

The Gods 160

Chapter 160: How Interesting, So, You Want To...?

Meanwhile, on the other side:

Among the remnants of the city guard knights, Ji Yue was half-reclining against the ruins, resting.

She was the highest-ranked player among the six, and after the deaths of one commander and three vice commanders, she had finally taken control of the squad.

All of this had been accomplished through her leading this ragtag group of survivors step by step.

From the collapse of the outer walls, to street battles, to the failed retreat to the inner city, four full days had passed, and she had lost count of how many people she had killed or how many battles she had fought.

The distance between the outer and inner city, which should have only taken a day to cover, had stretched into four agonizing days of nonstop warfare, a testament to just how brutal the fighting had been.

Once a city nestled between mountains and rivers, Gasmira was now a wasteland, overrun by countless [Chaos] followers. The land, once echoing with the voices of truth, now sang a mournful dirge.

“When the bell tolls, let out a wailing cry.”

The wailing had long begun. Now, Ji Yue only hoped the next one to join in wouldn't be her.

Just moments ago, their squad had encountered yet another wave of crazed Death's Bell Knights.

Though few in number, they were all fierce warriors, driving the already exhausted remnants of the city guard to the brink of collapse.

Apart from the scattered sentries, everyone had collapsed into the ruins, desperately trying to recover their strength, savoring what little rest they could find during this fleeting ceasefire.

Not long after, a warrior with thick eyebrows and a stubbly beard stealthily crawled along the broken wall toward Ji Yue, who had her eyes closed in rest.

Reaching into his cloak, he pulled out...

A dagger.

He moved slowly and silently, bringing the blade's tip toward Ji Yue's chest.

But just as the sharp dagger was about to pierce her flesh, Ji Yue, the nearly 2600-point scholar, suddenly opened her eyes.

With a simple raise of her hand, she redirected the dagger into the void!

The void—again, the void!

The scholars of the Void Matter Theory department were the most knowledgeable about the void in the entire Tower of Logic, and most of their talents were related to it.

The warrior holding the dagger didn't seem surprised by this. He neither backed away nor tried to explain himself. He simply stood there silently, his eyes filled with a cryptic understanding as he looked at Ji Yue.

Ji Yue shot him a cold glare, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Gelfis, if you want to heal someone without causing misunderstandings, you should notify them first.

Sneaking up with a dagger isn't exactly the best approach for an Overseer.

If you weren't the only healer in the squad, I'd be more inclined to think you were trying to kill me so you could take my place.

So, tell me—did you kill Captain Griff? When did you become one of His followers?"

By He, of course, she was referring to [Chaos], who had caused all of this.

Yes, this burly man with thick brows and a beard was none other than Gelfis, the squad's quartermaster, and one of the few comrades who had fought alongside them for four days and nights without dying.

Gelfis smirked bitterly, his voice low.

"I've never wanted to become His follower as much as I do today.

But [Truth] tells me that [Chaos] is not [Civilization]."

Ji Yue brushed his arm aside, sneering.

"You're just a prisoner of [Truth]; He couldn't care less about you.

And since when did followers of [War] become so sentimental?

What do you want? Get to the point."

"You're too exhausted; you need healing," Gelfis said, his gaze fixed on hers, each word deliberate.

"There are plenty of others who need healing more than I do. Arkade is still on a stretcher. If you have the energy, go tend to him.

Sending a combat expert to the front line is far more useful than easing my fatigue."

“Yue, he’s not as important as you.” Gelfis grabbed Ji Yue’s hand, his expression turning tender. “My energy is limited, and other than you, I can’t care for anyone else.”

Seeing Gelfis’s bold move and his direct words, the silver-haired, tight-clad female scholar smiled.

That smile, like a splash of wine-red on a black-and-white canvas, was beautiful.

But the red on her lips wasn’t from lipstick—it was from the blood of her enemies.

“Is that why you snuck up to me? To say all this?”

Quartermaster, you’re using your precious energy to flirt?

How interesting. So... you want to sleep with me?”

“.....”

Gelfis was dumbfounded.

