

## The Gods 61

### Chapter 61: Conversation in the Prison

When Cheng Shi, dressed in plain clothes with his face hidden beneath a hood, arrived at the Law Enforcement Bureau's prison, no staff dared to stop him.

The reason? He was holding Moxius's Judge's Badge.

This was a token of the highest authority.

The staff mistook this unfamiliar visitor for a covert agent of the Grand Tribunal. They courteously escorted him, clearing away any irrelevant personnel and giving Cheng Shi and the supposed "criminal" ample time to "talk."

Of course, in their minds, this "talk" was likely to involve brutal interrogation—they had all heard of the Grand Tribunal's infamous punishments.

With ease, Cheng Shi found himself standing before Fang Jue. He removed his hood in full view of him.

Fang Jue's injured body visibly relaxed the moment he saw Cheng Shi.

Cheng Shi, slightly surprised by Fang Jue's expression, smiled and said:

"I suppose you're not relieved because of my safety. You don't seem surprised to see me here at all."

Fang Jue chuckled self-deprecatingly:

"It really is you, Cheng Shi. You're truly something.

As a follower of [Chaos], you're the most calculating and cunning one I've ever met.

To have manipulated everyone to their deaths in just three days... I must admit, I underestimated you."

?

Cheng Shi's mind blinked with a flashing in symbol of bewilderment.

I came here to compare notes, and you open with accusing me of being the mastermind?

Dude, are we even playing the same game anymore?

But Cheng Shi didn't deny it, nor did he try to explain. He simply smiled faintly, keeping his expression unreadable.

He had noticed all of Fang Jue's hostile actions throughout the trial, but he didn't care.

Cheng Shi had never minded that players took religious conflicts seriously, nor did it bother him when others resented or even hated him because of faith differences.

In a life-and-death game, any kind of behavior was understandable.

Cheng Shi was always one to judge actions, not intentions.

So long as you don't directly come for me, however you view me is your business.

But if you do try to stab me in the back, well, I have the freedom to decide how to kill you in return.

It was precisely because of Cheng Shi's mysterious smile that Fang Jue became even more convinced that Cheng Shi was the mastermind behind everything.

Fang Jue's expression darkened as memories of Du Xiguang's death returned to him.

After surpassing the 2400-point mark, Fang Jue had rarely encountered players in this bracket who could share Order's Light with him.

Du Xiguang had been a good man, someone who upheld the old order, and his sudden death was a "tragedy for humanity."

"What did He promise you? Or rather, what did you gain from all of this?"

Cheng Shi frowned slightly. He put himself in Fang Jue's shoes for a moment and realized that from his perspective, everyone dying without finding the answer did indeed make it seem like some mastermind was orchestrating the chaos.

And Cheng Shi showing up here in the prison right now? It probably looked like he was stepping into the spotlight for some final bow, basking in the audience's applause before the curtain fell.

Fang Jue likely believed Cheng Shi was the scheming director behind this grand drama.

After all, [Chaos] was synonymous with disorder.

Cheng Shi didn't answer Fang Jue's question; he couldn't, because Fang Jue was fundamentally mistaken.

Instead of responding, Cheng Shi asked a question of his own:

"You don't seem too worried about your current situation. But from what I can see, it doesn't look like you've found the answer yet.

So, what gives you such confidence?"

Fang Jue's tone grew despondent as he chuckled bitterly.

“Just a life-saving measure. Compared to your intricate schemes, my methods are crude and violent.

But I do have one more question before I leave this world. Could you clear up my confusion?

Consider it a final meal offered by a clever hunter to his prey...”

“Don’t be so pessimistic. I have a question too. Let’s trade secrets.”

Fang Jue blinked in surprise, then nodded.

“You first.”

Cheng Shi smiled and got straight to the point:

“Last night, you and Du Xiguang returned to the past and altered the memory, didn’t you?”

Fang Jue clearly hadn’t expected such a direct—and rather inappropriate—question.

Return of the Past could indeed return to a “memory” and alter the “past.” This was common knowledge in high-level games.

If any player not involved in that memory noticed discrepancies between their own recollection and the rest of the group’s, they would immediately suspect [Memory] had tampered with things.

And [Memory] didn’t allow players to manipulate memories without consequences. It would repair any gaps in the memories, and the price for altering those memories would fall on the players involved.

Du Xiguang’s death, and Fang Jue’s imprisonment, were the outcomes of that very process.

Fang Jue didn't answer immediately, thinking Cheng Shi was just offering him an excuse—a way to save face, preventing their conversation from devolving into a one-sided pity session.

But Fang Jue wasn't naive enough to believe in such gestures. Sometimes, offering someone "dignity" was more hurtful than just leaving things be.

