

When 'God' Decides To Start Over

#Chapter 1 Abyss Base - Read When 'God' Decides To Start Over Chapter 1 Abyss Base

Chapter 1: Chapter 1 Abyss Base

In the dark, damp room filled with the smell of mildew, there were eight sets of bunk beds lined with wooden boards.

The heavy iron door was shut tight, no windows, housing thirteen people in the room with only a vent of twenty centimeters squared on the ceiling.

The smell of sweat, foot odor, and unknown peculiar odors mixed into a sour stink that made people want to retch.

Seven of the eight bunk beds were lined on both sides, only one was placed awkwardly in the middle of the aisle, seeming abrupt and out of place.

What stood out more was that the other seven bunk beds were all extremely messy, with ragged clothes, quilts, and socks piled chaotically. Only that one bed was very tidy, though the clothes and bedding were also old, they were cleaned and organized well.

Most of the clutter was stacked on the lower bunk, with the upper bunk having quilt folded into neat blocks, with a person sitting beside it.

A woman appeared to be in her twenties, perhaps could be described as beautiful if not for the scar across her entire cheek.

Now, if one were to use a word to describe her appearance, fierce might be more suitable.

In the room of a dozen, there was only this one woman. Her ability to occupy a whole bunk wasn't due to some "ladies first" principle, in fact, gentlemen didn't exist in such a place.

The woman's name was A Fei, like the word 'bandit', nobody in the room knew her last name, nor did anyone dare to ask.

Because in this room, she was the boss.

At this moment, A Fei was sizing up a man, a man who had just appeared in the room today.

Prior to today, there were only seven left in the room, today six more young, strong men were brought in.

This had happened countless times before, A Fei had long been used to it, even considered it a form of entertainment. After all, in this place, there wasn't much for amusement besides watching the rookies' expressions of fear, confusion, and helplessness, one of the few pleasures or soul comforts reminding one they were still alive.

A Fei had some interest before, but now she was numb, no mood for such boring activities.

During her nearly three years here, A Fei had met numerous newbies, but a newcomer like this man was the first she'd seen.

Those sent here usually had no choice, none would willingly come to such a hellhole, especially given the mortality rate is at twenty percent, which means two out of ten die each week on average.

Anyone who came to this place and didn't go crazy was already doing well, none had the mood for a silly grin.

But the young man had kept a smile on his face since arriving in the room.

Though that smile wasn't charming, it appeared unusually bright in a hellhole like this, even seeming somewhat glaring.

"Newcomer, what's your name?" A Fei spoke as if the smile made her uncomfortable, squinting at the young man.

"What are you staring at? Sister Fei is asking you a question!" Shouted a burly man in shorts from the side bed.

"Me? I'm Li Xiu." The young man realized A Fei was talking to him, smiled and answered, showing off two rows of very white and handsome teeth.

"What did you do to get in?" A Fei frowned, she was quite unaccustomed to the young man's smile.

"I didn't do anything." Li Xiu shook his head in reply.

"If you didn't do anything how would you end up here?" A Fei did not believe Li Xiu at all; no crime means there's no way he ended up in such a hellhole.

"Because someone told me this is a paradise for men, so I came." Li Xiu responded earnestly.

Ha ha!

Thunderous laughter erupted, the "veterans" laughed so hard they almost couldn't catch their breath.

"Right, right, it truly is a paradise for men here, you'll be in heaven soon." The burly man who yelled at Li Xiu laughed and said.

A Fei stared at Li Xiu, unsure if he was genuinely naive or playing dumb. Regardless of which, neither worked here; survival depended only on one's own strength and luck.

Decades ago, a bizarre organism suddenly appeared on Earth, nearly destroying human civilization.

Until a weapon known as "Demon Armor" was developed, humanity finally had a chance to breathe.

Together with those creatures called "soul demons" by humans, many mysterious doors appeared. The soul demons seemed to come from inside those doors.

Those ancient, bizarre, mysterious doors scattered globally, humans tried using various weapons to open and explore their secrets.

