

## Versatile 1941

### Chapter 1941: Who Wants Him Dead? Part Two

“Tata, Haylon, there’s no need to trumpet your stance so eagerly. I won’t let you both down... Brother Mo Fan, don’t worry too much either. What I just said is just a rough assessment. Mu Bai’s condition isn’t looking too great. Normal Healing Spells are not going to save him, but luckily, he managed to save his last breath with the ice silkworm. Many terminal illnesses are critical not because they have no cure, but because we couldn’t stop them from draining away the patients’ life in time. We need time to figure out a way to save him and time to make the preparations. Mu Bai’s life is currently in a stasis, which gives us plenty of time to come up with a cure,” Xinxia told them.

“As long as you don’t use the Spell of Resurrection, I won’t mind you trying to save his life. The Spell of Resurrection is my limit,” Tata stated firmly.

Tata already made it clear. Unless Mo Fan was dead, Xinxia was not allowed to use the Spell of Resurrection on anyone else!

“I agree with her, my suggestion is to wait until Her Honor is elected as the Goddess to claim the Soul of the Parthenon Temple. We can then save this man’s life slowly,” Haylon said.

Xinxia shook her head, signaling them to keep quiet for the time being.

She saw the anxious look on Mo Fan’s face. She went up to him and held his hand. She looked into Mo Fan’s eyes and said, “Brother Mo Fan, don’t you worry, I won’t let you down.”

Xinxia clearly understood Mo Fan. He was something of a male chauvinist. He would not bother coming to her if it was something he could handle himself.

“Give me some time,” Xinxia said.

“Alright, Old Zhao and I will find a place to stay down the mountain,” Mo Fan nodded.

“Sure,” Xinxia pouted.

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Zhao Manyan kept grumbling beside Mo Fan while they were going down the mountain. He was obviously displeased by Tata and Haylon’s attitude.

“Seriously, they keep using the big picture to apply pressure on us. I hate people like them the most,” Zhao Manyan cursed.

“Let’s wait. We’ll have to find another way if Xinxia can’t find a solution,” Mo Fan had made up his mind.

“Find another way? Are you kidding me? Where else can we find someone to save Mu Bai if even the Parthenon Temple can’t save him? Mo Fan, I think you should stay on the mountain for the night and

help Xinxia think it through. Otherwise, those scumbags of the Parthenon Temple might brainwash her by saying how important it is to focus on the big picture. Such bullshit, it's called the big picture because it won't be affected by one or two people, or one or two incidents. It's more about if they are willing to help or not!" Zhao Manyan kept going.

"Don't you worry. No matter how long Xinxia has stayed here, she's always on our side. However, I do know the consequences of using the Spell of Resurrection. I'm pretty sure Xinxia can't use the Spell of Resurrection now. Otherwise, what does Izisha have to compete with her?" Mo Fan said.

"Oh, I guess Green Tea Man is seriously going to die, then. Really? Is he going to die just like that? I've gone through so much to reach the Super Level, yet he's going to die so easily? What does he mean by that!?" Zhao Manyan protested.

"We'll talk tomorrow. We should also figure out who would want Mu Bai dead," Mo Fan said.

"I have a feeling the culprit isn't just an ordinary Mage... wait a second, don't you know that gorgeous information vendor? The culprit is most likely no ordinary person based on his capabilities. Perhaps you can learn something from that woman?" Zhao Manyan advised him.

"You're right!"

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After finding an inn not far away from the sacred mountain for the night, Mo Fan proceeded to set up a meeting with Asha'ruiya.

Mo Fan found it strange that Asha'ruiya seemed very free all the time. She would show up very quickly whenever Mo Fan called her.

The fragrance of roses Asha'ruiya bathed in all the time assailed Mo Fan's nostrils as soon as she came into the room. Mo Fan felt like he was being enchanted by some evil spirit before he could see the woman clearly.

"I was wondering if you're going to meet me since you are in Athens... but this is clearly outside my expectations. I thought you were only going to find me when you weren't satisfied after having some enjoyable time with Ye Xinxia." Asha'ruiya wore a slightly disgusted look after she saw it was an ordinary inn.

"We can hook up next time. I need your help." Mo Fan had no choice but to go outside when he saw the woman did not want to come into his room. They took a walk down the street.

"Mo Fan, please understand that you are supposed to owe me a favor since the World College Tournament. Why am I always the one helping you instead?" Asha'ruiya said in a displeased voice.

"Didn't I cause a huge scene during the battle at the Parthenon Temple in your favor? You will have to pay me back multiple times for that... My friend was ambushed by an Undead Warlock. We have no clue whether he's going to survive or not. I need your help to find the person behind it. It will be even better if you can tell me his background," Mo Fan told her.

The Undead Warlock was extremely cunning. Even Mu Xumian's Queen Bee of Revenge had failed to track him down. The culprit was most likely familiar with the Poison Element's capabilities, and was not showing any weak points.

"My information is quite expensive, even more valuable than myself. Why don't I just pay back the favor with my body? We'll be even after that!" Asha'ruiya proposed.

Mo Fan began to hesitate when he heard the offer.

(Sigh), he still had to save Mu Bai's life...

"It's fine if you don't know who the culprit is. I just need to be a little more patient. Chances will come eventually," Mo Fan said.

Mu Xumian's Queen Bee of Revenge was not ineffective. The culprit was just not making any move for the time being, probably because he was extremely cautious about her ability.

"I do know a thing or two," Asha'ruiya said.

"Oh?" Mo Fan raised his brows. As he thought, there was nothing this information vendor did not know. They still had no clue why Mu Bai was being targeted, yet Asha'ruiya already knew some information about it. It had to mean some organization had wanted Mu Bai dead for quite some time, or perhaps the person who wanted Mu Bai dead was also part of organizations that were unknown to the general public.

"The guy you are looking for is Spectre," Asha'ruiya stated confidently.

Mo Fan's eyes widened. He was wondering if Asha'ruiya was telling the truth.

Asha'ruiya smiled easily, "Why are you looking at me like that? I already explained to you once."

"Tell me more about this Spectre," Mo Fan said.

"He's from the Hall of Assassins, the same organization as the people who tried to kill Zhao Manyan. However, this guy has ties to multiple organizations. It's difficult to say who he's working for now. As for why your friend is targeted, I do know the reason behind it, but I don't dare give you the answer," Asha'ruiya said.

"You won't dare tell me the answer?" Mo Fan was puzzled.

Chapter 1942: The Avatars of the God of Darkness

"Yeah, my life will really be in danger if I tell you. I'm not like Xinxia, who's protected by the strongest knights in the Parthenon Temple. I basically became Wen Tai's illegitimate daughter after she came here. The way they treated me changed entirely," Asha'ruiya declared.

"What else do you know?" Mo Fan asked.

“My goodness gracious, do you want me to give you his address, phone number, and hobbies, too?”  
Asha’ruiya replied cheekily.

Mo Fan could only smile awkwardly. It was already a surprise that Asha’ruiya was willing to give him the killer’s name right away.

Now that he knew who the culprit was, he was not going to get away, especially since the Queen Bee of Revenge was still tracking him down!

“You can figure out a way to get rid of Spectre. I don’t think it’s going to be difficult for you guys, but I suggest you not look into the matter any further...” Asha’ruiya said.

“Because of the person’s background?” Mo Fan asked.

“It has nothing to do with his background. I just have a feeling that the person is extremely dangerous. Mo Fan, I see you as a friend, so consider this a friendly reminder from me,” Asha’ruiya told him.

Mo Fan stayed quiet.

Asha’ruiya was obviously not going to tell him who the person that actually wanted Mu Bai dead was. She had also hinted to Mo Fan that Spectre was not the person who wanted Mu Bai dead. Spectre was only an assassin.

Their only option was to get rid of Spectre, who was threatening Mu Bai’s life, then wait until Mu Bai was awake so he could tell them who actually wanted him dead!

The question was... would Mu Bai actually wake up again?

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Mo Fan went to the sacred mountain early in the morning on the following day.

Xinxia was already waiting. Her previously flushed face seemed a little pale. She must have spent the whole night trying to figure out a solution.

She had even put on a little makeup. She was just as gorgeous as ever, yet Mo Fan felt sorry for her. He gave Xinxia a huge even though they were people around him.

“Brother Mo Fan, his condition is even more complicated than I thought before...” Xinxia went straight to the point, as she knew Mo Fan was dying to know the answer.

“What’s wrong?” asked Mo Fan.

“Based on Mu Bai’s condition, I won’t be able to bring him back to life even if I became the goddess and mastered the real Spell of Resurrection,” Xinxia said.

Mo Fan and Zhao Manyan exchanged glances with one another in shock.

What exactly was going on? How was Mu Bai beyond redemption after a single night?

If even a candidate for the role of the Goddess in the Parthenon Temple could not save Mu Bai, he would be Sealed forever in the ice cocoon!

“Xinxia, are you sure about that?” Mo Fan asked.