He did have that thought. After all, as a follower of [War], he needed some way to relieve his frustration and pent-up aggression.

But hearing Ji Yue say it so directly left him speechless, unsure of how to respond.

Saying “yes” or “no” both felt wrong.

“Good!

I appreciate that you've been thinking about sleeping with me in the middle of a battle."

Ji Yue stood up, her figure hidden in the shadow of a still-standing stone pillar, glaring coldly down at Gelfis, her voice as icy as a windstorm on a glacier.

"This is your last warning, Gelfis.

Remember, it's only because you're the squad's healer that I'm sparing you."

At that moment, the sentry shift change was up.

Fang Shiqing and the other Torchbearers carefully made their way back through the ruins, with Cheng Shi in tow. As soon as they entered the camp, Fang Shiqing called out:

"We encountered a rogue city guard knight healer. Ji Yue, where are you?"

"?"

At the sound of Fang Shiqing's voice, Ji Yue wordlessly summoned back the dagger she had cast into the void earlier, placing it inches away from Gelfis's chest—right where he had tried to "assassinate" her.

Without giving him time to react, the learned scholar used the simplest method possible: she delivered an elbow strike, driving the dagger straight into his chest.

"Shhhck—"

The heart was pierced.

Gelfis's face twisted in terror!

He couldn't believe Ji Yue had killed him—couldn't believe she had done it right then and there.

He collapsed to his knees, grabbing Ji Yue's arm tightly, blood frothing from his mouth. His expression was one of disbelief, his eyes filled with regret and venom.

"You... you're crazy. I was your... healer..."

Your only... healer!"

Ji Yue chuckled coldly, not even bothering to glance at him.

"Not anymore."

Gelfis froze, his dying gaze shifting toward Cheng Shi, before turning back to Ji Yue, cursing her with his final breath:

"Bitch... filthy bitch..."

You'll all... die with me!

He... is coming. He's already see—"

"Shhhck—"

Before he could finish, Ji Yue pulled the dagger from his chest.

The shining silver blade was spotless, but as it withdrew, it painted a perfect arc of blood across the ruins.

"Thud."

Gelfis's body fell to the ground.

The Overseer died there, at the feet of the prey he had once hunted.

Cheng Shi, having followed Fang Shiqing back to the makeshift camp, arrived just in time to see the silver-haired scholar send off a burly man with a final blow.

He turned to Fang Shiqing in confusion, but her face didn't look any better.

"You killed Gelfis... Ji Yue, he was the squad's only healer!"

Ji Yue's cold demeanor softened into a warm smile.

"I told you, he isn't anymore."

She then turned to Cheng Shi, nodding in greeting.

"And this man is now our only healer.

Pleased to meet you. I'm Ji Yue, acting captain of the 41st Outer City Guard Squad.

To which squad do you belong?"

Cheng Shi's gaze shifted between Ji Yue and Gelfis's corpse. After a moment of contemplation, he had a feeling that this acting captain might not be so easy to deceive.

At least when it came to identifying moles, her instincts seemed far sharper than the Torchbearers'.

“What’s the matter? Forget your squad number?”

Ji Yue walked over to Cheng Shi with a smile, sizing him up playfully.

“And surely, you still remember your name, right?”

Wait a minute!

Something felt off!

Cheng Shi’s eyes narrowed, and he instinctively took a half-step back, his wariness toward Ji Yue growing.

This woman seemed to have already seen through his disguise. But how? He hadn’t even spoken a word—how could she have known he wasn’t a real city guard knight?

Did [Truth] have abilities like this?

But hadn’t plenty of [Truth] followers been fooled by him before?

Just as Cheng Shi’s mind raced to figure out what was going on, Ji Yue spoke again.

And this time, her words left everyone stunned.

“You can’t even remember your name?”

No worries, I’ll help you recall.

Your surname is Cheng, your given name is Shi. You’re not a knight, nor are you a healer.

You're a...

Devourer of Reason!

You're His follower!"

As soon as she finished speaking, a rift opened above Cheng Shi's head!

Two black, slimy hands shot out from the void, lunging toward his head!