

The Gods 50

Chapter 50: Completely Different Reactions

The moment he opened his mouth, a holy light of [Order] enveloped everyone in the room.

“Some of you may know me, and some may have never heard of me, but that is irrelevant.

You are all well aware of why the Grand Tribunal is here.

Evil has spread through Eternal Bloom Town, and under the cover of night, the criminal has brazenly stripped the residents of their right to embrace [Prosperity].

This vile, despicable act is not only a defiance of the faith of the Natural Alliance but also a direct challenge to the authority of the Grand Tribunal.

Under [Order], judgment has arrived!

No criminal can escape justice.

I, First-Class Judge Moxius, promise the Eternal Bloom Town Autonomous Alliance and its followers:

Today, we will find the true culprit and restore peace to all of you!”

Moxius’s speech was inspiring, and many guests visibly relaxed, their faces showing relief. The enforcers around the room looked even more eager, anticipation gleaming in their eyes.

But then, Moxius’s tone turned icy and laced with dark amusement.

“Now that the formalities are out of the way, let’s cut the pretense and get straight to the point.

I’ve already found the culprit, and yes, he is among you.

Fear was once your weapon, but it will also be your death knell.

Under the gaze of [Order] and the judgment of the Grand Tribunal, how will you... escape?"

As Moxius spoke, his gaze slowly began to move, starting from the far left side of the room, sweeping over the crowd.

With every slight shift of his eyes, the guests in that area instinctively tensed, stealing nervous glances at each other, terrified the killer might be standing beside them.

The sheer pressure of his gaze was so palpable that many guests' legs began to tremble, and some almost collapsed to the floor.

Standing among the crowd, Cheng Shi felt Moxius's sword-like gaze linger on him for a moment before moving on. He let out a silent sigh of relief.

He was anxious that this judge might use the same methods he had employed to execute Yunni against him, a follower of [Chaos].

Fortunately, Moxius seemed to be ignoring the players altogether.

The pressure continued to move across the room, and the panic intensified.

Just as Moxius's gaze was about to sweep to the right side of the room, something unexpected happened!

A figure in a green trench coat suddenly ducked their head, shoving through the surrounding guests and darting toward the edge of the crowd.

The guests who were pushed aside froze for a moment, then began screaming hysterically.

“Ahhhh!!!”

“Help! Someone help me!”

“Run for your lives! The killer is going to kill us!”

The enforcers by the door sprang into action, immediately giving chase.

“It’s him! Don’t let him get away!”

“Stop right there!”

The lobby erupted into chaos.

As soon as the confusion broke out, the players reacted swiftly, each taking a different approach.

Fang Jue began chanting loudly, unleashing his full power as a follower of [Order]. Golden chains of order materialized, flying toward the fleeing figure.

Du Xiguang vanished in a flash, reappearing in the path the fleeing figure would take, as if he had predicted the escape route.

But instead of blocking the figure, at just the right moment, Du Xiguang “accidentally” brushed against the “culprit” with an inconspicuous touch.

As for Cheng Shi...

He disappeared.

The moment the crowd scattered, Cheng Shi disguised himself as a frightened guest and slipped past the first-floor lockdown, quickly making his way to the second floor.

But he wasn't running to save himself—he was searching for clues!

Slacking off is impossible, not in this life.

A game this intense—one slip, and you're dead—there's no room for rest.

If you want to survive, you can only keep pushing your limits!

During his initial investigation of the inn, Cheng Shi had secretly memorized the appearances of every guest and which room they were staying in.

The moment the figure in the green trench coat made their move, Cheng Shi immediately identified who they were.

A bard!

A self-proclaimed bard from the northern Canrival Empire.

The guests at the inn had already been on edge due to the murder, and it didn't help that the bard, along with a few other troublemakers, had been fanning the flames of fear.

In fact, when Cheng Shi learned about the semi-divine artifact When Fear Descends, he had briefly suspected the bard.

As the saying goes, "To use fear as a weapon, the best tool is to first spread fear."

And what better profession to spread fear than a bard?

They loved telling stories—especially eerie, bone-chilling tales.

But at the time, Cheng Shi had been too shaken by Wei Guan’s death to think clearly. His mind wasn’t as sharp, and he hadn’t made the connection.

Now, however, everything made sense.

There was no snake in the shadows. The reason they saw a “snake” was that the “bow” itself was made of a snake!

The killer had laid all the groundwork. All that was left was for the semi-divine artifact to fulfill its purpose:

When Fear Descends!

Cheng Shi moved quickly, weaving through the fleeing guests until he reached the doorway of the bard’s room.

His plan was different from Fang Jue and Du Xiguang’s.

Fang Jue clearly believed that now that the Grand Tribunal had taken control, helping them capture the killer might win them some favor in future investigations.

Du Xiguang’s approach was more straightforward—so long as he touched someone, he could read their memories.

Cheng Shi, however, had a different thought:

When a killer knows they’ve been identified, their first instinct will be to clear themselves of suspicion.

The simplest and most effective way to do that is to get rid of the murder weapon.

But a semi-divine artifact isn't something you can just toss away, which made Cheng Shi more inclined to believe the bard had hidden the dagger rather than discarded it.

His first stop was the bard's room, where he hoped to find some clue that would reveal the trial's objective.

Of course, if he "happened" to find the dagger, even better.

However, when Cheng Shi ghosted his way to the door and pushed it open...

Someone was already inside.

In front of him stood a man, shirtless, with bulging veins rippling across his body as his muscles strained with effort.

It was the ascetic monk!

The follower of [Silence]!

Cheng Shi blinked in shock, utterly confused.

No wonder the monk was always missing. Even when everyone else had been gathered by the Grand Tribunal, he hadn't shown up.

It turned out he had also been keeping an eye on the bard.

But despite being a loner, he was still one of the players. And since they both followed the same path of [Chaos], there was no religious conflict between them—no reason to fear him.

However...

Something was off.

The monk had clearly heard the door open, but he didn't turn around.

His hands were gripping something tightly, his whole body tensed, as though he was pouring every ounce of strength into holding it in place.

Cheng Shi quickly realized what was happening—he could sense the monk's condition deteriorating—so he hurriedly cast a healing spell on him.

A priest's duty: never leave a teammate with an empty health bar.

But the follower of [Silence] wasn't appreciative at all. He had somehow established a Silence Field, rendering Cheng Shi's healing spell completely ineffective.

“?”

Another one of those lone wolves?

Cheng Shi's frustration spiked. He grumbled under his breath:

“If you don't speak, I'll scream for help!”

The ascetic monk's aura faltered for a moment. A few breaths later, he gritted his teeth and slowly turned halfway around.

And when he did, Cheng Shi saw...

In the monk's hands, he was gripping something.

Upon closer inspection, it was a dagger, emitting a sinister red light, struggling wildly against his hold.

"!?!?"

When Fear Descends!