“Mm!” Xinxia nodded.

“I...I guess that can't be helped,” Mo Fan let out a sigh.

“Brother Mo Fan, the ancient Greeks have a saying about death. Everyone's final destination has already been decided when they are alive, whether it's going to Heaven or Hell. As a matter of fact, Hell isn't just a fictional place where people suffer because of the sins they have committed when they were alive. It's a place that actually exists, called the Dark Plane,” Xinxia told Mo Fan.

“Dark Plane? Does that have anything to do with curing Mu Bai?” Mo Fan was confused.

“I've read some documents about the Dark Plane. It's an independent plane from our world, parallel to the Summoned Beast Plane. The creatures in the Dark Plane can live forever, but they aren't able to reproduce. They have their own hierarchy of species and ranks there... Normally, the Dark Plane has no affiliation with our world, but ever since the invention of Dark Magic, humans have been obtaining energy from the God of Darkness. The Dark Plane has been exchanging resources with us ever since the God of Darkness granted humans access to Dark Magic,” Xinxia said.

Zhao Manyan was totally puzzled after hearing her words, but Mo Fan was able to understand some of them since he was a Shadow Mage.

“The God of Darkness has countless avatars spying on our world. His sub-selves will drag the souls of those who have died to Dark Magic to the Dark Plane at times to replenish the number of denizens of the Dark Plane,” Xinxia went on.

“Brother Mo Fan, the Spell of Resurrection is powerful because it can reconstruct a dying person's flesh. Most people's souls will still wander in the living world and remain on certain objects, but there's one scenario where the Spell of Resurrection won't work: when the person's soul is chosen by the God of Darkness' avatar...”

Mo Fan had never heard anything like this before. Xinxia must have read some confidential secrets about Dark Magic!

“You're saying that Mu Bai has been chosen by the God of Darkness' avatar?” Mo Fan blurted out. He roughly understood what Xinxia was trying to say.

“Mm, he has died to an Undead Spell. Even though he isn't completely dead yet, he's already on the very edge. As soon as he dies, his soul will be dragged into the Dark Plane and become an entity there,” Xinxia stated.

Zhao Manyan was utterly dumbfounded.

Why did it sound so bizarre? He knew the souls of some people could stay behind because of hatred and resentment. They would turn into vengeful spirits, but he had never heard of souls being dragged into another realm called the Dark Plane!

“The God of Darkness didn't grant us Dark Magic out of kindness. It's constantly taking fresh blood into the Dark Plane through our deaths,” Mo Fan murmured.

He had always thought the Dark Magic was not as simple as it seemed. The leaders in the Magic Association must know this too, yet they simply ignored it because humans were too weak. Humans needed the Dark Magicks! If Dark Magic was forbidden, the overall strength of human Mages would drop significantly!

"I still don't understand," Zhao Manyan said.

"Old Zhao, you must have heard of Yama, the King of Hell before, right?" Mo Fan asked him.

"Of course," Zhao Manyan said.

"The God of Darkness is like Yama. He now has his eyes on Mu Bai. He was going to make Mu Bai his envoy after he died. In other words, Mu Bai is currently on Yama's wanted list, so Xinxia's Spell of Resurrection won't work on someone who's already dead in Yama's eyes," Mo Fan explained.

"Damn, that's a thing!?" Zhao Manyan exclaimed.

Mo Fan would also have thought it was ridiculous if he did not practice Dark Magic. However, after he learned about ancient Greece, and the undead in Egypt and China that were unknown to the general public, Mo Fan believed the God of Darkness did exist, and so he also believed Xinxia!

Chapter 1943: Should We Cremate Him?

"It's not that bad if Mu Bai is chosen to be an envoy for the Dark Plane, right?" Zhao Manyan asked.

Xinxia immediately shook her head, "Once his soul is enslaved by the God of Darkness, the pain and suffering he endured prior to his death will be magnified significantly after he turns into a Darkness Creature. It's how the God of Darkness enslaves the souls from our world for eternity. Even though we haven't received any information about the Dark Plane, we can only imagine it's worse than death. Death only happens briefly, but those who are enslaved by the God of Darkness will suffer eternal torture. Most undead do not have their own consciousness. They are merely walking corpses, yet Darkness Creatures have their own consciousness, spirit, and senses..."

"It's similar to the Dark Beast Monsters, but Mu Bai's rank in the Dark Plane will be slightly higher," Mo Fan said.

Xinxia nodded. She had only read about the Dark Plane last night. She had basically opened a terrifying door leading to the unknown!

It was also the reason why she could not resurrect Mu Bai!

"Dark Beast Monsters... that's one more reason we have to save Mu Bai!" Zhao Manyan declared.

"Mm, if we can't save him, we should at least purify his soul to prevent it from falling into the God of Darkness' hands," Mo Fan agreed.

"Strange, why have I not heard about this before?" Zhao Manyan had to ask.

“We were still too weak in the past. There are things that we can only comprehend after we have reached the Super Level. The Dark Plane is very selective. The God of Darkness’ avatars will only choose powerful human Mages to replenish their lost numbers,” Xinxia said.

“What should we do now? Should we cremate him?” Zhao Manyan proposed.

Zhao Manyan studied Mu Bai. He suddenly felt sorry for Mu Bai when he realized how unfortunate the man was. Death was the final punishment for many people when they found themselves at a dead end, yet Mu Bai had been chosen by a God of Darkness’ avatar!

“If we can figure out a way to make the God of Darkness give up on Mu Bai, I can heal him without relying on the Spell of Resurrection,” Xinxia said.

“Let’s just cremate him instead!” Zhao Manyan rolled his eyes.

What kind of joke was that? If the God of Darkness was like Yama, the King of Hell, were living humans like them even worthy enough to negotiate with it? It would already be merciful by not enslaving them too!

Mo Fan was struggling to make a decision now.

They had no clue where to find the God of Darkness. How were they supposed to negotiate with it?

Even if they did find the God of Darkness, how could they possibly convince him to give up on something he had laid its eyes on?

The God of Darkness was most likely a far more formidable existence than Khufu!

The Dark Magic that had been used across mankind’s history was from the God of Darkness... It was a true god! Why would it care about a mere human’s request?

No wonder Xinxia told them the situation was much worse and complicated than she had thought yesterday.

They had thought that even if Xinxia was unable to use the Spell of Resurrection now, they could just wait until Xinxia defeated Izisha and was elected as the Goddess. Mu Bai only had to wait in the ice cocoon for a few years. It had been their last resort, yet it was no longer an option now.

“Xinxia, is there really no other option?” Mo Fan asked.

“The worst thing about Mu Bai’s condition is the fact that his soul is locked away by the God of Darkness’ avatar. If he doesn’t reclaim his soul, he won’t be able to recover, so his body is going to fail rapidly...” Xinxia said.

Mu Bai’s condition was worse than anyone could have imagined. Normally, death was the end for humans, yet death was only the beginning of the nightmare for him!

“Is it possible to negotiate with the God of Darkness?” Mo Fan asked.

“Brother Mo Fan, someone you know was chosen by the God of Darkness, too. He was dragged into the abyss by Greece’s God of Death, Hayla...” Xinxia said.

“Wen Tai?” Mo Fan blurted out in astonishment

*The Holy Saint Wen Tai!?*

“Mm, his followers were hoping to bring him back to life, but his soul has long been reserved for the God of Darkness. He would be the hardest person to resurrect in this world,” Xinxia said.

Xinxia had only learned the truth after reading the forbidden records.

After all, that man she had never met was her blood father. Now that she had learned the Spell of Resurrection, if she could bring Wen Tai back to life, him being the reason so many things had happened...

However, Xinxia was dumbfounded after learning the truth. The people who wanted Wen Tai dead had already taken the Spell of Resurrection into consideration, so they had consigned Wen Tai to eternal damnation, where the God of Darkness was personally watching over him!

“Xinxia, has anyone on the God of Darkness’ list managed to escape?” Mo Fan pressed further.

“Brother Mo Fan, the people who want Mu Bai dead already considered the possibility of him being resurrected. There’s no escape,” Xinxia let out a sigh. She initially thought she could be of some help, yet the situation was much complicated than she thought.

Even though Mu Bai was now a Super Mage, the enemy went further than just taking him out. Xinxia was confused. What exactly did Mu Bai do that the culprit had to go so far to remove him?

“But he’s not completely dead yet now, right?” Mo Fan looked at Mu Bai lying in the ice cocoon.

“Brother Mo Fan, I know someone who has reached an unknown agreement with the God of Darkness. She might know how to convince the God of Darkness to give up on Mu Bai if you talk to her... but I’m afraid she won’t tell you anything,” Xinxia said.

“It’s fine, just tell me who she is,” Mo Fan stated.

“Izisha,” Xinxia slowly uttered.

Xinxia had already figured out a way to save Mu Bai, but she felt like it was harder than using the Spell of Resurrection because of the person that was involved...

