

The Gods 213

Chapter 213: Ji Er Was Shocked

“Curious now?”

Wondering where my confidence comes from?”

Cheng Shi continued to apply psychological pressure while transitioning from a slow walk to a light jog.

He wanted to initiate the Final Deathmatch while Ji Er was most confused, disrupting his thinking, hindering his analysis, and thereby seizing the initiative from the very beginning.

However, Ji Er was no ordinary player. He clearly saw through Cheng Shi’s intentions. So, when Cheng Shi started running, he also started running, but in the opposite direction!

He fled, decisively and swiftly.

Caution was a shared trait among all Victims. Before ascertaining the opponent’s capabilities, they wouldn’t impulsively rush forward to gamble against the enemy’s killing move. That wasn’t audacity; it was foolishness.

Thus, a bizarre scene unfolded in the arena: one iron-helmed figure ran backward, while another iron-helmed figure chased with knives raised.

He fled, he pursued, he... couldn’t catch up...

This strange spectacle drew the attention of countless spectators. But when they realized after a long while that the two were still playing cat and mouse, the arena erupted in thunderous boos and scattered curses.

Clearly, the audience was displeased.

But the chase wasn’t over yet.

“Think you can’t be fooled just because you have the ‘Master of Deception’ talent?”

But what if someone else has it too?

You should know, Brother Ji Er, when two Masters of Deception meet, truth is guaranteed.”

Ji Er retorted while retreating:

“Heh, talking about yourself?”

Think you can fool people with those little gestures, constantly touching your nose?

Really think you have ‘Master of Deception’ too?

My talent tells me you’re lying. While you are indeed a traveler of [Void], you’re not an Acrobat. So who are you really?”

Cheng Shi also laughed, even more wildly.

“Who am I? Regardless of who I am, I indeed don’t have ‘Master of Deception.’ But just because I don’t have it, does that mean others don’t either?”

Have you ever considered if our teammate named Gao San has this talent?”

This piece of information was undoubtedly explosive for Ji Er, who had believed he had defeated Gao San. He paused for a moment, then immediately stopped the chase, rapidly retreating to a safe distance, his face darkening as he frowned in thought.

Just by following Cheng Shi's line of reasoning, he figured out the true identity of the "dead" [Truth] warrior!

Acrobat!

Gao San was the Acrobat!

And he was an Acrobat with "Master of Deception"! Because Master of Deception told Ji Er that Gao San hadn't lied from beginning to end!

No wonder! No wonder he only targeted limbs when attacking! No wonder his final killing move was twisting the neck!

Fake, all fake, all deliberate!

But his final move almost succeeded! Good thing I reacted quickly enough!

No, he still succeeded!

Because if he was an Acrobat, his goal wasn't to kill me, but to...

Fake death and escape!

He ran away!

Using death as an escape route and not even having to face the remaining teammates later! What an Acrobat! I was tricked!

Having figured everything out, Ji Er's face turned ashen. He looked at Cheng Shi with extreme caution.

If the combat expert was an Acrobat, then who was this Acrobat in front of him?

And the Zhao Si and Su Wu in prison who never “lied,” who were they!?

Ji Er was shocked, his body ramrod straight.

And this was precisely the result Cheng Shi wanted. So, at that moment, Cheng Shi moved!

He pushed off the ground, lunging forward explosively. The scalpels in his hands whirled like two rapidly shuttling looms, crossing downwards towards Ji Er’s position with lightning speed.

“Clang—”

But his attack was neutralized without surprise.

Playing with short blades in front of an assassin was like showing off one’s ax skills before Lu Ban. Especially when the opponent was an assassin with over 2000 points.

“Is this your plan? Using Gao San’s identity to provoke me?”

“I have no plan. No, my plan is simple: just kill you directly!”

Saying this, Cheng Shi attacked tentatively a few more times. Although each slash angle was tricky, the speed and power were slightly lacking. After a few exchanges, Ji Er saw through it:

This “Acrobat” chasing him wasn’t a combat class at all.

This was very interesting. Possessing such confidence despite being a support-oriented class further narrowed down the range of possibilities for Cheng Shi’s identity.

Ji Er nimbly dodged Cheng Shi's "tickling" attacks while continuing his verbal assault:

"Is this your confidence?"

Just this?

Hilarious. Even without using assassin talents, I could play with you all day. But you, a Bard... what gives you the right to wear me down?"

Cheng Shi remained silent, lunging forward again with another slash.

Ji Er dodged fluidly sideways, his eyes brightening:

"So you're a Priest!"

Interesting. No wonder you kept looking at me back in prison. Thought I was your colleague?

Ha, a Priest daring to fight like this? Aren't you courting death?"

As he spoke, Ji Er suddenly spun around. A short blade emerged from his sleeve, flashing silver as it stabbed directly towards Cheng Shi's heart.

Cheng Shi couldn't dodge in time, nor did he intend to. He merely shifted slightly to avoid the vital spot, then risked severe injury to counter with an upward slash.

If this slash landed solidly, even if Ji Er didn't die, his entire chest would be torn open horrifically. But Cheng Shi would be injured even more severely; even avoiding the vital spot, this blow could instantly incapacitate him!

This was practically a trade of a thousand losses for eight hundred gains, a life-for-life fighting style!

But the problem was, I am a Victim. I can clearly reflect the damage back to you. How dare you gamble?

Ji Er was startled. The moment doubt arose, he instantly stopped his attack and retreated backward.

The assassin's exceptional agility was fully demonstrated at this moment. He withdrew his blade, the tip perfectly parrying Cheng Shi's blade, then used the momentum to leap back, instantly creating distance between them.

After numerous failed attacks, Cheng Shi finally showed signs of fatigue. He stopped abruptly, planting his foot and taking a heavy breath.

"Tired?"

Ha, you're actually not afraid of me reflecting the damage back to you. Interesting. Let me guess, are you not afraid of damage, or not afraid of death?"

As soon as his voice fell, Ji Er, who had just retreated, instantly appeared before Cheng Shi. The silver light in his hand moved so fast it almost created a whistling sound as it tore through the air. Cheng Shi completely failed to track the blade's origin, only managing to instinctively raise his arm to block.

"Chh—" The silver light left a gash on Cheng Shi's forearm.

Blood spurted out. Cheng Shi grunted and retreated.

However, Ji Er's assault wasn't over. Like a predator toying with its prey, he took advantage of Cheng Shi's early fatigue, constantly shifting his position and using his dagger to create numerous cuts on Cheng Shi's body. But each cut only broke the skin by an inch before stopping.

Cheng Shi swung his scalpels wildly, constantly blocking, but eventually, his stamina gave out, and he was knocked to the ground.

The moment Cheng Shi fell, Ji Er retreated backward without hesitation, giving him absolutely no chance for trickery.

Facing such a cautious and powerful Victim, Cheng Shi was truly tired.

“What, still not healing, my lovely Priest teammate? If you don’t heal soon, you’ll bleed out.”

Ji Er, employing maximum mockery, taunted Cheng Shi’s nerves from a distance. Pushed to his limit, Cheng Shi had no choice but to attempt healing himself.

He shifted slightly sideways and took out a bottle of Prosperity of Yesteryear from his inventory space. But before he could drink it, Ji Er shattered it with a thrown blade.

“No, no, no. No items allowed in our duel. I’ll give you another chance.”

“...”