

The Gods 143

Chapter 143: The Vertical Wall Knight and the High Wall of Truth

Hu Wei's sharp gaze swept over everyone, and after a moment of contemplation, the tension on his face eased slightly. He broke the awkward silence with some self-deprecation and then said bluntly:

"This trial is not quite what I expected.

See, I've been searching for something—something elusive that I've prayed for many times, but never obtained. So I prayed for clues this time.

Whatever it is, it's not something you guys will be connected to.

So, to save some time, I might have to back out of this trial early.

[Order] trials generally aren't too difficult. As long as you don't break the law and respect the rules, you can make it through.

But since my presence might cause you to lose... well, three teammates...

Tell you what, why don't you all share what you prayed for? If it's something I can help with, I'll compensate you personally as an apology."

Wait a minute! Hold on!

Bro, when you mentioned losing three teammates, why did you glance at me?

What do you mean by backing out of the trial?

Huh?

I don't want to quit this trial. I'm a law-abiding citizen, and I'm counting on this trial to give me some clues!

Cheng Shi blinked rapidly, his face full of confusion, barely stopping himself from running up to Hu Wei and demanding, "What kind of nonsense are you talking about?"

But Hu Wei completely ignored him, and Bai Fei seemed to share Hu Wei's sentiments.

And so, the situation unfolded in a bewildering and nonsensical direction, leaving the four confused players more puzzled than ever.

Hu Wei walked over to Li Ziran, his sharp eyes scanning him from top to bottom.

"Young man, you seem like a gardener. What did you pray for?"

Li Ziran was indeed a gardener.

Cheng Shi had seen it from the moment he introduced himself.

Li Ziran's body hair was thick, even though it had been trimmed; patches of it still peeked out from under his clothes. Given that he was a [Life] follower, it wasn't hard to deduce that he was a [Prosperity] Priest.

Upon hearing Hu Wei's straightforward question, Li Ziran felt anxious.

While players in Wishing Trials generally gave vague introductions about what they were seeking to avoid accidentally "destroying" each other's goals, they weren't obligated to reveal too much detail. It was still a personal matter.

Especially in lower leagues, where players weren't as familiar with the game's intricacies or their teammates' backgrounds, their decision-making and ability to read people were far less decisive than in higher leagues.

Li Ziran looked into Hu Wei's eyes, which, while carrying a generous smile, also exuded an overwhelming pressure. He hesitated for a long time.

In the end, perhaps he convinced himself, or perhaps he realized he didn't have the strength to resist or refuse. With a conflicted expression, he revealed his prayer.

"Prosperity of Yesteryear..."

I need one..."

Before he could finish, Hu Wei immediately pulled out a pouch from his personal space and shoved it into Li Ziran's hands.

"Apologies, young man, for disrupting your game. Consider this as my compensation.

Find a place to lay low until the trial ends."

Li Ziran froze.

He looked down at the pouch in his hands and, after a quick feel, realized it contained at least a dozen vials.

He glanced up at Hu Wei, who had already turned his attention to the [Folly] follower, before looking back down. With trembling hands, he untied the pouch and sneaked a peek inside.

Prosperity of Yesteryear!

The pouch was filled to the brim with the potions—dozens of them.

“This...”

He didn't know whether to accept or refuse the gift and remained frozen, clutching the pouch.

But Hu Wei paid him no mind and moved on, approaching Yan Chun with a smile.

“You're... a Vertical Wall Knight?”

A knight of the vertical wall, a warrior of [Folly].

Yan Chun's identity had been easy to guess. From the moment he interrupted Hu Wei at the start, his disdainful tone had made his faith apparent to everyone.

Only [Folly] followers would be so condescending, regardless of strength or ranking, toward others.

These “high-and-mighty” so-called “sages,” no matter how low their score, always sought to prove their superiority in intellect or their particular niche.

It wasn't personal; it was just that years of following their god's teachings had turned contempt for ignorance into second nature.

[Folly]'s divine will was to scorn ignorance, so His followers constantly sneered at others.