*Izisha!*

Her name sounded even more hopeless than the God of Darkness. Mo Fan might even get himself killed as a result. There were two people in this world who wanted Mo Fan dead the most: one was Salan, and the other was Izisha!

If he was going to ask Izisha to save Mu Bai... He would rather figure out a way to find the God of Darkness and negotiate with it in person!

“Mo Fan, should we just cremate Mu Bai instead?” Zhao Manyan asked the same thing for the third time.

Seriously? They had to talk to Izisha now?



Leaving aside their goal to save Mu Bai, Izisha was definitely going to hit them when they were down. She was more than willing to send both Mo Fan and Mu Bai to the God of Darkness!

Mo Fan took a deep breath.

He wondered if Asha'ruiya's offer last night was still valid...

Chapter 1944: Talking to Izisha

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A lamp was hanging by the balcony, like a crescent moon fallen down to the mountain.

Ever since a Candidate for Goddess had jumped to her death from the watchtower on the Mountain of the Goddess, not many people were willing to come here. There were a lot of other attractions on the mountain, so it did not really matter.

Mo Fan went up the stairs and saw a slender back up on the watchtower. She was wearing a silk robe that was almost long enough to reach the ground. Even her hair was hidden inside the robe.

A rather distinctive face was under the hood. Her nose was so pointed that even some men would feel ashamed of themselves. Her nose bridge made her look like she was superior to others!

"Have a seat!" Izisha said calmly when she saw Mo Fan approaching. Her expression was similar to a cat playing with a mouse.

Izisha was in a good mood. She had considered many ways to get rid of Mo Fan, but not many of them were viable. To her amusement, Fate had arranged for him to come to her instead!

"Let's get straight to the point," Mo Fan said.

"Sure, drink this poison, and I'll tell you everything," Izisha poured a cup of tea and gave it to Mo Fan.

"Why don't you jump off the tower instead?" Mo Fan scoffed.

"I guess we won't have a proper conversation then," Izisha took the cup of tea back and drank it.

Mo Fan's lips twisted when he saw what she was doing. Damn it, this woman was toying with him!

"If I didn't have a few things to ask you, you wouldn't even have the right to sit in front of me," Izisha informed him.

"If my friend wasn't in trouble, I would feel disgusted if I said another word to you," Mo Fan immediately shot right back.

Mo Fan had no reason to compromise in front of Izisha.

He was just going to try everything in this desperate situation. If Izisha was willing to reach a deal with him, they could still talk business while putting their personal grudges aside. Otherwise, he would not even bother talking to her. Who knew if Izisha was going to make things worse and drag them all into a mess?

That being said, if Mu Bai knew Mo Fan was going to negotiate with such an attitude, he might just roll his eyes and die straight away!

"I heard you were the one who opened the gate on the Island of Oblivion?" Izisha asked him.

"Something like that," Mo Fan confirmed.

"Ethan in Egypt is an old friend of mine. I heard he's in a pretty bad spot," Izisha remarked.

"He asked for it," Mo Fan replied simply.

General Ethan from Cairo had been placed under the Medusa's Curse by Apas. He was constantly being tortured day and night. Ethan had asked Izisha for help, but even Izisha had no clue how to overcome the deadly stare of Medusa's descendants!

"Give Ethan his freedom, and we'll talk," Izisha stated her condition.

"Ethan is Egypt's general."

"Your friend is ensnared by the God of Darkness."

"How can I guarantee that you're going to tell me what I want and it's going to work if I give Ethan back his freedom?" Mo Fan countered.

"Mo Fan, the conflict between us only happened because we are on opposing sides. There's no such thing as enemies forever. If you're willing to exchange benefits with me, I won't mind. At least from the way I see it, having the general owe me a favor is more valuable than your life," Izisha declared.

Izisha poured Mo Fan another cup of tea and placed it in front of him.

Mo Fan completely ignored it. He would never drink anything she offered.

Izisha smiled when she saw Mo Fan not willing to accept it. She poured the tea into the bush nearby. The bright flowers immediately turned into a patch of black slime. Even the soil was completely spoiled.

"Are you showing me a trick?" Mo Fan said scornfully.

"I'm practicing. I will bump into different people in my life who control a part of the world. Once I master it, I will be able to pour them a cup of normal tea or a cup of poisonous tea as I please!" Izisha played around with the cups and the teapot.

"I normally just pour it on their faces," Mo Fan sniffed.

"Good idea. I won't pour you a cup of normal tea next time," Izisha nodded, as if she had learned something from Mo Fan's advice.

"I can let Ethan go, but you will tell him that the Curse only happens because of himself. If he continues with his wicked behavior, the Curse will target him again," Mo Fan finally said.

“I’ll relay the information to him. I’m not fond of his character either,” Izisha agreed.

“It’s your turn,” Mo Fan prodded her.

“The God of Darkness... Didn’t you already open the Gate of the Underworld on Izisha? Why don’t you try entering the Dark Plane from there? The God of Darkness is actually a merciful god in his world. He is willing to let your friend go as long as you replace him with something more valuable,” Izisha said.

“Are you kidding me? The Dark Plane is so huge. Am I going to travel across mountains and oceans just to look for him?” Mo Fan said.

“If you aren’t willing to look for him in the Dark Plane, you can only let him come to you instead. You can Summon the God of Darkness to you; he will at least send his avatar to you. However, whether he will erase your existence or is willing to listen to your offer is totally up to you,” Izisha continued.

“What do I need?” Mo Fan asked neutrally.

Going into the Dark Plane to look for the God of Darkness was definitely not an option. There was no way he would leave the Dark Plane in one piece. It was the true definition of Hell!

“You haven’t fulfilled your end of the bargain,” Izisha said.

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Mo Fan left the watchtower. He Summoned Apas, who had been sleepy most of the time lately.

Apas seemed to have gone into seclusion after she acquired the Receiver Crystal. Sometimes, she would turn into a little snake with an unquenchable hunger, and would drain away all the energy in Mo Fan’s Summoning Element.

Apas was obviously not pleased with Mo Fan. She stood behind Mo Fan with a cold smirk, as if the two were not bound by a Contract. Apas was like a queen staring at an insignificant creature.

“Trying to revolt?” Mo Fan chuckled when he saw Apas’ reaction.

“I think about it every day!” Apas confirmed.

“Enough putting on airs, it’s time to get rid of the Curse you placed on Ethan,” Mo Fan told her.

“Medusa’s Stare isn’t a promise between two kids that are playing house! You can’t just remove it!” Apas snarled back at him.

Chapter 1945: Izisha’s Resurrection?

Getting rid of the Curse or not was still Apas’ call. Mo Fan had no intention of wasting his time on her.

Apas was furious. Getting rid of the Curse was just as troublesome as using the Medusa’s Stare. She had basically used all her energy to drag Ethan into that psychological hell. She had barely recovered some of

her strength through absorbing the energy of the Receiver Crystal, but Mo Fan was ordering her around again!

"I can get rid of the Curse if you let me go back to Greece on my own for some time. I need to collect something," Apas declared.

"Is your skin peeling off?" Mo Fan asked.

"It's called ecdysis!" Apas stomped her foot.

"Fine; this ecdysis, will you grow stronger after it?" Mo Fan asked her.

"I think I can recover a tenth of my strength," Apas said.

"Sure, go ahead. I'm very poor now. Don't ask me to buy you anything, especially things that are very expensive," Mo Fan told her.

Apas rolled her eyes. She had never counted on Mo Fan to buy her stuff!

Mo Fan agreed to give Apas a few days off. No one could possibly pose a threat to her, considering her strength.

Apas removed the Curse of the Snake Eyes Ethan had been placed under. He could finally get a peaceful night's sleep after he no longer being bothered by the ghastly faces at night. He immediately told Izisha about it.

Izisha kept her promise in good faith. She gave Mo Fan a letter she had prepared long ago. It held the information on how to Summon the God of Darkness.

"Do you think that woman is trying to trick us? Is she going to tell us the wrong thing and get us killed while we are looking for it?" Zhao Manyan asked Mo Fan.

"Apas might have removed the Curse, but she can still revert it within a certain period. I have thought of a backup plan just in case," Mo Fan answered calmly.

"Very well. Speaking of which, what exactly is this Night Amethyst? I've never heard of it before," Zhao Manyan asked with a puzzled face.

Night Amethyst was an extremely rare mineral. In addition to collecting the souls of the dead who might be useful to the Dark Plane, the God of Darkness also sent his avatars across the worlds for his own hobby, which was collecting Night Amethyst. As a result, it was not difficult to lure an avatar to them. They just had to find a piece of Night Amethyst and offer it to the God of Darkness via a Dark Ritual. An avatar of the God of Darkness would normally show up. If they were in luck, the real God of Darkness might show up, meaning that they could exchange the Night Amethyst for something even greater in return.

Mo Fan purposely paid Asha'ruiya a visit to make sure Izisha was not lying to him.