Still, after a complicated moment of hesitation, Fang Jue nodded in agreement, if only to get an answer from Cheng Shi in return.

Satisfied with the confirmation, Cheng Shi's final doubts were put to rest, and his smirk grew.

"Alright, your turn."

Fang Jue's expression immediately turned serious as he asked gravely:

"Moxius, as a Son of [Order], would never follow your lead. So how did you orchestrate all of this? How did you manipulate him into walking step by step into your trap and using him to kill the others?"

By "the others," Fang Jue was referring to everyone except Wei Guan.

"You really want to know?"

Cheng Shi burst into laughter, a laugh so intense he nearly doubled over, clutching his chest.

"We agreed to trade secrets!"

Ah, [Order] followers... They do love their rules.

"Why don't you try guessing?" Cheng Shi replied, his face twisting into an eerie grin as he tilted his head, staring intently at Fang Jue.

Fang Jue furrowed his brow, deep in thought, before beginning his deduction.

“Driven by the need to hunt opposing followers of [Order], you probably studied the history of the Grand Tribunal and became familiar with Moxius.

Once you learned that we were in Eternal Bloom Town, you knew it had to be him leading the charge.

So you used your knowledge of him to subtly influence the others, pushing them to challenge Moxius’s authority. Then...

All you had to do was stand in the crowd and reap the benefits of their downfall.

Cheng Shi.

Everything you’ve done goes against the nature of [Chaos]. Every step you took was meticulously calculated. It’s hard to believe you’re truly a follower of His...

Maybe you were right—approaching [Order] creates even deeper chaos.

Doesn’t it?”

To be fair, Fang Jue’s reasoning was solid. If everything had happened as he described, then Cheng Shi, as a Devourer of Reason, would have used a vast information gap to hunt down the other players.

But the problem was—Cheng Shi wasn’t a true follower of [Chaos], and he certainly wasn’t the mastermind.

The real director was someone else—someone still unidentified.

“Sorry, wrong guess.”

Cheng Shi shrugged with an amused smile, then leaned in, his voice low and raspy as he whispered:

“Have you ever considered...

There might be another possibility?”

With that, Cheng Shi reached into his inventory and pulled out the scepter with the crackling lightning at its tip—Execution’s Hour.

“!!!”

Fang Jue’s mind exploded with a deafening roar, as if his very rationality had been shattered by the thunder.

His pupils contracted, his scalp tingled, and a freezing chill shot up his spine.

Every inch of his skin broke out in cold sweat, and his entire body went rigid, his fight-or-flight response screaming:

Unbelievable!

“You... you... how could you possibly be...”

Before Fang Jue could even finish his stammered sentence, a surge of overwhelming [Death] energy exploded from his body.

In the next instant, a bolt of lightning roared through the bars of the cell, striking him head-on.

Shocked, Fang Jue was too stunned to react. Like a ragdoll, he was blasted across the room.

But, miraculously, he didn't die.

Yes, incredibly, he didn't die!

Even When Fear Descends combined with Execution's Hour hadn't managed to kill him!

Could this Lawbringer have the same resilience as the ascetic monk?

Heh.

But Cheng Shi hadn't intended to kill him.

He had simply conducted a little experiment on Fang Jue.

And now, the results were in.

Looking at the miserable state Fang Jue was in, Cheng Shi burst into laughter:

"Why not?"

However, Fang Jue, who had miraculously survived, ignored everything Cheng Shi said. In a desperate bid to save his life, he activated his trump card.

There was no grand explosion, no earth-shattering tremor.

Cheng Shi only saw a tear in the space behind Fang Jue, silently opening like a vacuum and sucking him in.

As soon as Fang Jue disappeared into the void, the tear closed up, as if it had never been there.

All that remained was a scorch mark on the floor where the lightning had struck, a reminder that something had happened in the prison moments earlier.

Cheng Shi stood there, stunned, watching Fang Jue vanish. The number of question marks flashing above his head had doubled, now blinking rapidly.

It was the essence of [Order]!

It had come to take its follower back.

Wait a minute—[Order] is supposed to be the most rule-abiding god, right? How can He just open a backdoor for His followers like that?!

Is that fair?

Is that even legal?

Shouldn't the [Faith Game] GM step in here?

What a joke! I want to file a complaint!

Of course, Cheng Shi only yelled these things in his mind. He wasn't stupid enough to challenge the game directly.

Sigh. Oh well, I suppose it's good to let the 'good guys' live a little longer.

Besides, I wasn't here to kick him while he's down.

Cheng Shi pocketed the scepter and pulled his hood back up.

With this final matter resolved, it was time to bring the trial to an end.

“Now, let me think... How should I finish this?”