Perhaps, in their eyes, anyone not aligned with [Folly] was the embodiment of ignorance.

The Vertical Wall Knight was also an interesting class. Their role was to erect a “High Wall of Truth,” blocking out all ignorance.

With their Patron's blessing, they could conjure walls of knowledge from thin air, creating unexpected geographical advantages to outmaneuver their enemies.

Cheng Shi had always thought it was a fun class because they could essentially:

Build invisible walls out of thin air!

Yan Chun likely knew that his actions had already exposed his faith, and in front of high-ranking players like these, hiding it wasn't worth the effort.

So, he dropped the pretense and openly admitted his identity.

“Yeah.”

This was another trait of [Folly]'s followers—decisiveness and confidence with no regrets.

Hu Wei nodded and continued with his questioning:

“What did you pray for?”

Yan Chun didn't hesitate much. He had already assessed the situation and replied directly:

“I prayed to witness a moment in history. I've come to witness a historical event.”

Hearing this, Cheng Shi raised an eyebrow.

Oh-ho, this high-and-mighty guy wants to join the History School, huh?

But...

Why would I get matched with someone who wants to witness history?

Could it be that the history he's trying to witness involves someone who rejected fate?

Hu Wei apparently understood Yan Chun's intentions as well. After a moment of thought, he asked:

"You're trying to join the History School?"

Who's your sponsor?

The History School is currently under her control, and they've become extremely strict about accepting new members.

If you're just here to witness some random historical event, you wouldn't have been matched with me.

So tell me, what's your real target?"

"....."

Yan Chun felt as though all his secrets were laid bare under Hu Wei's gaze. His face turned pale, but after a moment, he nodded reluctantly.

"...Yes.

I want to witness an experiment related to the Tower of Logic.

But my sponsor...

I can't say."

“?”

Cheng Shi’s face twisted in surprise.

He had just witnessed an experiment by the Tower of Logic in his last trial—the “greatest” experiment no less.

Surely this trial wouldn’t feature another one, right?

Huh? Please don’t scare me—this is supposed to be a city under the Grand Tribunal. What kind of experiment could there possibly be here?

And... Hu Wei just mentioned a “sponsor”...

Does this organization really need internal connections to join?

In this day and age, they’re still doing that?

The world’s practically ended, and people are still obsessed with job applications and recommendations?

Seriously, what a strange world.

Can’t grind away without a connection, huh?

Hu Wei didn’t press further about the sponsor. Instead, he pondered for a moment before asking:

“Brother, how long can your ‘High Wall of Truth’ last, and do you have any talents that break the unit limit?”

Yan Chun's face turned even paler at this abrupt question.

This was his trump card for survival, and for a Vertical Wall Knight, it was their most tightly guarded secret. To reveal it was practically like showing his hand to everyone.

But could he really hide this secret from a 2600-point player?

The answer was no.

If he didn't reveal it, not only would he lose his trump card—he might lose his life too.

Even though this front-line warrior seemed like a decent guy, that would only last as long as things didn't turn sour.

So, the [Folly] follower stared at Hu Wei for a long moment before making the choice most conducive to his survival.

"12 hours, 16 units."

Hu Wei raised his eyebrows, slightly surprised.

Not mind-blowingly powerful, but decent enough for his level.

"Good enough. Alright, brother. Interested in doing something big with me?"

To be honest, you won't find what you're looking for in this city.

We're in Vinonal, a city in the Forest County under the Grand Tribunal's jurisdiction. The Tower of Logic in Gasmira is separated from us by the Abyssal Volcano.

With just three days, you won't even see the entrance to the underground world, let alone the Tower of Logic.

I think I've figured out why you were matched with us. Interesting—no wonder the blind man said 'fate has begun to turn.'

If you stay here, you'll get nothing out of this trial.

Come with me. I can't guarantee you'll witness the experiment you're looking for, but I might be able to show you something else that interests you.

Of course, we don't really need extra help, but I'm happy to bring someone along for the ride.

That's all I can say. Make your decision."