However, even the earliest weapons couldn't leave a mark, not even Demon Armor could harm them.

Only one method could open the doors, but it was incredibly expensive, requiring natural gemstones to be embedded on them for automatic opening, and only human flesh could enter the doors, without carrying anything.

Thus began humanity's true exploration of the mysterious doors.

Countless humans perished inside the mysterious doors in exchange for discoveries shocking enough to alter human perceptions.

The doors already explored contained different scenes; some understandable to humans, others incomprehensible.

So far, within the known and searched doors, while scenes varied, they shared something in common.

Inside the mysterious doors, it's like a special examination hall, entrants must face various trials.

Only those who reach the passing line can exit alive.

The so-called exam wasn't a test by conventional standards, nor did it award a diploma, the benefits gained unimaginable to ordinary people.

Human research into the mysterious doors has never ceased, with human casualties inside the doors already hard to count.

The underground base named "Abyss" was established beside one such underground mysterious door, people like A Fei are essentially akin to death squads, risking death each time they enter the doors for exploration.

Most there are either death row convicts or those burdened with immense debts, or with unavoidable reasons.

People like Li Xiu who voluntarily came here are rare, even if Li Xiu claimed so, few would believe.

Bzzz Bzzz!

The ear-piercing alarm sounded, instantly souring the faces of A Fei and a few of the older members.

"Dammit, what's going on? The Demon Gate is supposed to open in three days, how's it tonight..." The burly man showed a hint of panic, looking at A Fei.

Before A Fei could respond, the iron door in the room clicked, opening just a crack, then slowly swung open automatically.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 Trial Gate

Amidst the shouts of soldiers fully armed with firearms, Li Xiu and others came out of the room and proceeded along the narrow and chilly passage under the dim lights.

Numerous similar rooms lined the passage, and the people inside were also driven out, moving slowly toward the end of the passage.

After a few turns, the scene before them suddenly opened up to reveal a vast, brightly lit underground space to Li Xiu.

Steel frames and wooden beams served as the primary supports for the underground space. Through the steel frames, irregular gray-black rocks were visible overhead, with many of them draped in droplets of moisture, and even some moss clinging to the rocks for growth.

At the place where the light was most dazzling, a towering Blue Stone Gate, over a dozen meters high, was embedded in the rock wall. The natural rock wall contrasted sharply with the stone gate, which was carved with various exquisite and mysterious

patterns, making it appear particularly eerie and terrifying against the backdrop of those bizarre symbols, grooves, and designs.

"Is this the Trial Gate?" Li Xiu muttered as he gazed up at the Blue Stone Gate.

"It should be called the Demon Gate," a brawny man following Ah Fei sneered. "Kid, you're really unlucky. Who knows what those guys were thinking, opening the Demon Gate early. You've just arrived here without even a day's training and already have to face death. It's pathetic. But even with training, it wouldn't help much. You'd better pray for the Goddess of Fortune's blessing."

"Everyone shut up!" A cold voice echoed through the loudspeaker, quickly silencing everyone. In the vast underground space, the quiet was so profound that even the sound of water droplets could be heard.

On a high platform made of wood, a man held a loudspeaker, standing beside two figures resembling Iron Man, whose bodies were entirely covered in some strange armor.

Those were Magic Armor Masters, war machines capable of contending with magical spirits, representing the pinnacle of human combat power.

In the eyes of Li Xiu, who was also a Magic Armor Master, these two were unremarkable figures, but for ordinary people, their deterrence was akin to nuclear weapons.

"Some of you know me, some don't. Let me introduce myself first. My name is Old Gu, and I'm in charge here. I won't say much else. You know why you're here and what you want to gain better than anyone else. I'm waiting for you to return, to come out alive from the Trial Gate, hand over the items to me, and exchange them for everything you want. It's your only way out," Old Gu said, and without waiting for a response, he shouted toward the Blue Stone Gate, "Open the gate."

Following Old Gu's command, a few soldiers carrying boxes approached the Blue Stone Gate, placed the boxes before it, and took out blue Gemstones, fitting them one by one into the slots of the Blue Stone Gate.

