

## The Gods 92

### Chapter 92: I Never Lie

After coming to terms with the reality of the situation, Su Yida seemed to regain some of his composure. His tone turned sarcastic and mocking, as if he was certain that Cheng Shi wouldn't dare to kill him.

And Cheng Shi, in fact, didn't.

For the same reason Su Yida hadn't killed him—because Cheng Shi was worried about how their patron might react. Perhaps the one currently watching them was not appreciative of Su Yida being killed.

Cheng Shi never considered himself a favored player of any particular [God].

If [Deceit] was particularly interested in Su Yida, then killing him might very well bore the god enough to withdraw His attention from Cheng Shi.

Cheng Shi dared to pressure Su Yida into submission, but that didn't mean he was confident enough to gamble on the indifference of [Deceit].

Some grudges aren't so easily settled.

Otherwise, that saying wouldn't exist: "A gentleman's revenge is never too late, even after ten years."

But Cheng Shi wasn't a gentleman.

Aside from the Trickster God, he couldn't tolerate anyone else.

Even if he couldn't exact his revenge right now, he would at least collect some interest.

As he studied Su Yida's sneering face, Cheng Shi's expression turned playful.

"You think I can't do anything to you?"

Su Yida didn't even blink.

"Hmm? Keep talking, I'm listening."

"I need something from you. Give it to me, and I won't kill you today," Cheng Shi said directly, putting his cards on the table.

"Kill me?"

Hahaha, kill me?

Cheng Shi, you know what I'm afraid of, and I know what you're afraid of. You think you can still fool me with this routine?

Come on, show me. How do you plan to kill me?"

That's exactly what I was waiting for.

Cheng Shi's face twisted into a mischievous grin. Once again, he placed his hand over his face, his fingers digging into the skin on his cheek, and then he began to peel away a layer.

Then, laughing maniacally, he sneered:

"Well, you'd better watch closely!"

With that, he violently ripped his own face apart!

Yes, he was about to tear his own mouth open!

The [Fool's Lips], a mask that had mysteriously disappeared from the start of his journey on the path of faith, had somehow reappeared, manifesting in a way Cheng Shi could barely comprehend.

This mouth was a master of deceit—it lied to others as easily as it lied to Cheng Shi himself, and it had caused him no end of trouble.

He had tried to remove it before, but every time he did, it brought about catastrophic changes.

Over time, Cheng Shi had given up on the idea and instead treated it as one final trump card.

Now, it was time for Su Yida to witness its power.

As for whether the mouth's wrath would bring about its own destruction or provoke the wrath of their patron... Cheng Shi didn't care anymore.

His goal was clear. If Su Yida didn't cough something up today, then, well, they could die together.

Since death was on the table, why fear the wrath of their patron?

The moment Cheng Shi's blood-soaked fingers touched his own lips, a violent surge of energy erupted from the void, blowing both men backward.

Immediately, an indescribable and terrifying pressure radiated from every corner of the space. The sheer force of it twisted Su Yida's skin and flesh.

"!?!?"

Damn it! You've lost your mind!

You'll kill yourself too!!

Stop... Cheng Shi!! Stop this right now, you madman!!”

Cheng Shi didn't care that the immense pressure was causing blood to seep from every pore of his body. Despite the weight that was nearly breaking his spine, he howled:

“Will you give it up or not!?”

“You're insane!

You're a goddamn lunatic!

You absolute madman!!

Fine! I'll give it to you!!

What do you want!? I'll give it to you!!!”

Heh.

Victory.

He's scared.

Cheng Shi let out a grim smile, releasing his grip on his torn face, and collapsed to the ground with a thud.

The terrifying pressure vanished instantly. Su Yida, now gasping for breath and coughing up blood, fell to his knees, his body trembling.

He was terrified.

If he had delayed even a second longer, he genuinely believed he would've found himself face-to-face with [Death].

"You maniac! You utter lunatic..."

Just tell me what you want, for god's sake. As long as it's not my life, you can have it! Damn it, after this, we're even!

After I give you what you want, we're even!!"

Barely able to move, Cheng Shi weakly pointed toward the tent, a faint smile still on his lips.

"The divinity..."

[Prosperity]'s divinity!

Extract the [Prosperity] divinity from my body... and give it... to the old man."

"....."

Su Yida was stunned for a moment, thinking he must have misheard.

What was Cheng Shi asking for?

[Divinity]?

For the old man?

Su Yida's expression shifted from confusion to growing rage. His veins bulged as he gritted his teeth and slowly stood up, pointing a trembling finger at Cheng Shi as he screamed hysterically:

"Cheng Shi, have you lost your mind!?"

