

FOOLISH GAME OF THE GODS

Chapter 7: I'm Going to Give Them a Baby

Seeing the time left on the Holy Light Wall dwindle, Chen Chong, his face drenched in sweat and contorted with strain, shouted in frustration:

“Only 2 minutes left! Priests, get ready to restore my mental energy! If we can't come up with a plan soon, when the Holy Light Wall breaks, we'll have to flee immediately!”

“Assassin, prepare to regroup! I'll create a path straight through the front. You'll clear out the small fry behind me!”

“Mage, prepare to boost our speed!!”

Cao Sansui clenched his fists, about to speak, but Cheng Shi suddenly stood up with a calm demeanor and turned to Nangong, asking:

“Have you learned ‘Overcharged Healing’? I need the Time Walker to cast another area-wide acceleration, but a much larger range this time.”

Everyone turned to look at Cheng Shi, thinking he might have come up with a solution. They chimed in:

“You have a plan?”

“You...”

Cao Sansui, his spirits lifted, said, “I don’t need Overcharged Healing, just top off my mental energy, and I can perform ‘Overcharged Casting!’”

Overcharging meant pushing one’s limits, a method of casting spells that allowed the user to utilize the future potential to enhance current spells.

Cheng Shi gave Cao Sansui an approving look, thinking that a 1900-ranked player was indeed cooperative, but he still shook his head:

“It might not be enough. I need a larger area. Nangong, can you do it?”

Nangong bit her lip, glanced at the Terror Fiend army outside the light barrier, then nodded.

If she didn't give her all now, they'd all be dead soon. It was no time to hold back.

“Now?” she asked.

“Now!” Cheng Shi replied decisively.

Overcharged Healing allowed the future healing potential to be utilized, effectively raising the target's mental energy limit. In desperate situations, it was immensely valuable.

Determined, Nangong stood up. Before the eyes of the group, she slowly began to remove her tightly buttoned black shirt, revealing the body hidden beneath.

As her shirt fell, a multitude of grotesque, centipede-like scars covered her neck, chest, and arms, sprawling across her pale, visible skin like a horrifying tapestry.

Xia Wan frowned deeply, while Cao Sansui's pupils shrank in shock.

Cheng Shi quirked an eyebrow, having recognized her identity.

She was a follower of [Decay].

“A Blood Exchange Priest?” Chen Chong blurted out in disbelief.

[Decay] was the second god of the [Descent] path, the final of descent, the tomb of the universe.

Its [Divine Will] was to hasten decay, and to fulfill it, its followers often engaged in self-mutilation.

The power of [Decay] stemmed from this. The faster a follower of [Decay] decayed, the more divine power they received in return.

This was why priests of [Decay] were called Blood Exchange Priests—they could trade their own life force for the lives of their teammates.

The more severely they injured themselves, the faster their teammates recovered.

Of course, severe injuries could lead to death, as was the will of [Decay]. Thus, every Blood Exchange Priest constantly navigated the delicate balance between self-sacrifice and saving others.

Without wasting any time, Nangong furrowed her brow and grit her teeth as she drew a serrated dagger from her waist. Without hesitation, she sliced open her stomach.

Then, between her ribs.

And finally, along her collarbone, carving a third gruesome wound.

With the three sacrifices complete, she softly whispered a prayer:

“All life shall decay, and all things shall rot.”

From her wounds, a thick light, tainted with the scent of decay, rose up and poured out, forming a stream that flowed into Cao Sansui’s body.

Cao Sansui felt an immediate surge of strength, his mental energy replenished completely, making him feel so invigorated that he almost wanted to roar in exhilaration.

As he relished the power coursing through him, his confidence began to return—though not entirely.

He looked at Cheng Shi with a solemn expression, asking carefully:

“I can ‘overcharge’ the acceleration in the nearby area, but afterward, I’ll likely be useless for the next 12 hours. Cheng Shi... can we survive for 12 more hours?”

Cheng Shi smiled calmly, saying, “I don’t plan on dying, and I won’t.”

Growing increasingly irritated by their conversation, Chen Chong turned around and shouted:

“Save the boasting for later! We need solutions now! Priest, what’s your plan?!”

Cheng Shi nodded, no longer hiding his intentions, and began explaining:

“The timing is crucial, so listen carefully.

After the Holy Light Wall falls, I'll need one second to cast a spell. Xia Wan, can you buy me that time?"

Xia Wan, her grip tightening on her arrows, glanced up at the swarm of Terror Fiends battering against the Holy Light Wall and nodded gravely.

"I can swallow the [Genesis Seeds] and draw upon the god's attention. When the force of reproduction surges, I can fire five arrows at once, but that will only delay them by one second at most."

This was the most Xia Wan had spoken, and it was the most serious she had ever been.

Cheng Shi had already anticipated this and nodded in approval.

Chen Chong, growing impatient, shouted again:

"You're a priest—what kind of spell are you planning to cast?!"

“Relax,” Cheng Shi chuckled, then called out loudly, “Song Yawen! I know you can hear me. Listen up: After the shield breaks, I need you to return to my side and prepare for Death’s Requiem!”

“Death’s Requiem??”

Everyone froze for a moment, their jaws dropping in shock. Even the weakened Nangong’s eyes widened.

“We’re not opposing forces... thank goodness...”

“Is he a Death Weaver?”

“You knew he was a follower of [Death]?”

Cheng Shi ignored their confusion and continued:

“I know you have a lot of questions, but never mind that. You don’t need to worry about the details of the Death Field. You just need to focus on unleashing your killing blows when the time comes.

Song Yawen, this strike will determine whether we live or die. I’m not joking.”

Chen Chong, growing even more anxious, asked, “But what if he...?”

“He won’t fail. Followers of [Death] don’t die easily, because their god needs someone to carry out his blessings.”

Cheng Shi laughed, trying to lighten the mood, but it didn’t help much.

Seeing that no one found his joke amusing, he shrugged and continued.

“Cao Sansui, your part is the most critical. The moment I finish casting my spell, you’ll need to unleash area-wide acceleration. Target: the entire ruins, as much of it as you can outside the shielded area.”

Cao Sansui’s face changed, shocked.

“The entire ruins?”

Cheng Shi nodded firmly. “The entire ruins.”

“You... you’re only ranked 1500?”

Cheng Shi was momentarily taken aback, then he smiled and nodded again. “1501.”

Cao Sansui clearly didn’t believe him. How could someone with a rank of 1500 exude such confidence and composure in a life-or-death situation?

He had seen 2000-point veterans wet themselves in the face of death after all.

“I must remind you, Cheng Shi, that time’s potential energy balances itself. If you accelerate such a large area, the space we’re in will slow to a crawl, maybe even making movement impossible!

Are you sure?

This is suicide, Cheng Shi!”

Though Cao Sansui suspected Cheng Shi was hiding his true ranking, he couldn’t help but feel conflicted. If it were up to him, he wouldn’t dare take such a risk.

Time Walkers were T0 ranked for a reason—they could slow down their enemies and speed up their allies, creating time-based dominance and giving them the advantage in battle.

But if the opposite happened...

Wouldn't they be sitting ducks?

"I'm sure," Cheng Shi replied, "and you won't want to accelerate yourselves."

"Alright! But tell us, what's your plan?"

Cao Sansui asked, his face heavy with doubt.

"How do you intend to lead us out of here and keep us alive?"

Cheng Shi grinned.

"Me?"

"I'm going to give them a baby."

