

The Gods 97

Chapter 97: The Bone Servant Beneath the Throne

Cheng Shi felt like he had misunderstood his Patron.

Although [Deceit] hadn't resolved the issue with the "Fleeting Radiance" buff, He had taken care of the [Divinity] issue.

Now, the [Prosperity] divinity was truly sealed inside Cheng Shi's body, exactly as he had lied about before.

Great, now he really was like a walking treasure trove, just like the monk Tang Sanzang.

But at least, the [Prosperity] aura wasn't leaking out. With his Patron's methods, perhaps none of the other gods would notice.

Praise the Boss.

Still... why did this feel like a "hit you with a stick, then give you a date" kind of situation?

"..."

The trial had ended an entire day ago, and as evening approached, Cheng Shi still hadn't seen anyone appear on the rooftop across from his.

Where had that little spitfire gone?

He had been looking forward to Xie Yang bringing him some new and interesting stuff, but ever since that guy hit it off with Fan Tingting, he hadn't even shown his face.

So much for neighborly friendship, huh?

Turns out, I'm the clown after all.

Cheng Shi sat on the edge of his rooftop, enjoying his usual dinner until he finished the last bite of food. It was only then that he finally spotted Xie Yang emerging onto the rooftop.

However, his face looked a bit grim.

Cheng Shi's mood instantly lifted.

"Hey, hit a rough patch? Come on, share it with me. I... I mean, let me help you out."

Xie Yang plopped down next to Cheng Shi in a huff, spitting on the ground as he grumbled.

"Finally, after I'd thought I got things settled with Tingting, even got our shared space connected, and then..."

"Wait, what? Hold on a second."

Cheng Shi was dumbfounded. He quickly did the math on his fingers.

"You guys have only known each other for... 1, 2, 3—three days, right? And you're already living together?"

Damn, no wonder I haven't seen you around. If I did, that'd be the real miracle.

Xu Lu tried for three months and still didn't succeed, but Fan Tingting managed to get together with him in just three days?

Xie Yang didn't seem to care much about the timeline. He corrected Cheng Shi with great precision:

“To be exact, two days and eighteen hours. I thought I’d found the love of my life, but it turns out she was just...”

At this point, Xie Yang’s expression twisted with bitter indignation.

“Go on, spit it out already.”

Cheng Shi’s legs dangled off the edge of the building, kicking excitedly. His expectant expression looked so twisted and eager, he resembled a mischievous baboon in heat.

“It turns out she’s a follower of an opposing faith!”

Xie Yang had finally reached his breaking point, shouting angrily:

“She didn’t love me at all!

She was trying to lure me in to kill me!

She loves her faith more than anything!

She’s a liar! A big fat liar!!

She tarnished pure love!!!”

“...Huh?”

Wait, what? That’s how this went down?

Cheng Shi was stunned.

In his mind, a ridiculous soap-opera-like scenario began to form:

Fan Tingting was a follower of [Silence]. She recognized Xie Yang's faith when he first approached her and decided to use herself as bait to lure him in, planning to kill him as an opposing believer.

But in the end, she was the one deceived by Xie Yang, who only seemed like a doting fool on the surface.

As entertaining as this mental image was, only a fool would think Xie Yang was actually an idiot.

He wasn't dumb at all—in fact, he was pretty sharp.

The fact that, after connecting their shared space, Xie Yang could still come up to the rooftop to complain about it was proof enough that he had won some kind of battle in this clash of opposing faiths.

As for how he won...

Cheng Shi grinned and clicked his tongue in admiration. "So, you killed her?"

"I didn't kill her!

I just purified my love!"

"Oh, right, right. Love can't be defiled. You had to remove the stain!"

Cheng Shi nodded vigorously, then casually asked, "If you don't mind my asking, is her body still... intact?"

It was rare for people to keep their enemies' bodies in real life.

But in this hidden conflict, Xie Yang was a follower of [War].

Followers of [War] were notorious for what they did with their enemies' corpses. Whether it was turning human skin into banners or creating bone monuments, [War's] followers always found ways to make their enemies' bodies serve a purpose after death.

Cheng Shi's guess was right—Fan Tingting's body had indeed been hung up on Xie Yang's wall, a tribute to his brief two-day-and-eighteen-hour romance.

Xie Yang scowled when Cheng Shi asked about the body.

"What do you want with it?"

"I've recently developed a passion for studying necromantic magic. Could I borrow it for a bit?"

Xie Yang frowned deeply and thought for a long while before finally speaking.

