

## The Gods 60

Chapter 60: Day Four: Moxius, You're Not the Answer Either

Wei Guan died in the street, killed by Ardos.

Yunni died in the room, apprehended by the Grand Tribunal.

The ascetic monk died amidst the chaos, his death the work of an unknown opportunist who has yet to be caught.

Not only has the identity of his killer disappeared—no one even remembers that he existed.

Du Xiguang also died at the hands of the Grand Tribunal, but that's just based on eyewitness accounts, which can't be fully trusted for accuracy.

As for Fang Jue... he was captured, though likely still alive.

Each player's death seemed irrational, each riddled with eerie, inexplicable elements. But there was no tangible evidence to suggest anything particularly strange about how they died, leaving a sense of unease that defied logic.

Cheng Shi had spent the entire night deep in thought, and a bold idea took shape in his mind:

Could death itself be the answer to the trial?

Could it be that, unlike in previous trials, each player had their own unique solution this time?

If so, perhaps those who had already died had escaped the suffering of the trial. Only he remained, wandering in confusion, clinging to life.

It wasn't impossible... but further verification was needed.

For now, the only clue left lay with Moxius.

And Moxius...

Appeared much sooner than expected.

Before dawn, a commanding figure materialized in Cheng Shi's room.

He was alone, just as confident and assured as those 2400-point players who had vanished.

Cheng Shi slowly opened his eyes and sat up from the bed.

Moxius stood by the room's table, his eyes still crackling with lightning, though this time, there was a hint of something new—curiosity.

“Feigning incompetence won't cover up the crime. I saw you last night when we captured the supposed killer.

You stood among the crowd, pretending to be just another bystander, but your gaze never left the unfolding events.

Perhaps you were in on it?

You should count yourself lucky that this fallen follower of [Order] didn't implicate you.

But now you dare challenge the Grand Tribunal with these despicable tricks...

What punishment do you deserve?”

Each of Moxius's words grew colder, and by the time he finished speaking, his scepter was already raised high. The thunder at its tip raged, eager to lash out at its enemy.

Cheng Shi smiled slightly, showing not the slightest hint of panic. He rose slowly from the bed and gave a small bow.

"If I'm guilty, then why does the esteemed judge waste time speaking to me instead of arresting me?"

You were far more decisive in the daylight."

"Hmph." Moxius's snort was sharp and icy.

"The five corpses were marked with 'invitations.' This disgusting spectacle was clearly meant to request a meeting with me.

My time is limited, but I can afford to give a dead man a few minutes to speak his last words.

It doesn't matter how you orchestrated the murders.

After this, you will be the first—before your accomplices—to face the judgment of [Order]!"

Tch, how righteous.

Cheng Shi chuckled, then spoke again:

"A mere traveler like me wouldn't normally pique the interest of a judge of your stature. What really caught your attention... was the aura surrounding those bodies, wasn't it?"

Indeed, in order to lure Moxius here, Cheng Shi had written some rather provocative words on each "corpse."

They weren't all that vulgar—just five simple characters:

“Come and catch me.”

One for each body.

But it wasn't the words that mattered—it was the tool he used to write them.

He had used When Fear Descends!

As a result, the wounds on each body were laced with the essence of [Death] and [Corruption]!

Moxius had undoubtedly sensed this, which was why he hadn't acted immediately.

Though he had taken the dagger and sealed it away, why, then, did traces of its aura remain in the outside world?

This was the question he wanted answered.

Any judge delivering a sentence would naturally want to know the full truth of the crime, if possible.

It was human nature, and no one was immune to it.

Moxius had interpreted Cheng Shi's invitation as the key to that truth.

Little did he know, in this moment, he was the key to Cheng Shi's truth.

“Judge, I have no intention of opposing the Grand Tribunal, nor do I wish to cause any further chaos.

If you answer a few simple questions, I will resolve all of your doubts.

In fact, I will even plead guilty and submit to your judgment!”

Moxius’s face darkened. He gave Cheng Shi no chance to negotiate, launching a bolt of lightning straight at him.

Cheng Shi had anticipated that Moxius might attack, but not so soon.

In a flash, he activated all the divine power at his disposal, casting healing spells and mental fortifications on himself in rapid succession. He even had a “Prosperity of Yesteryear” ready between his fingers, prepared to endure the full force of the lightning.

As long as he survived this one strike, he figured he’d earn the right to negotiate with Moxius.

But what Cheng Shi hadn’t anticipated was that Moxius’s scepter was actually a semi-divine artifact!??

The last time the lightning had singed half his face, he hadn’t realized that the fearsome power came from a semi-divine artifact!

No wonder!

So this is what it feels like to be locked onto by a semi-divine artifact: my mind is screaming, and my very soul is trembling.

At that moment, Cheng Shi felt as though his body had developed its own will, and it wanted nothing more than to kneel before the overwhelming power of the judge’s scepter and beg for mercy!

He couldn’t help but wonder—how had the ascetic monk survived this level of punishment?

Cheng Shi had always prided himself on his endurance and mental fortitude. His robust constitution, coupled with his expertise in medical arts, gave him a durability rivaling that of high-level warriors.

Plus, as a Priest, he had access to numerous preemptive healing techniques. He wasn't necessarily the player with the most health, but he was certainly one of the sturdiest.

He had witnessed the ascetic monk survive one of Moxius's lightning strikes, so he had believed that he, too, would be able to endure.

But he was wrong!

This was power beyond what any mortal could withstand!

