

## The Gods 162

Chapter 162: What a Clear-headed Devourer of Reason, What a "Chaotic" Overseer

Seeing the situation spiral into a point of no return, Cheng Shi had no choice but to think on his feet. He quickly shifted his mindset from "trying to expose a mole" to "I am the mole."

Yes, within a second, he fully embraced his new identity.

From playing the role of a "remnant city guard knight of Gasmira" for less than an hour, he morphed into a genuine follower of [Chaos].

Nearly a hundred true [Chaos] followers had started an indiscriminate spree of backstabbing and slaughter. In no time, the remaining steadfast knights were cut down one after another.

Even Cui Qiushi, outside the wall of light, couldn't hold on anymore.

He deflected several lances aimed at him, stumbling as he tried to break through the onslaught. But he had barely taken two steps before he ran straight into the arms of a [Chaos] follower.

With a cruel grin, the [Chaos] follower raised a short knife and, without a word, plunged it into Cui Qiushi's chest.

"Shhhck—"

Cui Qiushi spat out a mouthful of blood, his hands gripping his attacker's arm with all his might, his eyes blazing with fury.

But it didn't take long before his strength drained away, and he collapsed to the ground.

The [Chaos] follower sneered, kicked Cui Qiushi's lifeless body aside, and stepped forward, taking advantage of the chaos to stab another fellow [Chaos] follower in the back.

The unsuspecting victim turned in shock, his face twisted in horror as he stared at his betrayer.

“I... I’m... a Death’s Bell...”

“Sorry, so am I.”

“Wh... why...?”

“Why?”

Because...

He told me, it still isn’t chaotic enough here!”

With that, the [Chaos] follower yanked the knife out and cast another Shared Divine Grace spell over the ruin-strewn battlefield!

Yes, the [Chaos] follower who had just killed Cui Qiushi was none other than Cheng Shi!

As the healing spell, tinged with madness, rippled out across everyone present, many of the [Chaos] followers stopped their slaughter, staring in Cheng Shi’s direction, retreating cautiously.

This madman had killed someone right in front of the acting captain and then rallied all the [Chaos] followers to openly embrace their chaos. And now, unsatisfied with the amount of chaos, he had started killing his own people.

Not only that—he was healing them, too!!

He wasn’t just enjoying the chaos.

He was truly offering up the chaos to [Chaos]!

After all, he was a “Devourer of Reason”!

There weren’t many [Truth] followers left on the battlefield. If the healing continued, everyone would truly lose their minds!

“We must not only slaughter others, but also turn on one another. He is watching us—He is watching everything here!

Brothers and sisters, do not hesitate! Strike!

Let us drive the coldest blades into each other’s bodies and smear the hottest blood across one another!

Let Him witness everything here and know that all of this has been prepared as a grand offering for the greatest of all—[Chaos]!

Do not fear; do not panic. We will meet again in another realm, and together, we will bear witness to...

His glory!”

As he spoke, Cheng Shi stabbed himself.

“Shhhck—” Blood spurted everywhere.

The short knife buried itself deep into his chest, and blood sprayed out, splattering the nearest [Chaos] follower head to toe.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

The entire battlefield went still.

Some of the [Chaos] followers, their eyes shining with fervor, threw their heads back and howled, calling out [Chaos]'s name. They mimicked Cheng Shi, driving their own daggers into their bodies.

Others were terrified by the scene unfolding around them. They lowered their heads in silence, slipping into the shadows of the ruins, hoping to quietly escape and preserve their lives.

Not every follower was devout, and not everyone was willing to sacrifice themselves for their faith.

Cheng Shi stood in the center of it all, a knife in his chest, watching as the [Chaos] followers either fell dead or fled the scene.

It wasn't until much later, when there were no longer any living beings in sight, that he coughed up blood, collapsed to his knees, and pulled the short knife from his chest, letting out a heavy sigh of relief.

“Alright, everyone get up. They're all dead.”

