

The Gods 207

Chapter 207: The Prison Break Plan

“What insights do you want?”

The people here know similar things about this prison and the deathmatch sentence. I don’t have any other useful information to share. However... if this [Truth] follower doesn’t mind, I can share something else.”

Gao San didn’t expect Su Wu to suddenly mention him. He crossed his arms and smiled.

“[Truth] should be shared and circulated. Say what you want, no need to mind my opinion.”

Su Wu snorted lightly.

“I think it’s better to ask for your opinion first. After all, this could be considered your private matter.”

“?” Gao San pondered for a moment. “Feel free to speak.”

“I just silently searched for nearby ‘Fate Endpoints.’ Interestingly, your ‘Fate Endpoint’ is right here, right...

Beneath our feet.”

As soon as his voice fell, Gao San slammed his fist against the bars of his cage. He glared angrily at Su Wu and roared:

“Are you messing with me?”

“I wouldn’t dare provoke the iron fist of [Truth]. This is all I found. Believe it or not, it’s up to you.”

After saying this, Su Wu smiled casually and closed his mouth.

Cheng Shi frowned, looking at the Final Stroke beside him, wondering if he was telling the truth.

Su Wu's actions were strange. Even if he had truly found Gao San's "Fate Endpoint," he shouldn't have revealed it publicly at this moment. It offered no help to the current situation and would only make Gao San suspicious of his motives, needlessly alienating a teammate.

What benefit did he gain from this?

Cheng Shi couldn't figure it out. While he was pondering, Zhao Si spoke up again.

"There are intricate relationships among the prisoners sentenced to deathmatch. The one behind me says that everyone wearing the same yellow uniform as him are wicked servants coveting his wealth. These people know his household inside out and constantly plot to seize his fortune. He couldn't bear it anymore, got into a fight with them, and then passed out.

When he woke up, he was already in the courtroom, sentenced to deathmatch, with the execution scheduled soon."

Zhao Si spoke while turning back to look at the prisoner with immense wealth.

"The story isn't exciting, but interestingly, the one next to him overheard our conversation and joined the identity dispute.

He claims he is the true owner of the wealth, and the prisoner I spoke with earlier is just one of his servants. His servants are trying to steal his identity, using this confusing method to legally plunder all his wealth.

Unfortunately, a brawl turned them all into deathmatch convicts.

Well, hearing this, does it remind you of anything?"

Everyone's gaze sharpened, instantly recalling the trial objective:

Amidst others' doubts, how do you prove that you are you!

Honestly, when Cheng Shi saw the word [Chaos] upon entering the trial, he hadn't even looked at the trial objective.

In His trials, the objective was practically irrelevant.

But this round seemed different. Combining the trial objective with the story Zhao Si recounted, it wasn't hard to guess: had He hidden the answer within it all along?

Did "how do you prove that you are you" mean that to leave here, one must steal someone else's identity and perfectly replace that identity amidst others' doubts?

This way, the players could not only escape but also create grand chaos—perfectly fitting the theme.

So, was the so-called noble prison open house event the key to solving this?

The sharing and deductions of Li Yi and Zhao Si had practically laid the key before everyone.

As one of the "only two" followers of [Deceit] present, if Cheng Shi didn't speak up now, his liar persona might crumble, especially since this key seemed related to deception.

"So the answer is simple, isn't it?" He pointed at the surrounding prisoners and smiled. "Everyone has the same helm, only the color of the prison uniform representing identity is different. If we could swap uniforms with others during the chaos, doesn't that mean..."

We can avoid fighting each other in the arena and win this round together?

This way, we don't even need to break out; we just need to defeat these seemingly ordinary inmates.

The Grand Tribunal Hall will pardon us, legally pardon us.

But the premise is, you have to act the part.”

Although he said this, Cheng Shi wasn't optimistic internally because he was still thinking about the prophecy he made before the trial.

This seemingly viable replacement plan must have gone wrong somewhere, which was why only he ended up winning the trial.

Where could the problem lie?

Was the combat expert's "Fate Endpoint" found by the Final Stroke real?

After all, the combat expert didn't win the trial...

With the discussion reaching this point, the players' "cooperation" plan was almost finalized.

Everyone looked at each other with a degree of appreciation in their eyes.

Even Cheng Shi felt that, setting aside the predetermined prophecy, this trial was genuinely interesting.

None of the teammates were idle. Although the history aspect of this round was a bit skewed, everyone managed to find clues in the surrounding details, contributing small pieces to the escape plan, and gradually piecing together the key through mutual exchange.

This long-lost sense of cooperative synergy and thrill felt like a refreshing spring breeze, invigorating him.

This is how you play a game! This is a normal round!

Even if everyone had their own hidden agendas, at least before danger arrived, cooperation was the main theme.

“Brilliant!”

Li Yi, who had been pushing for cooperation from the start, clapped happily upon seeing this.

“Clap, clap, clap!

I told you all were trustworthy. Indeed, I wasn’t wrong.

Look, we finalized the plan in such a short time. This is the charm of cooperation.”

“Heh, you call this a plan? A load of rambling, and what’s the result? No concrete arrangements whatsoever.

How do we create chaos ensuring the prison guards aren’t suspicious, while also making sure the Iron Law Knight Order doesn’t forcibly intervene?

Also, after swapping identities, does the Grand Tribunal Hall not have ways to verify identity?

This is barely a beginning, yet you call it a plan?”

“Oh? Then Brother Ji Er, what brilliant insight do you have?”

“Brilliant insight? Don’t have any, but I can make this plan simpler.

For example, by helping you deal with the prison guards.”

“Help?” Su Wu scoffed. “Help yourself, maybe? We’re not in a hurry, but you are about to enter the arena.”

“Not necessarily. I would have done this even without cooperation, just wouldn’t have informed you.

So helping you along the way, isn’t that help?

Enough nonsense. Let me be clear. I have something good, a large-scale smoke bomb. It can instantly fill the entire prison with thick [Corruption] smoke, causing everyone inside to fall asleep under the stimulation of ‘lazy desire.’

But it only lasts for 3 minutes.

During these three minutes, I have my own ways to avoid the [Corruption] smoke and do my own thing. The question is, can you?”

Hearing this, Cheng Shi’s gaze sharpened.

A priest carrying smoke bombs?

Interesting. Why is this priest acting just like me?