

## **The Gods 47**

### Chapter 47: The Assassin Girl's Methods

Go back, and you can investigate the killer.

Don't go back, and you can avoid any unexpected incidents tonight.

In a seven-day trial, losing a teammate before the first day was even over was undoubtedly the worst possible start.

The tension on everyone's faces was undeniable, except for Yunni, who let out a light scoff and turned to leave.

She headed in the direction of "The Burgeoning Light of Life."

Watching her calmly walk away, Cheng Shi couldn't help but feel a sense of awe.

This is what it's like in the 2400-point games. Even with death staring you in the face, some people can still face it head-on, unflinching.

In a 1400-point game, this team would've dissolved by now.

Du Xiguang pushed up his glasses and suggested:

"What if we report Wei Guan's death to the Law Enforcement Bureau?"

It wasn't a bad idea, to be fair.

Getting the Law Enforcement Bureau involved could mitigate a lot of risks.

But the problem was, they still didn't know if this killer wielding a semi-divine artifact was the players' ultimate target or merely a stepping stone.

If the killer was just a “stepping stone,” then the players only needed to figure out who their next victim would be and use that to track down the real offering.

But if the killer was their target, and they handed him over to the Law Enforcement Bureau, it would make killing him exponentially more difficult.

Not to mention, how would they explain Wei Guan’s “disemboweled” state?

After a moment of thought, Fang Jue shook his head, rejecting the suggestion.

Now wasn’t the time to cooperate with the “authorities.”

Cheng Shi had expected as much. He glanced one last time at Wei Guan’s lifeless body, his eyes wide open in death, before turning away.

Yunni was right—getting close to the killer was the only way to find the killer.

No matter what, they had to return to the inn tonight.

The trial had shifted from “dispersing the fog” to “walking on a knife’s edge.”

And that was exactly what [Death] desired.

After all, [Death] never turned away additional offerings.

“You guys go on ahead. I’ll take care of Wei Guan’s body.”

As always, followers of [Order] could be relied upon. Without hesitation, Du Xiguang followed Cheng Shi back toward the inn.

Fang Jue, his face dark, sighed lightly as he faced the body.

By the time he finished “hiding” the corpse and looked up again, the ascetic monk, who had been silently observing the entire time, had vanished.

When Cheng Shi returned to the inn, Yunni was at the front desk buying a drink.

He walked over, ordered a glass of strong liquor, and sat beside her.

Yunni glanced at him but, for once, didn't say anything.

Cheng Shi raised his glass.

“One way or another, we're still teammates. If you have any thoughts, why not share them with me?”

Yunni's slightly tipsy eyes fluttered open, signaling for him to continue.

“I don't want to lose a second teammate on the first day. I also don't want you to end up like that arrogant follower of [Folly], dead for no reason.”

Cheng Shi's words were blunt. He was genuinely worried that his teammates might act on overconfidence and end up as corpses.

It wasn't that he didn't trust Yunni's intelligence...

Actually, he didn't.

And besides, he could tell that this assassin had already formed a plan. She might even act on it tonight.

But whether her actions would help or hinder the trial was something Cheng Shi couldn't assess without knowing her exact intentions.

Yunni chuckled, ignoring him. She downed her drink in one go and walked away alone, once again.

Cheng Shi watched her leave, then turned his gaze to the bar.

The empty glass Yunni had slammed onto the counter was still trembling, and a thin crack had begun to spread from its base toward the 3 o'clock direction.

Huh. An interesting invitation.

Cheng Shi chuckled quietly, downed his own drink, and returned to his room.

The night was deep, and although the inn was still filled with guests, most of them had chosen to retire for the night, leaving the place far quieter than it had been at the start of the evening.

The innkeeper was clearly a savvy businessman. To ensure the peace of his guests, he had even arranged for a few attendants to patrol the corridors, making rounds to keep things calm.

Cheng Shi lay on his bed, unable to sleep. He could hear the footsteps of the attendants pacing back and forth in the hallway, while his mind raced, considering how to break this trial wide open.

Just as he furrowed his brow in deep thought, that familiar sound of breathing came from behind the wooden wall beside his bed.

"Is it 3 o'clock already?"

He glanced at his watch, but the breathing from the other room abruptly ceased.

Taking the silence as a signal, Cheng Shi immediately got out of bed, slipped on his shoes, and stepped out of his room.

As soon as he exited, he saw Du Xiguang and Fang Jue stepping out of their rooms at the exact same time.

The two men's gazes bypassed Cheng Shi entirely and focused on Yunni's room.

More absurdly, at the end of the hallway, the hulking figure of the ascetic monk, who had been lying in the shadows, suddenly rose to his feet.

“?”

Looks like everyone's keeping an eye on the assassin's movements.

But while I'm up because Yunni sent me an invitation, why are you guys eavesdropping in the middle of the night?

There was no time to ponder the situation.

Without a word, the group silently bypassed the awkwardness of exchanging greetings and trailed after Yunni's movements, following her up to the third floor.

Perhaps Wei Guan's death had served as a warning, because Yunni hadn't tried to erase her tracks this time.

The four men followed behind her, erasing the few traces she left behind while speculating on what this [Oblivion] assassin was planning to do.

But they didn't have long to guess. When they arrived at the door of a room at the far corner of the third floor, the answer presented itself.

A faint scent of [Oblivion] wafted from the room.

Yunni had made her move!

The group was stunned and quickly ducked out of sight to avoid the patrolling attendants before slipping into the room.

The moment they stepped inside, they were greeted by a scene of utter chaos—the room had been completely ransacked, and the guest who should have been staying there was nowhere to be found.

Yunni had disappeared as well.

“Crazy!”

Fang Jue was the first to figure out what Yunni had done. He cursed under his breath before darting out the door.

Du Xiguang followed closely behind, clearly having reached the same conclusion as Fang Jue.

Cheng Shi stood in the empty room, his brow furrowed.

There was no doubt that Yunni had “killed” someone.

As a follower of [Oblivion], she had used one of the specialized techniques bestowed upon her by her god to send the guest of this room to an “alternate plane.”

These planes were often decaying realms on the brink of collapse.

Bringing a living being into a crumbling space was one of the ways to honor [Oblivion].

And in a sense, making a living being disappear from the physical world wasn't too different from causing death.

That poor guest might still be alive, but whatever suffering they were enduring in the dimension watched over by [Oblivion], only they would ever know.

It was a crude method, but it was effective.

The assassin's plan was simple: forcefully search each room for evidence, one at a time, without alarming the other guests.

It suited her personality—decisive and direct.

But there was still one problem.

If she came face-to-face with the actual killer, Yunni could very well end up like Wei Guan.

This straightforward, effective approach wasn't new. It was just that no one had been willing to become the next Wei Guan.

Except Yunni.

Cheng Shi couldn't help but admire her guts.

These high-level players... where do they get all this confidence from?

Do they just charge ahead and rely on their talents to rack up points?

He inwardly scoffed at the thought.

Brute force wouldn't solve everything. The mind was the key to unlocking the crucial doors of the trial.

But what was done was done—there was no point in dwelling on it now.

With a resigned sigh, Cheng Shi began searching the room, hoping to find some useful clues.

It was obvious that Yunni hadn't thoroughly examined the place.

The dirty work would have to be done by everyone else.

“Haah... the Grand Tribunal's people are on their way. If we cause a commotion in the inn now, aren't we just digging our own graves?”