skulls on your sword to roast at your leisure!

I remember how you personally grabbed one terrified, bewildered, innocent scholar after another and hurled them from the tower's heights, cackling all the while!

Your crimes are too numerous to record! Absolutely unforgivable!

Well then — how about I kill you right now and spare the world the atrocities you'll commit in the years to come!"

With that, he launched himself off the ground and charged at the girl in the doorway, hair practically standing on end with fury.

A jolt shot through Cheng Shi's gut. Without thinking, he grabbed Li Zhi and held him back.

Li Zhi stumbled, then whirled around to glare at Cheng Shi, boundless rage blazing in his eyes:

"You want to save her? Do you have any idea who she is!?"

'Of course I do. The mastermind who single-handedly destroyed the Tower of Logic — and a mortal enemy that every follower of [Truth] loathes to the bone.'

'But I'm not stopping you for her sake. I'm stopping you for yours.'

'You seem like a good person, so I figured I'd do you a favor.'

And so Cheng Shi looked this rage-blinded surgeon in the eye and said evenly:

"I just want you to understand — this is only a trial. A piece of history!

Even if you kill her now, you can't change a story that's already been written and sealed in the Land of Hope's past.

Get a grip, doctor. Cast a Calming Spell on yourself. Don't stir up more trouble in the trial's final moments."

Li Zhi froze. The fury in his eyes receded slightly.

'He's right. She's just a backdrop in this trial. Even if I killed her, what would it change?'

But right then, the singer teammate who'd been watching from the sidelines suddenly laughed — a laugh dripping with the kind of glee that comes from egging on a spectacle.

"See? I told you — nobody's a saint. A priest who saves lives is just as willing to murder a defenseless little girl.

Ha!

But I like it.

Well then, good Mister Priest — go right ahead. I'll help you change this story. I'll make this little girl vanish from the true history...

Don't look at me like that. And don't doubt me. I can do it — because I'm...

A Historian."

A Historian. A singer of [Memory].

They excelled at recording history — and even more at rewriting it. They were a breed praised by the History School as chroniclers, and simultaneously reviled as... hacks.

Because a great many of them loved nothing more than stirring the pot of history.

"!!!"

Cheng Shi's pupils contracted violently the instant he learned a Historian was among them!

He stared at Hua Jiao in disbelief, his mind racing:

'How can there be a follower of [Memory] here!?'

'Why is there a follower of [Memory] here!?'

'Who arranged for a follower of [Memory] to be hiding in this place!!'

Wide-eyed, he snapped his gaze to Li Zhi beside him and found, to his relief, that the good priest seemed to have been talked down. The rage in his eyes was gradually fading.

'Phew — good. He's calming down. The doctor really is a good person.'

But the very next second, a startled cry rang out. Cheng Shi whipped around in alarm — only to see that Song Yi, the burly man, had somehow already walked up to Galusha's side. Without any warning, he seized her by the throat and hoisted her into the air. And then—

"Brother — I told you, when you need help, I help!"

With a crisp "snap"... the Trap-Breaking Warrior broke the little girl's neck.

Galusha was dead.

Eyes bulging with terror, she died right in front of everyone.

Hua Jiao snorted with amusement and immediately flipped open his history book, recording this event into the annals.

"...Damn!"

Watching the trio's seamless coordination, Cheng Shi felt his luck had well and truly run out.

If he didn't know the three of them were complete strangers, he'd have sworn they were "pre-made party" veterans who'd queued up together!

'Since when are you people so practiced at murder and arson!?'

'She's just a child!'

'No — I'm the child here!'

'Why are you doing this to me!?!'

'Do you think history is that easy to change!?!'

'History is history — even after you rewrite it, it's still history!'

'Everything you know about Galusha — everything about how she destroyed the Tower of Logic — it will all play out again at some point in the future!'

'Because history has already told us — she is that person!'

'But now!'

'The rewritten history also tells her that I, Cheng Shi, was present at the scene of her death!'

Inescapable cause and effect had finally caught up with him on the trial's final page.

Cheng Shi looked at this motley crew of teammates — each wearing a vastly different expression — and took several deep breaths before finally wrestling his inner turmoil under control.

All he could do now was pray that Galusha had noticed his attempt to intervene. Pray that this terror — this nightmare that made players flee in panic — would not remember his face.

Li Zhi sighed too. As a follower of [Truth] who had lived through that merciless slaughter in the previous trial, he naturally harbored nothing but animosity toward Galusha. But what about the others?

What was that [Memory] follower thinking?

He looked at Hua Jiao with puzzlement and asked:

"She tortured you too?"

"Tortured?" Hua Jiao blinked, then laughed. "No. I'd only ever heard of her. This was actually my first time seeing her.

You know, I spent four days in the Colosseum fighting five versions of myself to the death, twisting one another's memories, frantically rewriting Montrani's history — barely scraping by to the bitter end.

I had no idea Montrani was even Galusha's hometown.

But now I do. Not only have I seen her — I've made sure she knows me."