

The Gods 212

Chapter 212: I, Cheng Shi, Am a Natural-Born Liar

If Ji Er's identity was considered that of a Victim, then all the previous points of suspicion could be explained.

Why his words were merciless, why he dared to offend anyone, why he wasn't inclined to cooperate, why, as a "Priest," he never healed his teammates!

Because he was a liar, an assassin, a Victim.

Victim is a peculiar class, and also an assassin class whose faith can be identified at a glance.

After all, besides Him, no one would call the assassins they protected "Victims."

This group was entirely different from other class groups. They were lunatics who prioritized lies above all else, unreasonable madmen possessing the arrogance to challenge everything and the courage to disregard life and death.

They excelled at provoking others, and also at toying with them. They acted without mercy, never even worrying about retaliation.

The confidence allowing them to perform all these actions stemmed from the sole trait granted by [Deceit] to Victims: Fatal Retribution.

When you want to kill me, perhaps you should consider: might this fatal injury be returned to you?

This was the Victim, this was His assassin!

They could activate their trait, returning a single instance of damage received back to the source. Therefore, they never needed to kill anyone themselves; it all relied on the enemy's fatal blow.

Although this trait consumed considerable mental energy, with life on the line, no one dared to gamble. This fostered the Victims' arrogance and madness.

So why was Apol stabbed three times? Not because the killer was highly skilled and adept at concealment, but because Ji Er returned the Knight Captain's spear thrusts back to him!

No wonder the attack against me in the fog was so clumsy! He never intended to kill me with his own hands. He was waiting for me to strike, then simply transfer the damage, allowing me to kill myself!

Good thing I didn't pursue him then! Good thing I held back!

This Victim was truly cunning to the extreme. He even constantly changed his persona and personality to stir the enemy's anger, suspicion, and sympathy, all so that when the enemy's emotional defenses broke, they would strike him.

As long as that strike was fatal enough, he could win this gamble of life and death!

That's how Gao San died.

But he likely wasn't killed by the "rebound," but rather guessed the Victim's identity, or perhaps discovered Ji Er's weakness during the fight, then used deception against deception, actively faking his death to escape!

Excellent! Excellent!

So this was a liar's game, an internal war of [Deceit].

The deceptive skills of these few teammates were truly impressive, so much so that Cheng Shi realized all this slightly late.

But not too late, because...

When I know you are a liar, your lies can no longer deceive me. And my deception has only just begun!

From this moment on, the nature of this trial completely changed.

Winning or losing aside, I need to show you who the real Clown is, and who, is the real liar.

Even though I now follow [Fate], the blood flowing in my veins is that of a liar.

The Iron Law Knights dragged Cheng Shi out of the prison with cold faces. As he stepped onto the final stair, the sudden bright sunlight, unseen for a long time, momentarily blinded him, causing him to stumble and fall.

The knights sneered, hoisted him back up, and half-dragged, half-carried him into the arena.

And there, a victor was already waiting for him.

Two burly men threw Cheng Shi onto the ground and turned to leave. Listening to the deafening cheers and shouts of countless spectators outside the arena, Cheng Shi got up, looked towards the person before him...

No, his gaze bypassed the unharmed Ji Er and focused on the VIP box in the center of the stands, surrounded by the banners of the Grand Tribunal Hall. He saw the High Judge seated high above a dozen other judges, one of the most powerful figures in the Continent of Hope during this era.

He was an old man. Though his features were indistinct, Cheng Shi could perceive his stern aura.

Cheng Shi didn't recognize him but was still struck by his presence and bearing. Just one glance made him feel that everyone in the arena, spectators and deathmatch convicts alike, were like lambs awaiting judgment before his court.

"Interesting. Shifting eyes are a sign of fear. Are you afraid of me?"

What, saw how that combat expert died?

Surprised?”

Seeing Cheng Shi remain silent for a long time, Ji Er suddenly spoke first. He knew that the moment Gao San's body was dragged away, his “fearful” disguise had become ineffective.

The same trick only works once, but sometimes, once is enough, because once is enough to win everything.