Once all the slots on the Blue Stone Gate were filled with gemstones, they seemed to be activated by some force, emanating a strong blue light from themselves without needing to reflect any external light.

Ka-chak! Ka-chak!

As the blue light flashed, the Blue Stone Gate slowly opened, releasing a mysterious and enchanting white light from the crack.

No order from Old Gu was needed; some people were already running towards the open Blue Stone Gate.

Experienced "old-timers" like Ah Fei and the brawny man were also running forward, while some newcomers remained frozen in place.

Ka-chak! Ka-chak!

The sound of rifles being cocked came from behind, making the newcomers turn their heads to see that all the soldiers around them had their guns pointed at them.

"Anyone still outside once the Trial Gate closes... will die..." Old Gu's sinister voice echoed once more.

This time, no one hesitated anymore, and everyone, including Li Xiu, rushed feverishly toward the opening in the Blue Stone Gate.

The Blue Stone Gate had not even opened halfway when the blue light began to fade, and the gate started to close slowly.

People rushed frantically toward the interior of the gate, and just as it was about to close completely, everyone had already entered through it.

Boom!

The stone gate shut completely, and the underground space returned to its previous chilly and silent state.

Amid the crowd, Li Xiu surveyed the surrounding environment. Although he had heard some things about what was inside the Trial Gate, he was experiencing it firsthand for the first time.

This place, accommodating over a hundred people, was an enormous structure resembling a stadium, surrounded by layer upon layer of ascending circular stone steps, with an oval field in the center.

At the center of the field was a goalpost, approximately ten meters from which was a cross mark, and at the center of the cross mark, there was indeed a soccer ball placed.

Li Xiu glanced around at everyone, then checked himself, realizing that irrespective of what they wore when they arrived, now everyone was dressed in identical white tight-fitting suits covering their bodies, and everything else they had was gone. On their left wrist was a red bracelet with numbers on it.

Li Xiu looked at his wristband and saw the number 49 on it.

"Unlucky, it's a C-level difficulty test!" The brawny man who had been following Ah Fei all along looked up at the sky above the field and swore softly.

Li Xiu looked up to see a giant screen hovering there, displaying a large "C" character.

"Welcome to the Sea Heaven Trial Ground, Trial Difficulty Level C. The trial rules are as follows..." Some text appeared on the large screen, accompanied by a voice resembling an electronic synthesis.

After listening to the trial rules, some people seemed excited, but most had ugly expressions on their faces.

The trial rules were quite simple. All participants in the trial were divided into teams of two, with one person standing before the goal to defend and the other to kick the ball. Each had two chances: scoring a goal counted as one point, and saving a goal also counted as one point. Simply obtaining one point was considered passing the trial. Everyone got one opportunity to defend and one to kick. Scoring one point ensured survival, while scoring zero meant death.

However, there were only two rewards, and if someone managed to score two points, they could take all the rewards.

But if someone scored two points, the other would inevitably score zero, meaning failing the test, with death as the only outcome.

Whichever way one looked at it, the rules were somewhat similar to a penalty shootout in soccer, with each goal a matter of life and death.

"Now, you can start choosing your teammates. Simply shake hands to exchange wristbands, and you must find a teammate before the countdown ends." The synthesized voice echoed again, and a six-hundred-second countdown appeared on the screen.

People scanned around, some looking confused, others confident, some showing despair, and others hesitating.

"According to these rules, as long as two people cooperate, they can both leave with the reward alive. But if your teammate doesn't cooperate, then it's hard to say. Choosing a teammate is the key to this trial." Li Xiu pondered silently.

In fact, everyone understood this logic, but human nature is unpredictable. In such a place, who is truly worthy of trust?

"Hey kid, want to team up with me?" Just as Li Xiu was contemplating, he suddenly saw the brawny man walk up to him, smiling and extending a hand adorned with a red wristband.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3 Preliminary Ranking

"Of course." Li Xiu unexpectedly agreed without hesitation, extending his hand to shake hands with the burly man.

