

The Gods 203

Chapter 203: Oh No, Stirred Up a [Void] Nest

Cheng Shi observed the [Truth] follower with interest for a moment before turning his attention to the teammate in cell 4.

This teammate was rather quiet. Aside from laughing along earlier, he hadn't said a word.

But Cheng Shi never expected that this seemingly reserved player would make everyone lose their composure the moment he opened his mouth.

"Haven't had this much fun in a while. Since we're doing this... I can also be called..."

Zhao Si. Zhao as in 'walk-of,' Si as in 'four-directions-four'."

"..."

"..."

"..."

Silence fell first, then the entire place erupted in laughter.

The joyous laughter echoed so loudly that it attracted the patrolling prison guards.

Two burly guard knights, whips in hand, walked coldly to the center of the cage circle. They spat contemptuously at the prisoners before viciously lashing out at the few in front.

Cheng Shi, ever observant, had already noticed the guards approaching. The moment before they arrived, he obediently sat down on the floor, pretending to be harmless.

Li Yi beside him, whose face remained stern and didn't crack a smile, was also spared being treated as an "accomplice."

But the others weren't so lucky. The laughter still echoing around them abruptly turned into curses and muffled groans.

Ji Er in cell 2, like a thorny rebel, bristled with defiance. He endured the whipping while shouting back a couple more insults. Naturally, this display of defiance only resulted in the two guards surrounding him and whipping him relentlessly.

Seeing him draw all the fire, the others quickly seized the opportunity to play dead.

The guards showed no mercy, leaving welt after welt on Ji Er's body. Splattered blood stained his red uniform even brighter, yet it failed to silence Ji Er's curses.

Only when the guards tired themselves out did they leave, muttering curses.

But even then, Ji Er, covered in wounds, continued to curse weakly and intermittently, as if expressing his defiance was more important than his own life.

"Hey, Ji Er, still alive?"

The others looked at Ji Er sympathetically. He weakly wiped the blood from his face, then pulled out a dagger from his inventory space and plunged it into his own thigh without hesitation.

Blood spurted, but his complexion improved.

Seeing this, Cheng Shi's gaze sharpened.

Overseer.

This Ji Er was actually a Priest of [War], an Overseer.

His undisguised action revealed his identity to everyone. Gao San in cell 3 raised an eyebrow, dragged his injured body over, and extended his arm.

“Brother, spare a drop?”

Unexpectedly, Ji Er spat out a mouthful of blood and immediately put the dagger away.

“Even a healer like me dares to talk back to the guards, but you, a warrior, just curl up and take the beating?”

Playing warrior like such a coward? Want milk? Go find your mom.”

Gao San clearly hadn't expected to be scolded. He paused for a moment, then shook his head and chuckled.

“Alright, interesting.”

Indeed, quite interesting. Cheng Shi could see that this Ji Er was extremely wary. He seemed to trust no one and had no intention of cooperating with anyone.

Not only that, but his words were merciless, dripping with sarcasm and ridicule.

The problem was, he was just a healer. What gave him the confidence to offend two teammates right at the start?

It wasn't impossible for healers to go solo, but only if they possessed significant offensive capabilities, like himself.

Thinking of this, Cheng Shi looked at Ji Er with a more scrutinizing gaze.

This Overseer was likely more complex than he appeared; he probably had a deadly trump card hidden away.

The scene remained silent for a long time after Ji Er's tirade. Only when the teammate in cell 4 tapped the bars in front of him did everyone's attention shift back.

Only then did they remember that this whole situation started because the teammate named "Zhao Si" had revealed his "name."

"Zhao Si, [Void], Mage, Ladder 2333."

"..."

The scene fell silent once more.

Cheng Shi couldn't suppress the corner of his mouth from twitching again.

Whether it was the name "Zhao Si" or the score "2333," this "seemingly steady" teammate number 4 was pulling stunts that were anything but steady.

Combined with his [Void] Fate Path, Cheng Shi found it hard not to associate his faith with the God of Fun.

Could this teammate be another Trickster?

Have I stumbled into a Trickster den this month? One after another.

Although his behavior had a hint of [Deceit], the problem was that liars usually didn't act so theatrically. They typically maintained a low profile while deceiving, avoiding drawing too much attention to themselves.

Thinking this way, he didn't seem like a Trickster anymore.

Cheng Shi looked thoughtfully at this Zhao Si, examining him closely from head to toe, but it was difficult to spot any flaws through just body language and actions.

Cheng Shi wasn't the only one suspicious of Zhao Si's identity. The teammate in cell 5 looked at Zhao Si, his voice tinged with surprise:

"Another [Void]? Are you also [Fate]?"

Hearing this, Cheng Shi's eyebrow twitched again.

Another?

Also?

This teammate number 5's question was very interesting. If it were just Li Yi, it likely wouldn't have warranted such a surprised tone.

Zhao Si also picked up on the nuance. He looked at teammate number 5 to his left and smiled.

"What? You too?"

Teammate number 5 shifted slightly, hesitated for a moment, then nodded.

"Following your rhythm..."

Su Wu. Su as in 'shepherd,' Wu as in 'ascend-five.'

[Void], Hunter, Ladder 2196.”

So he’s a Hunter!

Cheng Shi had a sudden realization. No wonder this teammate had been constantly scanning his surroundings since waking up; like himself, he was silently gathering intelligence from the environment.

But putting aside the class, this [Void] today...

Hiss—

Isn’t there a bit too much of it?

Again, when someone reveals their Fate Path as [Void], you can generally assume on the surface that they are a follower of [Fate].

But whether they truly follow the God of Fun or the God of... uh... Dice, requires long-term observation. Liars, after all, don’t reveal themselves easily.

It had been a long time since Cheng Shi participated in a trial without the help of Master of Deception. This feeling of meticulously analyzing every teammate’s statement, every action keeping him on edge, reminded him of his struggles in low-rank trials.

He shifted his gaze back to the others. After a casual glance, he noticed something intriguing: when Su Wu revealed his Fate Path, not only himself, but everyone else’s movements froze for an instant.

Interesting.

It seems [Void] isn’t very popular this round.

Hearing that Su Wu shared the same [Void] Fate Path, Zhao Si chuckled and returned Su Wu's earlier question.

"Another [Void]? Are you also [Fate]?"

Unexpectedly, Su Wu didn't deny it. He first glanced at Cheng Shi, then nodded firmly.

"Yes. I am the Final Stroke."

The Final Stroke, a Hunter of [Fate].

A cryptic class that can foresee the prey's "place of final fate" and lie in wait there. Their appearance often signifies the end of the prey's destiny, much like the final brushstroke concluding a chapter of life, hence the name Final Stroke.

Zhao Si was taken aback, not expecting such a straightforward answer. He then glanced at Cheng Shi before slowly saying:

"Scriptwriter. I am a Scriptwriter."

Scriptwriter, a Mage of [Fate].