

The Gods 199

Chapter 199: Don't Say I Didn't Warn You

After overcoming the initial shock and emotion, Cheng Shi gradually adapted to his new identity over the next few days.

A gambler.

And a gambler who was “not very good at lying.”

To test the amusement [Deceit] had crafted for him, he constantly lied in deserted corners. It didn't take long for him to figure out the pattern of the “Honest Clown.”

The “tense movements and flaws” mentioned in the talent description weren't complicated at all. There was only one action: whenever Cheng Shi lied, he would uncontrollably touch his nose, rubbing the tip just like a clown kneading its own nose.

The gesture was incredibly obvious, so obvious that anyone paying attention could figure out Cheng Shi's intentions and reactions after just two or three occurrences.

Now... the clown might no longer be just a class, but a reality.

“...”

Lord Patron, you really outdid yourself.

Cheng Shi desperately wanted to pray for a trial to ask [Deceit] what He was plotting, but the thought had barely formed in his mind before he dismissed it himself.

Because he could almost foresee the difficulty of that trial and his own clownish behavior within it.

He certainly wouldn't miss such an amusement, and Cheng Shi, having broken his oath to [Deceit], would undoubtedly become the source of that amusement.

This wasn't a prediction made while wearing the Bard mask; it was the most appropriate guess made from the perspective of [Deceit].

So...

Heh, I won't fall for it. I can endure. Because [Fate] taught me I must endure!

Praise [Fate]!

The most pious episode yet!

However, besides that, he still thought of a way to meet [Deceit]. It was just that in this "bold and audacious" method, "someone" might get hurt.

Cheng Shi pondered it for a long time and decided to give it a try.

But he couldn't try it yet. He needed to wait for the right opportunity. The next special trial might be one such opportunity.

Through several days of contemplation and exploration, he fully recognized and accepted the fact that he had become a follower of [Fate]. By constantly experimenting with his new talents, he clarified the path he needed to take next.

"Loom of Fate" was an incredibly useful talent. The action described as "placing a Mask of Mortals on your face" didn't actually make Cheng Shi wear a physical mask; the mask vanished the moment it was applied.

This meant Cheng Shi didn't need to explain the presence of a mask on his face.

But removing the mask was even simpler and more direct. Just making a removing gesture, combined with a conscious affirmation, would immediately end the class-switching effect, turning Cheng Shi back into a Weaver of Fate.

These details in talent activation truly gave Cheng Shi a lot of room to maneuver.

Furthermore, when combined with “The Trick of the Underdog,” this talent made Cheng Shi exceptionally strong in certain situations, for example...

Turning from Today’s Warrior into Every Day’s Warrior.

But it still had limitations. Just like “Lies Like Yesterday,” this identity-switching talent was bound by the basic rules of the [Faith Game] and could only be used once per trial.

However, rules always have loopholes, just like [Order] is always broken.

Knowing that “using once” referred to the combination of putting on and taking off, Cheng Shi had already figured out how to exploit this rule bug even before entering a match with his [Fate] faith.

If I enter the trial already wearing a mask, doesn’t that save me the action of “putting on a mask” during the trial? Doesn’t that mean when I take off the mask, I can put on another one?

After all, taking off + putting on = putting on + taking off. Even elementary school students understand this “truth.”

But the above was just speculation. Whether it would work depended on whether “Order” would allow it. At least, when he tried this trick with “Lies Like Yesterday,” it had failed...

After thoroughly studying his own talents, he stopped focusing excessively on his own changes and turned more attention to the chat channels for more intelligence.

Since switching back to [Fate], his chat channel naturally switched back to [Fate] as well. And by wearing different masks, he could even “peek” into the chat channels of other classes.

This was a huge gain, but the only thing that bothered him was that the masks accumulated earlier might run out quickly with such rapid consumption.

He looked at the rows upon rows of masks in his storage and moved them all into his personal inventory space.

