

The Gods 202

Chapter 202: Is That Name... Serious?

Cheng Shi cheated. Well, maybe it's more accurate to say he used the favor of [Fate] to make a small adjustment.

The day before the special trial arrived, he timed it perfectly to put on a Bard mask. Just like that, he became a Bard of [Fate], a Prophet.

Prophets get one chance each day to predict the future. Although Cheng Shi lacked any prophecy-enhancing talents, making his predictions somewhat vague and limited to a maximum of seven days, it was enough.

Because he had a cheat code.

Other prophets might need to worry about the accuracy of their prophecies, as fate is constantly changing, and no one knows if the predicted future will truly arrive.

But Cheng Shi was different.

He knew his prophecies were the future, solely because of the die that always landed on 1 and the talent that always turned that 1 into a 6.

So, he decisively performed a divination for himself, asking about the outcome of the special trial. The result was highly auspicious: the prophecy showed him as the final winner. This made him very happy.

But he was also cautious because the prophecy indicated that only he would win.

This implied that the other five teammates in this trial likely met rather unpleasant ends.

It also suggested the trial's difficulty might be extremely high.

Therefore, just before the special trial began, Cheng Shi decisively removed the Bard mask and donned a brand-new Warrior mask.

This way, he would enter the trial with enough “strength” to handle any trouble.

Sure enough, the special trial was brought forth by [Chaos], and the only universal solution to His trials was... survival!

Fighting tooth and nail to survive!

So, today’s Cheng Shi was...

A follower of [Fate], a warrior fighting for survival, Today’s Warrior, exceptionally valiant today.

...

The teammate who was also a follower of [Fate] seemed completely unconcerned about revealing his class and faith. He held his helm and took two steps forward, wedging his head between the bars of the cage. After scanning his surroundings, he introduced himself:

“Li Yi. Li as in ‘wood-child,’ Yi as in ‘one.’ Prophet, 2269.

No need to be so surprised. The reason I dare reveal my hand upfront is because my prophecy told me my teammates would be as trustworthy as myself.

I used two consecutive days of prophecy to guide this trial. On the first day, I saw inescapable shackles, and the roll was 12. That has now come true.

On the second day, I asked about the condition of my trial teammates. The prophecy’s answer was interesting: ‘Though minds differ, hearts are aligned with mine.’

After thinking long and hard, I think I understand. He’s telling me that my teammates and I might be cut from the same cloth.

And the second roll was 16. Gentlemen, my Die of Fate only has 16 sides.

So, at the beginning of this trial, I chose trust without hesitation.

And I trust that none of you will betray my trust.”

This prophet’s voice was incredibly bright and optimistic; he seemed to be trying his best to foster grand cooperation.

But Cheng Shi knew he likely trusted his own prophecy more than his teammates.

Still, his positive and sunny speech grated on Cheng Shi’s ears. These two prophecies, while seemingly useful, actually said nothing concrete. Considering Li Yi’s faith...

One must remember, a Bard of [Fate] isn’t guaranteed to be a Prophet. He could just as easily be a lying... Magician.

Without the help of “Master of Deception,” Cheng Shi couldn’t determine if this Prophet was an old colleague, a liar following [Deceit].

Seeing no reaction from the others, Li Yi smiled and continued:

“I feel this trial might be much harder than anticipated. I hope we can cooperate fully and end this imprisonment soon.”

“Well said, but who knows if you’re really a prophet?

After all, your name doesn’t sound real either. Cell 1 calling himself Li Yi?”

The one who spoke wasn't Cheng Shi, but the player in cell 2, to Li Yi's left.

Mimicking Li Yi, he wedged his helm against the bars to save energy, then picked up where Li Yi left off with a clicking sound.

"Don't get excited, brother. At this level, who speaks the whole truth? We've seen enough. It takes a few days to figure out who's human and who's a ghost.

Don't mind my harsh words; I'm just worried someone too naive might get tricked by you.

Alright, that's enough from me. Talking too much gets annoying.

