

# FOOLISH GAME OF THE GODS

## Chapter 6: Desperate Situation!

Xia Wan was the first to sense the approaching enemies from behind.

Her eyes narrowed, emitting a vivid green glow. With a quick flip of her left hand, she drew a green longbow, and with her right hand, she conjured an arrow out of thin air. Spinning around, she swiftly shot it into the sky, releasing a glowing green arrow.

**“Boom!”**

The arrow exploded midair, scattering countless spores.

The Terror Fiend army charged fearlessly into the cloud of spores, undeterred.

However, the moment the spores touched their flesh, they transformed into countless fine tendrils, resembling parasitic vines, wrapping around every Terror Fiend that entered the area, binding them into “cocoons.”

With their wings immobilized, the Terror Fiends plummeted to the ground, crashing hard into the earth.

The ground was littered with [Genesis Seeds], and as soon as the Terror Fiends made contact with the seeds, their bellies began to swell rapidly. Within just a few breaths, something inside them seemed to be struggling violently to break free.

Xia Wan’s hunter traps flowed together seamlessly, and the dual-layered control was highly effective. The vanguard of the Terror Fiends was unable to immediately reach the group.

However, despite Xia Wan’s arrow shots raining down like a storm, she could only hold back so many Terror Fiends.

The sheer number of enemies was overwhelming. Like a locust swarm, the shadowy mass soon consumed all the spores in the air and continued to surge toward the group.

“There’s no more time! Assassin, protect yourself! Everyone else, get behind me!”

Chen Chong shouted as he tossed the exhausted Cao Sansui to Nangong and then drew his massive shield. He slammed the shield into the ground, embedding its tip into the rubble.

With a resounding roar, he bellowed, “Order shall endure!”

The already glowing shield erupted in a blinding light. The holy radiance surged upwards like a waterfall reversed, then arced high in the sky, before cascading down and spreading rapidly to either side of the group.

The path of the light formed a massive barrier, like an enormous wall, encircling Cheng Shi and the others, protecting them inside.

**“Yaa-Sa!”**

**“Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!”**

The sky-darkening mass of Terror Fiends crashed into the barrier, slamming into the wall of light with thunderous force. But the light barrier held firm, unmoving, while everyone inside remained unscathed.

Chen Chong's face was serious, his arm muscles bulging as he held the shield, not daring to move an inch.

“There are too many of them. The Holy Light Wall will only hold for 5 minutes. With the support of two priests, I can maybe extend it to 15 minutes. We need a plan now! Otherwise, forget 24 hours—we'll all be dead in 15 minutes!”

The urgency in Chen Chong's voice was evident, but panic wouldn't solve the overwhelming problem of sheer numbers.

Nangong was busy restoring Cao Sansui's stamina with her healing spells. Her magic was effective, and Cao Sansui was quickly regaining his strength.

“The Fertility Priest's healing output is massive. As long as you control the ‘newborns’ on your body, we should be able to hold out for a bit longer,” Cao

Sansui said, trying to encourage the team, though he himself was filled with dread.

He hadn't expected the enemy's pace to be so aggressive right from the start. Even in previous 2000-point trials, the enemies weren't as fierce as this.

In this trial, his score was the highest at just 1900.

Some of the teammates were even below 1400. How in the world did they end up facing such a massive Terror Fiend army?

Anyone who saw this would think it was a 2100-level trial.

Everyone's expressions were heavy with worry. With the protection of the Holy Light Wall, Xia Wan had stopped shooting and was instead focusing on restoring her energy.

Nangong, her face pale, furrowed her brows in contemplation while casting another healing spell on Xia Wan.

Xia Wan, slightly surprised, nodded in appreciation toward Nangong, feeling the potent recovery force inside her. She conjured a few more spore arrows in her hand.

Meanwhile, the other priest, Cheng Shi, was just sitting on the ground, looking around aimlessly, like a slacker.

