

## The Gods 147

Chapter 147: It's Here! Void Wall Creation!

The game of information continued, but time waited for no one.

After resting for a moment, Hu Wei led the group of three to catch up with Bai Fei, who had already found the direction toward their destination.

“Brother Hu, I have a question. Didn't you say you didn't know where we were going? So why does it seem like we're moving with such certainty?” Cheng Shi asked curiously.

Hu Wei burst into laughter.

“The prophecy may be vague, but it can still point us in a general direction. We're heading toward that area.”

Cheng Shi nodded thoughtfully, but the more he thought about it, the more confused he became.

According to Void Matter Theory, the void and reality were one-to-one reflections. Even though the four of them were traversing the void, their speed wasn't much faster than walking in the real world. In fact, it felt like they were just walking.

So, what was the point of being in the void?

Yan Chun seemed to be wrestling with the same question. Cheng Shi had noticed several times that Yan Chun was on the verge of speaking, only to hold back, likely to maintain his façade as a [Folly] follower.

Cheng Shi, naturally, wasn't about to ask the question himself. Why do that when there was amusement to be had? He deliberately slowed down or sped up at various points, giving Yan Chun the “perfect” opportunity to find a quiet moment to speak.

Finally, after an hour of silent walking, as Cheng Shi's back loomed closer to Bai Fei, Yan Chun could take it no longer.

“Void and reality are one-to-one. Walking like this is pointless,” Yan Chun declared.

Cheng Shi couldn't help but chuckle, lowering his head as he struggled to stifle his laughter.

The [Folly] follower had lost the game of “who can hold back their questions the longest.”

Although Yan Chun's statement had the familiar arrogance of [Folly], it was still a question born out of curiosity. He had caved in the end.

Hu Wei glanced at Yan Chun and chuckled lightly, just about to respond when Bai Fei suddenly stopped in her tracks and said in a low voice:

“We've arrived.”

“Pfft—” Cheng Shi's quiet chuckles turned into outright laughter.

After struggling for so long not to ask, Yan Chun had finally spoken up, only to have the answer appear the very next second.

One moment of curiosity, a lifetime of embarrassment!

Praise be to the fun—I mean, what's more amusing than seeing a [Folly] follower get shut down like that?

Yan Chun couldn't ignore Cheng Shi's laughter, but his face was so dark with embarrassment that he didn't bother responding.

Hu Wei was also laughing. He strode up to Bai Fei, closed his eyes briefly to sense the void, and nodded with a serious expression.

“Everyone, step back,” he ordered loudly.

Cheng Shi's greatest skill was following good advice. The moment he heard Hu Wei's command, he dashed 30 meters away, so fast that he left Yan Chun—who was cautiously stepping back—completely stunned.

After Cheng Shi and Yan Chun had retreated to a safe distance, Hu Wei once again drew his massive sword, which blazed with the fusion of blood and fire.

With a thunderous roar, every muscle in Hu Wei's body tensed as he gripped the sword with both hands, channeling all his strength into the downward thrust. The sword, with its boiling tip, pierced straight into the void beneath his feet.

“Boom—!”

A burst of searing flames exploded from under Hu Wei's feet, lighting up the entire void like molten fireworks.

“Open for me—!”

With a ferocious shout, the void beneath them trembled. Like a tightly woven fabric being torn apart, the endless blackness split open, revealing a blinding white line.

That white line grew wider and wider until, in the blink of an eye, it became a gaping chasm.

Cheng Shi watched in shock, his eyes wide as he felt the turbulent winds of the void pouring out of the rift.

“What... is this?”

“A shortcut!” Bai Fei, for once, answered his question. As soon as she spoke, she drew her invisible longbow again and shot two arrows into the chasm below.

Without the flames lighting up the scene, the arrows would've been almost invisible in the darkness.

With the release of the arrows, the howling winds that had been pouring out of the chasm ceased.

At that moment, Hu Wei issued his next command.

“Truwall, quickly! Use your High Wall of Truth to seal the void rift!

Cheng Shi, keep the knight healed—use everything to ensure his mental focus holds!”

Yan Chun's pupils contracted at the command.

Though shocked, his hands didn't falter.

He pulled out his knight's lance, aimed the tip downward, and thrust it into the void rift. The rapidly collapsing rift was immediately halted by an invisible wall!