Since you're Li Yi... then, how about everyone calls me Ji Er this round? Ji as in 'Li with an extra horizontal stroke,' Er as in 'one with an extra horizontal stroke.'

[Civilization], Priest, Ladder 2144.

I wouldn't dare be as confident as you. Better to keep a card hidden if possible."

Before this sarcastic fellow could even finish, ripples of "kuh-kuh" sounds spread around; everyone burst out laughing.

Dude, is that name serious?

Isn't that a bit too casual?

Even if you doubt Li Yi's identity, even if you wanted to make up a fake name on the spot, did you really have to call yourself Ji Er?

Using puns like that will cost you.

Li Yi's face turned slightly green, his eyelids twitching. He asked through gritted teeth:

"Is your surname really Ji?"

"What, don't believe me? I never lie."

Tsk, that sounds familiar...

Cheng Shi shook his head and chuckled.

Li Yi's expression shifted several times, but ultimately, he didn't press further.

With the situation developing like this, Ji Er's real name no longer mattered. What mattered was that he had openly rejected Li Yi's invitation to cooperate, thoroughly trampling Li Yi's pride.

Everyone watched Li Yi's reaction. If not for the helm hiding his face, they would have thought the prophet was already seeing red.

Yet, even so, he didn't lash out at the teammate who had mocked and ridiculed him.

Indeed, [Fate] followers, like their Patron, seemed quite patient.

From this point of view, he seemed like a genuine prophet.

With teammate Ji Er setting a good precedent, the enthusiasm for self-introductions suddenly ignited. In this foul-smelling, vermin-infested prison of the Grand Tribunal Hall, the teammates began to let loose one by one.

The guy in cell 3, to Ji Er's right, laughed twice and immediately followed suit:

“My surname is Gao. So, I guess I should be Gao San this round.

Hmm, Gao San. [Civilization], Warrior, Ladder 2071.

The brother opposite me is right; this helm on our heads is interesting. Never mind how such a seamless, jointless restraint was put on us, just its unbreakable nature is worth studying.

I tried putting the helmet directly into my inventory space, but failed. Tried using brute force and clever leverage to pry it open, still no luck.

I even attempted bone-shrinking contortion to shift its position, but it actually adjusted its tightness according to my neck's thickness. Interesting. This shouldn't be a creation of the Grand Tribunal Hall; it feels more like an experimental product from the Tower of Logic.

Furthermore, this helm seems to possess a special magic; any force attempting to destroy it simply dissipates upon approach.

I sense not only the power of [Order] on it, but even a trace of [Prosperity]. Truly fascinating.

This gave me an idea. Friendly reminder, everyone: when faced with unavoidable danger, perhaps stick your head out.

I think this helm should be tougher than our bodies. Maybe it can save your life in a critical moment.

Alright, that's all I'll say. I agree with the prophet's point. Although he fabricated a fake name with reservations, he was right about one thing: before the situation is clear, we'd better cooperate fully.”

This player also sounded like an orderly person, and the moment he mentioned he was [Civilization], Cheng Shi had already guessed his faith.

[Truth].

It was easy to guess, actually, because his thought process revealed everything.

Only followers of [Truth] would attempt to observe their surroundings and understand everything through “exploration and deconstruction.”

Faced with the imprisoning helm and cage, a follower of [War] wouldn't hesitate; violence is their usual problem-solving method. Stereotypes are generally accurate.

And followers of [Order]...

No matter how foolish an Order Knight might be, at this score level, they should at least recognize their own faction's restraints.

Since this teammate calling himself Gao San couldn't explain the helm, it naturally meant he wasn't aligned with [Order].

Despite this, Cheng Shi still had a slight doubt about Gao San being a [Truth] follower.

Because His followers are generally knowledgeable and learned; even a warrior should be able to deduce much from little.

Yet, he offered no extended background context about the current situation, focusing only on his own predicament. This made Cheng Shi very curious.

Could it be... this was a [Truth] student with “not-so-good grades”?

It wasn't impossible.

After all, people are diverse. Even among a group of liars, there was an honest one like himself.

Very reasonable, right?