

# FOOLISH GAME OF THE GODS

## Chapter 3: The Song of Blood and Fire

On the opposite rooftop, the young man furrowed his brows and spent the night guessing, but Cheng Shi slept soundly.

The next morning, as soon as he opened his eyes, a notification for the initiation of a trial appeared before him.

**[Special Trial (Song of Blood and Fire [War]) is now open]**

**[Matching teammates (1/6)]**

**[Trial Objective: Endure the test of blood and fire (24-hour limit)]**

Seeing the word [War] in the game description made Cheng Shi's forehead throb.

This was going to be a tough battle.

[War], although a god of the [Civilization] path, had trials that were anything but civilized.

Almost every trial involved real combat, where understanding the various clues provided was unnecessary. All you needed to do was eliminate all surrounding enemies to pass.

The challenge was surviving for 24 hours, which required immense endurance and mental strength.

Enemies wouldn't give you a chance to breathe, nor would they slow their attacks just because you needed rest.

In this scenario, having teammates who could fight was naturally advantageous.

"Please, match me with a few more warriors. One non-fighter like me is enough, please, please."

**[Matching Successful (6/6), entering trial]**

The blood-red notification flashed by, and the scene before Cheng Shi started to warp, then he vanished from his spot.

...

The sky was dim, and smoke filled the air.

Opening his eyes, Cheng Shi found himself standing amidst ruins, surrounded by nothing but broken walls and rubble.

This place had clearly been a small town, now erased from the map by brutal warfare.

Seconds later, beams of light descended around him, accompanied by exclamations of surprise.

His teammates for this trial had arrived.

Cheng Shi immediately looked at them, noting among three men and two women, only one carried a greatsword, while the rest, like him, showed no visible weapons.

“Hiss—”

Cheng Shi inhaled sharply, thinking to himself, “Is this another non-fighter group?”

In the [Faith Game], there were only six classes: Warrior, Mage, Priest, Assassin, Hunter, and Bard.

In theory, no class was superior; only players were either skilled or not.

However, due to the nature of different trials, classes were often ranked by effectiveness.

In a [War] trial like today, Warriors, Mages, and Priests were undoubtedly stronger than Assassins, Hunters, and Bards.

The matched group of six eyed each other. Seeing no weapons on the others, the man with the greatsword spoke with mild irritation:

“Standard procedure, let’s not waste time. State your path and class, then your score. I’ll start: Chen Chong, [Civilization], Warrior, Ladder Rank 1647.”

**Chen Chong, [Civilization], Warrior, Ladder Rank 1647**

Each path had 2-3 gods, and players only stated their path, not the god’s name, to avoid revealing affiliations to rivals.

While all players in a trial should help each other as comrades in fate, some gods might issue additional [Divine Decrees] when matched with opposing

faiths, prompting their followers to commit unsavory acts before completing tasks.

This was learned through painful lessons.

Since the game began half a year ago, the number of people who died for this reason was uncountable, so current players were extremely cautious.

But at the start of the trial, cooperation was necessary.

“Song Yawen, [Life], Assassin, Ladder Rank 1636, hey, are you an ‘Order Knight’? I think I’ve seen that sword with another [Order] warrior; it’s a shield sword, right?”

A tall, lean young man in sportswear and glasses, standing next to Chen Chong, spoke next, scrutinizing Chen Chong’s greatsword closely.

**Song Yawen, [Life], Assassin, Ladder Rank 1636**

Since he was recognized, Chen Chong didn't hide it and nodded.

Seeing his acknowledgment, the others visibly relaxed.

[Order] followers were among the few trustworthy strangers in this game.

They adhered to [Order's] will, respected rules, and self-disciplined. They were the most cherished companions in the game, almost without exception.

And an [Order] warrior in a [War] trial could be a top-tier asset.

Reliable and effective.

"Xia Wan, [Life], Hunter, Ladder Rank 1519."

The speaking order somehow turned clockwise, and the military-green-clad, short-sleeved woman introduced herself coolly.

She was tall but not slender, her muscles firm and well-defined, projecting power even through her clothes.

**Xia Wan, [Life], Hunter, Ladder Rank 1519**

Upon hearing a teammate shared his path, Song Yawen grinned and nodded in greeting.

To Xia Wan's left stood another woman, petite, with a cascade of black hair.