The burly man obviously did not expect Li Xiu to agree so readily and was momentarily taken aback.

In the instant their hands clasped together, the numbers on both of their wristbands lit up, rapidly changing to become the numbers originally belonging to the other.

Li Xiu's original number was 49, which changed to 3, while the number on the burly man's wristband became 49.

Seeing the number on the wristband, the burly man, who had been somewhat perplexed and uneasy, immediately showed a look of glee.

"Not bad, kid, securing number 49 is better than some experienced veterans," the burly man said with a smirk.

"What do you mean?" Li Xiu asked, puzzled.

"These numbers are the Trial Ground's assessment of the Trial Takers' physical aptitude, which means among all the participants, your physical aptitude is ranked 49. This number was only visible to you before the exchange," the previously silent Ruoruo spoke up suddenly.

"A preliminary ranking? That's quite an interesting design," Li Xiu remarked, examining his wristband with interest.

"Seems like ignorance truly is bliss. You don't even understand what this means; you probably have no idea how you'll die," Ruoruo shook her head secretly, seeing Li Xiu still unconcerned like an innocent curious child.

With such a vast difference in physical aptitude, any resistance in the test confrontation would be utterly futile, akin to being at someone else's mercy.

The Trial Ground is no sports arena where friendship comes before competition; it's a contest of life, death, wealth, and power, with many people resorting to any means necessary to win.

Although this trial allows both group members a chance to escape unharmed, if there's a chance to win two rewards, who would willingly give up the additional reward?

"Kid, remember my name, I'm Zhao Lie." The burly man leaned his face toward Li Xiu, smiling oddly, "Perhaps you've never heard of this name, but I can tell you that I used to be a football player and was once the top scorer in a certain country's top league."

"Does this mean you're really good at controlling the ball? If we team up, we can easily win rewards together," Li Xiu said with a smile.

Upon hearing such naive remarks, Zhao Lie burst into laughter, speaking in a near-twisted voice, "I'll get both rewards, and you can just die, enjoy the little time you have left."

Many people around cast sympathetic glances towards Li Xiu. A person with a physical aptitude far exceeding his, who was also a professional football player, made it seem like Li Xiu had no hope, merely waiting for his end.

While selecting teammates, most people chose those with rankings close to their own or people they were already familiar with, only opting for unknown teammates with significantly different rankings when absolutely necessary.

Li Xiu didn't take Zhao Lie's threat to heart, carefully observing everything within the Trial Ground.

The Trial Ground appeared to be an ancient arena, with nothing particularly distinctive about it. However, when Li Xiu attempted to reach into the arena with his hand, he discovered there seemed to be an invisible barrier, separating the stands from the trial area.

The six hundred seconds quickly passed, and whether voluntarily or reluctantly, everyone had found their teammates.

As the countdown ended, the wristbands of two people suddenly lit up, and they appeared in the arena out of thin air—one in front of the goal, and the other behind the football.

An apparently frail woman stood in front of the goal, appearing to be in her late twenties or early thirties. Why she chose to come to such a place was unknown.

"Husband, kick it slowly and carefully," the woman shouted to the man positioned to kick the ball; surprisingly, the man was her husband.

"Okay, try to stay close to me and don't let the ball accidentally roll in," the middle-aged man said to his wife.

The woman quickly moved forward, trying to get closer to the football to avoid any mishaps during their coordination.

As the woman got closer to her husband, unexpectedly, the middle-aged man suddenly lifted his leg and kicked the football with all his might.

Due to the proximity and lack of psychological preparedness, the woman did not react at all.

The football flew past her with a gust of air, leaving her stunned, wide-eyed, and full of disbelief.

"I can't stay in this cursed place any longer. If I stay, I'll go insane. By winning two rewards, I can leave this place. I have to get out... have to survive..." The middle-aged man roared as he watched the airborne football, his face twisting in extreme anguish.

Bang!

The next second, a dramatic scene unfolded. Perhaps using too much force or due to his lack of ball control, the football struck the goalpost and bounced out, failing to enter the goal.

