

The Gods 170

Chapter 170: Another Lively History Lesson

“And we, the Torchbearers... blessed by Him yet hidden from the world, were naturally granted the privilege to use these mysterious and enigmatic... prying mirrors, seen as the most arcane by the common folk.”

Cheng Shi’s flow of speech was disrupted when the mirror suddenly appeared behind him, forcing him to hastily conclude his explanation. With a gesture towards the mirror, he said:

“Please, everyone, time is of the essence.

Before the iron hooves of the Death’s Bell Knights trample through the High Wall of Knowledge, let’s take the lead and meet those grand scholars defending the Conjugated Whispering Tree with their lives.

Let’s ask them if they’re willing to sell us a Whispering Petal.”

“.....”

The group, who had been tangled in their own thoughts, couldn’t help but laugh at his words. Their expressions reflected a mix of amusement and bewilderment as they looked at Cheng Shi, thinking about how unpredictable and quirky this “Torchbearer” was.

Ji Yue shook her head with a smile. She could tell that Cheng Shi was trying to keep everyone relaxed, to ease their nerves before they stepped into the unknown.

But, despite seeing through his intentions, the friendly atmosphere and the seriousness of discussing history prompted her to step in with a “correction”:

“As a history enthusiast aligned with the School of Historical Studies, I must correct you on something, Cheng Shi.”

The black veil turned towards the spiderweb, and with a serious and meticulous tone, she said:

“The High Wall of Knowledge has never been breached by the Death’s Bell Knights.”

“?”

Cheng Shi was momentarily caught off guard. He thought for a second and realized that Ji Yue had no hidden agenda—she was simply afflicted by the “need to debate truth.”

Every follower of a god is influenced by their patron, and this often manifests in peculiar habits.

For example, followers of [Folly] are known to look down at others, while followers of [Truth], like Ji Yue, can’t help but get into debates.

They believe that “the more you argue, the clearer the truth becomes,” and they have zero tolerance for any inaccuracies in knowledge.

So, when Cheng Shi made that remark, Ji Yue’s “debating instinct” was triggered.

She had to show everyone that Cheng Shi was wrong and that history wasn’t as he said.

Cheng Shi wasn’t offended by being corrected—he found it more amusing than anything.

Although he wasn’t sure where Hu Wei had gotten his version of history, he figured that history as known by a [Chosen One] should be fairly accurate, even if not entirely correct.

At this point, he was genuinely curious to find out where Hu Wei had gotten it wrong.

Yes, what Hu Wei got wrong—Cheng Shi was just a messenger of history, not a witness. How could he be wrong?

If anyone was wrong, the source was wrong.

Seeing Cheng Shi waiting patiently for her continuation, Ji Yue composed herself, organizing her thoughts before beginning her historical correction lesson.

And so, deep within the void, in the realm of [Laughter and Mockery], another lively history lesson began.

“First of all, I need to correct one misconception: the High Wall of Knowledge was never built to defend against external enemies...”

Cheng Shi interjected before she could finish.

“But to destroy knowledge, to resist [Deceit]’s mockery.”

After he said this, the expressions of those around him changed dramatically.

The Torchbearers’ eyes widened, their faces painted with shock.

Even Fang Shiqing, who had seen and heard a lot, had never encountered such a high-level piece of forbidden knowledge.

She turned to look at Ji Yue, only to see the black veil twitch slightly, as if “nodding” in confirmation:

“Impressive!

As expected of a Torchbearer!

You’re even aware of such secrets. Could it be... that He revealed this to you through His riddles?”

Cheng Shi smiled without saying anything, and Ji Yue raised an eyebrow and continued.

“That’s right. The High Wall of Knowledge was indeed created to resist [Deceit].

So these Death’s Bell Knights, flying around like headless flies, could never, on their own, breach a defensive construct designed to fend off the Gods themselves.”

“On their own?”

Cheng Shi’s sharp mind caught this detail. His thoughts raced—could it be that these [Chaos] followers were using the power of a higher entity?

Just as he was wondering if a more powerful [Chaos] follower was present, Ji Yue provided the answer.

“The reason they were able to infiltrate the experimental sites, stealing everything related to the Conjugated Whispering experiments, is because:

When [Chaos] laid siege to the city, the grand scholars themselves...

Shut down the wall—a construct capable of repelling Gods—and laid their centuries-long experiment, their greatest achievement, willingly at the feet of the Death’s Bell Knights.”

“Pfft—”

Cheng Shi couldn’t hold it in. He burst out laughing.

“Sorry, sorry, the history is just too absurd—I couldn’t help myself.”

Cheng Shi quickly wiped his mouth as the spiderweb reconnected a strand.

