

## The Gods 149

Chapter 149: Weaver of Fate! Stop Pretending! I Saw Everything!

Cheng Shi followed behind Hu Wei in a state of awe, trying to process everything he had seen today as they made their way toward the towering wall.

As he gazed at the enormous wall that seemed to scrape the heavens, doubts still lingered in his mind.

“A man-made wall... can it really stop Him?”

But Cheng Shi didn't voice his question, because there was already someone who craved knowledge far more than he did: the [Folly] follower, Yan Chun.

Yan Chun beat Cheng Shi to it, asking the very question on his mind.

Heh, these so-called “sages,” who lock themselves away in their “Towers of Civilization” and never share their knowledge with others, are oddly enthusiastic when it comes to taking advantage of others' revelations.

“Stop Him?”

Of course not.

Artifacts crafted by gods are merely creations—how could they ever stop another god?

The scholars use this wall as a warning.

Because the moment He breaches the wall, it will collapse, burying all the experimental data and leaving the ‘thief’ who came for amusement empty-handed.

So, the High Wall of Truth was never meant to block ignorance from entering—it was meant to destroy knowledge, to spite [Deceit].

The scholars, in their pursuit of [Truth], use this as their way of resisting His playful meddling.

But who's to say whether He finds their efforts amusing in His own twisted way?"

Hu Wei's laughter was tinged with a mix of scorn—mocking not just the concept of [Truth], but [Folly] itself.

"You [Folly] folks are no different. When you rebuilt the towers during the Chaotic Age and recreated this 'High Wall of Truth,' you put it to entirely the wrong use.

Hahaha, I have to admit—there's a certain irony to it.

Makes you wonder if He foresaw this too.

Alright, that's enough of a history lesson. Time for some action."

Rolling up his sleeves, Hu Wei once again drew out his massive war sword.

His aura surged, his entire demeanor shifting as he locked eyes on a shadowy figure hidden in a corner beneath the wall.

Following Hu Wei's gaze, Cheng Shi finally realized that there was someone—or rather, something—lurking under the colossal wall.

No, it wasn't just one figure—it was a group!

They had blended into the blinding backlight, virtually merging with the blind spots in their vision. If Hu Wei hadn't gotten into battle mode, Cheng Shi might never have noticed them.

However, these "people" radiated no signs of life. Upon closer inspection, they didn't even resemble people—they looked more like...

Puppets?

A group of puppets guarding the wall!?

Since the High Wall was designed to ward off [Deceit], it made sense that there would be defenses to stop others from approaching it. And puppets, of course, were the perfect choice.

As the puppets slowly rose from the base of the wall, Cheng Shi frowned and instinctively moved to shield the two warriors in front of him.

“Mechanical constructs from the pinnacle of Technological Engineering, the finest war machines of the Tower of Logic—these are the Assault Mechs.

During the later stages of the Age of Civilization, these creations were deployed en masse on battlefields against the Nation of [War], giving the Tower of Logic a vast strategic advantage.

But in the time period of the trial we find ourselves in, the Assault Mechs haven't yet been mass-produced. They're still a key security measure for each experimental zone.”

As Hu Wei explained, more and more Assault Mechs rose from the base of the wall, moving with mechanical precision as they began to surround the group.

The Assault Mechs had humanoid structures, with frames that mimicked the human skeleton. The only exception was their heads, which had been replaced by solid metal blocks. Their skeletal frames were designed to mimic human movement.

However, these skeletons had no flesh, nor did they have the energy wires you'd see in sci-fi movies.

They were simply metal frameworks—but they possessed combat awareness and thinking on par with real soldiers.

And now, they had detected enemies!

Their slow movements suddenly accelerated.

In just a few breaths, the mechanical swarm of “soldiers” was charging toward the players.

The spears in their hands gleamed even brighter than the lances of the city guard, and their movements were far more agile than those of ordinary soldiers. Within seconds, the dense phalanx of spears would reach the group.

“These constructs, infused with the ‘Mechanical Truth,’ are second to none in terms of durability. We can’t break them all apart. Our goal is to outrun them and reach the base of the High Wall—if we can do that, we win!

