

The Gods 144

Chapter 144: The First Day of the Trial: The Sky Was Pierced

Yan Chun hadn't expected Hu Wei to extend an invitation to him. At first, he was stunned, then he frowned in deep thought.

It was clear that when the Grand Marshal said "come with me," he meant leaving the trial. But how would they leave, where would they go, and what was this exit strategy? Yan Chun had no idea.

The only thing he could be certain about was that Hu Wei might need his "High Wall of Truth" at some point along the way.

But Hu Wei also mentioned that it wasn't essential, merely convenient.

A [Chosen One] with a score 600 points higher than his likely wouldn't need to resort to manipulating Yan Chun's value. So, Hu Wei's offer was probably genuine.

They were going to a different place, somewhere that might offer an opportunity to "witness history."

To go or not to go—this was a tough decision.

In this world, there's no such thing as kindness without reason, especially after the [Faith Game] descended.

Yet, the idea of joining the Grand Marshal's quest was undeniably tempting to Yan Chun.

After all, the world of the elite players was closer to the gods, and for a follower of [Folly], getting closer to the divine was a lifelong pursuit.

Of course, everyone knew that being part of the elite world came with risks, but what trial didn't?

Followers of [Folly] never lacked courage—they lacked opportunities to continuously push their own limits.

And more importantly!

The Marshal had invited him, but he hadn't invited the gardener.

Which gave Yan Chun the perfect chance to look down on the gardener.

He couldn't resist—it was impossible to resist.

Even if this was just charity from the top-tier players, it scratched an itch that Yan Chun couldn't ignore.

So...

Yan Chun adopted an unhurried, dignified stance and gave a subtle nod, deciding to join.

He immediately turned to look at Li Ziran!

His eyes were filled with disdain, practically slapping the low-ranking gardener across the face with it.

But Li Ziran didn't notice—he was still lost in the euphoria of having gotten a dozen bottles of Prosperity of Yesteryear for free.

Having secured the Vertical Wall Knight's agreement, Hu Wei chuckled and turned to Zhang Ruyu.

The [Descent] follower, the somewhat flamboyant man, was trembling so much from the overwhelming pressure Hu Wei exuded that he looked like he was about to faint.

But judging by his expression and condition, it didn't seem like he was scared.

Rather, it looked as though...

His ointment had moistened.

“.....”

Everyone’s gaze toward him was filled with speechless disbelief.

Was this guy unwell?

Oh, right—[Corruption]. That explains it.

Zhang Ruyu was clearly a follower of [Corruption]!

Even just looking at his bare chest, tightly bound legs by leather straps, and... well, something we’d best not describe in detail—it was enough to make the stink of [Corruption] sting everyone’s eyes.

Cheng Shi only glanced at him once before wanting to claw his eyes out and find a place to wash them.

Hu Wei, seeing this pitiful behavior, couldn’t help but have a black line appear on his face.

It was obvious that this [Corruption] bard—this Siren—embraced a particular type of desire from the “Sea of Lust.”

The desire for pain.

Pain brought him both physical and mental pleasure.

Whether it was physical suffering or emotional torment.

“You...”

Hu Wei took several deep breaths before quelling the urge to just kill Zhang Ruyu then and there. His face darkened as he muttered:

“You’ve already received your compensation... We’re done here.”

Without even asking what Zhang Ruyu’s trial goal was, Hu Wei immediately turned and walked away from him.

Cheng Shi couldn’t hold it in any longer and burst out laughing.

Even the normally cold-faced Bai Fei allowed a rare smile to tug at the corners of her mouth.

“Brother Hu, you’re too good! That was legendary!

The way you said that... it couldn’t have been more perfect!”

Indeed, it was perfect—this scene of a domineering marshal and his cringy little fanboy was pure comedy gold. If someone wrote this, it’d be trending for at least two weeks.

Hu Wei shook his head with a wry smile and waved Cheng Shi off as a sign to stop teasing him before turning to ask:

“Brother, what did you pray for?”

When it came to friends, Cheng Shi tended to be more honest. He answered straightforwardly:

“I have a friend—an Oathbreaker of [Fate]—who’s been having a rough time.

I prayed to catch a glimpse of what... future he might have.”

“Friend? Future?”

Hu Wei repeated the words, frowning as he fell into deep thought. After a while, he continued:

“Fate is too elusive. Except for that blind man, no one dares say they see through fate. Your prayer might be a tough one.

But since you’re just here as an observer, it should be simpler than trying to directly challenge fate.

Still, no need to be fixated on this particular trial. How about...

Coming with me?

Brother, I’m short on a priest right now. If you come with me, I’ll take you to a good place.

Who knows? You might get some unexpected insights. What do you think?”

Although Hu Wei’s words sounded sincere, and his gaze was filled with genuine intent, Cheng Shi could still sense an underlying pressure—an unspoken command.

Cheng Shi kept a friendly smile on his face, but internally, he was calculating his options.

At this point, it seemed there was no way to refuse. Despite Hu Wei’s seemingly generous offer, the truth was that he had blocked all paths of retreat for everyone.