Since [Fate] had forgiven and accepted him, He surely wouldn't let his fate be cut short midway. So, before the masks ran out, there must be a new way for him to obtain them. As for what that way might be, Cheng Shi had some ideas, but he didn't dare guess too deeply...

Returning to the chat channel, the [Fate] channel was far livelier than the [Deceit] channel, but useful information was limited.

If liars chatted with mouths full of lies, then fanatics chatted with mouths full of riddles.

You'd think the channel was hosting a Lantern Riddle Festival. Nine out of ten messages required guessing, and the remaining one was someone else's answer to a riddle.

Very [Fate]-like.

It seemed that to integrate into this new group, he had to learn to be a riddler himself.

The chat styles of other class channels also had their own characteristics:

The Warrior channel was filled with heated arguments like “Fight me if you disagree,” “My commanding is better than yours,” and “Counter-attack is the best offense”;

The Mage channel was more diverse, discussing everything under the sun. At first glance, you might think you'd entered the [Truth] channel, with endless theories and speculations;

The Priest channel focused on their usual business; Cheng Shi didn't pay much attention;

The Hunter channel was surprisingly pragmatic. Players were enthusiastic about communication, seeming to prefer objective facts over subjective expressions. Their brief messages contained the most information, looking like a good place to gather intelligence;

The Assassin channel was unbelievably lively. Contrary to the stereotype of silent assassins, these people flooded the chat at speeds almost invisible to the naked eye, showing Cheng Shi the true "contrast of killers";

As for the Bard channel, it was ordinary and relatively normal, the kind that didn't leave much impression after a glance.

So this also proved one thing: to make a lasting impression, you couldn't be too normal.

Cheng Shi briefly skimmed through them and then exited the chat.

He began to regret wasting a mask just to glance at the chat channels—it seemed quite foolish.

But human curiosity is like that; once it's piqued, it's hard to stop.

He smiled self-deprecatingly and then casually opened [Fate]'s Ladder of Ascent.

The moment he opened the faith ranking, the familiar interface requiring a personal ID popped up again. Cheng Shi pondered for a moment and once again wrote down that unchanging name:

I Never Lie.

Thus:

[Ladder of Ascent (Existence-Time) / (Void-Fate)]

1. Old Geezer (Time) 214

2. Gods Forget Me (Time) 209

3. I See You (Fate) 204

4. Xun (Time) 198

5. Fortune Telling 5 Cents (Fate) 197

...

42. Punctual Timekeeping 8:00 (Time) 168

43. I Never Lie (Fate) 166

44. It's All Fault (Fate) 165

...

The followers of [Fate] had a similar style of naming IDs as those of [Deceit]. What surprised him was that the followers of [Time] seemed more lively than the followers of [Memory], so Cheng Shi's ID didn't seem too out of place here.

He looked at "I See You" on the leaderboard, thinking, This must be the "Blind One" the Chosen Ones mentioned, the one who made the prophecy.

Interesting. A blind player with the ID "I See You." You people have truly mastered irony.

Cheng Shi studied the list for a long time and found that the number of [Fate] followers in the high-rank segment was significantly lower than [Time] followers. He couldn't help but wonder if perhaps those who believed in "fate" had already silently fallen victim to "fate."

Thinking about it this way, fate really is...

Wait! Stop.

When I wasn't a [Fate] follower, I might have cursed along with you. But now that I myself have become a follower of [Fate]...

Sorry, I think you might be trying to blaspheme my Lord. If you don't stop right now, I regretfully inform you that you'll probably be meeting the Lord of the Fishbone Palace soon. Hmm, I'll personally send you there.

Cheng Shi chuckled as he thought. He then dropped the Die of Fate in his hand. The die rolled on the ground for a long time before stopping on 1.

However, even though it was a 1, the moment the die face settled, divine power surged through Cheng Shi.

Because today, he had put on a Mask of Mortals from a Warrior.

So today's Cheng Shi was exceptionally valiant.

"Friendly reminder to all who wish to blaspheme my Lord: Don't say I didn't warn you."