“.....”

Corpses lay strewn across the ruins. Among them, a single female body shifted ever so slightly.

She pushed away the corpses piled on top of her and searched through the bloodstained ground for her Book of Truth.

Fang Shiqing!

This well-learned poet, who had never actually died, held her blood-soaked book, staring blankly at the scene around her.

In her ears, she could still hear Cheng Shi's words from before they returned to camp:

"But let me give you all a friendly reminder: if things get out of hand later, please... bear with me."

Was... this what he meant by things getting out of hand?

Cheng Shi, what on earth have you done?

The teammates we fought alongside for four days—now they're all dead within just a few minutes.

"You..."

Fang Shiqing looked at Cheng Shi, at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, Bai Ling also climbed out of the rubble. As soon as she opened her eyes, she ripped a strip of cloth and tied it around the wound on her neck. Then, with a playful grin, she asked:

"Big shot, how'd I do with the acting?"

Cheng Shi, still slumped on the ground, chuckled and shook his head.

"A bit over the top. You weren't exactly playing along—you were trying out for a film academy..."

But credit where it's due—Qiushi really pulled off his role well. He made the whole performance come alive.

So, where is he?"

Cui Qiushi didn't move at the sound of his name. He lay hidden under a corpse, his face smeared with cold blood to hide the warmth on his cheeks.

To be honest, when Cheng Shi had driven the healing scalpel into his body, Cui Qiushi had genuinely believed that the 2400-point maniac Fang Shiqing had brought back was a true Devourer of Reason.

This wasn't an act.

I genuinely couldn't tell!

How could anyone be this convincing?

How could someone switch from a calm, high-level expert to an unrecognizable lunatic in just one second?

Was any of this real?

Cui Qiushi couldn't believe it.

Thankfully, the feeling of being healed wasn't a lie. When he collapsed into Cheng Shi's arms, he didn't play dead immediately. Instead, he smeared blood across his face to hide his embarrassment.

He didn't want to ruin the performance with his awkwardness, nor did he want to screw up Cheng Shi's plan with his belated realization.

"There, he's over there." Bai Ling pointed in a direction, a little surprised, and asked, "Big shot, did you stab him too deep? He's not moving at all!"

"?"

Cheng Shi shot Bai Ling a look of exasperation, his eyes clearly saying, “I’ll give you a chance—try rephrasing that.”

Bai Ling just smiled and said nothing.

But just as they were chatting about the aftermath, Ji Yue, who had disappeared when the chaos broke out, reappeared in front of Cheng Shi.

She had just walked out of the void, a spear leveled directly at Cheng Shi’s chest.

“Ji Yue, no!”

“Captain! It’s a misunderstanding!”

“Spare him!”

Cheng Shi looked up at the silver-haired beauty standing before him, spear in hand, and blinked innocently.

“You’re not a Devourer of Reason!”

Ji Yue was clearly angry.

But it wasn’t because she hadn’t been warned about Cheng Shi’s impromptu performance—it was because the squad she had painstakingly led had been completely ruined.

This had cost her almost all her leverage for infiltrating the central academy!

But along with her anger, there was also confusion in her eyes.

Because she had figured out Cheng Shi's true identity!

When she saw Fang Shiqing "die," Ji Yue had felt that Fang Shiqing, as a decent teammate, didn't deserve to have her body left out in the open like that. So, she tried to move her body into the void to lay her to rest.

But the moment she attempted to pull Fang Shiqing's body into the void, she realized that the "tragically slain" scholar wasn't dead at all!

As a Void Matter Theory scholar, Ji Yue could use the blessings of the void to store objects in the void, but handling the dead and transporting the living felt completely different.

So when Fang Shiqing's body rejected the void, Ji Yue immediately knew she had been deceived.

This fellow [Truth] follower wasn't dead.

Not only that, the "Devourer of Reason" posing as a healer wasn't a Devourer of Reason at all!

He was clearly an Overseer!