"Ball failed to enter the goal. Offense judged unsuccessful, awarded zero points; defense failed to touch the ball, also judged unsuccessful, awarded zero points."

The synthesized electronic voice rang out again, causing a heavy feeling in everyone's heart. Originally, people thought that if the ball didn't go in, the woman might score one point. But not having touched the ball would still result in a failed defense judgment, significantly increasing the defense's chance of failure.

The couple remained stunned, their wristbands glowing once more as their positions were swapped—the man becoming the goalkeeper and the woman now taking the striker's position.

The ball, which had flown out, returned to the center of the cross mark, initiating the second shot test.

The man was the first to react, his eyes glaring fiercely, his face contorting as he rushed toward the ball in front of the woman, shouting, "You'll never score, give me the ball, I can't die..."

Although many inwardly despised this scoundrel of a husband, everyone understood that the woman was too frail and delicate, her strength impossible to rival against that scoundrel.

Just as everyone thought the scoundrel was about to win, the woman suddenly kicked the ball away.

Only, the direction she kicked the ball wasn't toward the goal but in the opposite direction.

Watching the middle-aged man chase the ball like a dog scrambling for a bone, her eyes were full of irony and sadness.

Under such rules, as long as the man didn't touch the ball, he would also be judged as having scored no points.

"Ball failed to enter the goal. Offense judged unsuccessful, awarded zero points; defense failed to touch the ball, also judged unsuccessful, awarded zero points. Trial ends, both sides score zero, clearing begins..."

Bang! Bang!

The middle-aged man failed to catch up to the football; the wristbands on both his and the woman's wrists exploded, blowing them to smithereens, their blood and scattered remains splattered all over.

Witnessing this gruesome scene, all hearts were shrouded in a shadow, and those who had initially chosen to team up with familiar people started feeling restless and less confident than before.

"Alas!" Li Xiu sighed softly, though for whom he sighed remained unknown.

On the stands, two beams of light shone again, and another pair was transported into the Trial Ground.

Once everyone saw clearly, they realized the people entering the trial this time were none other than Li Xiu and Zhao Lie.

They were the pair with the greatest ranking disparity among all the teams.

Li Xiu appeared in the goalkeeper's position, while Zhao Lie was at the kicker's spot.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Left or Right?

"Have you ever played soccer?" Zhao Lie didn't shoot immediately, but instead looked at Li Xiu with interest and said.

"No." Li Xiu shook his head. He had occasionally seen some soccer matches and knew a little bit about the basic rules, but he had never actually played soccer.

"What a poor guy, then let me teach you some basic knowledge about soccer, so you can lose convincingly and die with your eyes closed." Zhao Lie, like a cat toying with a mouse, pointed at the soccer ball in front of him and said: "Even if you don't know how

to play soccer, you should have seen soccer matches. The distance between the ball and the goal here is that of a penalty kick, the easiest scoring method in a soccer match. Even the top goalkeepers don't have a high success rate in saving penalties. Facing a penalty kick involves not just technique, but also a bit of luck."

"What luck?" Li Xiu wasn't angry at Zhao Lie's teasing attitude; instead, he humbly asked for guidance.

"For a professional shooter, at this distance, if a goalkeeper waits until he sees the ball flying out before trying to save it, it's definitely too late. So before the shooter takes his shot, the goalkeeper must predict whether the shooter will aim left or right, and make a preemptive dive to either side at the moment the shooter kicks, in order to have a chance to block the penalty." Zhao Lie actually explained, seemingly not taking Li Xiu seriously at all.

Among the spectators, many didn't understand soccer, and upon hearing Zhao Lie's explanation, they had a sudden realization.

"I see, thank you for the lesson." Li Xiu nodded.

"No need to thank me, what I said applies to professional goalkeepers who have a chance like that. For an ordinary person like you, whether I shoot left or right, you won't be able to block it, you'll just have to wait for death." Zhao Lie said, suddenly starting to run, planting his left foot, lifting his right foot backward, his body tilting, twisting his waist, like a taut bowstring, his instep striking the ball fiercely.