"I think she's telling the truth. Back in the days, when Dark Magic hadn't been granted to us yet, some Mages exchanged rare minerals with the God of Darkness. It was known as a Pact with the Devil. Since then, some talented people figured out the patterns of how the God of Darkness went back and forth

between the Dark Plane and our world. They were the originators of Dark Magic. I believe this Night Amethyst is something that established the connection between the Dark Plane and our world in the first place," Asha'ruiya informed them.

"Is that so? That means if we can find some Night Amethyst, we can make a deal with the God of Darkness, ask it to spare Mu Bai's soul in return, and everything is settled?" Zhao Manyan asked.

"More or less, but no one knows whether the God of Darkness will have some other requests. It was called the Pact with the Devil in the past, so the Devil will most likely demand more from us. Besides, if you did Summon the real God of Darkness, it could just take everything it wants forcibly with its strength. Could we even bargain with it?" Asha'ruiya let them know.

"Do you know where we can find some Night Amethyst?" Mo Fan asked.

"I'm not sure myself, but if you want, I can put up a request for it in my network. Only a few people would know about something like the Night Amethyst, which only exists in the legends. We can only obtain information among those people and certain strange folk. You will have to decide whether the information is reliable or not," Asha'ruiya proposed.

"You have my thanks." Mo Fan glanced at Asha'ruiya. He purposely waited for a while to see if she was going to ask for any benefits from him in return. After all, she had helped him twice at no cost. She had no reason to be so generous, knowing her traits of being a meticulous planner and keeping careful account.

To Mo Fan's surprise, Asha'ruiya blinked at Mo Fan with her dazzling eyes instead. She seemed confused about why Mo Fan was staring at her. She conveniently gave him a flirtatious look and sent an electric shock across his body.

"I find it embarrassing that you're helping me so much," Mo Fan had to say.

"We are friends," Asha'ruiya pointed out.

"Why don't I pay you back with my body? Check out my build, stamina, and durability. I can guarantee you that you will be satisfied," Mo Fan said shamelessly.

Asha'ruiya almost had an urge to beat him up. Was that supposed to be a payback? He was the one enjoying it in the end!

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Filtering information was not Mo Fan's expertise, but he knew someone who was an expert at it.

Asha'ruiya kept her promise. She soon relayed all of the information related to the Night Amethyst that she had collected to Mo Fan. Mo Fan promptly gave the information to Lingling.

To avoid folk tales misdirecting them from the truth about the Night Amethyst, Mo Fan even stole the forbidden Manuscript of Dark Magic from the Parthenon Temple and passed it to Lingling. She had a higher chance of finding the origins of the Night Amethyst and the location of some.

They were forced to wait until Lingling found some reliable clues. Mo Fan sat outside and fell into deep thought while watching the sun setting on the horizon.

Mo Fan suddenly smelled something burning. He spotted black smoke rising behind a wall not far away.

Mo Fan walked over and saw the light of a small brazier. A man was crouching beside it, tossing joss paper into the fire.

“Old Zhao, what the f\*\*k are you doing!?” Mo Fan blurted out.

“I’m burning money for Mu Bai. He was still a virgin when he died, so I decided to burn him some money so he could find a hot demoness in Hell and have some fun,” Zhao Manyan said.

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“...” Mo Fan was left speechless.

“I saw you were sitting there spaced out. What were you thinking about?” Zhao Manyan asked.

“I was thinking about Izisha,” Mo Fan said.

“F\*\*k me... some heavy fetish you got there! But on the other hand, if you can really dominate her, it will save us a lot of trouble. We won’t have to worry about who will be elected the Goddess,” Zhao Manyan mentioned.

Mo Fan put on a fake smile, and simply ignored that nonsense. He murmured to himself, “I’m suspicious about Izisha’s resurrection.”

“She was the Goddess; what’s wrong with her being resurrected?” Zhao Manyan said.

“She doesn’t have the Spell of Resurrection! Xinxia had the Soul of the Parthenon Temple all along! There are only two ways to bring a dead person back to life. If it wasn’t the Spell of Resurrection that brought her back to life, does that mean her resurrection has something to do with Egypt or the God of Darkness? Otherwise, how did she manage to wake up as if she was still alive after she was seriously ill and chopped into pieces?” Mo Fan wondered aloud.

“Chopped into pieces! Who the hell dared to chop the previous Goddess into pieces!?” Zhao Manyan blurted out with wide eyes.

Chapter 1946: The Person Behind the Scenes

Mo Fan pondered for a moment before going inside the house.

Xinxia was helping ease Mu Bai’s pain.

Xinxia told Mo Fan that Mu Bai was still conscious, and could still hear people talking beside him. His condition was similar to a patient in a vegetative state, so Zhao Manyan was being very disrespectful by burning joss paper and knocking on his wooden clapper while Mu Bai was actually still alive.

“Xinxia,” Mo Fan went closer. Tata was no longer around to bother them, so he could finally act a little more reckless.

“Mm?” Xinxia responded.

“Does Izisha’s resurrection have something to do with the God of Darkness?” Mo Fan asked straight away.

Xinxia nodded.

Izisha must have made a deal with the God of Darkness. She looked normal on the surface, like a living person, yet she had been emitting a dark aura ever since she came back to life. It was also the reason Xinxia had told Mo Fan to ask Izisha about Mu Bai’s situation.

“Brother Mo Fan, I recall that you have claimed some of the Pharaoh Spring from the Egyptian team during the World College Tournament, right?” Xinxia asked shrewdly.

“Oh, that is some useful stuff!” Mo Fan confirmed.

Little Loach had given his cultivation a huge boost after absorbing the Pharaoh Spring, even though he had only acquired a small amount of it. Mo Fan was actually thinking of getting more of it from the Egyptian team.

Mo Fan did not consume all of the Pharaoh Spring. He had given Xinxia some of it, as he believed Xinxia would know how to use it better, since it had a pure energy of life.

“Izisha might have come back to life with the help of the Pharaoh Spring, but the Pharaoh Spring isn’t necessarily something the Pharaohs invented. They might have gotten it from the God of Darkness too,” Xinxia said.

“Does that mean Izisha is undead now?” Mo Fan asked.

Xinxia shook her head, “We can’t tell exactly what she is now.”

Izisha was definitely not undead, or the sacred magic Formations in Parthenon Temple would have driven her away. She still had a hint of sacredness about her, and she was still able to use the Healing and Blessing Elements. She could still heal people and drive away plagues with a sacred light.

If she was undead, or even living dead, she would not be able to use the White Magic, since the White Magic and Dark Magic would conflict with one another!

Either way, both Egypt and the God of Darkness had something to do with her resurrection, yet she had managed to bypass the rejection and condemnation of White Magic with some mysterious trick.

Unfortunately, they had yet to find any evidence related to the secret of Izisha’s resurrection. If people believed the way she came back to life was evil and corrupt, that would be treated as blasphemy to the gods the Parthenon Temple worshiped, and she would be overthrown instantly. There would be no need for them to compete with her any longer.

“The scariest thing is, we all know how rotten and wicked she is under the disguise of her flesh, yet we still can’t blow her cover, as no one is going to believe us!” Mo Fan exclaimed.

The Parthenon Temple was supposed to be the most sacred place in the world, yet its heart was already rotten and corrupted. If not, why would they condemn Holy Saint Wen Tai to eternal damnation? What sins did he commit? He was just shining so brightly that the others were jealous of him and wanted to get rid of him. His brilliance was so bright that it lit up the dark side in many people's hearts, preventing them from keeping up their disguises.

Mo Fan had never met Wen Tai. He was unfamiliar with what kind of a person he was, but he believed Wen Tai was a godly man, since he had managed to convince Salan to choose the path of virtue.

Unfortunately, Wen Tai was dead.

*Where did Salan come from?*

Weren't the high-rankers who condemned Wen Tai to Hell the ones who brought her up too? They had killed a sacred man and nurtured a devil!

Mo Fan finally realized why Xinxia could not afford to leave the Parthenon Temple. If Izisha was elected as the Goddess again, Salan would surely stir up great chaos to take revenge. If Izisha was still a 'sacred person', Salan would see every person that brilliance shone upon as demons. She had sworn to kill them all. If Izisha had become evil, a fight between the two she-devils was going to result in a bloodbath!

As for innocent people? The two could not care less about them. They were only concerned about winning the fight!

Following the rising sea level and the invasion of the sea monsters across the world, disasters, sickness, plagues, and deaths kept rising. As the Magic Associations and many countries were suffering, the status of the Parthenon Temple continued to rise, so the election of the Goddess was imminent.

The next Goddess would become a person that faith of the whole world clung to. Did Izisha predict all this? Was it the reason she had sealed herself up in the coffin and waited until the new era arrived?

Unfortunately, it did not work out according to her plan after Xinxia showed up with the Soul of the Parthenon Temple. Xinxia had ruined her perfect plan!

Salan had chopped Izisha into pieces to show everyone that Izisha had not come back to life using the Spell of Resurrection!

