

## The Gods 211

Chapter 211: What a Brilliant, Absurd Circus

Since someone on the field had died, according to the rules of the Final Deathmatch, another deathmatch convict needed to take their place.

The knights who had dragged the corpse away returned shortly after, ready to drag the next “challenger” to the arena.

However, what Cheng Shi didn’t expect was that when these knights approached, they faced not Zhao Si, but himself!

They had actually skipped over Zhao Si and placed their hands on his shoulders!

!!!

Cheng Shi was startled. He whipped his head towards Zhao Si, only to see the Scriptwriter had turned his head away at some unknown point.

He rewrote the script?

When? What did he rewrite? Why did these knights blatantly choose me? Were they planning to disregard the deathmatch rules?

Even the high-ranking knight didn’t dare break the deathmatch rules, so what right did these few knights have?

Just as he was about to be dragged away to the arena, Cheng Shi, in the instant he stood up, suddenly asked grimly:

“Why skip number 4 and choose me? This doesn’t comply with the deathmatch regulations!”

As soon as his words fell, both the two Iron Law Knights holding his shoulders and the surrounding Punishment Knights guarding the prisoners sneered, looking down at the number on the broken cage in front of them.

Cheng Shi clearly saw the wooden plaque number 6 beneath his feet, yet he heard something different from the knight's mouth!

"Playing dumb now? Too late.

Fear is a poison that consumes oneself. If you want to live, fight hard, number 4. Don't pin your hopes on nonsense."

Number 4!?!?

He called me number 4!?

Cheng Shi's body stiffened, and a chill shot up his spine to the top of his head!

He thought of something terrifying because everything before him told him that Zhao Si wasn't using a Scriptwriter's technique!

Scriptwriters only rewrite scripts to influence the direction of fate; they don't blur the script to turn fake into real.

And a mage capable of this, who would also claim to be a follower of [Fate], could only be...

A mage of [Deceit], a Trickster!

Zhao Si really was a Trickster!

He truly was His follower!

This was already the second one in this trial... no, wait!

Cheng Shi froze. He rapidly replayed everything that had happened over the past half-day, carefully recalling everyone's actions and words. Then, an incredibly absurd thought arose in his mind.

Was this truly the round with the highest concentration of [Fate]?

If [Deceit] often hides within fate, could it be possible that the concentration of [Deceit] was actually the highest in this round!?

By the time Cheng Shi thought of this, he was already being dragged away. He didn't struggle excessively; instead, he remained extremely calm and looked around.

He was confirming something, something he had previously overlooked: the rats in the prison seemed to have...

Disappeared.

Ever since the fog exploded, these rats that scurried everywhere foraging for food were gone.

Keep in mind, even when the Punishment Knights were highly active before, these rats dared to forage openly. Now that the prison guards were so quiet, they had vanished instead. Was this reasonable?

Reasonable, but this reasonableness had a prerequisite: that within this prison, no, perhaps within the prison before, there existed a special Hunter.

Someone who could communicate with rats, learn information unknown to humans, tame rats, and make the swarm serve him.

He could even swap identities with the rats he controlled, turning himself into a rat, and thus, under everyone's watchful eyes, swagger out of this place!

He was the Hunter of [Deceit], the Beast Tamer!

What a Su Wu, what a “Final Stroke.” Fake, all fake!

No wonder he was shooing away rats at his feet the moment he woke up. Perhaps it wasn’t shooing, but communicating!

Indeed, all [Fate] is [Deceit]!

Acrobat, Trickster, Beast Tamer, Magician! Four different classes of [Deceit] followers had already appeared in this trial!

Wait! No, my Acrobat identity is fake, so it probably doesn’t count...

But, was there really no Acrobat in this trial?

The Gao San who died at Ji Er’s hands claimed to be a follower of [Truth]. His actions indeed aligned with [Truth]’s ways. But Cheng Shi remembered the point that had always puzzled him:

This follower of [Truth] seemed to have “grades” that were a bit too poor.

His knowledge of the Continent of Hope’s history, no, rather his understanding of the Grand Tribunal Hall and Montelani was too limited, so limited he couldn’t add anything.

Poor students shouldn’t be overly questioned just for “poor grades,” but... what if he wasn’t a “student” at all? Could it be he wasn’t a follower of [Truth] in the first place?

Normally, such vague speculation couldn’t serve as a logical basis for deduction. But today, when Cheng Shi thought about the way he died...

Limbs twisted, neck reversed...

Cheng Shi smiled, laughing self-deprecatingly at his own slowness.

Ha, what a coincidence? Remember what the follower of [Truth] himself said? He mentioned that Acrobats were granted extraordinary flexibility by Him, capable of performing all sorts of incredible physical movements.

So, are twisted limbs and a reversed neck considered incredible physical movements?

Yes, of course!

Thus, the identity of this teammate number 3 became obvious!

He used his flexibility to feign defeat in the deathmatch arena, faking his death to escape, deceiving almost all the spectators and knights at various positions!

What a Gao San, what an Acrobat!

At this point, among the six players, three had already disappeared from the prison beneath their feet, vanished under everyone's watchful eyes.

The Magician escaped through misdirection, the Beast Tamer escaped by becoming a rat, and the Acrobat escaped through physical stunts!

There was still a Trickster setting up a scheme to escape, and his method involved sending Cheng Shi into the arena to buy him time!

Incredible, incredible. This was truly a brilliant performance of [Deceit], an absurd circus filled with deception from beginning to end!

But how could such a brilliant circus lack a Clown?

Thinking this, Cheng Shi understood.

The Ji Er who claimed to be an Overseer, the Ji Er mistaken for a Clown, the Ji Er whose personality drastically changed, was never a Clown at all.

The only Clown was himself!

Because, having lost the protection of [Deceit], he had become the only true Clown in this game full of [Deceit] followers!

But if Ji Er wasn't a Clown, what could he be?

The answer was actually simple. If it weren't for the excessive lies and dense deception in this round, Cheng Shi should have figured it out sooner.

Knight Captain Apol had said: he didn't see any attack, yet was stabbed three times during the exchange. And although he clearly stabbed the so-called "killer" hidden in the war fog, the opponent still escaped.

Why?

Because he was deceived. Because he was facing a liar protected by [Deceit], an Assassin of [Deceit], a Victim!

Ji Er was clearly a Victim!