Before Cheng Shi even had a chance to pop his healing items, the lightning exploded through every joint in his body.

Flames of judgment erupted from deep within him, incinerating him from the inside out, leaving him a charred husk.

The full might of an SSS-tier semi-divine artifact was on full display.

It was over—he had miscalculated!

He had been misled!

This time, the game was truly over.

There were no life-flashing memories playing out in Cheng Shi's mind as the thunder continued to roar in his ears.

He closed his eyes in resignation, almost relieved.

At least he wouldn't be deceived anymore.

But just as Cheng Shi thought he was done for, something even more shocking happened.

Just like when Yunni had stabbed him in front of "Blooming in Waiting of Withering," the overwhelming surge of death energy that had begun to fill his body suddenly dissipated, vanishing at the very moment of his supposed death.

It was as if some rule had intervened, preventing him from crossing that fatal threshold!

Barely clinging to life, Cheng Shi crawled out of the shattered remains of his bed with a ghastly grin, his bloodstained teeth gleaming as he looked at Moxius.

Moxius's face darkened, as though a storm cloud had settled over him.

"So you really are in league with them.

There aren't many who can withstand my judgment, and now I've seen two in as many days."

!

Suddenly, everything clicked in Cheng Shi's mind, but he still had questions. He struggled to lift his head and asked:

"You remember the ascetic monk?

The one who tried to seize When Fear Descends?"

Moxius furrowed his brow, his voice cold.

“Don’t try to confuse me with nonsense. You know I’m talking about your bespectacled friend.

His death will be your fate!”

The bespectacled friend?

Du Xiguang!?

Du Xiguang, with his mage’s frail body, had survived a strike from Moxius’s judgment lightning?

Just as I thought!

Cheng Shi lowered his head, a grin spreading across his face.

So this was the answer!

“No one survives a second strike. Sinner, state your final words.”

How amusing.

Moxius clearly wanted the full truth, but he refused to ask directly. Instead, he tried to intimidate with his scepter.

Fine, if you’re too shy to ask, I’ll say it.

Cheng Shi crawled forward a couple of steps, clutching his chest with one hand, a grim smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

“Judge Moxius, aren’t you curious why we were able to survive your punishment?”

A flicker of doubt flashed across Moxius’s face, but it quickly disappeared.

He closed his eyes slightly, his voice a dismissive hum.

“One last sentence.”

How adorable.

Cheng Shi laughed inwardly at the judge’s stubbornness but outwardly maintained an air of mystery.

“It’s because... all of this was taught to us by Lord Chernosly!”

“Who!?!?”

For the first time in what seemed like an eternity, Moxius’s ever-stoic face showed genuine shock. Even his hand holding the scepter trembled slightly.

Seizing the moment, Cheng Shi pressed forward:

“Have you forgotten him?”

But Lord Chernosly hasn’t forgotten you!

He has never forgotten the injustices of the Grand Tribunal, never forgotten your betrayal, and never forgotten the filth festering under the gaze of [Order]!

Today, his will has returned!

Right here, right now...

Behind you!”

“Impossible!!!

Urgh...

Urgh!!!”

In that instant, as Moxius whirled around, a surge of tangible [Death] energy exploded from his chest.

This beloved Son of [Order], this first-class judge of the Grand Tribunal, this wielder of a semi-divine artifact, suddenly...

The light in his eyes shattered.

His once-vibrant life force withered, and the power of [Order] dissipated into nothing.

His mouth, slightly open, could no longer utter a single word.

His face was still frozen in terror, his pupils locked in a tight contraction, but nothing would ever change again.

Moxius was dead.

In a fleeting instant!

His body collapsed with a thud, knocking over tables and chairs, his scepter slipping from his grasp.

With his last breath, this great judge of the Grand Tribunal uttered his final words:

“Impossible?”

Nothing is impossible.

Cheng Shi let out a crazed laugh, coughing and sputtering as he pulled the bloodstained dagger from his chest.

When Fear Descends.

You bring a semi-divine artifact to me, and I'll return the favor in kind.

At that moment, When Fear Descends gleamed, its blade glistening with fresh lifeblood.

Who would've thought that the mere mention of his mentor, Chernosly, would have sparked fear in the heart of the Grand Tribunal's Son of [Order]?

“What kind of filth is hiding within the Grand Tribunal? I can't help but wonder. Cough, cough...”

But...

I was right.

Moxius, you weren't the answer after all.

Ha, hahaha, HAHAHAHA!

This trial of [Death]... it's so amusing!

Truly amusing, HAHAHAHA!"

Cheng Shi laughed for a long time, until he was coughing uncontrollably. Finally, he managed to swallow the pill he had prepared earlier.

In this town, watched over by [Prosperity], the effects of "Prosperity of Yesteryear" seemed even more potent than usual.

Before long, a "newborn" Cheng Shi, his charred skin peeling away like old bark, stood once again.

He quietly cleaned up the scene, disposed of the body, picked up the scepter, and reset the furniture.

Everything returned to how it had been at the start of the night, as if no one had ever set foot in the room—save for the broken bed.

Execution's Hour!

That was the name of the scepter.

Just like its name, it was indeed formidable!

But now, it belonged to me.

Cheng Shi checked his watch—the sun would rise soon.

If he hurried, he might be able to visit the Law Enforcement Bureau in time to see the one remaining player:

Fang Jue.

Followers of [Order]...

I think I've already found my answer.

What about you?