

FOOLISH GAME OF THE GODS

Chapter 13: This Is Fate's Choice

The reason the Meteor Firestorm is classified as a forbidden spell is because of its immense duration—long enough to wipe out every living thing within its impact zone, and even carve three feet deep into the earth.

Under normal circumstances, no spellcaster—no matter their race—could maintain the mental energy required for such a massive spell.

But the Meteor Firestorm is an exception, because it isn't a creation but a summoning.

That enormous sun looming on the horizon is real!

The terrifying sun, known as [The Wrath of Abomination], is not just a metaphor but a true subordinate god of [Chaos] and an emissary of [Discord].

In a bygone era, it was imprisoned by [Order]. Now, it has become the ultimate power bestowed upon the Elemental Judges of [Order].

By simply cracking open the gate that imprisons [The Wrath of Abomination] and targeting a specific area, the rage that has been pent up for eons is unleashed.

Only when it realizes that its outburst is benefiting followers of [Order] does it begrudgingly stop, slamming shut the gates once more and resuming its brooding, waiting for the next cycle of fury.

The point of all this is to illustrate one simple fact: there is no mortal way to stop a Meteor Firestorm.

Cheng Shi and the others had barely run a few minutes toward the 3 o'clock direction when the meteors began to explode around them.

They didn't even need to be directly hit—molten magma and flaming debris already made progress nearly impossible.

"This isn't going to work! Mage!" yelled someone in the group.

“Time, rewind!” Cao Sansui called out, and once again, time reversed.

“1! Run!”

Cao Sansui had barely been tossed back into the river of time when he found himself being carried by Chen Chong, sprinting toward the 1 o’clock direction.

“No! Chen Chong, head 5 o’clock!”

Without hesitation, Chen Chong swung both of his passengers like a windmill, using the momentum to pivot sharply and charge toward the rear-left.

“What’s going on?” Chen Chong asked.

“We’ve failed twice already,” Cao Sansui said grimly.

Xia Wan followed close behind as Cheng Shi frowned, deep in thought.

He reached into his pocket and flipped the die again.

3.

“This way won’t work! The smoke’s too thick! Assassin, speak up, guide us!”

“Assassin? Song Yawen? Damn it, he’s dead. Mage, rewind!”

“Time... rewind...” Cao Sansui called out once more.

“7 o’clock! Chen Chong, reverse!”

Die flipped: 4.

“Xia Wan, watch out!”

“Time... rewind!”

“Nine o’clock, quick!”

Die flipped: 5.

“...”

Time Walkers earned their T0 status because of their ability to infinitely retry in the [Time Battlefield]. But the power of [Time] wasn’t a free resource. If time fails to flow naturally in the battlefield for too long, [Time] itself—the god—begins to lose patience.

And when a god sneezes, mortals face storms.

By the sixth rewind, even Cao Sansui, a devout follower of [Time], began to lose his clarity.

“Time, rewind!!”

“1! Run!”

As Cao Sansui was jostled along by Chen Chong’s sprint, he snapped his eyes open, momentarily dazed before mumbling:

“We’ve reset again...”

Chen Chong’s pace staggered as he urgently asked:

“What do we do now? Where do we go?”

Cao Sansui’s face filled with despair. “I remember fragments, the moments of each death... but I’ve forgotten the count. I’ve forgotten where we should go.”

Chen Chong's heart sank. This could only mean one thing—they had failed many times already.

A Time Walker losing track of time was tantamount to admitting they had failed and were doomed.

But Chen Chong wasn't one to give up easily. He let out a roar and turned the group toward the 3 o'clock direction.

"Focus! Recall the path! Match the memories in your head—we might still find a way out!"

Nangong grew equally anxious. Seeing the confusion in Cao Sansui's eyes, she gritted her teeth and pulled her serrated dagger from her side, stabbing herself hard in the abdomen.

Immediately, a healing light poured over Cao Sansui's head, clearing his scattered thoughts.

Looking at Nangong's hopeful gaze, he nodded resolutely:

“Alright! I'll try to remember!”

Just then, Cheng Shi suddenly shouted:

“You're wrong! This is the sixth time! Eleven o'clock! Hurry, Chen Chong, change course!”

Chen Chong, far ahead of Xia Wan, turned his head in bewilderment. Before he could ask any questions, he saw Xia Wan obediently shift direction and charge toward the 11 o'clock path.

Cao Sansui, stunned, couldn't fathom how Cheng Shi knew it was the sixth reset.

How could a follower of [Birth] stay lucid in a time maze?

He couldn't.

Cheng Shi was just a player. He wasn't immune to the effects of a time maze. The one unaffected wasn't him—but the die in his hand.

Chen Chong glanced down at Cao Sansui's dumbfounded face, his expression darkening as he muttered:

“Screw it, I'm trusting you!”

He had no reason to hesitate. In Chen Chong's mind, the moment Cheng Shi took over, it meant he had a plan to break the cycle.

After all, anyone with a 2000-point score wasn't going to be dead weight.

In truth, Cheng Shi wasn't sure if the 11 o'clock direction would work. But he knew every other direction had failed.