To be honest, even Cheng Shi was feeling a bit stressed. While he'd experienced similar situations before, he'd never faced one with such low-ranked teammates.

His mind was racing, trying to think of a way to use his current hand of cards to escape this predicament.

In high-ranked games, every player had formidable combat strength. In times of crisis, they always managed to come up with creative and elaborate strategies to break free.

Aside from their rich combat experience, the most important factor was confidence and capability!

This was why the [Path to Godhood] (the ladder ranking score) was incredibly important.

At the end of each month, the [Path to Godhood] would undergo an additional settlement, and players would receive rewards based on their ranking.

These rewards included a wide variety of items, from supplies to equipment, from talents to skills, covering everything imaginable.

Moreover, the higher the rank, the greater the likelihood of receiving high-rank rewards.

Since the base skills of each class were almost identical, the only thing that distinguished players from one another was the various talent skills and equipment they chose to build their combat strength.

Take Chen Chong's shield sword, for example. Its dual function in both offense and defense, and its special bonus to light-based defensive abilities, came from an A-rank reward tied to his ladder rank.

Chen Chong, gripping his shield, saw the Terror Fiends outside nearly sealing off all directions, their massive forms darkening the light barrier. His anxiety deepened.

The rest of the group also frowned, their nerves taut, mentally preparing for the worst.

At this moment, the team had fallen into a dire situation.

And the trial had only been going for less than an hour.

"Are we... going to die?" Nangong's small hands clenched, turning pale.

No one answered her. Even Chen Chong was fully focused on maintaining the Holy Light Wall, trying to buy as much time as possible for everyone to come up with a solution.

However, these few minutes felt more like their final moments of clinging to life.

The atmosphere was heavy with despair.

Everyone was racking their brains, but no one could come up with a way out. The shielded area fell into a deep silence.

But just then, Cheng Shi suddenly spoke:

“Where’s Song Yawen? Is he still alive?”

Song Yawen, hidden by shadows, didn’t need the shield’s protection. However, his shadow veil wasn’t indefinite—just a slight movement would eject him from the shadow plane, revealing him.

That said, a skilled assassin should be able to stay hidden for a long time—certainly longer than five minutes.

Song Yawen hadn't spoken up yet, not because he didn't want to, but because he didn't dare.

He was currently crouched under the collapsed wall just outside the Holy Light Wall, with at least seventeen or eighteen bloodthirsty Terror Fiends perched on the ruins above him.

“He’s probably still alive...” Cheng Shi muttered, though he wasn’t genuinely concerned about his fate—he was formulating a plan.

He knew that the [Death] assassin had a unique skill called “Death’s Requiem.” If Song Yawen was still alive, they might have a chance to escape.

Just as the “Holy Light Wall” was the exclusive skill of an Order Knight, “Death’s Requiem” was the exclusive skill granted to assassins who followed [Death].

The skill summoned a massive death scythe within the “Field of Death,” delivering an unavoidable fatal strike to all targets inside the field.

However, constructing the “Field of Death” was extremely demanding, requiring the assassin to gather the aura of numerous freshly deceased in a confined space. As such, it was rarely used by [Death] assassins.

To use it, they couldn’t strike like other assassin classes—quick in and out. Instead, they needed to stay hidden and continuously cause death.

Only then, after a prolonged kill streak, could they deliver the final blow.

This kind of prolonged close-quarters assassination was highly dangerous and carried significant risk.

But the payoff was equally high.

Because Death's Requiem never missed.

For this reason, [Death] assassins were also known as "Weavers of Death," and the title was well-earned.

However, given the overwhelming number of Terror Fiends surrounding them, Song Yawen had no chance to use Death's Requiem.

The moment he showed himself, he'd be the first to die, not the Terror Fiends.

So, Song Yawen stayed hidden in the shadows, not daring to make a move.

But just because he didn't dare, didn't mean Cheng Shi wouldn't.