Damn it!

Damn it all!!!

You nearly killed me over a dying old man!

You're willing to throw away your own life for some old man who's going to die anyway?!

Cheng Shi, screw you!!!"

Cheng Shi rolled his eyes, barely able to speak.

"I don't... have a mother."

"Why!?"

You nearly killed me over an old man who has nothing to do with you!

Do you know how long I've waited for this moment!?"

Do you know how hard it was to get this opportunity!?"

I've been plotting and scheming for so long, and I nearly had it all ruined by you, all because of some goddamn old man who's already doomed!

Why!?

Why the hell did you do it!?"

Su Yida had finally lost it.

He couldn't comprehend what was happening.

A player who, in his time, had reached such heights had nearly thrown everything away for a [Decay] follower he barely knew.

Was this a joke?

Was it worth it?

Was this old man even worth the trouble?

Cheng Shi's blurry vision watched as Su Yida slammed his fists into the ground, venting the fear that had been gripping his heart. With a smile of satisfaction, he muttered:

"Seeing you so scared... makes me so happy... really..."

"Why!? Why the hell did you do it!?"

Damn it! Tell me!!"

"Because I..."

Cheng Shi lay motionless on the ground, staring blankly at the sky. His thoughts suddenly drifted to the old man at home—so much like Cui Dingtian.

Old man, look at this—Cui's still out here, even in his old age, looking for his son.

And you... where did you go?

I don't expect you to come looking for me... but at least give me the chance to find you.

Tears of longing welled up in his eyes, and a faint smile of nostalgia crept onto his lips. No amount of tears could wash away the blood, and no amount of blood could dye over the bitterness in those tears.

Cheng Shi laughed and cried, his voice hoarse as he whispered:

"Because I never lie."

From the moment Cheng Shi set foot on the path of faith, he had abandoned his identity as a mere human.

He had accepted the blessings of the [Gods], playing the role of a liar who was full of deceit, surviving alone in this world where neither gods nor demons held sway.

He rarely looked forward, nor did he want to.

But when he turned to look behind him, all he saw was the void.

He had tried to discard everything noble that the old man had taught him, using any means necessary to stay alive—because that was the old man's one wish: for him to survive.

But he still admired those silent few who upheld the basic moral values of humanity as they walked through the trials.

Those people were rare, but Elder Cui was certainly one of them.

Cheng Shi had once vowed that if given the chance, he would give the divinity inside him to Elder Cui.

Now, he had fulfilled that promise.

Even if the [Divinity] had been fake all along, no matter. The promise was real.

“You’re insane! That’s [Divinity]! Don’t you know whether or not you even have [Divinity] sealed inside you? Where am I supposed to find [Prosperity]’s [Divinity] for you!?”

“If it’s... you right now... I wouldn’t ask for it...”

But...

The future you... will figure it out.”

With those words, Cheng Shi, who was terrified Su Yida might go back on his word, raised his hand weakly and touched his face once again.

This time, Su Yida jumped back in fear.

He was genuinely scared now.

You can’t reason with a madman.

“You’re a goddamn lunatic!!

No!

You're a goddamn idiot! A complete, clueless idiot!"

Su Yida roared in frustration as he extended his hand, plunging it into his own chest and pulling out a fistful of glowing green light from within his bloodied flesh.

[Divinity]!

[Prosperity]'s [Divinity]!

"I knew it..."

I knew it, hahahaha!"

Cheng Shi laughed.

He had always suspected that someone like Su Yida, over the course of a long future, would have amassed a considerable amount of [Divinity].

And he had been right—neither of them would die here on this frozen plain.

It had been a game Cheng Shi couldn't lose!

The price of entry was the gaze of their patron, and the stakes? Cheng Shi's deep understanding of human nature.

He knew exactly what Su Yida feared, which was why he could confidently keep his promise.

“If you’re going to live, you have to live for something, right...”

Hahaha, hahahaha.

So it’s true...

The rift... really can... contain divinity...”

“We’re even!”

Su Yida’s expression was conflicted as he tossed the [Divinity] into the human-skin tent. Then, with a look of disgust, he cast one last glance at Cheng Shi before staggering away, desperate to distance himself from the madman.

He had to get away from him!

Even if he died, it couldn’t be with this lunatic right next to him!!

Cheng Shi watched Su Yida’s figure grow smaller and smaller as he ran off. Finally, his strength gave out, and he slipped into unconsciousness.