Izisha seemed to be very familiar with the God of Darkness, knowing how to Summon it to their world. She was also emitting the same strange aura as the Pharaoh Spring!

When Xinxia joined the Parthenon Temple, she went from an intern to a Candidate for the role of the Goddess. She had stopped Izisha from getting her way, but who was supporting Xinxia behind the scenes?

Mo Fan knew that someone had pushed Xinxia into the Parthenon Temple. Those people had never shown themselves, yet they were pulling strings behind the scenes. Who exactly were they?

Mo Fan believed Salan was not responsible for this. Salan had brought Xinxia to Bo City and hid her in his ordinary family because she did not want Xinxia to be involved in the Parthenon Temple's politics.

It meant there was another faction behind the scenes!



The more Mo Fan thought about it, the more he felt Xinxia was like a puppet being controlled. They might not hurt Xinxia, but they would keep pushing her toward the heart of the struggle. What would happen to Xinxia if Izisha won in the end?

“Every time I come to the Parthenon Temple, I feel like I’m walking into a muddy swamp. The mud alone is enough to trap me, not to mention the demons and devils under it!” Mo Fan sighed deeply.

Xinxia knew someone was pulling strings behind the scenes, yet there was nothing she could do since those people were reluctant to show themselves.

What if she chose to leave?

Once Izisha reclaimed her power, would she let Xinxia go, knowing that she had the Soul of the Parthenon Temple?

Xinxia knew she could no longer live the same life as she had in the past after the Soul of the Parthenon Temple was exposed. She would rather fight bravely than end up being a burden to others because of how useless she was!

Chapter 1947: Posture Unlocked!

“Ling!~”

Little Flame Belle snuck out of the Contracted Space after waking up from sleep while Mo Fan and Xinxia were having a heavy conversation. She flew straight into Xinxia’s gentle arms instead of staying on Mo Fan’s spacious shoulders.

Xinxia giggled when she saw the adorable little creature.

Xinxia and Little Flame Belle shared the same heart, so they were as close as mother and daughter.

As a matter of fact, the reason Mo Fan did not dare to accept Asha’ruiya’s offer the other night was because he was worried that Little Flame Belle might tell her mother about it!

Any way he looked at it, he had to make sure he was out of the range of their telepathy before doing anything mischievous. He definitely could not do anything in the Citadel of Athens!

The tension eased after Little Flame Belle showed up. Mo Fan pushed Xinxia’s wheelchair into the woods on the sacred mountain. He was purposely heading toward a remote corner.

“(Cough cough) Time for kids to go to bed,” Mo Fan noticed the environment was perfect. There was the moon, the lights in the distance, and enough cover and shadows in the area.

Little Flame Belle had a displeased look. The sun had only set less than an hour ago!

“Off you go. If you don’t sleep now, I won’t be giving you any snacks,” Mo Fan said.

Little Flame Belle knew she had to stick to Mo Fan most of the time as he had full control over the supply of her snacks. She had no choice but to go back to her Contracted Space unwillingly.

“Little Flame Belle’s flames don’t seem to be stable,” Xinxia told Mo Fan, having noticed something.

“Mm, she must be close to evolving, but I’m not sure why she has stayed like this for such a long time. She has yet to evolve fully,” Mo Fan agreed.

Mo Fan clearly remembered that whenever Little Flame Belle had a ‘fever’, meaning that her temperature was unstable, she was on the verge of evolving into the next stage. It had been the same when she went from the Infant Stage to her Youth Stage, then from the Youth Stage to the Adolescent Stage.

However, it had been almost half a year since she started having trouble controlling her temperature, yet she still had not evolved into a Flame Belle Empress.

She would evolve into a Flame Belle Empress in her next stage. Little Flame Belle had transformed into a Flame Belle Empress temporarily under the influence of the Time Liquid, defeating thousands of Nazca Monster Birds back then. Mo Fan would never forget how unstoppable she was!

The Flame Belle’s true form was her Mature Phase. She was so strong that he had an urge to drop to his knees and worship her!

“Brother Mo Fan, why don’t you let Little Flame Belle stay with me for some time?” Xinxia asked.

“Ah?” Mo Fan was taken by surprise.

“Little Flame Belle’s condition isn’t necessarily a good thing. If she is stuck in it for too long, it might affect her growth. Brother Mo Fan, being a candidate for the role of the Goddess isn’t entirely a bad thing. I have a lot of resources that ordinary Mages and factions would struggle to get their hands on,” Xinxia said.

“Oh Xinxia, you’re corrupted too...” Despite what Mo Fan said, he still raised his brows excitedly, as if that was exactly what he was hoping to hear.

His Lightning Element was at the Super Level, and it was the same with his Shadow Element. Although his Fire Element had always been his greatest fallback, it was indeed necessary to deal with Little Flame Belle’s strange condition first.

Besides, he usually did not have the time to supervise Little Flame Belle’s cultivation. He could just leave Little Flame Belle at the Parthenon Temple for a while and let Xinxia discipline the lazy bum. Perhaps she would already be a Flame Belle Empress when he came to take her back next time!

Mo Fan felt a surge of excitement inside when he recalled the power he could feel when the Flame Belle Empress Possessed him.

Mo Fan had defeated a Dark Swordmaster when he was Possessed by the Flame Belle Empress in Egypt. He was only an Advanced Mage back then!

“By the way, I brought the fruit of the Tree of Vows for you. This thing is a rare valuable of the Blessing Element. I thought it might come in handy for you, so I’ve been saving it until now,” Mo Fan finally remembered.

The Parthenon Temple might have plenty of resources, but they would not have the fruit of the Tree of Vows! Mo Fan had purposely kept it so Xinxia could grow stronger too!.

“Brother Mo Fan, that is something that the Tree of Vows has given you. It’s dedicated to you, similar to the Blessing of the God’s Seal. I can’t use it,” Xinxia shook her head.

“Ah? I thought I could give you a little surprise,” Mo Fan scratched his head awkwardly.

They arrived at a remote corner. The time when hormones were easily stimulated had arrived too. There was no sign of other people around. Most importantly, the annoying Tata was not around! Mo Fan initially planned to give Xinxia a little present to make her happy so he could conveniently place his hand on the butterfly knot on the back of her dress and undo it, allowing his hand to slip into her smooth waist and make its way toward her butt easily.

To his surprise, he already failed to carry out the first step. His hand froze in the air, defeated.

The fruit of the Tree of Vows was exclusive to him?

He should have consumed it right away! The others had obtained great benefits from it, especially the Feathers of the Wind Spirits that Zhang Xiaohou had acquired. They were insanely strong!

“Xinxia, don’t you think the moon is beautiful tonight?” Mo Fan suddenly changed the topic.

“The moon hasn’t shown up... Brother Mo Fan!” Xinxia immediately noticed a scorching hand slipping into an embarrassing spot before Xinxia could finish. She instantly blushed, “We are still outside...”

“That Tata is going to show up again once we go back,” Mo Fan said.

“But a place like this...” Xinxia blushed even further. Who the heck would even want to do it here? Anyone might visit the woods on the Mountain of the Goddess at any time. What if a few probationary servants stumbled into them as they came to take a stroll? How could she possibly stay in the Parthenon Temple any longer?

“It’s fine, I’ll set up a Realm of Shadow. No one is going to come. I’m just going to caress you a little,” Mo Fan said.

Caress her a little?

As if Xinxia had no idea what kind of a person Mo Fan was. There was no way he was going to stop at just caressing!

Mo Fan had a stern face, like he was in deep thought when they started going for a walk. She actually thought something was troubling him, yet he was having dirty thoughts all along! The problem was, to do it in a place like this... she could still see the mountain opposite the woods. The bushes of flowers were right beside them. There was also a comfortable bench nearby!

Mo Fan could not care less about all that.

Troubling thoughts? Little surprise? The woods on the Mountain of the Goddess?

So what if they were on a sacred mountain, everywhere could be a thrilling deserted garden as long as they were bold enough!

Xinxia was unable to walk. Her legs would lose their strength after taking a few steps, yet they were not much of a nuisance when carrying out certain activities.

They had always done it on a bed. They were too embarrassed to make it work before, but the environment here was perfect for them. They might even unlock some new postures...

"You don't have to take it all off. Just roll it down to your knees. Like this, yeah, and face the other way. Sit on me slowly... I'll carry you..." an evil voice instigated gently.

Chapter 1948: The Man with the Highest Potential

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Xinxia's face was still red when they headed back. There was nothing more embarrassing than what they did. Meanwhile, Mo Fan was brimming with excitement, like he was extremely proud of himself.

Zhao Manyan was murmuring beside Mu Bai's coffin. It was surprising how he could keep talking to a person in a vegetative state on his own.

"I...I'll be going back first, Brother Mo Fan," Xinxia said softly.

"Sure," Mo Fan nodded. He glanced at the stern-faced Guardian Knight standing at the door. Tata was most likely going to show up soon.

