

The Gods 63

Chapter 63: Another Ordinary Day

Reality, Unknown Province, Some Large Laboratory.

Wei Guan opened his eyes, unsurprised, and casually glanced at the clock on the desk.

The time hadn't moved. The trial was over.

He looked down at his chest, feeling his heart still beating, and let out a cold snort.

"Such a boring game.

Fear isn't a weapon; it's a remedy for saving players. The premise was too cliched, utterly unoriginal."

The empty laboratory echoed his voice, but no one responded.

He stood up from his chair and walked over to a large screen, pressing the button to activate the machine.

"Experiment-Type is now starting..."

"Hello, Dr. Wei Guan. Good to see you again. How's your day been?"

Wei Guan's tone was blank, devoid of emotion.

"Just another ordinary day."

"Did your special trial go well?"

"Well? I suppose.

But trials that go too smoothly don't foster growth, so I added a bit of extra difficulty for my teammates."

"As always, your kindness and generosity know no bounds. System startup complete. Time taken: 12.964 seconds."

Wei Guan frowned slightly, his expression growing serious.

"Your loading time has slowed by 0.065 seconds. Analyze the cause and submit a report."

"Apologies. Analyzing the cause now."

"Analysis complete. Time taken: 3.014 seconds.

Cause: The [Divinity] containment unit suffered a pressure breach. [Divinity] leakage rate: 32.189%. To prevent further leakage into the living area, additional time was spent closing the laboratory doors.

A detailed incident report has been generated. Please review it at your convenience."

Wei Guan's face remained cold as he flipped through a few pages of the report, his brows deeply furrowed.

"Looks like we'll need to capture more [Divinity] samples. Analyze the optimal balance ratio for the experiment, and tell me which trials I need to participate in."

"Analyzing experimental balance ratios... Please wait..."

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Reality, Unknown Province, Some Desolate Area.

Yunni awoke on the sandy ground, wiping the raindrops from her face.

“Hm? It’s raining again? What a bother.”

She looked up at the falling raindrops and casually snapped her fingers.

“Snap!”

In that instant, all the rain around her disappeared as it neared an invisible boundary above her head.

The droplets, now redirected, were sent to some distant world on the verge of collapse.

Whether those raindrops became the last straw that broke the camel’s back, causing disaster, or a timely salvation for a dying land, no one would ever know.

She glanced down at her chest, the echo of Cheng Shi’s words still ringing in her ears:

“Fairness that isn’t agreed upon isn’t fairness at all.”

Fairness?

Only the strong have earned the right to talk about fairness. As for the weak...

Simply living is their original sin.

Might as well be obliterated.

Yunni lay back down, closing her eyes as the chaotic sounds of rain surrounded her, her thoughts drifting to some far-off place.

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Reality, Unknown Province, Some Shanty.

A shirtless warrior awoke, glanced around the room, and then slowly closed his eyes again.

From start to finish, not a single sound was made in the dusty shanty.

The unnerving silence was suffocating.

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Reality, Unknown Province, Some Apartment.

Du Xiguang woke up, but he didn't get up.

The soft bed was a deadly temptation for someone as exhausted as him; its invisible tendrils seemed to bind him to the mattress, rendering him unable to move.

He lay there for what felt like an eternity, until scenes from the trial flashed back through his mind. Only then did he finally open his eyes, a sly smile creeping across his lips.

"A good person? What a noble concept.

Let's hope my 'good-hearted companion' continues to be fooled by my performance and manages to find the right answer.

Oh, right, he's still got a backup plan, doesn't he?

No matter. I didn't kill him this time. Maybe next time I'll have another chance.

Don't you agree...?

Du Xiguang?"

In the mirror facing Du Xiguang's bed, his reflection stared back at him, its expression somber and dark.

Yet Du Xiguang laughed heartily.

"Don't be so glum. Once I sacrifice this memory, we'll be good people again, won't we?"

