

## **The Gods 107**

### Chapter 107: Truthfully

The nights in Far Dusk Town were eerily quiet—so quiet that it was unsettling.

Aside from the faint glow of a few candles in some homes, the outdoors was enveloped in complete darkness.

It was only the release of a group of prisoners earlier that brought some life to the otherwise desolate night.

As they cheerfully ran toward the town center, Cheng Shi concealed himself and headed in the opposite direction.

His destination was Eternal Chapel.

This massive stone building was unlike the architecture typical of subterranean faiths. Its stark white walls were adorned with countless depictions of the sun, boldly declaring their allegiance to their Patron.

Cheng Shi stood outside the chapel, observing it for a long while. Only when he was sure it was empty did he quietly climb through a window.

At the same time, the two figures on the rooftop finally stirred.

“Shall we follow?” Qin Chaoge asked excitedly, but Li Bola didn’t move immediately. She gave Qin Chaoge a knowing look and said:

“You can hear me from far away. Now that you’re on the rooftop, are you telling me you can’t hear Cheng Shi inside?”

Qin Chaoge froze, her body stiffening as she reluctantly retracted her foot.

But then, she openly demanded:

“Why should I share what I hear with you?”

Li Bola smiled. As expected.

“I have a bigger secret to trade with you.”

Qin Chaoge’s gaze flicked to the hunter’s chest, her interest piqued, and she raised an eyebrow.

“Deal.”

...

Qin Chaoge had lied.

Twice, in fact.

The first time was in the room where the teammate had died.

She hadn’t been the one who killed the tour assistant.

The second time was before the investigation even began, when she claimed her own tour assistant had died.

That wasn’t true either. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been jailed for harassment.

All signs pointed to the fact that this [War] bard remained somewhat lawful.

But that was exactly what puzzled Cheng Shi.

Why would a lawful bard take the blame for a murder she didn't commit?

Was she looking for the killer?

Perhaps. Either way, Cheng Shi was about to find out soon.

The bodies were laid out in the main hall of Eternal Chapel—more than just a few.

At a quick glance, there were a dozen or so corpses, of various sizes.

Nothing seemed too unusual at first, but upon closer inspection, Cheng Shi noticed that most of them had stab wounds to the heart.

According to the townspeople's lore, these must have been blasphemers.

Interesting.

Blasphemers were required to undergo purification by the High Priest before they could be buried.

[Eternal Sun] was quite lenient with those who desecrated Him.

After searching the corpses for a while, Cheng Shi finally found the body of the follower of [Silence]. He stood beside the body, holding his breath and focusing for some time.

So long, in fact, that Qin Chaoge, watching from the rooftop, began to furrow her brow, wondering if Cheng Shi had somehow slipped away.

Finally, Cheng Shi raised his hand and removed the brooch pinned to his chest, using it to activate [Memory of the Departed] on the corpse.

A dim, eerie glow, green tinged with blue, emanated from the brooch and flowed steadily over the corpse as Cheng Shi waved his arm.

Once the soft light enveloped the entire body, the corpse of the follower of [Silence] suddenly shuddered and violently opened its eyes.

Green flames danced in the man's eyes, and his mouth hung open slightly, his tongue flickering with a bluish glow.

It was Cheng Shi's first time witnessing such a peculiar method of communicating with the dead, and he curiously tugged at the corpse's tongue, only to find that it still felt like a corpse's—a cold, lifeless sensation.

The instructions for [Memory of the Departed] were clear: the reanimated corpse would truthfully answer the first question asked.

Cheng Shi had no doubt about the effectiveness of the skill, and he had already prepared his question in advance. Without hesitation, he asked:

“Tell me everything you remember about the person who killed you.”

He held his breath, ready to memorize the corpse's response.

However...

The corpse remained silent.

“?”

Cheng Shi was confused.

He noticed the blue light on the corpse's tongue flickering, seemingly working as intended, but still, the corpse didn't respond.

“???”

Brother, are you giving me a defective product?

Cheng Shi stared at the bone brooch in his hand, his heart sinking into despair.

Great. Now I look like a fool.

He had gone through all this trouble, evading everyone, only to find out that the brooch wasn't working.

Seriously, is this how you interpret [Memory]'s authority?

Isn't that a little too... abstract?

But then, Cheng Shi began to doubt himself.

[Death] wasn't exactly the type of god who enjoyed jokes. His creations were usually reliable—after all, the Bone Servant Le Le'er ring worked great.

So, was there a chance that he had done something wrong?

Cheng Shi mentally retraced all of his actions, finding no issue with what he had done.

The corpse's eyes were open. That meant the effect had worked, right? So why wasn't it speaking?

He decided to try again.

“You didn’t kill yourself, did you?”

“.....”

“What’s your name?”

“.....”

“Hello?”

“.....”

Cheng Shi was completely stumped. Frowning, he scrutinized the brooch in his hand and, after some thought, decided to conduct another experiment.

He approached the nearest corpse, a bearded man, and once again activated [Memory of the Departed].

The corpse immediately reacted, just as before, opening its eyes.

Seeing that the effect had taken hold, Cheng Shi quickly asked:

“How did you die?”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the corpse’s jaw opened slowly, and a raspy, deathly voice emerged, as if leaking from the underworld itself:

“Someone... broke into my room... stabbed me in the back... damn, it hurt...”

???

Now it works?

Cheng Shi was dumbfounded.

He followed up with another question:

“What’s your name?”

“Damn it... I pissed on my shoes again... these shoes are no good...”

“.....”

Cheng Shi was speechless.

He stared at the stranger’s corpse, then at the brooch, then at the body of his teammate, and after a long moment, a bolt of realization struck him.

He understood!

“Aha?”

So this is what you meant by ‘truthfully,’ huh?

People with foul mouths die and still keep their bad habits, and followers of [Silence] die and stay silent, right?

My god, your interpretation...

Isn't that a bit too... grand?"

Cheng Shi glared at the brooch in his hand, unsure whether to laugh or cry.

Because as soon as the second corpse opened its eyes, the effect on his teammate's body had worn off.

Great. Now on top of not finding the killer, I'm short two sacrifices.

This whole series of actions made Cheng Shi feel like smacking himself in the face.

"Can't get angry. Must keep smiling.

Nope. Can't hold it in.

Argh—

This is too much!!"