

# FOOLISH GAME OF THE GODS

## Chapter 11: Restorative Slumber and Falling Meteors

Cao Sansui had a dream.

In the dream, his score on the [Ladder of Ascent] was 200, ranking first, and he was summoned by the True God of [Time].

Just as he was devoutly prostrating himself, ready to receive the god's blessing, a Terror Fiend suddenly appeared, kicked him aside, and took the blessing instead.

Furious, he woke up in a rage.

"Damn it..."

He roared, jolting upright, and saw his teammates turning around to look at him in surprise, their faces showing confusion.

“I... huh? How am I recovered?”

Feeling his body filled with energy, as if he had just entered the trial, Cao Sansui was shocked.

It wasn't just him—Nangong, who had been in a terrible state, now seemed much better. It was hard to tell she had been gravely injured just moments ago.

Wait, moments ago?

Cao Sansui's heart skipped a beat. He quickly pulled out his pocket watch from his chest and checked it.

Eight hours had passed since the time anchor.

Which meant he had only slept for two hours?

“No... There’s no way I could recover like this in just two hours.”

Cao Sansui furrowed his brows, raising his hand and sensing the flow of time around him.

As a follower of [Time], he was very sensitive to the passage of time, though he could only perceive whether time had passed quickly or slowly, not the exact hours and minutes.

Indeed, not much time had passed here. Two or three hours at most.

But the question was, how had he recovered?

Still baffled, he looked up and asked, “What’s going on?”

Sensing his gaze, Nangong didn’t say anything but nodded toward the door and continued tending to Xia Wan’s bandages.

Even though their conditions had improved, their wounds hadn't fully healed.

Xia Wan, her voice still cold, added, "We just woke up too."

Cao Sansui wasn't stupid—he didn't make it to 1900 on the ladder by chance. He blurted out the obvious conclusion:

"The cola was spiked?"

Xia Wan nodded.

"Where's Cheng Shi?"

"Outside, keeping watch."

Cao Sansui's brows furrowed further.

His recovery in just two hours was definitely related to Cheng Shi.

He didn't know if it was some special method used by a high-scoring priest or if Cheng Shi had done additional healing. What he did know was that if Cheng Shi had any ill intentions while they were asleep, they'd all be dead by now.

Fortunately, Cheng Shi hadn't acted against them—or perhaps, he wasn't from an opposing faith.

Even more fortunate, no enemies had shown up during the two hours they were vulnerable!

Instinctively feeling uneasy, Cao Sansui stood, his expression serious, and walked out of the treehouse.

Beneath the treehouse, Cheng Shi was chatting with Chen Chong and Song Yawen. Judging by their expressions, it seemed they, too, had recovered somewhat.

Realizing that the five of them had fallen asleep together, leaving only Cheng Shi, a priest, on guard, Cao Sansui exclaimed in disbelief:

“Are you crazy? Letting all five of us sleep at the same time? Even if you had the means to heal us, you should’ve done it one by one!”

The three of them turned to look at him in unison. Song Yawen grinned without saying a word, and though Chen Chong’s face remained impassive, the twitch in his eye exposed his frustration with Cheng Shi’s decision.

Cheng Shi scratched his head and said:

“Huh? Don’t blame me! I just woke up too. We all slept together.”

“?????”

Cao Sansui felt a chill run down his spine, unable to believe Cheng Shi had such a reckless streak.

“Cheng Shi! You were gambling with all our lives! If anything had gone wrong, we’d have been wiped out!”

Cheng Shi nodded earnestly and agreed:

“True, the risk was high. Not the best approach.”

“?”

Cao Sansui’s reprimanding tone faltered. Judging by Cheng Shi’s attitude, it was as if even *he* wasn’t responsible for what happened and was now joining them in scolding the culprit.

“You knew the risk, and yet you still gambled?” Cao Sansui laughed bitterly.

Cheng Shi shrugged: “But I won, didn’t I? We’re all back to peak combat strength, aren’t we?”

“ ... ”

“Considering we only had two hours, don’t you think the gamble paid off?”

“ ... ”

With a face like he was suffering from constipation, Cao Sansui sat down next to them and sighed heavily:

“Next time something like this happens, at least let me know first. I don’t want to die of fright before I’ve had my audience with [Time].”

This time, Cheng Shi dropped the jokes and apologized earnestly:

“You wouldn’t have agreed to it. No one would’ve been willing to take the risk. But the truth is, we didn’t have time for everyone to recover one by one. Danger was getting closer, and every second counted.”