Ji Yue smiled at him, not bothered in the slightest.

“You don’t believe it, do you?”

That’s normal—I didn’t believe it either when I first learned about this piece of history.

But after a long time spent cross-referencing historical records and reading through the Void Matter Theory department’s archives from various eras, I discovered that this is indeed the true history!”

Her tone was confident and unwavering, as though she had verified this piece of history countless times.

“You may find it incomprehensible; you may think it’s impossible to grasp.

But you’ll never understand how important this experiment, spanning centuries, became to a grand scholar who had spent his entire life seeking the truth and trying to make a breakthrough!

The result of the experiment became more important than the scholar’s devotion to [Truth]; it became more important than anything else in the world.

The scholar who led the abandonment of resistance was named Kuwei. He was the last grand scholar of our Void Matter Theory department.

Kuwei could have used the accumulated knowledge of the Conjugated Whispering experiments—passed down through generations—to secure a seat on the Council of Scholars, but he gave that up.

He didn’t want to leave Gasmira; he only wanted to stay in Experimental Site No. 69, waiting for the day when the Conjugated Whispering Tree would bear fruit.

And indeed, that World Tree, born of both reality and illusion, towering over the skies, did bear fruit, just as the scholars had hoped.

But unfortunately, the timing of the fruit’s arrival was a little too late.

By that time—the moment we're in now, during this trial—the [Twilight Church] had already invaded Gasmira, surrounding the scholars and their experimental results behind the High Wall of Knowledge!

They had lost the support of the Tower of Logic and had been cut off from the Council of Scholars. The Conjugated Whispering experiments could no longer continue, even though the fruit had been borne.

But...

The conditions at the time could no longer support Grand Scholar Kuwei to continue any further research.

To prevent the fruit—the culmination of generations of hard work, a fruit they had waited centuries for—from being destroyed by [Chaos] followers, and to ensure that the most brilliant experiment in the field of 'Void and Reality' was not erased from history, Kuwei and all his fellow scholars from the Void Matter Theory department compromised with [Chaos].

They shut down the High Wall of Knowledge, abandoned all resistance, and allowed the Death's Bell Knights to slaughter them in order to satisfy the mad desires of the [Chaos] followers!

All they wanted in return was for the fruit to be spared, for the experiment's results not to be destroyed.

Even if...

Even if it was taken.

As long as that radiant jewel, born from the crown of the World Tree, wasn't destroyed—even if it no longer belonged to the Tower of Logic, even if it no longer belonged to the Void Matter Theory department, even if it no longer belonged to the scholars...

It didn't matter.

Grand Scholar Kuwei only wanted the fruit to exist.

He always believed that knowledge didn't belong to any one person, one organization, one nation, or even one moment in history.

As long as the research of the Void Matter Theory department could survive in the world, even if the most brilliant conclusion was deduced by someone else, even if the 'true High Wall' between reality and void was broken by someone else...

He would feel honored to have been a part of it.

Because, in Kuwei's heart, the construction of [Truth] was never something one person could complete.

That's the kind of scholar he was, along with the most sincere and humble among the Tower of Logic.

And it was they who truly spread the light of [Truth] to every corner of the Land of Hope."

Ji Yue's retelling left her feeling melancholy, while the others listened with a sense of reverence.

If this version of history was indeed accurate, then the humble wish of the grand scholars had been destroyed in the end by [Chaos].

Grand Scholar Kuwei's wish had not been fulfilled, nor had anyone continued his research after obtaining the heavy experimental results.

No matter how much pain and regret had coalesced behind the Conjugated Whispering experiment, the moment the results were born, the history of the experiment came to an abrupt end.

No historian managed to recover even a single line describing the fate of the project. No one could even be sure whether anyone had taken the "jewel."

Unlike the others, Cheng Shi wasn't overwhelmed by conflicting emotions after hearing this history. Instead, he became intrigued as he compared the two versions of events.

Hu Wei's version of history leaned toward the narrative of conquest in the name of [Chaos].

That was easy to understand, as Hu Wei had accepted [Chaos]'s gaze and might be telling the story in a way that would please Him.

Ji Yue's version of history, on the other hand, leaned toward the perseverance of [Truth].

That was also easy to accept, given her status as a scholar of the Void Matter Theory department, with her strong identification with Gasmira and her emotional bias toward it.

The difference in their historical accounts clearly stemmed from their respective "faiths."

Suddenly, Cheng Shi had a moment of clarity. Perhaps, he thought, this was the most "real" version of history.

Or maybe, there was no such thing as "real" history at all.

Everyone sees only one side of history, faithfully recording the moment they witness.

But in the end, it doesn't matter whether it's faithful or not, because...

History will always be rewritten in the way future generations want to remember it.