

The Gods 204

Chapter 204: The Highest Concentration of [Fate] in One Round?

Can you imagine being matched with four followers of [Fate] in a single trial?

You'd think it was a [Fate] channel team-building event.

That's exactly how Cheng Shi felt right now. Annoyed, extremely annoyed.

Excluding Ji Er and Gao San, the remaining four, including himself, were all followers of [Fate]. This level of coincidence made his brow furrow tightly.

The concentration of [Fate] was excessively high. He didn't believe there would be this many fanatics in one round. Such a high concentration must have some impurities; there were definitely a few liars mixed in.

The question was: how many?

He initially wanted to observe more, but his teammates' gazes had unknowingly shifted entirely onto him, seemingly waiting for something.

He was the only one left who hadn't introduced himself.

Cheng Shi paused slightly, then a bold idea suddenly popped into his head.

He wanted to test it. He wanted to probe the true nature of these teammates.

So he spoke:

"Don't be nervous. I'm not [Existence], nor [Chaos]. I won't be your enemy."

After saying this, he smiled and touched his... iron helmet.

“...”

Cheng Shi had intended to touch his nose. His original plan was to use excessive gestures to mask his oathbreaker curse and confuse his enemies.

But he suddenly realized that due to the trial’s peculiarities and the indestructible nature of the helm, his oathbreaker gesture was awkwardly stuck as picking the helm’s nostril hole.

It was too weird. This action was too weird. No normal person would pick at the nostril hole of a helm.

But his teammates’ attention clearly wasn’t focused on that. They didn’t relax just because Cheng Shi wasn’t from an opposing Fate Path. Each one listened intently, seemingly anticipating something.

“So you are...?”

“So... I am also [Void]!”

Cheng Shi touched his iron nostril again and said:

“Cheng Shi, [Void], Warrior, Ladder 2101.”

Another [Void]!

When Cheng Shi revealed his Fate Path, everyone present reacted.

Li Yi withdrew his hand gripping the bars. Ji Er snorted and shook his head. Gao San crossed his arms and looked at him. Zhao Si started tapping the bars with his knuckles again.

Su Wu, being the closest, blurted out in utter disbelief:

“Wait, buddy, are you messing with us?

You’re also [Fate]?”

Cheng Shi laughed heartily. “No, no, there are enough [Fate] followers already. I don’t believe in fate; I only believe in lies. I am a follower of [Deceit]. I am...

An Acrobat.”

As soon as he finished speaking, his hand instinctively went to the helm’s nostril again. The atmosphere in the place suddenly turned strange because of his words.

Judging by everyone’s reactions, it seemed saying he was [Deceit] was worse than saying he was [Fate].

Ji Er, who had been silent for a long time, finally regained his “fighting stance.” He sneered and said sarcastically:

“I heard some liars have poor psychological fortitude and tend to make small gestures when they lie. Since you’re a follower of [Deceit], why don’t you enlighten me, is that true?”

Hearing Ji Er’s words, everyone recalled Cheng Shi’s previous small actions and turned their gazes back to him.

Indeed, this follower of [Deceit] kept touching the nostril hole of his helm. It was too weird, strangely deliberate.

Cheng Shi raised an eyebrow, turned to Ji Er, and couldn’t help but chuckle.

Here it comes!

Someone couldn't sit still anymore.

He laughed and responded, "I thought you were going to ask why I didn't call myself Cheng Liu?"

"..." Ji Er faltered upon hearing this.

The atmosphere was extremely bizarre. Everyone seemed fixated on Cheng Shi's Fate Path and faith, while the earlier enthusiastic discussion about fake name chains was completely ignored.

What did this mean?

It meant the severity of the faith issue far outweighed the amusement.

Thinking this, Cheng Shi finally confirmed it. There was definitely something wrong with this round, and it was a big problem!

He then turned to Gao San, throwing Ji Er's question back at him.

"I think Brother Ji Er's question falls under a broad category of psychological issues, involving the study of human nature and pattern summarization. Followers of [Truth] should know more. How about you enlighten us, old brother?"

Gao San crossed his arms and chuckled:

"I'm a warrior, with very little knowledge of psychology. However, I do know a bit about Acrobats.

I've heard He grants Acrobats extraordinary flexibility and top-tier balance, enabling them to perform all sorts of incredible physical feats. Even so, brother, you can't escape the shackles of this helm?"

"[Order] is never easily broken. None of us here have managed to escape this helm, so how could I?"

After saying this, he touched the helm's nostril again.

Seeing Cheng Shi repeat this action several times, even Li Yi, who had maintained a stern face beside him, couldn't hold back anymore.

"I rarely encounter liars who openly admit their identity. Do none of your talents rely on lies?"

Also, now that you've exposed yourself as a liar, how will you perform your rituals later?"

"Never mind my talents and rituals. I remember it was Brother Li Yi who called for us to be honest with each other and cooperate, right?"

What, is it wrong for me to be honest about my identity now?"

"..." Li Yi clenched his fist with a strange expression. "That's not what I meant. Although I suggested cooperation, the premise was not to compromise personal safety and interests. Since you... are so confident, you must have your reasons.

Just... if you happen to need to deceive me later, please go easy on me. Don't trick me too badly."

Seeing his apparent "sincerity," Cheng Shi chuckled noncommittally. Then, he casually pulled out a white mask from his inventory space and, right in front of everyone, prayed devoutly:

"Unable to distinguish truth from falsehood, regardless of reality or void.

With my acts of [Deceit] performed today, I offer them to You. Praise the great God of [Deceit]."

As soon as his voice fell, Cheng Shi's hand instinctively moved towards his nostril again.

This clearly provocative action, combined with the ritual he had just performed, seemed to declare one thing to everyone:

Not only have I revealed my hand, but I've also lied to you. Why don't you try guessing which of my statements were true and which were false!

Everyone had encountered liars before, but they had certainly never met one so blatant.

Everyone's expressions were hidden beneath their helms, obscured and unclear. They frowned in contemplation, all wondering what this teammate was trying to achieve.

Clearly, he had lied, and clumsily at that. But who was he trying to deceive with such a clumsy lie?

After observing Cheng Shi, everyone looked at each other again, seemingly searching for the fool who had been deceived.

But who the fool was remained uncertain.

Just then, the noisy prison suddenly fell silent without warning. Then, the sound of scraping armor mixed with heavy footsteps echoed from a distant stairwell.

Everyone turned to look and saw a troop of heavily armored knights armed with long spears marching in formation. The leader used his sharp lance to pry open the cage doors of two prisoners. Several burly knights behind him rushed in and dragged out the two prisoners, who were completely powerless to resist.

The prisoner in the blue uniform on the left kicked wildly in the knight's grasp, struggling and shouting:

"Let go of me! I need to fight them! I'll show them who the true heir of the Thorn Tribe is! I'll make these impostors who dare impersonate me die without a burial place!"

The prisoner on the right, also in a blue uniform, didn't struggle at all, grinning sinisterly:

“Today is your death day. I’ll show you who the real clown stealing the heirship is. Just wait, you’re about to die!”

The knight captain glanced coldly at the two and snorted:

“Let’s hope your fighting spirit remains this strong until you’ve atoned for your sins. Take them away!”

With that, the group of knights dragged the two mutually hostile prisoners out of the prison.

As they disappeared, the momentarily quiet prison erupted once more into a clamorous roar.