“But what if something had...”

“Looking at the result now, that ‘what if’ didn’t happen,” Cheng Shi replied with a cheerful grin.

Cao Sansui fell silent, while Chen Chong cursed under his breath:

“No more of this, Cheng Shi. I hate uncertainty. Damn it, you’re way too reckless—you don’t even seem like a follower of [Birth]. You’re more like a follower of [Fate]...”

Cheng Shi laughed, raising his hand and summoning a bit of healing light, waving it over Chen Chong as he said:

“Don’t believe me? I can make you feel what it’s like to be a mom right now.”

Before Chen Chong could respond, Song Yawen leapt 10 meters away in a flash.

“ ... ”

Seeing the green glow in Cheng Shi’s hand, Cao Sansui asked:

“What’s in it?”

Cheng Shi knew he was asking about the cola and dismissed the healing light. Clicking his tongue, he explained:

“I call it ‘Restorative Slumber.’ I added a potent sleeping agent and the A-rank potion ‘Prosperity of Yesteryear’ to the cola. It’s a top-tier healing potion that

combines the divine powers of [Memory] and [Prosperity]. I had six bottles in total—now, they're all used up.”

He finished, looking genuinely pained.

“Another A-rank? I haven't heard of that potion before. Was it a ladder reward?” Cao Sansui asked, curious.

Cheng Shi shrugged. “Not sure. I traded it from someone else.”

“Who would trade something that could save their life?” Song Yawen, having returned, asked with a puzzled expression.

“Sometimes, goals are more important than life itself.” Cheng Shi muttered, seemingly reminded of someone.

Indeed.

If you lose your life, what's the point of hoarding so many valuable items?

But if you lose your purpose, what's the meaning of being alive?

Although he didn't agree with Cheng Shi's approach, Cao Sansui still appreciated the help:

"When the trial is over, I'll repay you with an equivalent potion."

Cheng Shi's eyes lit up. "Oh, that's too kind."

But his gaze was already filled with desire, as he began sizing up Cao Sansui, wondering what valuable items he might be hiding.

"..."

Everyone said that 2000-point players had strange personalities, and meeting Cheng Shi confirmed it.

By now, they had all accepted Cheng Shi's 2000-point status without question.

"Since we're all awake and back to full strength, should we move out?" Cao Sansui asked.

"Proceed as planned," Chen Chong replied, noticing that Cheng Shi wasn't taking charge and was just grinning silently. With a dark expression, he took control.

"Okay, let's get the others..."

Cao Sansui was about to stand when he felt a wave of heat rising from the ground beneath him. Alarmed, he froze.

The others were equally shocked, standing up and staring at the ground.

Only Cheng Shi, his face grim, looked up at the sky, gritting his teeth as he muttered:

“Damn it, it’s a meteor firestorm!”

“S-ranked Forbidden Spell: Meteor Firestorm???”

Song Yawen’s voice cracked as he looked up, and sure enough, on the horizon, a massive, terrifyingly bright sun-like illusion was slowly rising in the sky.

From the edges of the sun, scorching flames erupted, each spark transforming into a massive meteor that streaked across the sky, plummeting toward the plains where they stood!

In the blink of an eye, meteors rained down.

“Run!!”

Without hesitation, Cheng Shi sprinted away, using every ounce of energy he had.

He didn't need to worry about the others—all of them were faster than him.

Cao Sansui's face hardened, and he instantly cast area acceleration ahead of them. Song Yawen vanished like a shadow, while Chen Chong, activating his warrior's charge, grabbed Cheng Shi and Cao Sansui by the arms and dragged them forward like a hurricane.

The two figures atop the treehouse reacted even faster. Xia Wan scooped up the petite Nangong and leapt from one treetop to another.

Chen Chong's speed was so fast it felt like the wind was cutting Cheng Shi's face.

Cao Sansui wasn't faring much better. Overcome with shock, he shouted:

“This isn’t a spell that can be cast in the underground world! Only the Elemental Judges of the Land of Hope can wield such forbidden magic! What have we become, enemies to both sides?!”

Enemies? No, that didn’t seem right.

Even if the six of them were enemies of the Land of Hope, the Elemental Judges wouldn’t use such a world-ending spell on them.

What were six people in the grand scheme of a war?

They were nothing!

What had they done to deserve a Meteor Firestorm?!

Cheng Shi’s face darkened as a possibility crossed his mind.

“This Meteor Firestorm isn’t aimed at us! It’s targeting the right flank of the Terror Fiend army!”