

The Gods 206

Chapter 206: Magician Li Yi

He's a Magician?

The first impurity among the four [Fate] followers seemed to be getting sifted out.

Everyone looked scrutinizingly at Li Yi. However, Li Yi himself didn't seem surprised that Ji Er had exposed his identity. Instead, he smiled and nodded in acknowledgment.

But just that simple nod made Ji Er's face turn incredibly ugly.

Although they couldn't see the full extent of his expression, his stiff posture hinted at his current discomfort.

He had been outplayed, outmaneuvered by the Magician next door.

Li Yi's reveal was intentional, merely using Ji Er's mouth to deflate Ji Er's own arrogance.

"Yes, I am a Magician.

[Void] only contains [Fate], so saying I'm a Prophet wasn't wrong either, was it?"

"So, those prophecies of yours were fake too?"

Hilarious. What use are clumsy lies except wasting everyone's time?"

Su Wu snorted dismissively, clearly unimpressed by Li Yi hiding his identity.

However, Li Yi wasn't annoyed. He smiled and said:

“The prophecies weren’t lies. I have two prophecy cards in my deck, so both predictions were real.

That’s the reason I was willing to trust you all.

In this world, there aren’t many good people, but plenty of bad ones.

If I were a good person, I wouldn’t dare believe I could be matched with five other good people.

Precisely because I’m not exactly a good person—though I don’t consider myself bad either—when my prophecy cards told me you were like me, I felt we might actually be able to cooperate.

This... Brother Ji Er, hiding your true nature behind a sharp tongue is quite a decent trick. So, are you truly an Overseer, or...

A Clown?”

Oho, the fun begins.

Cheng Shi was undoubtedly the person most familiar with Clowns present. He had seen Clowns, played Clowns, and once was a Clown.

So when he heard his old profession being attributed to someone else, he immediately looked at Ji Er, grinning and waiting for his response.

As Priests of [Deceit], Clowns received the blessing of “Lie Therapy.” As long as they could make others believe they had healing abilities through lies and illusions, that healing power would take effect.

Therefore, assuming Ji Er was indeed a Clown, one without “Lies Like Yesterday,” then his earlier claim of being an Overseer was a public “deception” to gain healing power.

Note, he was deceiving for the healing power of that one dagger thrust, not for the faith of [War].

Using this kind of lie requires a much stricter environment of trust than “Lies Like Yesterday,” and the healing is far less stable than that of Priests from other faiths. Thus, Clowns themselves aren’t very “qualified” healers.

They toil amidst interwoven lies, drawing meager healing power that only serves in emergencies, much like the fleeting joy a clown brings—always temporary.

Seeing everyone looking at him, Ji Er just sneered and didn’t respond.

Now everyone started pondering: could there be three liars in this trial?

Doesn’t that mean there are five [Void]?

Players thinking this all looked surprisingly towards... Gao San.

Yes, they didn’t look at Ji Er, but collectively at Gao San.

Having someone from [Truth] mixed into a round likely “full” of [Void] was, admittedly, quite interesting.

Gao San remained unfazed by the scrutinizing gazes. He smiled and said:

“Whether it’s a Prophet or a Magician, whether it’s an Overseer or a Clown, regardless, if we want to cooperate in this trial, our goal is singular:

Prison break!

You heard the Magician. Numbers 1 and 2 will be dragged into a deathmatch, and then it will be my turn, followed by the rest.

This clearly isn't a trial about cooperation. But we need to remember, since the [Faith Game] began, no trial has ever revolved solely around confrontation. So I think the direction is clear: we need to break out, and we must break out.

Creating chaos and escaping satisfies [Chaos]'s demands and frees ourselves. How about this plan?

Otherwise, we will all become enemies to each other."

Ji Er snorted coldly at this and turned his head away.

According to the deathmatch rules, he and Li Yi were set to face each other first. But whether he was an Overseer or a Clown, as a Priest, he might not be as combat-capable as a Magician. Even if he had hidden tricks, the problem was that Magicians usually had even more tricks up their sleeves.

So, at this moment, the ones most eager to cooperate for a prison break should be the two of them and Gao San, who was next in line. After all, based on the order, the remaining three could observe for a while longer.

Thinking this way, Gao San's suggestion seemed much more reasonable.

But breaking out of this prison wasn't going to be easy.

So after Gao San finished speaking, Cheng Shi cautiously threw cold water on their plans.

"The idea is right, but the plan is wrong.

I asked around earlier. The Iron Law Knight Order is stationed outside the deathmatch arena. One of the three High Judges has already arrived in Montelani and is watching the performance right here above the arena.

Trying to break out now is nothing short of fantasy..."

“But it’s not entirely impossible,” Li Yi interrupted Cheng Shi and continued, “Don’t look at me like that. My deck is mostly full of honesty cards.”

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Cheng Shi’s mouth twitched, his eyelids fluttering.

You better not be pointing fingers at me.

Magician is a very peculiar class. Under His gaze, these Bards can transform their deceptive lies into playing cards with special effects.

Every time they deceive someone, a playing card materializes in their hand. But the specific effect of the card depends on the Magician’s [Deceit] talents.

Other Bards might need to sing to buff their teammates, but Magicians prefer gifting playing cards instead of singing.

Of course, it’s not absolute; it depends on the person.

Li Yi clearly wasn’t the singing type, so he liked sticking cards on people.

“This time it was someone else. The inmate in the purple uniform behind me said it. He overheard the Punishment Knights saying that tonight, the nobles of Montelani are hosting a unique prison open house event. Many nobles will bring their families here to observe how these ‘pitiful souls’ destined to fight to the death prepare beforehand.

Quite morbid, isn’t it? But it’s advantageous for us.

If we seize this opportunity and use the nobles’ identities to create enough chaos to attract the attention of the Iron Law Knight Order, we might have a chance to leave.

Even without direct action, the moment the noble lords leave, the guard force will slacken—it's human nature. We can exploit that too."

"You're a liar. Who knows if what you're saying is true or false?"

Ji Er retorted again. However, Li Yi seemed to have anticipated his skepticism. He pulled open his prison uniform in front of everyone.

The others looked in astonishment and saw a playing card with a mouth drawn on it stuck to his chest!

"Honesty card. I was afraid excessive suspicion would waste our time, so I stuck an honesty card on myself. How about it, believe me now?"

If not, feel free to peel this card off and stick it on yourself. See if your own secrets don't spill out of your mouth."

Ever since revealing his identity, Li Yi had gained the absolute upper hand in his exchanges with Ji Er. Every action he took radiated confidence and elegance, like a magician performing a spectacular show. Cheng Shi watched, thoroughly enjoying it.

This was the Magician he envisioned—exposing himself to the spotlight, yet constantly fooling the audience.

Ji Er was thoroughly choked up. He snorted coldly again and lowered his head, saying nothing more.

Zhao Si, who had been silent for a long time, looked at Li Yi and asked in a muffled voice:

"What's the plan?"

"There is a plan, but before I share it, shouldn't you two also share some fresh insights?"

Hmm? Final Stroke, and this... Scriptwriter teacher?"