

# FOOLISH GAME OF THE GODS

## Chapter 12: Time Battlefield

“What?!”

Chen Chong’s pace faltered as he felt the entire area heating up, the air twisting with intense heat. Hastily, he accelerated again, exclaiming in disbelief:

“The Terror Fiends are dead! What’s the point of intercepting now?!”

Cheng Shi shouted back, explaining:

“Maybe the Land of Hope doesn’t know the Terror Fiend army has been wiped out! I’ve been wondering why this trial escalated so quickly. This—*this* is the real ‘Song of Blood and Fire!’

We're supposed to survive for 24 hours during the assault of the Terror Fiend horde and the Meteor Firestorm!

We encountered the Terror Fiends too soon, which gave us the wrong impression of the trial!"

Cao Sansui's face was a mask of disbelief, stammering:

"How is that possible...?"

But then, realization dawned on him, his expression twisting even further:

"Are you saying the Skeleton Army knew about the Land of Hope's plan for an ambush, so they deployed early to avoid the firestorm?"

"Yes!" Cheng Shi shouted through gritted teeth, "And we just happened to run into them! The fall of the Land of Hope might not have been due to losing the war—there was trouble brewing from within!"

"Shit! Enough talking! Heal me—I'm running low on mental energy!" Chen Chong barked.

Without missing a beat, Cheng Shi cut the conversation short, casting a powerful healing spell that landed directly on Chen Chong's stomach.

As for why his stomach? Don't ask. It was the closest thing to his hand. Definitely not for any weird reason.

In life-or-death situations, there's no room for humor.

Unfortunately, this time the spell had a side effect—a slight bulge appeared in Chen Chong's abdomen. But at least his speed increased by a noticeable margin.

"We won't make it! The meteor strike radius is too widespread! Chen Chong, how many hits can the Holy Light Wall take?!"

"Three! I'm missing an A-rank defensive talent—after the fourth, it'll shatter!" Chen Chong shouted back.

Cheng Shi frowned, calculating in his head, while Cao Sansui immediately chimed in:

“It’s enough! Judging by the meteor’s descent speed, it’ll hold out long enough for me to activate the [Time Battlefield]!”

The [Time Battlefield]!?

Right! Cheng Shi had completely forgotten about that!

A look of realization spread across his face, and a wide, exaggerated grin followed.

It seemed they would need to find a way out within the loops of time.

“Everyone! Gather around me!” Chen Chong shouted, dropping both Cheng Shi and Cao Sansui from his arms. He pulled out his massive shield, veins bulging in his arms as he drove the shield’s point deep into the ground.

Glancing up at the fiery meteors raining down from the sky, he roared:

“Order shall endure!”

Once again, the brilliance of [Order] surged forth, forming a radiant wall of light that enveloped the six of them.

Outside the golden light barrier, the temperature soared, twisting the air with heat and cracking the earth beneath them as it baked in the scorching atmosphere.

Everyone looked up in awe, watching as the fiery meteorites streaked down from the heavens, leaving charred trails in their wake, ripping the sky apart like tattered paper. It was an awe-inspiring, apocalyptic sight.

If they weren't directly under the meteors, but watching from a distance, this would have been an unforgettable, beautiful scene.

"Hold steady, Chen Chong! 1 minute 12 seconds left!" Cao Sansui shouted, keeping track of time.

Chen Chong gritted his teeth, holding firm to his shield, and warned:

"It's coming!"

Just as the words left his mouth...

"BOOM!"

Everyone's vision went black for a moment as a massive meteor erupted against the shield. Blinding light and molten flames flooded their sight, spreading like a sea of lava, engulfing the Holy Light Wall.

Even the barrier that had withstood the swarm of Terror Fiends began trembling under the force of the meteor's impact, swaying violently.

Chen Chong's body trembled, his skin reddening.

It was too hot!

"Priest, heal me!" he shouted.

Without hesitation, Nangong began casting small healing and cooling spells.

Cao Sansui clenched his pocket watch, his face twisted with urgency.

"Hold on! 48 seconds!"

"Two more coming! Dispel the heat!" Chen Chong warned.

“BOOM!”

“BOOM!”

This time, two meteors struck in quick succession. Fortunately, one of them didn't hit the Holy Light Wall directly, landing just outside the barrier. But the splattering flames still left the shield on the brink of collapse.

“I can't hold it! There's one more coming! Cheng Shi, do something!” Chen Chong shouted urgently.

Cheng Shi's face darkened, just as Song Yawen quickly pulled out a pitch-black cloth from his storage space.

“What's that...?” Nangong asked, puzzled.

A flash of pain crossed Song Yawen's face, but he firmly replied, "I'll handle this one!"

Cheng Shi raised an eyebrow, recognizing the item.