That was it! He'd done it! The legendary Void Wall Creation!

Each unit of the High Wall of Truth appeared as a flexible, transparent material at first, capable of expanding and stretching to cover large areas.

Though the initial size of one unit wasn't very large, when stretched out, it could block substantial portions of space.

All High Walls of Truth burst into existence as flexible, clay-like forms, which the Vertical Wall Knight could mold into any shape he desired. Once set, though, the wall became impenetrable.

This ability to craft unexpected geographical advantages was what made the Vertical Wall Knight such a strategic nightmare.

Because no one could predict what kind of invisible wall structure the knight might throw in their path!

Yan Chun worked quickly, and Cheng Shi's healing kept pace.

With a wave of his hand, Cheng Shi cast a mental fortification spell, imbued with Shared Divine Grace, ensuring that the healing light bathed everyone in its range.

With his energy replenished, Yan Chun's movements became even more fluid, and in no time, he had built an entire passageway, wide enough for one person to pass, to hold back the pressure of the void rift.

Cautious by nature, Yan Chun even constructed a second layer inside the passage, just in case it collapsed.

As soon as the double-layered passage was complete, Hu Wei pulled his sword from the void rift and freed himself from its grip.

With a heavy clang, he dropped the greatsword to the ground and bent over, hands on his knees, panting heavily. Clearly, the ordeal had taken a lot out of him.

Cheng Shi, ever timely, hit him with a healing spell and, with a puzzled expression, asked:

"Are we... planning to leave now?"

"Leave? No, we're going in."

"Going in?"

Cheng Shi was taken aback. He peeked down at the void rift that the High Wall of Truth was holding open and furrowed his brows.

He suddenly realized he had overlooked something important.

Logically, if this were a void rift, the destructive nature of the void would've torn through the wall. No High Wall of Truth should've been able to withstand it.

Yet here the passage wasn't just holding—it seemed to be growing more solid by the second.

The previously transparent wall was even beginning to take on streaks of color, like vines creeping along the outer surface of the passage.

“What's inside this...?”

Before Cheng Shi could finish his question, Bai Fei leaped into the passage without hesitation.

Her figure vanished in an instant. Hu Wei, having caught his breath, followed with a hearty laugh.

“You'll find out once you're inside!”

Yan Chun hesitated, and so did Cheng Shi. But at this point, staying behind was pointless. They exchanged glances and jumped in after them.

As Cheng Shi slid through the passage into another dimension, he realized he was no longer in the void but in a place unlike anything he'd ever seen.

It was as if the very air was like quicksand, pulling on his every movement. The space around him was filled with constant, multicolored changes.

Yes, changes.

The sensation was strange. It felt like his body was being dragged into some kind of gelatin. Every step he took caused his senses to warp—his tactile, auditory, and visual perception became distorted.

When he looked at Bai Fei not far away, she appeared like an elongated, inflatable figure. When he glanced at Hu Wei beside him, the man looked like a giant pancake flapping in the wind. And when he looked overhead at Yan Chun, the guy seemed to have turned into a falling square table.

As for Cheng Shi himself, his limbs stretched indefinitely, his body unraveling like a web torn apart.

In this space, devoid of familiar reference points or measurement standards, every step through it offered an entirely new “world.”

Because everything was constantly changing.

The novelty of it all was overwhelming. Cheng Shi felt like he had been thrown into a giant jello mold. Delighted by the bizarre experience, he amused himself for a while before trying to speak:

“@#%.....#.....”

“.....”

“# ¥ ..... ¥ .....”

His voice, too, was subject to the distortions of this place. Though he could hear sounds in the distance, by the time they reached his ears, they had morphed into incomprehensible noises.

Cheng Shi had no idea what Hu Wei was saying. He could only see Hu Wei’s figure moving “downward,” so he obediently followed.

It wasn’t until the chaotic visuals around him became less exciting and more nauseating that Cheng Shi saw the two top players come to a stop.

Once again, Hu Wei pulled out his massive sword, but in this strange dimension, the blood-and-fire infused blade now resembled a flourishing apricot tree.

Cheng Shi watched as the “pancake” wielded the “tree” and began hammering away at something in front of him that looked like a mirror. Soon after, an enormous suction force erupted from the “pancake,” dragging everyone into the void beyond.