

The Gods 91

Chapter 91: What a Deceiver! What a Master of Trickery!

Cheng Shi could hardly fathom the depths of madness in the person before him. Su Yida had sent his past self into the future—to the very timeline where Su Yida currently existed.

It was crystal clear now. Su Yida, a man filled with schemes and trickery, would never trust any promises or words from his future self if they ever met.

Yet, the future Su Yida had succeeded in convincing him. But how?

Because he knew exactly what burned brightest in his past self's heart: the desire to become a god!

In that future timeline, Su Yida had likely reached unimaginable heights—he was closer to the gods!

He understood himself, seduced himself, deceived himself, fueling the desire within his past self and luring him into the future!

This, in turn, showed clearly that the players who joined the Logic Association were nothing but a group of mad, absurd, and obsessive lunatics.

Such an incomprehensible act left Cheng Shi utterly shocked.

Su Yida's actions also revealed one undeniable truth:

Even if the present Su Yida were to die, the Su Yida from the future would remain alive!

Why?

If death in the past didn't equal death in the present, then what was the point of sending someone back to kill him?

Was this the paradox of [Time]? Or was it the might of [Memory]?

At this point, Su Yida finally spoke again, a self-deprecating smile on his face.

“In your eyes and mine, you’ve always been you, and I’ve always been me. But in His eyes, every version of you and me in memory is independent.

We’re nothing but colors in a flipbook. Removing any one page means nothing to Him.”

Cheng Shi furrowed his brow, not fully understanding.

“So, He sent you back just to erase the present version of me?

If it doesn’t affect my future self, what’s the point of erasing my past self?

Even if that’s true, it only applies to [Memory]. But you’re not Him, nor are you His follower. What makes you so certain you can survive within this backtracked memory?”

!!!

“Wait...

I think I get it now!

Hahahaha! Su Yida, you’re brilliant! Truly brilliant!!

I thought the reason you didn’t dare to use our patron’s power against me was because, in the future, I’d reached a level high enough to earn His favor, and you were afraid of angering Him by killing me.

No! I was wrong! Completely wrong!!

How naïve of me!

You dare to stay in the present, pretending to be the original Su Yida, not because you can escape [Memory]'s scrutiny, but because you're waiting for our patron, [Deceit], to help you trick them!

So that's it!

That's it!!

You accepted the future faction's mission but didn't kill me—your first deception.

You tricked your present self into going to the future and used Zhao Qian's corpse as a substitute for me—your second deception.

You've been trying to fool the players in this trial by living on as the past Su Yida, who knows nothing about all of this—your third deception.

You've woven a web of lies connecting the present and the future, offering it up to our beloved patron so that He would cast His gaze upon you, and then...

In the web of this so-called past memory, He would protect you!

Only He could allow you to assume an old identity and live within memory!

Especially since this entire scheme is intertwined with [Memory]!

I'm sure He's enjoying it immensely.

That's why you dared to defy [Death]'s gift but fear using [Deceit]'s power to destroy His follower.

It's not because I'm important—it's because you're afraid!

You're afraid that a flaw in this grand deception would cause Him to lose interest in you!!

What a deceiver! What a master of trickery!

Su Yida, you almost succeeded!"

"Heh... until I realized I still underestimated you, even the you from now, right?"

Su Yida sighed in resignation, retracting the divine power he had been wielding.

"You're sharper than me, Cheng Shi.

He wasn't wrong—you really are insufferable.

Curious about the [Time] power dwelling in me?

[Memory]'s power might've been borrowed from Him, but the [Time] power in me... that's something you can't quite figure out, right?"

Indeed, if [Memory] had intervened, where had Su Yida obtained such concentrated [Time] power?

A semi-divine artifact? A fragment of divinity?

None of it seemed to add up.

Cheng Shi remained silent, waiting for Su Yida to provide an explanation.

However...

“Heh, I’m not telling you.”

“.....”

You’re a dog, aren’t you?

Why even bring it up if you won’t explain?

For a brief moment, Cheng Shi’s face twisted in annoyance, as if he had just swallowed something unpleasant.

Having been thoroughly exposed, Su Yida finally decided to just give up. He collapsed onto the ground beside Cheng Shi, watching as the frozen landscape around them rapidly melted away. He exhaled heavily, as if a great weight had been lifted.

“From the moment I was matched with them, I’ve been walking a tightrope, calculating every move, every second, but the pressure was suffocating—like a mountain on my chest. Finally, I found a way to escape...”

He trailed off, but Cheng Shi could tell that when Su Yida spoke of “escaping,” he wasn’t referring to the future trial but rather that... era.

“But so what if you guessed correctly? My offering is already complete, and I’ve received His protection.”

“?”

Cheng Shi shot up, disbelief written all over his face.

“He’s acknowledged your identity?”

“Soon. By the time the trial ends, I’ll become me!”

“You...

And what about the original Su Yida?

He’s gone to the future, and he’s going to die, isn’t he?

There’s no way they’ll let a deceiver like him off the hook.

You killed him, didn’t you?”

“I killed him?”

No. He went willingly.

Just like you laid out an inescapable scheme for him, I told him everything—didn’t hide a single detail.

And yet he still chose to go.”

Cheng Shi could clearly hear the self-mockery in Su Yida’s voice.

The current Su Yida had thrown everything away in his quest for godhood, even believing that he could deceive the most powerful players in the future.

Meanwhile, the future Su Yida seemed to have lost the fire that once drove him.

What had he been through?

What had happened in the future?

Su Yida would never answer those questions, but there was one thing Cheng Shi had to know...

“Why Zhao Qian?”

Su Yida looked genuinely surprised that Cheng Shi would care about a dead man.

“Why? Bad luck—he was the one I saw.”

“Do you really believe that half-baked excuse?”

With such an intricate scheme, Zhao Qian couldn't have been a random variable. Why him?

His build wasn't similar to mine. You could have just chosen Gao Yu...”

Wait—Gao Yu?

Right, what about the other teammates?

Cheng Shi looked toward the tent, only to realize that time seemed to be frozen around it.

“Only now you think about the others?”

Was my story that captivating? Did it lower your guard?”

“You sure do love using [Time]’s power.”

“Stop fishing for answers. I’m not telling.”

Su Yida stretched out lazily, hands behind his head, chuckling.

“I just told Zhao a story, and he killed himself.”

“Killed himself?”

Cheng Shi could tell that Su Yida wasn’t lying.

Zhao Qian... committed suicide?

But why?

“Want to know?” Su Yida teased, falling back on his old tricks.

“Heh, what do you think?” Cheng Shi, knowing better, didn’t take the bait.

“Oh, feeling sorry for his death?”

Why bother? You should be more worried about yourself. So, have you decided yet? Are you going to kill me or not?”