

The Gods 180

Chapter 180: What a True [Chaos]'s Chosen One!

“What a true follower of [Chaos]!”

Ji Yue, after hearing Bai Ling’s explanation, didn’t show any confusion. Instead, her eyes flickered with admiration.

She was actually admiring the actions of an enemy!

Bai Ling and Cui Qiushi exchanged puzzled glances, while Fang Shiqing furrowed her brow briefly, then seemed to understand what Ji Yue meant.

With a sharp gaze fixed on the petals in Bai Ling’s hand, Ji Yue quickly explained:

“He could have taken everything, yet he still left such precious ‘spoils’ in your hands.

This isn’t charity, and it’s not merely toying with us—it’s... supplying the enemy!

The Void Experimental Site has already been overrun, and we are likely the only ones still resisting.

Look, those madmen are using their own lives as shields to dismantle my barriers of spears. It won’t be long before they break through and face us head-on.

Against thousands of enemies, we won’t last long. But with these two petals, our chances of holding out have just increased significantly.

So, he didn’t leave these petals for our survival—he left them to prolong this chaos.

The Conjugated Whispering Tree holds the power of merging reality and void. Its petals, at least to me, are a priceless treasure for increasing one’s affinity with the void.

This masked follower of [Chaos]... no, he isn't just an ordinary follower. For him to slip into the lab right under our noses, to steal everything from our blind spots, and then disappear before our very eyes—he must be a [Chaos]'s Chosen One.

Whether it's the Death's Bell Knights, or the Doomsday Brigade, this masked man is likely one of their leading figures.

Of course, [Chaos] has no true leaders. But what I mean is, he is closer to... His will.

An old friend of mine from the [Order] faction once said that their understanding of [Chaos] brings it down to three types:

The first is self-imposed chaos.

This chaos is shallow, a mere imitation of [Chaos] itself. The goal is to slowly comprehend His will, but this approach is too deliberate and won't earn His gaze.

The second type is orchestrated chaos.

This chaos spreads His will through the hands of others, pleasing Him and earning His favor.

The final type is intrinsic chaos.

This is chaos in its purest form, embodying His will directly. So far, no human has been able to achieve this.

Thus, the second type of chaos—this orchestrated chaos—is the limit for humans.

This is also why my [Order] friend takes extreme precautions with certain [Chaos] players.

Because this second type of [Chaos] follower has a tremendous impact on reality. Whether in our reality or the reality of the Land of Hope, they wield terrifying influence.

And this masked man who left us the petals, he's clearly one of them!

He's set a trap for us, a trap we cannot refuse!

By accepting his 'kindness,' we allow ourselves to fall into his snare. He's expecting that through this interaction, new chaos will be born, and old chaos will continue to fester.

The problem is, given the current situation, we can't refuse!

This person will definitely not be forgotten by history. Once I get back..."

Ji Yue suddenly paused, realizing that this wasn't the time for post-victory reflections.

Surrounded by enemies, their situation was still extremely dangerous. Even though her barriers of spears had slowed the enemy's advance, they couldn't afford to waste more time talking here.

Not to mention the raging fire. If they lingered any longer, the void itself might collapse!

This fire, spreading across both reality and void, had created a world-ending calamity in Gasmira, burning like the fall of a sun. In the void, it was triggering a void-collapse tsunami.

No one knew whether the collapse, which was shaking even the [Void] itself, would occur before or after the World Tree was consumed by flames. So the only thing they could do besides defending themselves and conserving time was to pray that the collapse recorded in history wouldn't come too early.

Otherwise, none of them would escape this trial alive.

Fang Shiqing saw Ji Yue's sudden awkwardness. Tidying her thoughts, she tactfully continued where the scholar left off.

"If we can refine the elixir you need, Ji Yue, will our chances of surviving until the trial's end improve?"

The scholar's eyes gleamed as she looked at the poet, but her face remained serious as she shook her head.

"To be honest, I have all the materials prepared. The only thing missing was a Whispering Petal.

I've simulated the process of refining the elixir countless times, to ensure I wouldn't waste such a precious material through lack of practice.