The whole action was fluid and filled with explosive beauty.

"Will he dive left or right?" The others watched Li Xiu, waiting for his choice, even silently wondering which way they would dive if it were them.

Bang!

The soccer ball crashed heavily into Li Xiu's arms, yet Li Xiu stood there motionless, the ball seemingly flying right into his arms, leaving the onlookers stunned.

"Attacking side failed, zero points awarded, defending side succeeded, awarded one point." The synthetic electronic voice announced, and the positions of the two were switched accordingly.

"Brother, you weren't scared just now, I was just joking with you, it's best if we all survive." Zhao Lie was momentarily stunned, but immediately put on a cheerful smile, though inside he was thinking: "Damn, I overestimated this kid. He didn't react at all, had I known I wouldn't have wasted so much thought, I would have just kicked straight away, truly snubbed by my own cleverness."

Now Zhao Lie was really scared. If Li Xiu didn't shoot at all and, like the previous wife, kicked the ball elsewhere, according to the trial's rules, Zhao Lie would be doomed, with no chance at all.

"Just kidding? Weren't you just trying to guide me to choose left or right?" Li Xiu looked at Zhao Lie with a faint smile.

"How could I... Brother, don't misunderstand..." Having his thoughts revealed by Li Xiu, Zhao Lie's face turned an ugly shade as he frantically tried to explain.

At this moment, his life was truly in Li Xiu's hands, with life and death hinging on Li Xiu's decision.

"No need to explain, you may be a professional player, with decent skills, but you're definitely not the league's best shooter because you lack confidence. A true top shooter would disdain using such tactics because nothing is more reliable than their own skills." Li Xiu interrupted Zhao Lie, speaking calmly: "However, I can give you another chance."

"Brother, that's good to know, we're all people with tough lives..." Zhao Lie had completely lost his previous overbearing demeanor, his face full of ingratiating smiles as he spoke.

"You're right; we're all people with tough lives, so I'll give you a chance. I'll kick the ball to the center, just like you did, and all you have to do is stand there like I did to catch the ball." Li Xiu said.

"Alright, alright, I'll stand here to catch it, brother, take your time kicking." Zhao Lie nodded repeatedly, cursing inwardly: "What a farce, playing this game with me. You're giving me a chance just to get double rewards, right? And having me stand still, who are you kidding? Even if that's your little trick to fool me, just kicking to the center also needs skill. Do you think anyone can just kick a soccer ball wherever they want? Without professional training, it's impossible to be that precise."

Other people had similar thoughts to Zhao Lie; the fate of the previous couple was still fresh in their minds, and even a couple couldn't trust each other, let alone Li Xiu and Zhao Lie.

Li Xiu didn't say anything more, took a few steps back, and with a run-up, came up to the ball, using his left leg as support, his body leaning, his right leg swinging up, and with a sharp waist twist, his instep struck the ball hard.

The motions were done in one smooth action, without a shred of hesitation, mirroring Zhao Lie's previous moves exactly.

"Left or right?" People were guessing in their minds.

"Damn, I was tricked, this guy can play." Before Li Xiu made a shooting pose, Zhao Lie's face had already changed drastically.

Such movements aren't easily mastered to this level of perfection by someone who isn't a professional soccer player.

"Left or right? Or center?" Zhao Lie hesitated in his heart, and knowing that Li Xiu could also play soccer only made him more confused.

Earlier, thinking Li Xiu hadn't been exposed to soccer, he was afraid he'd miss, but now knowing Li Xiu was also a professional, Zhao Lie suddenly realized something, focusing intently on Li Xiu's body movements to determine where his balance was.

Having recently used this move himself, with balance already set on the left leg, to fully unleash power with such a move could only result in the ball being kicked left or center, it's impossible to aim right.

That leaves only middle and left as options, and Zhao Lie didn't believe Li Xiu would shoot the ball to the center, thinking his previous words were just meant to mislead his judgment.

In such a life-and-death duel, who would be foolish enough to give the points away?