Zhao Manyan stared at Mo Fan in a strange way as soon as Xinxia left. Mo Fan rubbed his nose with a puzzled look.

Zhao Manyan went up to Mo Fan and sniffed like a dog.

"What are you doing?" Mo Fan snapped.

"You assh\*\*\*, Mu Bai's corpse isn't cold yet, but you're already having outdoor sex. Did you even consider his feelings as a virgin!?" Zhao Manyan snarled.

"Those are two different things!"

"How was it?"

"It was f\*\*king awesome!"

—

Lingling needed time to collect and filter the information given her. There was nothing Mo Fan could do to help her, so he could only wait patiently. To their relief, Mu Bai's condition was not going to worsen anytime soon. They were at the Parthenon Temple's Mountain of the Goddess, which had the tightest security. Their safety was guaranteed for the time being.

However, things were quite complicated in the Parthenon Temple. To make sure Mu Bai was safe, Mo Fan purposely found Kris and asked him to keep an eye on Mu Bai while he was away looking for the Night Amethyst.

"Kris, where are you bringing me to?" Mo Fan had only asked Kris to keep an eye on Mu Bai, yet he seemed to be planning something. He was bringing him toward the Hall of Knights.

The Hall of Knights was Haylon's territory, but there were many other authority figures in the Hall of Knights. Haylon did not necessarily have a say in everything. Mo Fan was not sure if it had someone who had been around for a long time and was no different from a malignant tumor.

"Did you see any knights on your way to the Parthenon Temple? A Blue Star Combat Officer mentioned you when we were training in the morning yesterday. He said that you have the highest potential among the young Mages that are ranked internationally," Kris said.

"He's very insightful!" Mo Fan nodded in agreement.

"Yeah, he admires you, so he wants to meet you in person. I'm thinking of introducing you to him," Kris said.

"Sure thing. By the way, is this the training ground for the Blue Star Knights? It's fascinating!" Mo Fan agreed readily.

"Of course, as the knights of the Parthenon Temple, we have the best facilities to practice our magic. The training ground here is actually a mountain with great scenery. Haylon believes the Blue Star Knights are the fresh blood of the Hall of Knights, so the training ground and dueling ground have to be good enough. He asked people to turn the mountain into this training ground. The Blue Star Knights and Silver Moon Knights both normally practice here. The air quality and presence of magic here are wonderful. In addition to the Hall of Knights, the people from the other Halls, including the Hall of the Goddess will come here too," Kris explained to Mo Fan.

Kris was currently one of the probationary knights being trained to serve the Candidates. He was still a long way away from becoming a real Guardian Knight, but the title of a probationary Guardian Knight was already insanely good for a Blue Star Knight!

The knights of the Parthenon Temple served the members of the Hall of the Goddess. In addition to having a greater allocation of resources, the servants, Muses, and Candidates whom they served would provide them with their greatest support. After all, the members of the Hall of the Goddess were the core of the Parthenon Temple, and the resources were mostly gathered in their hands. If the knights wanted to stand out, they had to serve the right person, in addition to showing their talents!

The Parthenon Temple had always been an organization of women's rights. It was the only powerful organization focused on the Blessing Element!

"Kris, did you bring your friend over for a visit?"

“Kris, haven’t seen you in a while, you look a lot fatter. Have you been eating nice food ever since you were chosen as a probationary knight?”

“Kris, please send my greetings to the Goddess.”

“The result of the election isn’t out yet.”

“Does it even matter? There’s only one goddess in my heart!”

When they entered the spacious training ground, Mo Fan noticed most of the people were greeting Kris warmly. Kris responded with a smile too. Many were scoffing at him, yet he did not seem to be bothered.

They were mostly talking in English, but some were talking in Greek. Mo Fan could guess what they were saying from their expressions and body language.

“See that guy over there? He’s the Blue Star Combat Officer, Lido,” Kris pointed out for Mo Fan.

Mo Fan glanced at the circle set up in the training area. He saw a knight wearing a Blue Star uniform with golden embroidery along the edges standing in front of a group. He was rebuking the Blue Star Knights, as if he was not too pleased with their training. He was going to deprive them of their rest day as punishment!

Kris went up to Combat Officer Lido and said with a smile, “Combat Officer Lido, look who I brought!”

Lido turned around. He had a dark expression at first, yet his eyes glittered when he saw Mo Fan.

“Mo Fan!” Lido exclaimed.

Mo Fan noticed how enthusiastic the man sounded. He had to say, he had no idea who the fellow was.

“I’m well aware of the things you’ve done, including your outstanding performance during the World College Tournament... I’m so jealous of your Double Innate Elements. Many people once argued that Zorro’s Innate Talent is the strongest, but I disagreed. They will never understand how powerful a person with Double Innate Elements is when they reach the Super Level!” Lido exclaimed.

“Ugh... you’re pretty insightful,” Mo Fan said after a pause.

“Therefore, if I can defeat you, I’ll be considered one of the strongest young Mages too! I have been waiting for this day for a long time!”

Chapter 1949: Challenging the Group of Knights, Two Versus Forty

There must be a reason if something was out of the ordinary.

Mo Fan felt something was odd when the man was staring at him so passionately. As he thought, the man was not homosexual. He was thinking of raising his own status by stepping on Mo Fan!

“Combat Officer Lido, that’s a little inappropriate! Aren’t you a fan of Mo Fan?” Kris blurted out. He was greatly surprised.

Mo Fan looked at Kris’ naive face and let out a sigh. He really was a natural muddlehead. Kris still had no clue how wicked humans could be. Sometimes, when one person greatly admired another, they were not truly admiring them, but believed themselves or their students were stronger than the person they were fixated on!

“So he’s Mo Fan?”

“The Candidate seems pretty close to him.”

“I heard they are lovers.”

“Damn it, lovers!?” a Blue Star Knight almost yelled at the top of his lungs. He soon realized how impulsive he was.

“Humph, he only earned a name for himself during the World College Tournament. The Parthenon Temple isn’t allowed to take part in it. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have had a chance to win it!”

“I can easily tell that he isn’t worthy of the Candidate judging from his lack of etiquette!”

The members of the Parthenon Temple were not prohibited from entering a relationship. There were times when knights had managed to enter a relationship with the members of the Hall of the Goddess.

In the West here, Guardian Knights were merely the servants of women who held great authority. The master-servant relationship was still valid. The Parthenon Temple might not have stated it clearly, but the status of the women from the Hall of the Goddess was significantly higher than that of the knights. They were the nobles here, meaning they could easily win the support of the others. Being with a member of the Hall of the Goddess was the ultimate dream for the Guardian Knights!

The young Blue Star Knights were enraged when they heard Mo Fan and Xinxia were lovers!

What kind of a joke was that? Each of them had an outstanding background, and their looks were definitely more handsome than an Eastern monkey. They had put in so much effort to learn magic and proper etiquette, yet they could not touch even a corner of the Candidates’ dress. Meanwhile, this assh\*\*\* was able to tear a Candidate’s dress in half. How unforgivable!

Kris soon noticed that the majority of the knights were jealous of Mo Fan, not admiring him. He also realized he had done something unwise by bringing Mo Fan to the center of the conflict. He said apologetically, “Why don’t we go somewhere else? They are other attractions in the Hall of Knights.”

“I’m actually not that interested in the scenery. However, I immediately picked up the smell of people who deserve a beating as soon as I came here. It will be quite disrespectful if I simply turned and left. Either way, the knights of the Parthenon Temple are... one of the strongest organizations in the world...” Mo Fan purposely emphasized the words in the latter half of the sentence.

They did not understand the term ‘deserve a beating’. They were quite pleased at first, as they thought Mo Fan was complimenting them.

However, they were extremely uncomfortable when they heard they were only one of the strongest organizations, instead of the strongest organization!

The knights of the Parthenon Temple were the strongest in the world!

“Even though beating you guys up won’t necessarily improve my reputation, it’s better than being challenged by little shrimps wherever I go. If anyone tries to challenge me after today, I can easily use the knights of the Parthenon Temple as a standard to turn them down!” Mo Fan went on.

“Use us as a standard? What does he mean?” Lido raised his eyebrows. His thought process was a little slow.

“He’s saying that we are below him. Whoever wants to challenge him must beat us before they have the right to challenge him!” a student knight who came for a class said softly.

The faces of Combat Officer Lido and the Blue Star Knights who were training with him suddenly contorted. They had an urge to simply charge at Mo Fan and beat him up!

However, the knights treated etiquette very importantly. They had to conform to their rules of etiquette, even when they were being humiliated. They had to bow before drawing their swords out when challenging a person to a duel, so they would take back what they said. They would then accept the person’s sincere apology after winning the duel.

They would also not fight their enemy all at once, and would figure out a way to settle their disputes more elegantly. If their enemy did not agree with their method, they would consider using pure violence instead.

Would Mo Fan bother wasting his time with them?

