

The Gods 45

Chapter 45: Silence is Tonight's Cambridge

The S-rank faith talent of the Memory Traveler, Flow of Memories.

This ability allows the traveler to wander through fragments of their target's memories, searching for scenes and moments that pique their interest, like a swift mental journey.

Du Xiguang, at least, wasn't selfish. He had a knack for sharing.

When he read Yunni's memories earlier, he somehow projected the scene onto the street for everyone to see.

And what did the players witness?

A striking female assassin lifting her tank top, revealing two... well, let's just say it left everyone speechless.

Cough, cough.

Clearly, this was a memory of Yunni changing clothes.

And the reason for changing? Naturally, someone had stabbed her in the chest, tearing her top.

"....."

"....."

"....."

Suddenly, the entire street fell into an awkward, deafening silence.

It was as if they were all attending a ceremony of conversion to [Silence].

Complete and utter stillness.

Cheng Shi's lips twitched as he looked at Du Xiguang's frozen expression, unsure how to even begin roasting him.

You finally made up an excuse to dive into an assassin's memories, and this is what you show us?

You're not treating us like outsiders at all, are you?

Yunni, though restrained, wasn't blind—she saw the scene as well.

But instead of getting angry, she turned coldly to Du Xiguang and plunged her dagger into his heart, slashing open his chest and abdomen, severing his throat, and gouging out his eyes...

When Du Xiguang opened his eyes again, revived under the protection of "Blooming in Waiting of Withering," she asked:

"Was it worth watching?"

Weak and powerless, Du Xiguang was utterly unable to resist the effects of Conviction, and immediately replied:

"Yes, it was."

And then his eyes suffered another brutal assault.

"Aaaah!"

If it hadn't been for Cheng Shi stepping in to break up the fight, Du Xiguang might not have made it through the night, given the torment of Yunni's [Oblivion]-infused attacks.

After venting her anger, Yunni shot Cheng Shi a cold glance.

"You liked it too, didn't you? Was it nice to look at?"

Damn, this girl holds grudges!

But Cheng Shi wasn't intimidated.

After everything he'd been through, scenes like this barely fazed him anymore.

Yet, before he could control himself, he found the words slipping out of his mouth:

"Yes, it was."

As soon as he realized what he'd said, his face contorted as if he were constipated, and he quickly took two steps back.

To his surprise, Yunni didn't treat him the way she had Du Xiguang. Instead, her eyes gleamed with a strange expression as she said:

"Come to my room tonight. There's even better to see."

"....."

Trap!

This is definitely a trap!

For the first time in his life, Cheng Shi seriously considered becoming a follower of [Silence]. At least then he wouldn't have to think before responding.

All praise to [Silence]!

The playful banter finally came to an end.

Fang Jue, ever the professional, swore to himself that he had only glanced briefly at the suggestive scene on the ground before quickly remembering his actual role—playing the interrogator, not the comedian.

His real target wasn't Cheng Shi.

It was the ascetic monk who had been absent for most of the night and only showed up to lead them to the corpse.

Where had this follower of [Silence] disappeared to earlier? What had he been doing?

No one knew.

And since followers of [Silence] were experts at silencing everything, it was crucial for Fang Jue to determine whether the monk had been the one to kill Wei Guan.

The ascetic monk seemed to realize that he was under suspicion. But this time, he didn't remain silent. Instead, he broke his silence and spoke up:

"It wasn't me."

Silence, shattered!

Everyone stared at him in astonishment, first in shock, then in growing unease.

The situation had become dire enough that even a follower of [Silence] felt compelled to speak and seek cooperation. This could only mean that the killer they were up against was incredibly dangerous.

The most alarming thing was that the players' usual methods of self-preservation seemed completely ineffective against this killer.

Wei Guan's death was proof of that.

Tension once again settled over the group.

Fang Jue stopped singing his hymn and resumed carefully inspecting the scene for any remaining traces.

Du Xiguang, having recovered from his earlier ordeal, teamed up with Cheng Shi, and the two of them meticulously examined each building in the area.

Their search was so thorough that it felt like they were pulling bugs out of the cracks in the doorframes just to take X-rays before putting them back. Yet they still found nothing.

Yunni conducted another autopsy, but the results were the same as her earlier findings at the Law Enforcement Bureau.

No injuries.

The ominous atmosphere thickened as everyone's expressions grew more grim.

Frowning, Cheng Shi approached Wei Guan's body.

He noticed the terrified expression on Wei Guan's face.

It was almost funny. The Fool Hunter, who had always looked down on everyone with half-lidded eyes, had opened them wide for the first time—just before his death.

“Can’t you read his memories?” Cheng Shi asked.

“I can, but not from the dead.” Du Xiguang replied flatly. “I’m a mage, not a hunter.”

Cheng Shi nodded and leaned closer, carefully inspecting Wei Guan’s pupils.

Yunni, who had drawn closer as well, spoke in her usual cold tone:

“Don’t expect to find anything in his eyes. The killer was meticulous. They erased every trace. This was a perfect assassin.”

Cheng Shi didn’t find any clues in the eyes. With a sigh, he moved on to examine the body’s limbs.

The corpse still retained some warmth, indicating that Wei Guan hadn’t been dead for long.

Cheng Shi couldn’t understand how someone had died so quietly.

Was it truly possible for a 2400-point player to die without even putting up a struggle?

Or was it that... the method of killing had been a curse?

Had the killer not even been present, but rather ended Wei Guan’s life remotely?

If that were the case, then had they destroyed the victim’s consciousness, or simply stopped his heart?

Thinking along these lines, Cheng Shi placed his hand on the corpse's chest.

It felt cold.

He had been dead for a while.

But wait...

Something wasn't right!

Why were Wei Guan's limbs still warm when his chest had already grown cold?

Cheng Shi raised an eyebrow and began carefully pressing his fingers against various points on Wei Guan's chest, searching for something.

Fang Jue observed, curious, and asked:

"Are you a doctor?"

"It seems your memory isn't very good. I said before, I'm a Devourer of Reason."

"Doctors and priests aren't the same thing."

Fang Jue was clearly referring to Cheng Shi's past profession. Cheng Shi didn't hide anything and simply nodded in acknowledgment.

Yunni, intrigued, asked:

"Is that why you chose to become a priest?"

Cheng Shi shook his head.

“Then why?”

“Conviction is over. Do you really think you’ll get any answers from me now?”

Yunni chuckled softly and said no more.

Before the [Faith Game] had descended, Cheng Shi hadn’t been a doctor, but he did have some basic medical knowledge—skills in pulse diagnosis and physical examination.

These skills hadn’t been learned at school but had been passed down to him by his adoptive father, an old man who always had a cheerful smile on his face.

As for why an old man who scavenged junk would know how to practice medicine, Cheng Shi never asked.

He had never felt the need to.

Carefully, he continued examining Wei Guan’s body, feeling for the texture of muscles and the pressure of the fascia beneath the skin. After a long while, he looked up and asked:

“I need a needle.”

Everyone frowned at his request, shaking their heads.

Only Yunni gave him a sidelong glance and asked:

“Where do you want to stick it?”

Cheng Shi looked at her, slightly surprised, and pointed to Wei Guan's chest, directly over the heart.

"Right here—straight into the heart."