Zhao Lie himself wouldn't, and he didn't trust that Li Xiu would either.

Moreover, by calculating probabilities, left, right, and center each hold a one-third chance; if Li Xiu intends to fix Zhao Lie's mindset on center and non-center choices, only actually choosing left or right to shoot, the odds of winning are much higher.

"Yes, it's left, it must be left." Zhao Lie's eyes suddenly brightened, and he rushed to dive left.

But as Zhao Lie was in mid-air, he horrifyingly realized the soccer ball was already whistling toward where he had just been standing, identical to the shot he had made earlier, without even differing in height by a fraction.

Suspended in mid-air, Zhao Lie could now only twist his head, watching the ball zip past him, crashing fiercely into the net, his eyes transitioning from surprise, to confusion, to regret, then from regret to fear, and finally all his fear turned into despair.

The ball and Zhao Lie almost simultaneously hit the ground, followed by the cold synthetic electronic voice resounding above.

"Attacking side succeeded, awarded one point; defending side failed, awarded zero points. Score calculation complete, distributing rewards, beginning cleanup..."

"No..."

Bang!

With an explosion, Zhao Lie's heart-wrenching, unwilling scream abruptly stopped, and blood and shattered bone blasted everywhere.

Li Xiu's wristband also lit up, emitting a faint blood glow, and Li Xiu felt a tightness where the wristband was bound, a needle-like pain as if something was being injected into his veins.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Is it worth it?

A sour, swollen sensation emerged from the veins, visibly causing the veins on the arm to bulge, like tiny blue snakes coiling beneath the skin, even the small veins swelled, spreading densely across the body.

This feeling lasted only a short time, soon the veins returned to normal, and the pricking sensation vanished as the bracelet relaxed.

"Is this level of physical enhancement worth risking your life, with no regrets even in death?" Li Xiu felt the changes in his body, even though he could sense that his body had gained some enhancement, this level of enhancement meant nothing to a Magic Armor Master.

A Magic Armor Master relies on Spiritual Sense or Spiritual Power to control the Demon Armor, and the enhancements gained from trials are merely physical, completely useless for a Magic Armor Master.

There has never been a case of a human awakening their Spiritual Sense due to the enhancements from the Trial Gate and becoming a Magic Armor Master.

Such enhancement, even if it happens ten thousand times, is far inferior to the combat strength of a Magic Armor Master wearing Demon Armor; physical enhancement for a Magic Armor Master is just an insignificant embellishment, with no decisive effect.

Li Xiu could not understand why his best friend and comrade would rather forsake the prestigious identity of a Magic Armor Master and venture into the Trial Gate.

Even when severely injured within the Trial Gate, before dying, he still urged Li Xiu to definitely enter the Trial Gate, claiming that this was a paradise for men, a place he should come to.

"Is it worth it?" To this day, Li Xiu could not comprehend his friend's choice.

Because even until that friend died, his body combat ability was far inferior to even the lowest level Magic Armor Master, not to mention that Li Xiu was the world's number one, with the title of "God" Magic Armor Master.

Two pigeon egg-sized, non-metal, non-jade, irregularly shaped Demon Cores glowing with blue light appeared out of nowhere in front of Li Xiu.

This was not unfamiliar to him; this was the core material for crafting Demon Armor, obtainable not only from the Trial Gate but also from slaying demon spirits.

As Li Xiu reached out to grasp the two Demon Cores, a flash of white light occurred on his bracelet, transporting him back to the stands, while two other people were transported into the Trial Ground.

The trial was extremely brutal; among over fifty teams, less than a third survived together, and some teams perished together, showcasing the dark side of human nature in all its glory.

When it was Ah Fei's turn to play, she said nothing, kicking the soccer ball directly, sending it flying straight towards the center of the goal.

The goalkeeper was overjoyed, grabbing the ball with both hands, but in the next second, his feet left the ground, and he crashed into the goal along with the ball.

The newcomers were all stunned; no one expected that despite her not particularly tall stature, Ah Fei possessed such immense power.