As he spoke, he pulled out a notebook imbued with the power of [Memory] and gently pressed it against his forehead.

In the mirror, the reflection of Du Xiguang's face turned ashen, his jaw clenched tight, though he could do nothing but watch helplessly.

Moments later, the two Du Xiguangs synchronized their movements once more.

The real Du Xiguang opened his eyes, glanced at the newly written text on the notebook, and suddenly understood.

"July 14th. Very well—the trial is over."

He turned his gaze toward the mirror, a playful smile on his face as he continued:

"Too bad I didn't die. Looks like you'll have to stay in there for a while longer."

Inside the mirror, Du Xiguang's reflection moved in perfect sync, mimicking his every word and gesture, offering no response.

It was as if the events that had just transpired were nothing more than a one-man theatrical performance.

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Reality, Unknown Province, Some Office Building.

The moment Fang Jue regained consciousness, he sprang to his feet.

Frowning, he rushed to the archive room and began rummaging through the files.

Not long after, the sound of a woman's high heels echoed behind him.

"Fang Jue?"

Fang Jue turned to see Ji Yue, one of the mutual aid society's members who lived next door—a mage and a follower of [Truth].

Thanks to the helpful and kind-hearted players in this building, they had merged their spiritual barriers after the gods descended, creating a communal living space where everyone supported one another. It was a mutual aid society of sorts.

Fang Jue and Ji Yue were the two highest-ranked members, respected by all.

"Why are you in such a rush? Did the trial give you trouble?"

“You’re here just in time. Remember that Grand Tribunal judge, Moxius, that you mentioned before? Help me find his records.”

Ji Yue arched an eyebrow but nodded, stepping into the archive room.

“The Son of [Order] who died young? What are you looking for specifically? You could just ask me—I might know.”

“Do scholars in the history faction have memories as sharp as yours?”

“Of course. So, what’s on your mind?” Ji Yue smiled, sitting down by the table and tilting her head expectantly.

“I want to know where he died, and whether any semi-divine artifacts from the Grand Tribunal, particularly a scepter, went missing after his death.”

“Execution’s Hour? The scepter of lightning judgment.”

“You know about it?” Fang Jue’s eyes widened in surprise.

“Mhm. It’s the only semi-divine scepter from the Grand Tribunal that has been lost for centuries. No one knows where it is now. Many mages are searching for it, including me.”

“Did you... see it?”

Fang Jue nodded gravely.

“Where?” Ji Yue’s excitement caused her to jump to her feet, grabbing Fang Jue’s arm.

Fang Jue sighed and spoke slowly, carefully choosing his words:

“It’s in the hands of a Devourer of Reason. At first, I thought he was pretending to be Moxius, but I later realized he must have come across Moxius’s death and stolen Execution’s Hour.”

Ji Yue’s eyes widened, and she covered her mouth in shock.

“Your trial seems like it was quite the story. Tell me all about it.”

Fang Jue felt the need to talk it through with someone, so he put down the documents and began recounting the entire trial.

When he finished his story, he turned to Ji Yue, her expression now serious.

“So, what do you think?”

Ji Yue pondered for a moment before answering slowly:

“I think you were deceived.”

“?”

“The offering for [Death] might not have been someone else. It might have been you all along.

I feel like you were led astray somewhere, though I can’t pinpoint who misled you.

And that Devourer of Reason, Cheng Shi... I reckon he’s using you to test his theories.”

Fang Jue was taken aback for a moment.

“You think he didn’t orchestrate everything?”

“I can’t be certain without seeing it for myself, but I highly doubt he’s completely innocent in all of this.”

“Even if he didn’t plan it all out... He’s still formidable.

I should warn my fellow followers of [Order] to keep an eye on this Cheng Shi character.”

“In that case, mind if I put out a small bounty on Execution’s Hour in the mage channels?”

“I don’t see why not. Oh, and not all is bad news—I managed to bring back the body of a follower of [Folly]. Looks like your 2600-point goal is within reach.”