It was the A-rank assassin class item, the **Gate of Shadows**.

This wasn't just some ordinary equipment. It was an elusive prize, only available as a rare reward for players ranked above 1600 on the ladder.

Its ability was to send any object into the shadow realm—no size, location, or time restrictions, and uncontrollable.

It was a one-time-use item, incredibly valuable.

Normally, it was the perfect tool for an assassin to use during shadow-stepping. The fact that Song Yawen was using it now showed just how desperate the situation had become.

“Impressive, Little Song. Snagging that at 1636 isn’t an easy feat.”

Song Yawen smirked with pride, finally getting a chance to show off.

“I stole it.”

With that, he leapt into the air, sticking to the inner side of the light barrier like a spider. Counting down in his head, he moved swiftly and acrobatically, throwing the **Gate of Shadows** outside the barrier before the fourth meteor hit.

It was a precise move—because the Holy Light Wall blocked everything, he had to use the shadow generated by the billowing smoke to shadow-step outside the barrier, unfold the black cloth, open the gate to the shadow realm, and instantly shadow-step back.

A single millisecond of error, and he would be vaporized on the spot.

Luckily, Song Yawen was a competent assassin.

In the blink of an eye, he had completed his task, sending the meteor that was about to break the light barrier into the shadow realm.

The **Gate of Shadows** vanished along with it.

But being merely “competent” wasn’t enough. He still had about 100 points to go before he was truly impressive.

“Quick! Heal me! My ass is on fire!!!”

Song Yawen screamed, collapsing to the ground. His entire back, including his butt and thighs, had been scorched, layers of skin peeling off. He crawled towards the healers, his rear end bright red, desperate for healing.

And yet, despite his injuries, he crawled towards Nangong, not Cheng Shi.

Nangong, wide-eyed, instinctively raised her hand and cast a healing spell on his butt.

Cheng Shi's smile faded, feeling slightly insulted.

What? Is my healing not good enough for you?

“Watch out! There's still more coming! Mage, how much longer?!” Chen Chong demanded.

In just one minute, the entire plain had turned into a sea of fire. The constant rumbling and shaking were relentless, and the temperature continued to rise.

With one meteor after another falling, Chen Chong couldn't hold on any longer.

“10 seconds! Everyone, get ready! 1 o'clock position! Fewer meteors in that direction! As soon as the time hits, we're breaking through!” Cao Sansui shouted.

“Don’t spread out too much! If we lose track of each other, I won’t be able to end the [Time Battlefield]! Once more, **don’t spread out too much!**”

“I hope we all make it through this!” Cao Sansui’s hand was sweating as he gripped his pocket watch, his other hand raised, ready to activate the [Time Battlefield] at any moment.

This was their only chance for survival—as long as they didn’t get stuck in too many loops.

“3!”

“2! Everyone, get ready!”

“1! Run!”

Chen Chong immediately dispelled the Holy Light Wall. In the blink of an eye, he had stored away his shield and sword, grabbing Nangong and Cao Sansui and charging toward 1 o'clock like a madman.

Xia Wan was right behind him, carrying the small and fragile Cheng Shi on her back.

As for Song Yawen, well, he had already vanished. With so much smoke and fire to jump through, he flitted from place to place, far ahead of the group.

But good luck doesn't last forever.

Though they had seen fewer meteors in the 1 o'clock direction while behind the shield, once they were out in the open, they quickly realized that the sky above was still packed with countless meteors. There was no way to dodge them.

A massive fireball crashed down right in front of Chen Chong, forcing him to stop abruptly. He pulled out his shield, transforming it into a greatsword, and with divine power, slashed at the meteor.

The meteor exploded on impact, but before he could move forward again, another one was already barreling toward them.

“Shit!”

Cao Sansui’s face twisted with fear. He clenched his watch and shouted at the precise moment:

“Time, Rewind!”

Suddenly, the world froze. Then, like a movie being rewound, everything played backward at lightning speed.

The flames retracted, the meteors rose back into the air, the figures retreated, and the light barrier began to reform.

Everything reset to the moment the [Time Battlefield] had first been activated.

“1! Run!”

As the light barrier shattered once again, everyone sprinted with all their might toward the 3 o’clock direction.

Only Cao Sansui, still in Chen Chong’s grip, panted heavily and shouted:

“Chen Chong! Xia Wan! Change course—3 o’clock! Quickly!”

As followers of [Time], they were unaffected by the rewind, retaining their memories. Now, Cao Sansui was their guide.

Without hesitation, the two of them adjusted their course.

Cheng Shi clung tightly to Xia Wan’s neck, continuously casting healing spells on her as he frowned in thought.

“Second time.”

He muttered, flipping the die he was holding in his hand.

It now showed a 2 on top.