The veterans who had interacted with Ah Fei seemed to already know this would be the outcome, seeming unsurprised.

The newcomers who teamed up with Ah Fei initially thought they were getting a good deal, but now were in utter despair and regret.

Injured already as goalkeeper, the newcomer could only helplessly watch as Ah Fei took control of the ball when it was his turn to kick.

In a despairing scream, the young man exploded and died.

"The first round of trials has ended. Remove the Ring of Trial to leave the Trial Ground. The next round of trials will begin after the countdown ends."

After the cold voice finished, a six hundred-second countdown appeared on the screen again.

People hurriedly removed their bracelets and were transported out of the Trial Ground in a burst of white light, leaving only three people inside after a short while.

Li Xiu remained in the Trial Ground; he wanted to reach the end and see what in the Trial Ground was worth risking his friend's life for.

According to Li Xiu's knowledge, his friend first entered the Trial Ground here and reportedly reached the end as well.

However, even if it was the same Trial Ground, the projects and rules of the trial might not be the same, and he didn't know what kind of trials his friend went through to reach the end.

The other two who stayed were Ah Fei and a man in his twenties or thirties, over 1.8 meters tall, with brown hair and a healthy, vibrant wheat-colored complexion, appearing very robust.

"The second round of testing is about to begin. The rules remain the same; please choose your teammates." The countdown restarted.

The man suddenly approached Li Xiu and said, "Now there are only three of us; inevitably, one will be unable to team up and may be directly eliminated. That woman's power far exceeds ordinary human beings; she should have undergone many enhancements as a Trial Taker. We are both newcomers, so it's best for us to team up. What do you think?"

Li Xiu glanced at Ah Fei and saw that she seemed completely unresponsive, having no intention to stop them, so he nodded, "Alright."

After shaking hands, the number on Li Xiu's bracelet turned to 2, indicating that this man's physical capability surpassed Zhao Lie, second only to Ah Fei.

"Sorry, for this Trial Ground, I am indeed a newcomer. But before coming here, I have been to other Trial Grounds and received numerous physical enhancements." The man smiled, "And unlike a half-baked like Zhao Lie, I used to be the real top scorer in the A-League, the real deal."

"It doesn't matter; there's nothing to apologize for." Li Xiu didn't care whether the man was a newcomer or a veteran, or whatever he might be.

"Number 1 gets a bye, directly advancing to the next round, trial begins." Together with that unfeeling voice, Li Xiu and the man were transmitted to the field.

Li Xiu stood once again in front of the goal, taking the position of goalkeeper, while the man stood in front of the soccer ball.

"I think I should tell you my name; I am Wu Luo." The man did not immediately kick the ball; instead, he introduced himself first.

"Wu Luo? The main striker of the Solar God Team, league top scorer? No wonder you look familiar." Ah Fei, hearing the man's name, said somewhat unexpectedly.

"I didn't expect you to have heard my name; are you my fan? It truly is my honor." Wu Luo greeted Ah Fei gentlemanly.

Ah Fei did not converse with Wu Luo; in fact, she was not a fan, just that when she was little, her father loved soccer, forcing her to watch games with him often. Although her father was no longer around, she would occasionally watch games alone, thus knowing about Wu Luo.

Wu Luo was indeed a very excellent soccer player, even to a certain extent, a great striker. A few years ago, he broke a certain league's single-season scoring record.

Unlike Zhao Lie, Wu Luo was a genuine top striker.

Ah Fei looked at Li Xiu, seeing that he stood calmly in front of the goal, unaffected by Wu Luo's reputation, adopting a stance that wasn't even quite professional.

Ah Fei shook her head slightly; she had seen at a glance that Li Xiu was not a professional soccer player, not even an amateur.

He could defeat Zhao Lie by relying on psychological tactics and Zhao Lie's own cleverness.

Wu Luo, however, was completely different from Zhao Lie; he not only possessed top-level professional skills but also absolute strength, none of which could be overcome by psychological tactics.

Rationally analyzing, Li Xiu was bound to lose this match, at least in Ah Fei's view.