So, he changed his strategy at this moment, deciding to continue toying with this “unable to lie” Acrobat before him.

Hearing this, Cheng Shi raised an eyebrow.

He suddenly realized something interesting: this calculating Victim seemed unaware that Gao San had faked his death.

Of course, Gao San being an Acrobat and faking his death was just Cheng Shi's deduction based on the current situation. Until he saw Gao San “resurrected,” it couldn't be definitively confirmed.

But if Ji Er hadn't considered this possibility, then at this moment, all deductions concerning Gao San must be true!

Because Ji Er's Victim identity was likely real. To defeat a Victim, to make the opponent reveal flaws in the upcoming fight, Cheng Shi had to break the deadlock beforehand, gaining the upper hand in momentum.

And exposing Gao San's identity right now, making Ji Er realize he had been deceived, was the best weapon!

When I “see through” everything, while you are still kept in the dark, you have already lost the battle of wits and logic. Those who feel intellectually inferior will subconsciously overthink, and overthinking leads to mistakes—that's the opportunity Cheng Shi would wait for!

So Cheng Shi didn't rush to respond. Instead, he simply walked directly towards the opponent without a word.

Seeing Cheng Shi's movement, Ji Er's gaze sharpened.

"Oh? Eager to die?"

Given up already?

Not going to struggle anymore?

You don't really think you're an Acrobat, do you? Even if you were, are you confident you can beat me?

Ha, guess how that trash Gao San died at my hands?

Aren't you afraid?"

Despite his words, as Cheng Shi approached, Ji Er showed a slight intention to retreat.

Before figuring out the opponent's tricks, even a Victim wouldn't charge headfirst recklessly. So Ji Er shifted sideways slightly, his heel moving subtly.

Seeing this, Cheng Shi sneered and retorted:

"Afraid? Of course, I'm afraid. No one wouldn't fear a Victim protected by Him."

"!!!"

As soon as the words fell, Ji Er's pupils constricted sharply.

He saw through me? When?

He prided himself on his concealment having no flaws. The only one who knew his identity was already a corpse under his control, dragged away. Could it be... Gao San isn't dead?

Impossible. The deathmatch rules wouldn't allow someone not dead to leave.

How did he figure it out?

Most importantly, who is he!

He's clearly not an Acrobat!

Ji Er was so certain because he possessed a talent called "Master of Deception"!

He knew all along that Cheng Shi was lying. That's why he questioned Cheng Shi sarcastically during the introductions. Not only that, he knew Cheng Shi's actions of touching his iron nose were just a facade to confuse people.

When possessing Master of Deception, facing players without it, the advantage in perception and logic was almost overwhelming.

So, the question remained: how did a "liar" without Master of Deception discover he was a Victim?

Cheng Shi saw Ji Er's hesitation. This meant the first step of his momentum-building was complete. Next came the second step: shattering the opponent's confidence!

"What? Surprised?"

He mockingly threw Ji Er's earlier sarcasm back at him.

"Thought you hid yourself well, didn't you? Unfortunately, not everyone was fooled by you.

Your best chance to kill me was the moment the war fog rose when I hadn't discovered your identity.

And now, it's too late."

After speaking, he deliberately picked at his iron nostril.

Ji Er stared coldly at Cheng Shi, his mind racing, but his expression remained calm and composed.

"Hehe, you think I'll believe you?

You don't think such clumsy actions can fool me, do you?"

"Oh?" Hearing this, Cheng Shi raised an eyebrow, suddenly understanding. "So you're a Victim with 'Master of Deception.' No wonder, no wonder."

Hearing this, Ji Er froze, the fingers held before him twitching almost imperceptibly.

Seeing this, Cheng Shi knew he had guessed correctly. But his heart felt no joy at guessing right; instead, it grew heavy.

Although he had prepared for the worst and had sufficient backup plans, knowing the opponent truly possessed a truth-detecting talent still made him inexplicably tense.

Because the upcoming clash between two liars would likely be exceptionally difficult.

But, I still want to show you what it means...

Sincerity is also a lie.

I, Cheng Shi, am a natural-born liar. Even without telling lies, I can still deceive "people."