

## The Gods 67

Chapter 67: A Rare Moment of Rest

Bone Servant Le Le'er's Ring (SSS): A divine subordinate relic, a ring personally forged by [Death]. It contains half of [Thunderclap]'s divinity and a quarter of [Corruption]'s divinity, infused with fear.

– Special Effect: Fear as Fuel – You can absorb surrounding fear to charge the ring. Each full charge causes a Screaming Mouth to light up on the ring.

– Special Effect: Thunderclap Judgment – Use one charge of fear to summon a lightning punishment that annihilates enemies. If the target has contributed fear to the ring, the lightning will unerringly hit them.

– Special Effect: Bone Servant of the Throne – You can refine a corpse into a bone servant of death, which will carry your praises to the Great One on the White Bone Throne.

Cheng Shi stared intently at the ring in his hand, drooling at the sight.

A 3.5S-rank divine subordinate relic!

He had never even heard of something like this since the day of descent!

Absolutely incredible!

Cheng Shi quickly retracted all the internal complaints he had about [Death] and lavishly showered the god with praise.

“Praise the Great One on the White Bone Throne!

Look at that style!

Look at that grandeur!

Some bosses—no names mentioned—should take note: if you don't step up, your employees might just seek permanent positions in someone else's company!"

How does the saying go? The rougher the seas, the pricier the fish.

It's the truth!

That philosopher named Gao really did see through the essence of the world!

Cheng Shi, basking in his self-satisfaction, admired the ring for quite some time, as excited as he had been when he first obtained an S-rank talent.

The overwhelming sense of accomplishment filled his chest, leaving him excited and restless.

Now, if you're wondering why Cheng Shi, who only has a score of 2100, has an SS-rank talent but isn't mentioning it, well, let me tell you about something called initial faith talents.

SS-rank initial talents are rare, but they do exist.

Some people spend their whole lives striving to get to Rome, while others are born there.

Cheng Shi was neither.

He always figured he had been born a workhorse, destined to toil under someone else's reigns.

But now, this workhorse had finally earned a chance to catch its breath.

He carefully took off the ring and counted the "Screaming Mouths" etched into it—no more, no less than five.

And wouldn't you know it, there had been exactly five teammates in this trial, not counting himself.

It was pretty obvious what the Great One was trying to convey.

“.....”

“But I'm just a healer! I save teammates, not kill them! How could I possibly have killed all five of them...?”

“What a joke, sir,” Cheng Shi muttered, shaking his head with a wry smile.

He wiped the ring clean with his sleeve until it was spotless.

Then, he dug through his inventory and pulled out a few rings he had picked up in previous trials, cleaning them off and sliding them onto his fingers as well.

Two on the left hand, two on the right.

Red, yellow, blue, green—they were all there.

With this, the eye-catching divine subordinate relic was now just one piece in a collection of rings belonging to a casual ring enthusiast.

Satisfied with his work, Cheng Shi sat down on the edge of the rooftop and began to enjoy his lunch.

Today's unchanging menu: finger breads and a canned slime drink.

“Bro, eating again?”

The voice of the crazy rooftop guy came from across the way. Cheng Shi looked up to see Xie Yang waving at him with a big backpack slung over his shoulder.

“What are you doing, working out?” Cheng Shi chuckled.

Xie Yang froze for a second, then laughed awkwardly.

“What kind of workout? This last trial wasn’t too dangerous. I happened to pick up a few history books during it. I figured, since you’re a mage, you might like studying history, so I brought them back for you.”

“Haha, no need to thank me! Here, catch!”

With that, Xie Yang swung the backpack like a hammer throw, launching it toward Cheng Shi.

Though Xie Yang’s explanation was full of lies, Cheng Shi could tell what he was really trying to do.

This wasn’t just a casual gesture; he was making an effort to strengthen their relationship.

Maybe it was because Xu Lu had complained so much in the past week. Xie Yang had been pestering Cheng Shi for potions ever since, clearly aware that Cheng Shi still had some Prosperity of Yesteryear in stock.

But Cheng Shi hadn’t given him any.

