

The Gods 86

Chapter 86: The Death of Cheng Shi (2)

Could walking into the void rift really allow someone to contain [Divinity]?

In that moment, Cheng Shi began to deeply doubt the lies he had spun earlier.

If Su Yida had not already contained [Divinity], how could he have changed so drastically?

The person before him appeared more seasoned, more calculating, exuding the same kind of confidence and authority that Fang Jue and Wei Guan, from the previous trial, had displayed.

And what did Su Yida mean by “long time no see”?

Had Su Yida experienced years within the rift while, to Cheng Shi, it had only been an instant?

It wasn't impossible.

The void rift blurred the lines between reality and illusion. No one knew what it truly contained. If Su Yida had indeed found fortune in misfortune...

Tch, this is bad.

Cheng Shi clicked his tongue in frustration, beginning to assess his own safety.

Given that they were fellow deceivers, surely Su Yida wouldn't go for the kill, right?

“How did a simple turn around become a ‘long time no see’?” Cheng Shi chuckled, standing up as he subtly hid his left hand behind his back.

Su Yida, observing his movements, scoffed in disdain.

“You’re still this cautious. No, I should say, you’ve always been this cautious, ever since this moment. It’s truly remarkable.

What’s the matter? Afraid I’ll notice your precious ring, the one that surpasses standard semi-divine relics, on your right hand?”

“!!!”

Cheng Shi’s heart skipped a beat, and his right hand instinctively tightened around the ring. He quickly regained control, feigning ignorance with a smile.

“What are you talking about?”

“Enough with the act. I know you well—better than you know yourself, at least at this moment.

And my time is limited. Let’s end this quickly. After that, may we never meet again.”

With that, Su Yida took a small, almost insignificant step forward.

But that tiny step brought him face-to-face with Cheng Shi in an instant.

Teleportation—completely without warning!

Cheng Shi couldn’t react in time. His body instinctively bent forward as he aimed a punch, the ring on his fist targeting Su Yida’s stomach.

The Bone Servant Le Le’er’s Ring had accumulated a significant amount of fear from Su Yida, so this blow should have been fatal.

However, just as Cheng Shi’s fist was halfway to its target, his entire body inexplicably froze in place.

Time itself seemed to come to a standstill, trapping him in the moment.

Even the crackling lightning from the ring stalled, as if captured in a photograph, each flickering spark suspended in midair.

Su Yida smirked condescendingly, lowering the hand he had used to cast the spell.

Yes, it was Su Yida who had cast the spell that stopped time.

The S-rank [Time] talent: Eternal Prison.

Back in the day, Ah Ming had been trapped by Fang Shiqing's Eternal Prison, waiting for Cheng Shi's judgment.

Now, the situation had reversed.

Cheng Shi had gone from judge to judged, while the new judge was none other than Su Yida—who, not long ago, had been forced to yield to Cheng Shi's clever schemes!

“Thump, thump—thump, thump—”

Cheng Shi's heart began to race uncontrollably.

Why [Time]?

How could it be [Time]?

Where did he get [Time]?

Never before had Cheng Shi experienced such an eerie situation. Never had he been so thoroughly restrained.

The look in Su Yida's eyes held not just a hint of nostalgia but also a deep-seated disdain.

It was the kind of disdain a higher being might have when gazing down on a weaker creature.

It wasn't personal—it was simply because Cheng Shi was too weak.

Cheng Shi could smell death.

This time, the stench was coming from himself.

Yet, despite the shock, the unanswered questions, and the overwhelming confusion, Cheng Shi remained silent.

Because he knew that the moment he begged for answers, the balance of the game would be broken.

So, no matter how close he was to death, no matter how shaky his confidence was, he couldn't afford to ask any questions now.

Su Yida looked at Cheng Shi, still smiling, and shook his head with a chuckle.

"You're calmer than I thought. Whether you're faking it or not, at least at this moment, I wouldn't be able to stay this composed.