He had long planned to teach these scum who were born with a natural sense of superiority a lesson. There were still good people among the knights, like the kind and fairly innocent Kris, as well as the expressionless knight who was looking after Xinxia’s safety. However, most of the knights he had encountered so far were useless idiots!

Their rules and customs of honor were supposed to earn the respect of others, regardless of a person’s identity and status. However, these people kept using them to show off their superiority by referring to themselves as honorable knights, while everybody else was just ordinary people in their eyes.

Mo Fan had already met Haylon, who was not too fussy about the rules of honor. Haylon was more concerned about a person’s talents and capabilities. Mo Fan did not believe Haylon was responsible for the current practices of the Hall of Knights. It had to be the work of some other authority figures, especially those who loved to emphasize a person’s lineage and heritage. They must have encouraged these young knights to be so full of themselves.

It was time to teach them a lesson!

As the Parthenon Temple’s son-in-law and Xinxia’s only knight-in-the-dark, Mo Fan felt the need to teach the correct way of thinking to the Parthenon Temple’s young bloods!

“Mo Fan, pardon me for my impropriety. You shouldn’t accept challenges to a duel so easily with your special identity...” Kris felt his head hurting. He was unsure about how to handle the situation.



“I was planning to practice my magic too. I think training with the Blue Star Knights is more interesting than practicing my spells on dummies,” Mo Fan replied evenly.

Despite saying that much, the only reason was because Mo Fan had a hot temper. He was not afraid to start a fight against whoever did not see eye to eye with him!

“How dare you compare us with dummies?” The Blue Star Knights’ faces darkened further.

The guy who did not even hold a position in the Parthenon Temple was humiliating the knights over and over again!

“You are no different from dummies under my magic,” Mo Fan replied easily.

A knight who happened to have blue hair among the Blue Star Knights shouted out, “Combat Officer, please give us permission to challenge him to a duel! We must make him take back his words at all costs! We will not accept his apology!”

“It’s true that as the Blue Star Combat Officer, I’m not allowed to challenge a student myself. However, my students might be able to have a friendly duel with Mo Fan to warm them up. Wandi, you shall earn back the dignity of the Blue Star Knights on behalf of us!” Lido smiled. He had managed to provoke both sides into a fight. He was worried that Mo Fan would not take the bait!

“Combat Officer Lido, I won’t be impressed if you only let a single one challenge me,” Mo Fan spoke up.

“Wandi is one of the strongest of this class. He’s our representative,” Combat Officer Lido replied.

“Some people might not be convinced of the result. It’s difficult to determine whether someone is stronger without fighting the duel themselves. Anyway, people won’t admit they are weaker unless they lose the duel themselves,” Mo Fan returned.

Many among the Blue Star Knights nodded. Wandi might be the strongest among them, but it still depended on his performance on that day. It was not rare for him to lose a few duels because he was not performing up to par. There were also other factors, like the restraints between different Elements, and one’s ability to adapt to the situation during a fight.

“Do you have a better suggestion?” Combat Officer Lido asked.

“Pick a bigger place, you and your whole class will fight me at the same time. If you think your students are stronger than me, you will have to prove it to me,” Mo Fan grinned. It completely exposed his true nature.

The whole training ground fell silent after Mo Fan finished his sentence!

Combat Officer Lido was no longer smiling in excitement, nor were his eyes filled with passion. His expression began to darken while his face started twitching. His eyes were filled with anger!

The Blue Star Knights were about to lose their minds.

Challenging an entire class of Blue Star Knights!

There were at least forty people in their class. Even the probationary Blue Star Knights had to be Advanced Mages, not to mention everyone in their class was an official Blue Star Knight. Combat Officer

Lido was also an experienced knight. They believed Mo Fan might have to struggle if they sent a representative from among them to duel Mo Fan, and instead, the man was crazy enough to challenge the whole class of Blue Star Knights!

*How humiliating...*

It was incredibly humiliating that someone dared to challenge their whole class!

The duels between knights had always been one-to-one. They would not allow any third parties to intervene with their duels.

The fact that Mo Fan had suggested fighting forty Blue Star Knights at once was already massively looking down on them!

“Mo Fan, I can overlook that by simply assuming you’ve said something wrong,” Lido said coldly. He already stopped addressing Mo Fan formally.

In the eyes of the knights, dignity was more important than their lives. Honor could be passed down continuously, and it could determine the rise and fall of a clan, so they would not allow anyone to humiliate them!

Mo Fan was well aware of that, however, he could not care less about what they thought.

“There are things you can’t take back after you have said them. I might be wrong if I didn’t have the strength to back my statement up. However, if it was the other way around, it was just a normal statement from me,” Mo Fan said.

“A normal statement...” Lido’s face twitched even further.

Mo Fan enjoyed group fights the most. They were indeed very common events in his eyes, yet in the eyes of Combat Officer Lido and the Blue Star Knights, he was trampling on their dignity!

“You’ve disappointed us, but since we are knights, we insist on challenging you to one-on-one duels,” Lido stated coolly.

“I have always found those rules of yours annoying. I insist that you all fight me at the same time. Otherwise, some of you might not be convinced of the result,” Mo Fan returned shamelessly.

“It’s a humiliation for us to accept that,” Lido ground out.

“I’ve never respected the weak who are full of themselves.”

*AHHHHH!!!*

They were going nuts!

The Blue Star Knights were about to go crazy!

“Combat Officer Lido, we’ll do as he says. I must beat him up, even if it means I might lose my role as a knight!” Wandi snarled.

“Combat Officer Lido, I’m willing to resign too just to protect the dignity of the Blue Star Knights!”

“Me too!”

“Me too!”

Mo Fan’s words had driven the whole class crazy. They were willing to resign just to beat Mo Fan up. They could not care less about their decorum as knights after being humiliated like that.

Anger was contagious. Some of the Blue Star Knights were relatively calm, but they were around the same age and were jealous of Mo Fan. On the other hand, Mo Fan’s words were just too harsh. No one managed to remain calm.

Who did he think he was? He thought he was comparable to the Parthenon Temple the whole world admired, just because he had won the World College Tournament?

He was only a Candidate’s lover, not even of a member of the Parthenon Temple. They were only addressing him formally out of politeness!

He was just a nobody, yet he dared to humiliate the Blue Star Knights!

Combat Officer Lido realized the duel was inevitable as more people volunteered to resign just to participate in the duel.

*Let them be...*

The Blue Star Knights had offered to resign to protect their dignity. The Hall Master and the Hall Mother would not blame them for it. Besides, it was Mo Fan who came up with the crazy idea in the first place. They could explain themselves, even if the matter was brought up to the Candidate!

It was like a protest at school. A student would threaten to quit school to protest against it. If the school ignored the matter, the student might actually be let go. But if a whole class were to quit the school, everyone was going to be fine, since the school would not allow an entire class to quit, regardless of the circumstances. The school might end up in international headlines otherwise.

The Blue Star Knights were aware of this, so they had all volunteered to resign just to participate in the duel for such a reasonable cause. They would at most be scolded for acting recklessly, but they would still retain their roles as Blue Star Knights.

They would worry about the consequences after venting their frustrations. They could not bear it any longer!

Mo Fan glanced at the Blue Star Knights’ petty acting with a smile. He did not seem to be bothered, despite the possibility of catching too much attention.

On the other hand, Kris almost fainted.

He had only planned to bring Mo Fan here so Lido could meet him in person. How did it even end up like this? A whole class was offering to resign just to challenge Mo Fan to a duel. Was Mo Fan going to offend the entire Hall of Knights!?

Mo Fan waited patiently until the class of Blue Star Knights took off their coats, and folded their coats nicely off to the side. They were obviously planning to put them back on again.

“Kris, what about you? You are one of us too. Are you still going to stand on his side?” Wandi asked. He had already taken off his coat.

“Wandi, this only happened because of me. I shouldn’t have...” Kris was already stammering. He was trembling, too nervous to act.

“Enough nonsense, just tell us which side you are on. Humph, fawning upon an outsider because he’s close to a Candidate isn’t the way of a knight!” Wandi scolded him.

Wandi sounded extremely serious. Kris’ mind went blank after hearing those words.

He looked at Mo Fan, then at the class of Blue Star Knights who had taken off their coats. Many of them were from the same batch as him. He could still remember some of their names. He had been quite close with them in the past.

“A piece of advice from me, if you still want to hang around in the Hall of Knights, you should join them,” Mo Fan whispered.

“I’m sorry, mister,” Kris said.

“I should be the one saying sorry. I’ve placed you in a difficult position,” Mo Fan smiled.

“No no no, it was my fault for treating everything so naively. It’s all my fault. I should take responsibility for it,” Kris said seriously.

Mo Fan was struggling to understand what Kris meant.

Kris undid his buttons and took off the coat symbolizing his role of a Blue Star Knight.

Mo Fan observed Kris carefully. His hands were shaking visibly. He knew how difficult it had been for him to achieve his current position. He also had a bright future ahead of him after he was chosen as a probationary Guardian Knight, yet he was determined in his actions.