He had wielded a weapon called “generosity” so skillfully that it left no room for anyone to turn down his offer.

And if anyone did refuse now, well, this “brotherhood” would cease to exist.

And if they weren’t “brothers” anymore, why should he treat you kindly?

Cheng Shi’s gaze lingered on Hu Wei, his mind spinning with thoughts. This Brother Hu seemed somewhat different from the generous guy he remembered from before.

As expected, no high-ranking player is ever simple.

And!

Once again, who says that followers of [War] lack brains? If anything, their heads are full of schemes!

Cheng Shi couldn’t refuse—he had no choice. So he “laughed” heartily and nodded, responding with “loyalty.”

“Of course, I’ll help!”

“Hahaha, good, good brother!”

Hu Wei laughed heartily and gave Cheng Shi two hard slaps on the shoulder.

“Trust me, this won’t be a wasted trip.”

With that, Hu Wei closed his eyes, apparently beginning to sense something.

Seeing Hu Wei preparing, Cheng Shi had some time to ponder what the Grand Marshal was actually planning to do.

Even if they left the city, what could they accomplish in just three days?

The Land of Hope was vast and boundless, and the cities weren't packed together like in the old world.

Even with long-distance transportation, at most they'd be able to travel between neighboring cities—unless Hu Wei's destination was somewhere close to Vinonal.

Cheng Shi thought about it for a long time but couldn't come to any conclusions. He could only console himself:

Well, this trial's probably a bust. Now I can only hope the upcoming journey won't be too wild, or I'll end up with a huge score deduction...

That would be a real loss.

Hu Wei didn't keep them waiting for long. After a short while, he opened his eyes, brimming with excitement.

He pointed confidently to a spot in the sky between the alley buildings and laughed heartily:

"Xiao Bai! Over there, snuff it out!"

His cryptic words left everyone, including Cheng Shi, utterly baffled.

They glanced toward Bai Fei, only to realize that she seemed to be well-versed in Hu Wei's command.

Without a word, her expression stiffened like a soldier receiving a direct order. She drew out...

An invisible bow?

She drew a bow that no one else could see!

She aimed in the direction Hu Wei had pointed, pulling the string taut, and released.

A silent, dark light shot out, exploding violently in the sky above. Though the blast was powerful enough to bleach the world of its colors, not a sound was heard by any of them.

The entire scene played out like a silent pantomime, a voiceless tragedy unfolding before the players' eyes.

In the midst of this tremendous, silent explosion, the space Hu Wei had indicated crumbled into countless tiny black holes, and the buildings flanking the alley...

Not just the buildings—everything around them was gone.

Massive chunks of reality collapsed into the void, and the abyss spread like waves, cracking and ripping outward until it reached above the players' heads before finally stopping.

Everyone was utterly horrified by this terrifying sight.

This was the power of a 2600-point player!

This was the might of the top-tier [Oblivion] followers!

Cheng Shi's pupils contracted. He recognized the technique Bai Fei had just used.

The Silent Arrow of Nothingness.

The terrifying killing arrow unique to the Endwalkers.

They track their prey, mark their target, draw their bowstring, and then, silently, send their prey away.

Send them off to a world that's about to collapse, or to a time and space on the verge of obliteration.

"A fine Silent Arrow of Nothingness, hahaha, that's enough. Now, let me take over!"

Before the black-and-white hues could even fade from the players' vision, a red streak of light shot into the sky.

Cheng Shi watched as a massive sword, glowing with the blood and fire of battle, slashed upward. With a thunderous boom, the countless tiny black holes were blasted away, scattering across the visible fractures of the void, flying into the endless expanse.

Yes, void fractures!

With the joint efforts of the Warrior of the Frontlines and the Endwalker, countless void fractures were torn open in the sky above this city governed by the Grand Tribunal!

They had pierced the sky.

"Holy..."

No one could maintain their composure now.

Watching the scene unfold before them, the [Folly] warrior clenched his fists nervously, the [Prosperity] priest collapsed to the ground in terror, and the [Corruption] bard...

His legs shook uncontrollably.

His ointment moistened once again.

But at this point, no one had time to care about him.

The sheer magnitude of that last sword strike, coupled with the sudden disappearance of a chunk of the city, triggered warning horns from the Grand Tribunal. Panicked shouts echoed from every direction.

Cheng Shi's face turned dark as he watched all this unfold, silently cursing in his mind.

So this is what you meant by "come with me"?

I thought you were just planning to break out of the city, which was already ridiculous enough. But, bro, what are you doing? Tearing a hole in the sky above the city!?

Are you kidding me?

The cities governed by the Grand Tribunal have guards!

This isn't some backwater village. The city guards here are knights of the Grand Tribunal!

Their combat strength is formidable. Even six players with around 2000 points would have a hard time fighting their way out of a city like this head-on.

And you expect this not to cost us points?

Oh no, what if [Order] comes over and deducts all 2100 of my points!?

Hu Wei, however, didn't seem concerned. He drove his sword into one of the void fractures, hoisting himself into the sky, and laughed loudly as he called out to the others below:

"Don't just stand there! Follow me!"