She wore a black high-collared shirt, covering herself completely except for her face.

“Nangong, [Descent], Priest, Ladder Rank 1396.”

## **Nangong, [Descent], Priest, Ladder Rank 1396**

At the mention of [Descent], the faces of the two [Life] followers darkened.

[Life] and [Descent] are opposing paths.

Song Yawen looked at Nangong with a hint of suspicion, his gaze not exactly friendly.

Xia Wan remained motionless, her expression still cold, though her slanted eyes reflected a degree of scrutiny.

Nangong felt uneasy too. With two members from an opposing path, and a trial requiring survival for a full day, she could only hope that their gods weren't directly opposed.

Path opposition could cause discomfort, but if their beliefs were also opposed, it could lead to deadly consequences.

It was Cheng Shi's turn next. He glanced at Nangong on his right, then suddenly flashed a meaningful smile.

“Cheng Shi, [Life], Priest, Ladder Rank 1501.”

“?”

“Cheng Shi”

The moment he finished speaking, the faces of those present displayed mixed emotions.

The two who shared the [Life] path were naturally pleased, whereas Nangong's face turned visibly grim.

As a path of a righteous god, [Life] ensured its followers were at least outwardly “good people,” regardless of their private conduct.

But the gods of [Descent] each had their own “vices.”

Sensing the tense atmosphere, Order Warrior Chen Chong frowned and reminded everyone:

“Path differences should be set aside for now. We have 24 long hours ahead. Focus on survival first.”

With more teammates from his path, Song Yawen merely chuckled, Xia Wan remained unfazed, Cheng Shi was entertained by the situation, and Nangong was lost in thought.

Only the player to Cheng Shi’s left, dressed like Doctor Strange, cast him a peculiar glance, seemingly uncertain.

“Cao Sansui, [Existence], Mage, Ladder Rank 1906.”

**Cao Sansui, [Existence], Mage, Ladder Rank 1906**

“Whoa???”

The score left everyone gasping.

While the others felt they'd found a strong ally, Cheng Shi clicked his tongue, his expression akin to constipation.

“Tsk, [Existence] huh...”

Chen Chong's mood visibly improved, raising an eyebrow and asking with a smile:

“Memory Traveller or Time Walker?”

“Memory Traveller” refers to mages who follow [Memory], while “Time Walker” refers to mages who follow [Time]. Chen Chong was inquiring about his god.

Since none of the six present had opposing paths, he could candidly reveal his identity, allowing for better cooperation.

In the [Existence] path, there were only these two gods.

Cao Sansui clearly wasn't his real name, but names were just aliases, so no one gave it much thought.

He didn't answer immediately, hesitating briefly and glancing at Cheng Shi several times, unable to discern anything, before sighing and saying:

“Time is a gap, and I am like the wind.”

This was a prayer of a [Time] follower.

Cao Sansui was a Time Walker.

This combination of class and faith was considered T0 rank throughout the game. (Note: "T0" represents the highest priority, generally interpreted as the most powerful class.)

As the name suggests, Time Walkers could control time.

Upon learning he was a Time Walker, Chen Chong's smile widened, and Cheng Shi broke into a heartfelt grin.

This time, it was a genuine smile.

"Cao, you're awesome!"

Song Yawen didn't act like a low-key assassin at all, repeatedly giving thumbs-up. If they were more familiar, he might have even hugged Cao Sansui.

“With Brother Chen leading and Brother Cao holding the fort, we're solid, comrades!”

His gaze swept across everyone, notably skipping Nangong.

Nangong's smile was somewhat awkward, but there was little she could do. Her situation was indeed poor.

Cheng Shi watched as the team seemed set to isolate a member from the start and silently shook his head.

Losing a potential asset due to path differences was irrational, especially at the trial's outset.

To ease team tensions, he pondered for a moment, then suddenly spoke:

“A dual-priest setup is perfect for the [War] trial. My intuition tells me Nangong isn't our enemy.”

The group looked at him in surprise, even Nangong, unable to believe her opposing path competitor was speaking for her.

“You...”

Cheng Shi tilted his head, his smile radiant:

“Allow me to reintroduce myself: Cheng Shi, Priest of [Birth].”

“???”

“What the heck? You're a guy, and you're a Goddess of Fertility??”