It wasn’t that Cheng Shi was unwilling to help—he just didn’t want to give any freebies to Xu Lu.

Plenty of food and drink had been thrown his way in the past, but this time... these books...

Usually, Cheng Shi wasn’t interested in trial history, but since this trial’s end, he had developed a sudden curiosity about what had transpired in the Land of Hope.

Even if part of that curiosity was fueled by a burning desire for Grand Tribunal gossip, it was still curiosity.

So Xie Yang's move had hit the bullseye.

Man, I'm doing you a favor, bro. That green tea? Not for everyone. Drink too much, and your stomach's bound to act up.

Cheng Shi kept the thought to himself, not bothering to say it aloud.

No need—saying it would spoil half the fun.

He wolfed down his bread, gulped the slime drink, then fished a Prosperity of Yesteryear out of his inventory and tossed it over to Xie Yang.

"Owe me two bottles now!" Cheng Shi muttered as he threw the potion.

Xie Yang caught it easily, nodding like a bobblehead.

"Holy crap, thanks, bro! You're my blood brother!

I'm feeling great right now, so I'm paying off one of those debts. Anything you need? If it's below S-rank, just ask."

S-rank?

Bro, I've got an SSSs-rank ring now. What am I gonna do with anything below S-rank?

Still, Cheng Shi said:

“Actually, I do need something. If you can find it, we’re square on the potion.”

Xie Yang blinked, surprised.

“Huh? You need me to find something? What is it?”

“Oh, it’s nothing big. Just wondering if you’ve got any intel on how the Grand Tribunal ended up in conflict with the Tower of Logic in the mid-Civilization Era.”

Xie Yang scratched his head awkwardly.

“Sorry, bro. I was testing you last time. I’m not really a [Order] follower.”

Cheng Shi wasn’t surprised. He nodded and replied:

“I figured. But aren’t you a follower of [War]? You should be familiar with the start of large-scale conflicts in the Land of Hope, right?”

“!”

Xie Yang’s embarrassed smile froze the moment Cheng Shi finished speaking. His face twitched, and he let out a stiff laugh.

“Ha... Ha... Who told you I’m a follower of [War]? That’s a misunderstanding.”

“Really? My bad, man. It’s just that you’re always grinding dungeons, so I thought you might be the type who gets restless without a fight.”

“I guess I was wrong. Anyway, I’ll let you know the next time I figure out what I need from you.”

With that, Cheng Shi grabbed the backpack and headed toward his storage room, flipping through the books as he walked.

Behind him, on the opposite rooftop, Xie Yang stared at Cheng Shi's retreating figure, his expression shifting between emotions.

I lost this round. He figured it out first.

Xie Yang clenched the potion in his hand, sighed, and turned toward the other side of the rooftop.

"Hey, Lulu? Lulu? So, guess what—this last trial was super dangerous, but I barely scraped through. Still got some good loot, though. I found a bottle of Prosperity of Yesteryear in the trial and thought I'd bring it back for you, since I know you like it."

"Hello? Lulu? You home?"

"....."

Cheng Shi, of course, couldn't hear any of this. He was already sitting on a bench in his storage room, flipping through the books Xie Yang had brought him with great interest.

The script used in the Land of Hope was completely different from the scripts used in reality. Unless someone had a deep passion for history, it was rare for anyone to be able to read non-translated texts.

But Cheng Shi could.

Because he had a mouth that could read these characters.

So, it was less about reading and more about reciting out loud.

Cheng Shi had long discovered that his Fool's Tongue liked reading books, especially when he was alone.

It was a very useful auxiliary ability—except, after being burned by it once, Cheng Shi no longer trusted the mouth entirely.

At the moment, the script on the page might as well have been doodles, but Fool's Tongue was cheerfully reading:

“Birthing procedures for the cannibal pigs of Canriwal:

1. Clean the razor;

2. Cut open the mother's abdomen...”

“.....”

Cheng Shi was speechless, though at least this was somewhat normal. After all, he had done similar things before.

But when the next sentence came, he nearly spit his drink all over the ceiling.

“3. Stuff the cavity with spices.”

“???”