

FOOLISH GAME OF THE GODS

Chapter 9: Vomit

What would you think about if time stopped?

If we could extract the thoughts of all our dear readers, it could probably fill a book.

In fact, such a book already exists in the real world—it's called the **Criminal Law**.

The truth is, when time stops, you can't think about anything.

Consciousness is tied to existence, and the essence of *existence* is *time*.

When time freezes, existence ceases, consciousness fades, and a person becomes nothing more than a statue of flesh and blood.

This experience could be terrifying because a person trapped in time might feel as if they've died.

But perhaps it's not that scary, because the person likely wouldn't even realize they've been trapped in time.

Who knows how long it lasted—for Cheng Shi and the others, perhaps just a moment, but for the Terror Fiends, it might have felt like a lifetime...

As the area acceleration effect slowly faded, Song Yawen, who had been hiding behind Cheng Shi, gradually regained his clarity of mind.

The moment his thoughts returned, he could feel the overwhelming surge of death.

Above him, the corpses of Terror Fiends began to fall, rotting flesh mixed with countless tentacles spilling into the once-clean space.

The thick stench of death surrounded him, so dense it felt almost solid, making Song Yawen shudder deep in his soul.

“What level of Death Field is this?”

Is such a level even possible??

If I cast a major spell here, wouldn't it summon the True God of [Death]?!”

After quickly getting over his shock, Song Yawen didn't waste any time. He vividly remembered Cheng Shi's words: his next strike would be the key to saving them.

As he watched the tentacle abominations, having run out of flesh to devour, writhing toward the six of them, Song Yawen took a deep breath, and his eyes turned completely black.

Harvest mode, activated!

He reached up with his hands and tightly gripped his own neck.

With a sickening “crack,” he violently twisted his neck, snapping it without mercy.

Immediately after, Song Yawen’s standing “corpse” began to dissipate slowly, and the thick air of death around him boiled, the wind howled, and a green glow surged. In just an instant, an enormous black scythe, radiating with earth-shattering power, appeared above everyone’s heads.

Cheng Shi and the others had just regained their senses when they saw the scythe hovering over them, and their breath caught in their throats.

It was huge.

Too huge.

They had never seen such a terrifying death scythe before. Even the tiny skull decoration at the end of the handle looked like a giant mountain, carved into a statue.

And the blade, glowing faintly green, looked sharp enough to cleave planets.

Even in a 2100-point match, Cheng Shi had never seen such a massive death scythe!

At that moment, he had only one thought in his mind: **Please, Song Yawen, don't go crazy and send us all to the afterlife.**

“Let souls rest, and life come to an end! Funeral, Reap!”

With a faint prayer that echoed across the heavens, the colossal scythe, surrounded by the whispers of the dead, swung down.

In the entire visible ruins, except for the area where they stood, everything seemed to shatter for a moment.

Like a mirror breaking, cracks spiderwebbed across the landscape.

And then...

A chorus of deathly laments echoed one after another, their voices reaching the heavens. The tentacle monsters, now bloated from devouring flesh, all closed their eyes, as if embracing eternal slumber.

Death is rarely a grand spectacle.

At the moment the scythe fell, their flames of life quietly extinguished.

The Reaper arrived, and death was swift.

In just a few seconds, it was over.

However, the dense aura of death that hung in the air had not yet dissipated. The swirling energy gathered once more, coalescing to reform Song Yawen, who had been "killed."

He fell from the air, panting heavily and drenched in sweat. As soon as he landed, he collapsed into the bloody muck, his body trembling uncontrollably.

Nangong, nearby, instinctively reached out to help him, driven by her healer's instinct. But as soon as her hand touched his wrist, she realized that his body was in perfect health, brimming with vitality, as if in peak condition.

His trembling wasn't from exhaustion after casting such a massive spell, but rather from sheer exhilaration.

“Unbelievable—unbelievable—

I feel like I just saw the face of my god, seated on a throne of bones, gifting me this enormous scythe.

Unbelievable—

Cheng Shi, you are incredible!!!”