The stab Cheng Shi had delivered to Fang Shiqing's lower back hadn't been to kill her—it had been to heal her!

This cunning Overseer had used Ji Yue's own words to deceive everyone!

Yes, Cheng Shi was indeed an Overseer.

To fully explain his "faith," we need to look back at two trials.

...

In the [Order] trial, Cheng Shi had posed as a [Fate] priest, the Weaver of Fate.

Though he had managed to fool the Vertical Wall Knight, when Hu Wei “unveiled” Cheng Shi’s true identity, Cheng Shi hadn’t denied it.

Because he didn’t need to prove anything—he just had to let the “fact” that the void liked him speak for itself.

Thus, during the chase through the void with the mech soldiers, when Cheng Shi had reached out toward Yan Chun, it had been a feint.

He was bluffing!

Swapping fates is a general [Fate] talent, not exclusive to the Weaver of Fate.

At the moment when the knight’s lance was about to pierce his back, Cheng Shi was still playing the false role of Weaver of Fate, using a fake talent to trick the Vertical Wall Knight.

And clearly, the Vertical Wall Knight had believed him—and been afraid.

That feigned reach had also fooled Hu Wei and Bai Fei, solidifying his cover as the Weaver of Fate.

When Cheng Shi responded to the summoning and arrived in the [Chaos] trial, his claim of being a “Forgotten Doctor” was also a lie.

He had indeed deceived the Hunters of [Time] in the previous trial, but even when face to face with Fang Shiqing and her group, he hadn’t fully committed to that lie.

Because without seeing the full scope of the situation, he couldn’t be sure that [Time] would lead him to victory.

So, from start to finish, Cheng Shi had remained a trickster.

He had never changed.

Until the moment Ji Yue exposed him, calling him a “Devourer of Reason,” Cheng Shi’s mind whirred, and he improvised, embracing the title and stealthily transforming into...

The priest of [War], an Overseer.

...

But how had an Overseer managed to drive the [Chaos] followers to madness?

Overseers weren’t supposed to have—and shouldn’t have—healing spells that drove people insane.

This was the part that Ji Yue couldn’t understand.

Cheng Shi saw the confusion in her eyes but didn’t address it. Instead, he asked her:

“Who gave you my portrait?”

Ji Yue didn’t answer. She frowned, recalling everything Fang Jue had told her regarding that fateful trial.

Devourer of Reason, false Moxius, master of disguise, deceiver of hearts... and now, an Overseer.

Got it.

She stared into Cheng Shi’s eyes, speaking slowly and deliberately.

“Lies of Yesterday. So, you’re the Clown!”

Cheng Shi wasn’t surprised at all. He gazed thoughtfully into Ji Yue’s eyes, starting to recall the teammates from the “Devourer of Reason” trial who had the ability to interact with players at the 2600-point level.

[Folly] never shares, [Silence] never speaks, and [Oblivion] doesn’t care. So, they could probably be ruled out.

That left [Memory] and [Order]. And since [Memory] had trapped [Order] in a cage...

[Memory] was probably the bad apple, and he would likely get along with [Chaos].

With that thought, the answer became clear.

[Order] didn’t trust a certain “orderly” [Chaos] follower, so he had shared the portrait with a friend.

Cheng Shi suddenly understood, locking eyes with Ji Yue as he spoke each word deliberately:

“So, you know Fang Jue.”

The two of them, seemingly talking about completely unrelated matters, didn’t respond directly to each other. Yet, at the same time, they both saw through one another.

“What a clear-headed ‘Devourer of Reason,’ and what a ‘chaotic’ Overseer. How many layers of disguise do you have left?”

“Take a guess,” Cheng Shi replied with a mischievous grin.

Ji Yue scoffed coldly, "In situations like this, I usually don't like guessing."

With that, she thrust her spear forward. "Shhhck," it pierced Cheng Shi's shoulder.

"...Crap, you're doing this for real?"

Cheng Shi was stunned.