He rubbed the faces of the die, flipping it back to **6**.

That made it six times now.

From here, the count would have to go beyond mere numbers...

With Cheng Shi on her back, Xia Wan sprinted forward with incredible speed, her long legs striding through the sea of flames as if it were solid ground—thanks to constant healing and her hunter talents.

But her grim expression told Cheng Shi she wasn't confident about this path.

“Cheng Shi, are you sure this is the right way?”

Cheng Shi shook his head honestly:

“Nope.”

“Then why...?”

Cheng Shi flashed a bright grin. “Because this is destiny’s choice!”

Xia Wan’s eyes widened, her pupils contracting. She was about to ask something when, suddenly, a flaming meteor came crashing down directly in front of them.

“BOOM!”

“ ... ”

Before the impact hit, Cheng Shi clenched the die in his hand and muttered:

“Shit.”

“...Time... rewind!”

Once again, they were back at the starting point, the familiar scene repeating as Chen Chong charged toward the 1 o'clock direction.

Cao Sansui was still dazed, Nangong was still anxious, and Song Yawen was still leading the way.

Only Cheng Shi, staring at the **6** on the die, remained silent.

It was hopeless. They had tried all six directions, and none of them worked.

A surge of irritation welled up in his chest, though his hands didn't stop moving. He flicked the die into the air with his thumb, catching it swiftly as it came back down.

Xia Wan, noticing his movements, asked gravely as she ran:

“What’s wrong?”

Cheng Shi opened his palm, seeing the die land on **1**. With a resigned sigh, he muttered:

“We’ve failed six times, but destiny’s guidance points us toward 1 o’clock.”

Xia Wan’s emotions began to spiral. She didn’t know whether to feel sorrow for their six failures or hope that Cheng Shi’s talk of “destiny” meant they were finally headed the right way.

“So, 1 o’clock is the right direction?” she asked.

It seemed she had started to trust Cheng Shi unconditionally.

Cheng Shi clicked his tongue, cursing under his breath:

“But I have a feeling... destiny’s a bitch.”

Xia Wan shot him a disbelieving glance.

Before the descent of the gods, calling destiny a bitch wouldn’t have raised any eyebrows. But after the descent...

Well, let’s just say there’s a deity known as [Fate].

“Hell with it. Believing in fate is like believing I’m the First Emperor of Qin. Xia Wan, reverse course! Head for 7 o’clock!”

Cheng Shi chose to defy destiny’s guidance.

His voice boomed loud and clear, reaching even Chen Chong.

Like Xia Wan, Chen Chong had his doubts, but without hesitation, he spun around and followed her, running back in the opposite direction.

After only a short distance, Cao Sansui realized that this path looked familiar from his fractured memories.

Which meant they had failed here before.

If nothing changed, in three seconds, a meteor would crash just ahead of Xia Wan, creating a massive crater.

Xia Wan and Cheng Shi would fall into it.

And then, time would rewind again.

Cao Sansui's hopes began to fade as he mentally counted down, waiting for the inevitable reset.

3.

2.

1.

“Time... rewin—huh? Huh huh huh?!”

Nothing happened.

Cao Sansui stared in disbelief as Xia Wan dashed forward, crossing through the smoke and flames, racing ahead into the distance.

How was this possible?

In his memory, a meteor was supposed to crash here. Not only that, but all the meteors in the 7 o'clock direction had vanished.

Ahead of them, the sky suddenly cleared. No meteors, no flames. It was as if someone had erased the entire 7 o'clock path with an invisible eraser.

To the “artist” of this apocalyptic firestorm, this eraser line might have been insignificant. But to Cheng Shi and his team, it was their salvation—a true path to survival!

In a mixture of awe and terror, the group ran as fast as they could, following the clear sky. After nearly an hour of desperate running, they finally escaped the meteor firestorm’s blast zone.

And the moment they crossed into safety, the erased part of the firestorm’s painting was restored.

Cao Sansui glanced at his pocket watch. Exactly six hours had passed. He ended the [Time Battlefield] as the cycle hit the next hour mark, feeling the flow of time return to its normal state.

That final rewind was now faintly etched into the river of time.

The group turned to look back at the path they had taken to escape. Meteors continued to rain down, and flames erupted like molten geysers, just as before—completely desolate.

“How is this...?”

“How could this be possible!?”

“Why was there suddenly a way out?!”

“A miracle... this is a miracle...”

Everyone was dumbfounded, staring at Cheng Shi with expressions filled with shock and disbelief.

“What kind of... item is this? Can you even call it an item anymore?”

“Brother Cheng, don't tell me you're actually ranked 2400?”

“You...”

Especially Xia Wan, who alone understood how Cheng Shi had made his decision, choosing the 7 o'clock direction and leading them through the sea of flames.

“Why?” she wondered silently, too afraid to ask aloud. “Was it really just because Cheng Shi cursed [Fate]?”

Cheng Shi stood watching the fiery meteors fall from the sky, his mind struggling to comprehend what had just happened.

“This is the second time...”

He muttered to himself.

“Could I really have some hidden talent? And the activation phrase is ‘Fate is a bitch?’”