I never believed the rumors about who you were. Now I'm curious—what took you to such heights?

Could it have been this... this ring with the mark of [Death]?"

Su Yida removed the ring from Cheng Shi's finger and examined the Screaming Mouths engraved on it, counting them carefully.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5... Excellent. All five mouths are lit. It seems you've gathered enough fear. Why didn't you use it?"

Is it because you couldn't bring yourself to?"

Is that pitiful, pathetic fake sense of goodness still urging you to be a 'good person'?"

How amusing. The number of people who have died because of you, the number of people who died for you, the number of people you've killed—it's beyond count. Were everyone who died at your hands 'bad people' in your eyes?"

At this point, why bother distinguishing between good and bad?"

It's laughable!"

Ridiculous!!!

Oh, wait... I remember now. You don't even see them as people, do you? If that's the case, why hesitate?"

It's just an excuse. A ridiculous excuse!"

He tossed the ring into the void as if it were worthless, then seized Cheng Shi by the throat, tightening his grip slowly, turning Cheng Shi's face a sickly shade of purple.

Cheng Shi was powerless. His veins bulged, and his eyes reddened.

"Is it fear? Helplessness? Resentment? Rage?"

Remember this feeling. This is...

Death.”

With that, there was a sickening “crack” as the sound of a neck snapping filled the air.

Cheng Shi’s body, once tense, went limp, and his eyes slowly closed. He fell to the ground like a lifeless rag doll.

“Thud.”

The void gently cushioned the deceiver’s corpse, preventing it from falling into the abyss.

Su Yida glanced at the body with cold indifference, then let out a mocking laugh.

“I killed Cheng Shi. Heh, who would believe that?”

He casually picked up a scrap of cloth from Cheng Shi’s body and wiped his hands with it. Then, he turned his gaze elsewhere.

Moments earlier, a blood-soaked body had been expelled from a void rift.

Not long after, Zhao Qian, equally drenched in blood, emerged from the same spot.

But what Zhao Qian hadn’t expected was that the moment he fought his way out, he wouldn’t find answers to the trial or the revenge of Gao Yu. Instead, he was met with an irresistible Eternal Prison.

Su Yida frowned as he approached Zhao Qian, who stared back in horror.

“I’m sorry... I don’t seem to remember you. Who are you?”

Zhao Qian didn’t answer. All he could think was how unfamiliar, how terrifying this version of Su Yida was.

People said that followers of [Memory] would offer up their memories to their god, leaving them with no recollection of the past. Could Su Yida be the same?

But this Eternal Prison—that was clearly an S-rank talent from [Time]. How could Su Yida wield it?

Could it be that Su Yida was actually a follower of [Time]?

Zhao Qian’s fear hadn’t yet dissipated, but his face had calmed. He cautiously tested the waters:

“Gao Yu isn’t dead, Su Yida. You don’t have to do this.”

This was a probe.

He needed to eliminate the possibility that Su Yida was punishing him for some twisted idea of justice.

Su Yida frowned and glanced at the unconscious young man on the ground.

“Gao Yu?”

This kid? No memory of him.

I was asking about you—who are you?”

“Zhao Qian.

You really don't remember? I'm your teammate. Just now, we worked together to cross the boundary between reality and the void, arriving here!"

"We?

Cooperation?

Hah, this is—

Oh? You're a follower of [Patience]? Interesting. But with your capabilities, you're hardly worthy of 'cooperating' with me.

Let me think... if I recall correctly, this trial was carried out by me and Cheng Shi leading you all to safety.

So, you're probably just some useless thing, not even worth remembering."

Su Yida's words were sharp and cutting, but Zhao Qian didn't dare get angry. He knew that the moment they turned against each other, he would die.

Because he had already seen Cheng Shi's corpse lying in the distance.

Su Yida had gone mad!

He had killed the only priest!

And the trial was far from over!

"You're not Su Yida... Who are you, really?"

“I?”

I am, of course, Su Yida.

The real and only Su Yida.”