

## The Gods 54

Chapter 54: No Infighting Allowed Here!

The reason Cheng Shi had deduced that the person inviting him was the killer was because the moment he touched the inn servant's chest, he could distinctly tell that the servant was nothing more than a flesh puppet.

The puppet's ability to mimic a human was impressive—so much so that anyone else might not have noticed.

But Cheng Shi wasn't just anyone; he had touched plenty of bodies.

Er... that didn't come out right.

In other words, he knew the human body well.

No, that still sounds off...

Anyway, you get the idea.

As a doctor with a lot of experience in physical examinations, the instant his fingers made contact, he could sense the direction of the muscles and fascia beneath the skin, as well as the blood flow within the body.

And this servant was clearly not human.

So, it wasn't the innkeeper who had sent him with medicine—the real mastermind controlling this puppet had orchestrated an invitation for Cheng Shi.

Why? Cheng Shi wasn't sure yet.

He stealthily avoided the night owls and patrolling servants in the inn, making his way to the now-closed bar. Following the directions on the note, he twisted an empty wine bottle beneath the bar.

The moment the bottle turned, the floor beneath Cheng Shi suddenly softened and became sticky, swallowing him whole before he could make a move to resist.

A look of shock crossed Cheng Shi's face as he was pulled down.

...

Meanwhile, on the second floor, inside the bard's room.

Du Xiguang stood in the center of the room, silently preparing something.

After completing some unknown ritual, he extended his hand toward Fang Jue.

Fang Jue blinked, confused.

Du Xiguang laughed softly.

"Your ticket?"

"??"

What!?! You're really pulling this now?

With a look of exasperation, Fang Jue pulled out the ticket stub and handed it to Du Xiguang.

Du Xiguang smiled, took the ticket, and crushed it, scattering the remnants over the magic circle at his feet.

“Unfortunately, this is the only way to bring you into the memory. Traveling isn’t free—you can only enter if you willingly join the journey. That’s how the Memory Traveler works.”

“Alright then, let the journey begin, Fang Jue. Watch closely!”

As he spoke, a deep blue light surged from the circle beneath him, flooding the room in a sea of radiant azure.

Ethereal whispers filled the air, and scenes like rippling water began to unfold before their eyes.

Fang Jue felt as though an icy wave had consumed his consciousness, dragging his vision into darkness.

If he hadn’t trusted that Du Xiguang meant no harm, he would never have let go of his awareness so freely.

When he opened his eyes again, everything had changed.

A gentle breeze brushed against his skin, and the room was filled with bright light.

The floor-to-ceiling windows were wide open, and sunlight streamed into the room in soft beams.

Clearly, it was no longer the dead of night. Under the guidance of the Memory Traveler, Fang Jue had been transported back to...

the past!

“This is... Return of the Past?!” Fang Jue whispered in astonishment.

“That’s right, Return of the Past.”

Return of the Past, an SS-ranked talent of [Memory], was the ultimate blessing that every follower of [Memory] coveted.

It allowed the user to fully manifest a long-lost memory in the present, like witnessing an augmented reality movie, where travelers could observe the past unfold.

Any Memory Traveler with this talent was considered top-tier.

“You... you unlocked this?”

This was a talent that many high-level players could only dream of. The cost of acquiring such a blessing was steep.

Fang Jue had heard of a follower of [Memory] ranked in the top ten of the Ladder of Ascent who had died during a trial while praying for this very talent.

Du Xiguang shook his head with a smile.

“No chance. I just happened to come across a page from the [Chronicle of Time], which allows me to use Return of the Past three times. This is my second.”

Happened to come across it?

Perhaps this was the blessing Du Xiguang had traded his memories for.

Fang Jue felt a wave of relief. That made more sense. This talent was so powerful that anyone who heard of someone acquiring it would find it hard to believe.

But then he felt a pang of regret. Someone as decent as Du Xiguang deserved to be more fortunate.

Unfortunately, fate was rarely kind to good people.

“So, what moment are we in now?”

Fang Jue barely got the words out before he heard a voice from downstairs:

“By order of the Law Enforcement Bureau...”

So that’s it!

Du Xiguang had brought them back to the moment just before the Grand Tribunal locked down the inn.

At this time, the puppet bard wasn’t in the room.

But according to the flow of events, When Fear Descends would soon appear here.

In other words, at this very moment, when no one was paying attention, the semi-divine relic might be right here!

Clues were presented to them in the form of a temporal fold!

Fang Jue couldn’t help but mutter in awe:

“It’s true—[Existence] and [Void] are the beginnings of all mysterious and strange phenomena.”

Du Xiguang smiled but said nothing, quickly starting to search the room.

Fang Jue didn’t help. Instead, he softly sang a few hymns, casting a barrier around the room to ensure no one would interrupt them.

Such caution was necessary because, before long, the ascetic monk from the memory would likely appear.

Just as Fang Jue finished his preparations, Du Xiguang excitedly whispered:

“It’s here!”

When Fear Descends was hidden beneath the pillow—the killer hadn’t even bothered to hide it properly!

But why leave it in such a conspicuous place?

At that moment, Fang Jue felt a flicker of doubt, the same doubt Cheng Shi had experienced earlier.

But there was no time for further contemplation. Just as Fang Jue was about to step forward to examine the dagger, he heard the sound of footsteps outside the door.

“!”

The ascetic monk had arrived!

Fang Jue and Du Xiguang exchanged a worried glance before both rushed toward the semi-divine artifact, hoping to grab it and leave the room before the monk could break in.

However, the moment Du Xiguang touched the artifact, an immense force surged from the dagger, throwing him backward onto the bed with a loud “thud.”

Outside the door, the monk froze in surprise.

He hadn't expected anyone to beat him to the dagger. But no matter what, the blade was deeply connected to the trial's clues—he couldn't let it go. Gritting his teeth, he braced himself and charged the door.

Fang Jue's barrier kept the door from breaking, though it shuddered slightly under the impact.

But this obstacle wouldn't stop a warrior. The monk clenched his fists, his blood vessels bulging like thick ropes. With a loud roar, he smashed his fists into the door.

Boom— The door splintered, the doorframe reduced to dust.

Fang Jue barely had time to help Du Xiguang to his feet before rushing in front of the monk, spreading his arms to block him.

“Shh! It's us!”

Upon seeing Fang Jue, the ascetic monk didn't stop. Instead, he cast a Field of Silence over the two of them.

His cold, bloodshot eyes made it clear—he wasn't treating them as allies anymore.

“Damn it, he's lost his mind!”

Du Xiguang, still lying on the bed, didn't even have time to get up. He extended his hand, sending a surge of [Memory] power toward the monk, attempting to refresh the memory that “Fang Jue and Du Xiguang are allies” in his mind.

Yet, even with this mental suggestion, the monk didn't stop. He darted to the bedside, grabbed Du Xiguang by the leg, and flung him backward. At the same time, his other hand reached for the semi-divine artifact.

Fang Jue scowled in frustration and slammed his hand down on the monk's arm.

“Let go!”

“No infighting allowed here!”

As soon as the decree was issued, the monk released Du Xiguang’s leg, and Du was flung through the shattered doorframe, landing hard on the floor outside.

“Fine, you want to fight?”

Rolling to his knees, Du Xiguang stabilized himself and reached out toward the monk once more.

A chilling blue energy surged from his body, and in a blink, that same energy manifested around the monk as well.

“You want to play? Then I’ll play with you!”