Panting heavily and struggling to stand, Song Yawen’s limbs twitched wildly as he proclaimed:

“That single strike made my entire life worth it...”

Cheng Shi chuckled, while Nangong, disgusted, let go of Song Yawen’s hand.

Chen Chong and Cao Sansui were still in awe, unable to shake the image of that scythe’s apocalyptic might. It wasn’t until the rotting flesh and tentacles began to flood toward them that Chen Chong, with an almost unconscious Cao Sansui slung over his shoulder, stood up from the blood-soaked ground.

“Is it... over?” he asked, still in disbelief. Could it really be true? That such a massive army of Terror Fiends, such a formidable force, had simply vanished?

What had just happened?

Seeing Chen Chong's curious gaze, Cheng Shi smiled mischievously and said:

“Don't even think about it. You don't want to know what happened. And also, we aren't done yet. With the right flank of the Skeleton Army wiped out, they'll likely send scouts to investigate. We need to leave. Quickly.”

With that, he yanked the still-dazed Xia Wan to her feet and pointed to her bloated belly, legs, and back. He said seriously, “Our combat power is severely diminished. Cao Sansui, Nangong, and Xia Wan have all lost their fighting ability. Those two should recover, but Xia Wan's condition needs immediate treatment. We need to retreat and regroup somewhere safe.”

Song Yawen, still riding the high of his world-ending strike, asked without thinking:

“But you're still fine, right?”

Cheng Shi, carrying Xia Wan on his back, scowled.

“I’m just a 1500-point healer. What can I do?”

“???”

Song Yawen’s eyes widened in disbelief, pointing at the nightmarish scene outside as he stammered:

“You... you... that... wasn’t all your doing?”

His tone grew increasingly hysterical, “If you’re really 1500 points, I’ll chop off my head and let you kick it like a ball.”

Chen Chong’s expression soured as well. Slinging Cao Sansui over his shoulder, he grabbed Nangong without hesitation and began walking away, thinking to himself:

This guy is strong, but he’s way too full of himself—it’s annoying.

What's worse is that he actually pulls it off every time!

Even though they were joking around as victors, no one found it annoying. The environment just didn't allow them to linger too long on pleasantries, so the group struggled onward, slipping and sliding through the blood-soaked ruins, heading east.

It wasn't until they started walking out of the Death Field that they truly began to grasp what Cheng Shi had done.

Chunks of flesh, dismembered bodies, slime, black blood.

Walking through the ruins felt like wandering through a museum, one that displayed every possible form and texture of blood and gore, constantly challenging the limits of a normal human's tolerance.

This scene was beyond description.

In just this once, the five present had gained a new understanding of [Birth].

Could this really be a god of Lawful Order?

Even Xia Wan, a follower of [Birth], couldn't help but feel nauseated as she took in the grotesque sight.

“Ugh—”

Nangong was the first to vomit.

Already weakened from her self-inflicted injuries, her legs rubbed through the slimy, rotten flesh, and the foul stench hit her nose like a hammer, triggering not divine insight from [Decay], but pure, gut-wrenching nausea.

Once the first person broke, the rest quickly followed, and the scene spiraled out of control.

“Ugh—ugh—”

No one could hold it in.

Especially Chen Chong—desperate to get out of this hellhole, he pushed forward while vomiting, with one person puking on his back and another in his arms, their combined retching nearly driving him to madness.

“Xia Wan, hold it together! This is my lord’s handiwork! It’s meant to guide you...”

“Ugh—”

“...”

Cheng Shi felt heat on his shoulder, his face twitching in exasperation.

“Your mom... Your mom must be very proud of you...”

Xia Wan, weak from the “life” struggling inside her, replied helplessly:

“My mom’s dead... She offered herself as a sacrifice to [Corruption]...”

“Uh... right...”

Cheng Shi regretted his careless words: I’m such an idiot...

“Instead of worrying about my mom, you should be more concerned about my daughter. I think she’s about to be born...”

Cheng Shi’s face turned black as he shouted ahead:

“Chen Chong, get ready! Xia Wan’s about to give birth!”