

The Gods 245

Chapter 245: My Lord May Forgive, but His Mercy Doesn't Shine on Everyone

"Does it even matter? Once history has been witnessed, it can no longer be changed..."

You're His follower — you should understand this better than I do.

Killing her just like that — aren't you afraid of death?

She won't let you die so easily."

Perhaps some unpleasant memory had surfaced, because Li Zhi finally came back to his senses and reclaimed the mind that [Truth] had once illuminated. Clearly, he'd arrived at the same conclusion as Cheng Shi.

But Hua Jiao couldn't have cared less:

"I don't follow [Void]. Naturally, everything I do has meaning. I'm certainly afraid of dying, but compared to living without any thrills, I'm far more afraid that the [Memories] I offer before my death won't be spectacular enough.

And Galusha's death will undoubtedly make my offering to Him far more profound."

"..."

"On the other hand — you, good Mister Priest. Why don't you have any other slices?"

Li Zhi blinked, surprised that this teammate would even care about such a thing. But he didn't mind and offered an explanation:

"A slice can indeed be sliced again, but a weakened personality manifests in consciousness as an even frailer body.

By the time I opened my eyes, the other five 'teammates' were on their last breath. Despite everything I tried, I couldn't save them. So in that extrapolated fantasy, I received a pardon without needing to fight.

It was precisely because of this that the moment I saw all of you, I realized — I myself was a slice to begin with.

Well? Does that qualify as a spectacular memory?"

"Spectacular!" Hua Jiao clapped enthusiastically, grinning with genuine delight. "Absolutely spectacular. I owe you yet another one, good Mister Priest."

Li Zhi smiled bitterly, then turned to Song Yi.

"You..."

"We're brothers. No need for thanks!"

"..."

As the group chatted animatedly, the Death Weaver huddled silently off to the side. The bard, however, let out a hearty laugh:

"Truly spectacular. I've committed this dramatic scene to memory — I'll spread your story far and wide on my future travels.

My friends, may you always be as happy as you are today."

'Happy?'

'Happy my ass!'

'So you're all going to screw me over, huh? Fine — nobody's leaving today!'

Cheng Shi's face darkened, and he thrust his hands out toward everyone.

"?"

They looked at him quizzically — only to see two scalpels slide from Cheng Shi's sleeves as he began sizing up each of their bodies.

"I performed the experiments. I provided the Concentric Dagger. You could say I saved you — well, to be fair, the doctor and I saved you together.

But I never imagined I'd rescue a pack of ingrates who would stab me in the back the first chance they got.

No matter, though. I've learned patience and forgiveness from my Lord. So, as long as you offer reasonable compensation for my emotional damages, I'll let you off. Otherwise...

Nobody's walking out of here alive today."

Cheng Shi snorted coldly and flicked a dagger through the air, embedding it in the floor before their eyes.

'If today's compensation doesn't cover the karmic debt you've created, then I'm sorry — the prophecy's ending might just have to be written by my hand.'

Everyone froze for a beat, then their expressions turned colorful — equal parts bewildered and amused.

"You — haha — you, brother, you're going to 'let' the five of us off? All by yourself?"

Hua Jiao burst into laughter, cutting Cheng Shi off mid-sentence. His eyes brimmed with mockery. Beside him, Song Yi scoffed as well — clearly unconvinced there was any problem with what they'd done.

"See? There's always a doubter."

Cheng Shi's lips curled. He pointed his scalpel at Song Yi's abdomen.

"I'll only say this once. I hope you'll learn to read the room."

The words had barely left his mouth when Cheng Shi vanished. But in the time it took to blink, he was standing right back where he'd been — as though his disappearance had been nothing more than everyone's imagination.

Yet the very next second, Song Yi let out a scream and doubled over, clutching his stomach.

His abdomen had been blown open.

No — "blown open" wasn't quite the right term. He'd nearly been severed in half. Only a few sinews and scraps of flesh connected his upper and lower body. The gaping wound was horrifying beyond belief — clearly far beyond anything a small scalpel could have inflicted.

Everyone's faces changed instantly. Their gazes sharpened.

'So strong!'

This follower of [Fate] hadn't been bluffing after all.

Defeating a 2100-point warrior might not be saying much, but blindside-striking a fully prepared Trap-Breaking Warrior with damage at this level — that was power this tier couldn't begin to comprehend.

"You..." Hua Jiao's pupils contracted violently as he instinctively backed away. "Hero of Today?"

"Don't move. Or you're next. And don't think I'm joking." Cheng Shi chuckled darkly, casually producing a twenty-sided die and tossing it to the ground.

The nearly spherical die rolled several times, bumped against Hua Jiao's toes, and stopped — showing...

A twenty!

Critical success!

"!!!"

Everyone stared at the glaring twenty, calculated Cheng Shi's score, and their expressions underwent violent upheaval!

2600!?!?

A 2600-point Hero of Today at maximum roll!?

How were they supposed to fight that?

Headbutt him?

Seeing that his teammates had finally grasped reality, Cheng Shi returned every last one of their earlier sneers with interest.

'Hilarious. One loaded twenty-sided die and you're shaking in your boots. If I pulled out a twenty-four-sider, would you drop to your knees on the spot?'

'It's not that the Hero of Today lacks courage — it's that when you can shortcut your way through, there's no need to throw fists every time!'

'Being a warrior isn't just about brute force. Brains matter too.'

'You really thought I was some kind of living saint? Watching over you for three days and three nights without leaving, babysitting you like a nanny to keep you alive? Sorry — I'm no pushover. Helping you this far was always about collecting a caretaking fee.'

'And now you'll be paying that fee plus emotional damages. Whatever you've got — cough it up.'

'I'm done pretending. This is robbery.'

'Daylight robbery!'

'And you "ungrateful" mutts are the targets!'

'You really thought I didn't have a contingency plan?'

'While I was practicing the slice experiment, I wasn't only running slices. I performed a few minor surgeries too — planting some little... gifts of fate inside your bodies.'

'Care to guess how many dice are hidden inside each of you?'

That's right — dice.

Cheng Shi had embedded an uncounted number of dice of various sizes inside his teammates' bodies, purely as a precaution.

And now every last one of them was being put to use.

He'd teleported via a die into Song Yi's abdominal cavity for a single instant, then snapped back to his original position. Just like that — no other action required — and the stalwart Trap-Breaking Warrior had collapsed from catastrophic tearing.

The technique wasn't sophisticated, but it was devastatingly practical and terrifying.

'Don't blame me for being ruthless. If every one of you had been as normal as the doctor, you wouldn't be suffering like this.'

"Let's go — I'm watching the clock. Ten minutes until the trial ends. Don't even think about waiting it out. If your reparations aren't on the ground at my feet within ten seconds, then I'm sorry..."

My Lord's forgiveness doesn't shine on everyone."

"..."