I could even do it right here, in this lab where the Conjugated Whispering Tree has just bloomed and borne fruit, and extract the Twin Elixir with precise timing...

But!

I can't guarantee what effect the elixir will have when I drink it. It might boost my combat abilities, but it could just as easily render me unable to fight for a period of time.

There are no historical records of its usage.

Moreover...

Even if I control the extraction process precisely, it will still take time—a considerable amount of time.

Without my support, relying solely on this Knight of [Order]... I doubt you all will be able to hold out."

Ji Yue's words were sincere, and Fang Shiqing frowned deeply upon hearing them.

As she listened, she also reviewed everything that had transpired between the Torchbearers and Ji Yue, reassessing whether this temporary ally was worth trusting, whether she was worth gambling their lives on.

What gave them the courage to take such a gamble wasn't anything else but the mask that Cui Qiushi carried...

Yes, the Mask of No Regrets.

The effect of the "Foam on the Sea of Dreams" was to ensure that any traces Cheng Shi left behind would not linger in people's memories, but it did not physically erase the remnants of his actions.

So, when the effect was activated, the power of [Memory], based on its own sense of aesthetics, filled in the blanks of the "Torchbearers'" memories in a reasonable way.

Thus, the memories of the trio shifted into something else entirely:

While Fang Shiqing was standing as a lookout for their group, her attempt to summon Cheng Shi had failed.

The much-anticipated forgotten doctor puppet had not been reanimated by the summon from the skeleton soldiers, and the mask that should have shattered didn't. Instead, it transformed into a new mask with defensive buff properties.

The unexpected turn of events made Fang Shiqing realize she'd been tricked—tricked by the very doctor who had once rejected her.

But what was the point of disguising a defensive mask as a summoning mask?

Was he trying to tell her that every face has two sides?

Just like how he claimed to be a bad person but really wasn't?

The recollection continued, but this small detour didn't waste too much of the poet's time.

The failure to summon the "priest" had thrown everything into chaos, but thankfully, it seemed fate hadn't entirely abandoned them. On their way back to regroup, they encountered a lone knight.

When they brought this knight, named "Laier," back to the ruins, they coincidentally arrived just as Ji Yue had exposed the traitor in their midst, killing the quartermaster.

It was initially a minor incident, but no one expected that Garfis's death would provoke the hidden [Chaos] followers within the group.

They all abandoned their disguises simultaneously, openly sowing chaos.

And so, with the death of the quartermaster serving as a trumpet call, the rebellion buried the weary squad. The Torchbearers fought fiercely until the bitter end, barely holding on before following Ji Yue into the void.

By some twist of fate, this scholar from the Void Matter Theory department discovered [Laughter and Mockery], one of His creations, and through the might of [Deceit], led them into the experimental lab!

In the end, after losing two teammates, they "luckily" obtained two "enemy-funded" Whispering Petals.

Everything made perfect sense.

Except for how easily the petals had fallen into Bai Ling's hands.

But setting that aside, the Mask of No Regrets remained one of the few trump cards the current Torchbearers had left.

With Cui Qiushi's talent, combined with the boost from the mask, his Holy Light Barrier could last a considerable amount of time.

As long as they could hold out until Ji Yue successfully refined the elixir and split into a second self, then with two 2600-point scholars joining the battlefield, they just might survive for half a day.

In any case, this plan had a better chance than dying a slow, inevitable death by holding their position.

Resolving her thoughts, Fang Shiqing made a bold decision.

She decided to gamble.

It was strange. She had always been a cautious person, but today, for some reason, she felt compelled to believe in Ji Yue—compelled to take this risk.

And as a follower of [Truth], decisiveness without regret was a trait that activated fully in this moment.

“Qiushi, Bai Ling, prepare to hold them off.

Ji Yue, whether we survive now depends on whether you can succeed!”

With a solemn expression, Fang Shiqing handed one of the Conjugated Whispering Petals to Ji Yue.

Ji Yue clenched her fist around it and nodded resolutely.

“With this contract of the heart, I swear upon [Truth]; with this resolve to fight to the death, I offer myself to [War].

I, Ji Yue, scholar of the Void Matter Theory department, will not fail you!”