Watch my position—this time, stay close!”

Hu Wei wasn’t giving a lecture—he was preparing his “soldiers” to fully understand their enemy so they could follow him to victory.

“Mark the target—two o’clock, right front. Charge!”

With a roar, Hu Wei’s figure shot forward like a crimson bolt of lightning. His massive sword swung through the air, each strike parrying the incoming blows of the Assault Mechs. In mere seconds, he deflected the killing blows of a dozen mechs, leaving a wall of towering flames along both sides of his path as he charged through.

Watching such an inhuman display of power, Cheng Shi and Yan Chun couldn’t help but narrow their eyes in awe.

The Grand Marshal’s affinity for fire was beyond terrifying.

The flames erupting from his body didn't seem like mere elemental partners—they were like soldiers, awaiting orders from their commander!

“Don't just stand there! Charge!” Yan Chun shouted. The scene before them was no longer a casual confrontation like in the city—it was a battlefield, where even a second's delay could change everything.

Without hesitation, the [Folly] warrior pulled out his knight's lance and swung it with all his might, erecting a crescent-shaped High Wall of Truth to line the fiery path ahead.

Cheng Shi didn't dare slack off either. He gritted his teeth and followed closely, sticking right behind the Vertical Wall Knight.

But a healer is still a healer. With no class bonuses to his physique and no charge skills to help him, Cheng Shi quickly found himself falling behind.

His condition was fine, and his mental strength hadn't wavered. It was just that his raw speed couldn't keep up.

While Hu Wei tore through the mechs with his massive sword and Yan Chun fortified the path, there was no one to sing a song of speed like Qin Chaoge had in the last trial, nor was there a ranger to blow him along like a gust of wind.

So, Cheng Shi fell behind.

As the Assault Mechs closed in from behind, Cheng Shi's face grew solemn. Desperate to protect himself, he raised his hand, preparing to use his ring.

He didn't want to reveal the power of lightning too early, but circumstances were forcing his hand. Sometimes, you don't get to choose.

The problem was, he hadn't accumulated enough fear yet, and the only card he had ready—one with a screaming mouth—had been charged by that unpleasant man from earlier.

If he used it now, what would he do later?

Gritting his teeth, Cheng Shi kept running, only to feel the mechs' long spears closing in on his back. Seeing no other option, he prepared to save himself.

But instead of activating his ring...

He reached out toward Yan Chun, far in the distance!

Cheng Shi didn't choose to use the ring. Instead, he ran while extending his hand, making a grasping motion through the void toward Yan Chun.

Before he could complete the motion, a knight's lance suddenly shot past his head, grazing his scalp and striking the nearest Assault Mech behind him, pinning it to the ground.

At the same time, another High Wall of Truth sprang up behind Cheng Shi, blocking off a dozen Assault Mechs!

As the threat behind him dissipated, Cheng Shi pulled his hand back and continued running.

Yan Chun stopped in his tracks, his face dark and furious as he turned to look at Cheng Shi sprinting toward him. Through gritted teeth, he spat:

"What do you think you're doing!? Are you trying to swap our fates?"

Cheng Shi glanced at him sideways, pretending not to hear, and continued running.

"I'm your teammate! And you want me to die in your place!?"

Yan Chun was livid. His eyes burned with fury as he glared at Cheng Shi, wanting nothing more than to thrust his lance through him!

Cheng Shi ran closer, panting heavily as he looked up and asked:

“What? What did you say?”

How am I making you die in my place? I just got out of breath and was going to ask you to give me a hand. Huff—huff—

Man, I’m worn out.”

“Weaver of Fate! Stop pretending! I saw everything!

You were going to swap our fates, make me die for you!”

Yan Chun was seething with anger, his eyes blazing, as he frantically swung his lance to fend off the nearby Assault Mechs. His gaze never left Cheng Shi’s hand, as if worried that Cheng Shi would suddenly swap their fates at any moment.

Cheng Shi let out a cold laugh and said:

“Oh, so you do see me after all. I thought you’d forgotten you had a teammate right behind you.”

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