"You're a necromancer?"

A necromancer—meaning, a mage of [Death].

Cheng Shi wasn't planning to hide it, so he nodded sincerely.

"Consider it repayment for that potion."

"Fine, deal?"

After much hesitation, Xie Yang ultimately refused Cheng Shi's outrageous request, but he did offer an alternative:

He would provide another body instead.

Cheng Shi accepted without a second thought.

As for how Xie Yang could provide someone else's body... well, that wasn't something to think too deeply about, was it?

"Wait here, I'll be right back."

Although Xie Yang said he'd be quick, it wasn't until the next day that he finally tossed a male corpse over.

The body was in perfect condition, with not a single mark on it.

Which was weird, considering there weren't even any wounds on the body.

How did this person die?

Cheng Shi knew Xiè Yáng had spent the night cleaning the [War] energy residue off the body, but he didn't point it out. He simply thanked Xie Yang and dragged the corpse to his storage room.

Next, he pulled out the ring—Bone Servant Le Le'er.

That's right, Cheng Shi planned to get in touch with the esteemed Lord beneath the Throne.

He needed to deal with this "Fleeting Radiance" buff that he had made up, and there was no way to get rid of it without another [Wish Trial].

It wasn't that Cheng Shi didn't want to fight. If it came down to survival, he would do whatever it took.

But if there was a way to avoid fighting, he'd gladly take it.

Besides, he had completed the task his Patron assigned. It was time to report back, wasn't it?

Just because it was for a part-time boss didn't mean the boss was any less important!

And so, Cheng Shi, feeling fully justified, used the special effect of Bone Servant Beneath the Throne on the corpse.

With just a slight wave of his hand, pure [Death] energy flowed from the ring, enveloping the body.

Within moments, the flesh turned to ash, leaving behind only a crude skeleton.

Now the figure before him looked exactly like Cheng Shi had when he met [Death].

But it wasn't over yet.

The [Death] energy continued to swirl around the skeleton. A green glow passed over each bone, causing them to twitch as if they had a will of their own. Each bone separated from the skeleton, hopping off to the side, where they assembled into a small door made entirely of bones.

The doorway was just large enough for a skull to fit through.

"....."

[Death] sure did love skulls.

Once the bones had fully disassembled, the [Death] energy finally dissipated.

The skull's jaw clacked twice as if trying to speak, but the sound was unlike the one Cheng Shi had heard in the Bone Temple. This time, it was a crisp and clear male voice.

“Speak! Quickly! I need to return! He’s waiting for me!”

The tone was identical to the one before, but the voice itself must have belonged to the original owner of the body.

Cheng Shi felt a chill run down his spine. He watched the skull, which was bouncing in place, and crouched down to ask in a low voice:

“Do you have a name?”

“Li Zhi! My name is Li Zhi! Hurry, say something! I need to get back!”

Oh wow, so this skull still had a fragment of its original consciousness?

Cheng Shi's curiosity was piqued. He took a moment to gather his thoughts, then asked:

“Is Xie Yang a follower of [War]?”

“Who’s Xie Yang? Never heard of him! Say something else! Quickly! Faster!”

“.....”

It seemed the skull only retained a limited amount of awareness. Cheng Shi was tempted to rephrase his question, perhaps ask who Li Zhi followed in life, but then he swallowed his words.

It didn't matter who he had worshiped in life. Now, he served as a Bone Servant under [Death].

“Ahem, listen carefully. I have a message to deliver.

Honorable Lord:

Once again, I’ve completed a special trial. Thanks to Your great creation, I managed to survive.

Praise be to You.

During this trial, Le Le’er also dutifully served as Your workhorse.

He is atoning for his sins, but You need not concern Yourself—I will handle everything for You.

However, there was a small complication during this trial. I seem to have picked up a little... unwanted baggage.

While this baggage would provide me with another opportunity to meet You, I feel that I should focus on pushing Le Le’er to work harder, rather than bothering You.

Therefore, I humbly pray that You might postpone our next meeting.

Your most loyal employee, Cheng Shi.”

Cheng Shi didn’t dare use the word “follower,” so after much thought, he came up with the term “employee.”

After nervously finishing his message, the skull clamped its mouth shut and immediately leaped into the bone door.

Li Zhi was gone.

The skull, along with the bone door, vanished from the rooftop, leaving Cheng Shi staring at the empty space before him.

With a heavy sigh of relief, he muttered,

“Let’s hope that works.”