He knew the consequences. He had chosen to become a Blue Star Knight. He would always be a Blue Star Knight.

If he sided with Mo Fan, he would no longer be a knight or the servant of a Candidate. The Hall of Knights would have no place for him!

“Well done, the Blue Star Knights are proud of you!” Wandi realized Kris’ decision after seeing his reaction.

“Wandi, you’ve misunderstood. I’m resigning because I have decided to side with Mo Fan. I will be participating in the duel, too. I will accept the challenge together with him,” Kris also folded his coat nicely and placed it off to the side. However, he believed he had no chance of putting it on again.

Kris’ actions took everyone by surprise.

“Traitor!”

“How dare you overlook the way he humiliated the Blue Star Knights, and you still call yourself a Blue Star Knight?”

“You are not worthy to stay close to a Candidate!”

“The Blue Star Knights are ashamed of you!” Wandi snarled, pointing at Kris.

Kris almost burst into tears when everyone swore at him.

However, it did not change his mind. It was he who had brought Mo Fan here, but he had not realized many people just wanted to defeat him because he was considered the most talented Mage of their age. He had not realized it had only come down to this since both sides were not willing to compromise because of how aggressive his comrades were.

Mo Fan did not do anything wrong. He was just responding to their provocation.

The Blue Star Knights were not wrong, either. They just wanted to prove their strength.

It was all his fault, and he had to take responsibility for it.

Lido had already mentioned he had waited a long time for this day, but this development was no longer following his script.

Mo Fan and Kris versus the entire class of Blue Star Knights.

Two versus forty!

A duel of this scale did not even need any promoting. News about it spread as rapidly as a nuke. Almost every Mage in Greece would come and watch it if the Hall of Knights had not forbidden unauthorized personnel from entering.

Combat Officer Lido was a cunning man. He knew he could not afford to drag the matter on for too long. He had to settle it as quickly as possible.

He had to start the duel before the news reached the Hall of the Goddess. Otherwise, the higher-ups would definitely intervene with it!

The others in the training ground had moved over to the spectators' seats. It was easily possible to combine the individual training grounds into a huge battleground. Lido decided to hold the duel right on the spot. The people on both sides quickly moved into their positions.

The difference in numbers was just too overwhelming. Even the members of the Parthenon Temple were dumbfounded.

They thought the people of the Hall of Knights just wanted a friendly duel with Mo Fan when the quarrel started. Little did they know, it would turn into such an astonishing sight!

“I won't be able to keep an eye on you once the fight begins. You should be careful,” Mo Fan told Kris.

“I'll protect you,” Kris said.

“No, that won't be necessary. Actually, you shouldn't be so worried about me just because I'm close to a Candidate. You should have stayed on their side instead,” Mo Fan sighed.

Kris was definitely not going to have a pleasant time in the Hall of Knights from today on. Men were scarier than women when it came to crowding someone out.

"I...I'm not doing it because of the Candidate. I just think I should help you because I'm your friend, even though I can only take on one or two Blue Star Knights myself," Kris stammered.

Mo Fan was stunned by the words. He recalled something similar happened when he was still studying at the Pearl Institute.

He too had a partner. He has already forgotten the person's name, yet his behavior was totally different from Kris' reaction.

Mo Fan was disappointed back then, but he was actually quite touched this time.

A real knight should be someone like Kris!

"Sure, you take on the guy called Wandu, leave the rest to me!" Mo Fan reached out his fist.

Kris stared at Mo Fan's fist. He too reached out his fist and gave Mo Fan a fist bump after a few seconds.

Friends... Different people might grow at different rates. However, a true friend would not think his one perfect effort was insignificant when you were able to handle ninety-nine percent of the trouble.

A true friend was willing to endure hardships together with you all the time!

Mo Fan did not make friends easily, but the spirit of a knight which the naturally muddleheaded Kris had shown had earned his respect!

"I'm glad I can fight alongside the most talented young Mage." Kris put on a wry smile. It was worse than a crying expression.

"I had a neighbor. He was skinny and was picked on all the time. I always helped him whenever he was in a fight. I usually beat three or four kids myself while he bit one of them... We would always go home with swollen faces!" Mo Fan stepped forward as he spoke.

"Really? We might lose a limb or two today," Kris said.

"Later, I found out that the kids didn't bully him because he was skinny, but he started the fight because he saw them laughing at my sister," Mo Fan continued.

Kris dropped his jaw, left speechless.

"Do you know who my sister that the kids were laughing at is?" Mo Fan went on calmly.

Kris was immediately struck by lightning. He could not find any words!

He still remembered how the Candidate was enraged after the priest of the Hall of Faith had locked Mo Fan up. It was during that same incident that he learned Mo Fan was the Candidate's brother.

The girl who was laughed at. The Candidate who had to rely on a wheelchair to move around...

What right did Mo Fan have?

Almost every Blue Star Knight was bothered by that question, but Kris realized the answer immediately.

What right did Mo Fan have?

The fact that he had been looking after the Candidate when she was just an ordinary girl with a defect!  
Even the knights of the entire Parthenon Temple were not worthy to compare themselves to him!

Chapter 1950: Super Level, Ink Shadow

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The sky was dark, yet not a single drop of rain could be squeezed out of it. The air on the mountain felt heavy. The Blue Star Knights opposite Mo Fan and Kris felt like a beast was about to be released from their hearts.

Wandi was the most impatient person among the Blue Star Knights. As the elite of the group and the first person to resign to teach Mo Fan a lesson, he decided to take the lead!

Wandi was a Light Mage, but unlike most Light Mages who focused on defense and support, he was able to turn his Light Element into armor. The weak Mage suddenly transformed into an armored sacred warrior, equipped with a Magical Longspear emitting a light that was as scorching as flames.

*Gorgeous!*

Wandi's magic was rather unique. He had invented his own way of doing battle with his magic. It reminded Mo Fan of a guy called Guan Yu on his team during the World College Tournament. He also relied on his Magic Weapon as his primary way of attack.

Most magic equipment was only single-use, including Magic Armor and Shields, and could only be used a limited number of times during a fight. Someone would therefore need a long-lasting Deathstrike Magic Equipment if they were thinking of choosing the same path as Wandi and Guan Yu.

Wandi had obviously come from a wealthy background, as the Burning Spear in his hands was extremely expensive. It was rare to see someone among ordinary Mages charging at their enemy like a warrior. Most people would have no clue how to defend themselves when a powerful magic warrior suddenly charged at them.

Wandi was targeting Mo Fan right from the beginning. In his eyes, winning the World College Tournament was nothing worth mentioning. Why would anyone treat the achievements someone had earned while they were still a student so seriously?

The burning Spear brought up flames like burning ravens. The flames surged forward as the Spear flashed with a blinding burst of light.

Mo Fan remained standing still. His eyes emitted a mysterious silver flicker while staring at the fascinating spell, widening before Wandi's attack reached him.

Wisps of will immediately turned into invisible steel cables, intertwining into a zone of Will, stopping Wandi from coming any closer. It looked like Wandi's attack had frozen in mid-step!

His movements were oddly slow, moving as stiffly as a marionette.

His flames and scorching light could not spread any further. They all stopped less than three meters in front of Mo Fan, their energy slowly drifting away!

“Flames of Exploding Star!”

Wandi thrust his Spear forward. Exploding flames erupted from the tip of the Spear like meteorites sweeping through the night sky. They sprang at Mo Fan with overwhelming force.

Mo Fan finally moved this time, but he was moving forward instead of backing away.

The Flames of Exploding Star blinked rapidly in front of Mo Fan. The explosions could easily destroy a hill under normal circumstances, yet their force was unable to break through the Zone which Mo Fan had set up with his Will. He was walking freely through the explosions like they were all just a breeze.

Wandi’s eyes turned bloodshot as they filled with anger!

How did Mo Fan nullify two of his strongest attacks with only the simplest Telekinesis of the Space Element?

“Don’t you underestimate me!” Wandi yelled furiously. The light and flames on him grew stronger.

Mo Fan walked past Wandi like he was just a little kid swinging a toy Spear around. He casually walked past Wandi and Sealed off his attack with the Shadow Element. Mo Fan then turned into a dark shadow and vanished into Wandi’s flames. The shadow started drifting toward the rest of the Blue Star Knights.

Wandi’s movement was Sealed, freezing him in place. He was wearing a terrified expression now, and was feeling enormous pressure. He did not understand why Mo Fan had simply walked past him when he had the perfect opportunity to launch his counterattack.

The Seal only lasted briefly. Wandi soon regained his freedom, yet he no longer had the courage to cast his spells when he saw Mo Fan was perfectly unharmed!

“Come, don’t you say you are the strongest Magic Association in the world? Don’t you say you are going to serve the Parthenon Temple until your deaths? I’m the demon who has violated your Goddess, can you even stop me!?” Mo Fan’s shadow appeared eerily in front of the Blue Star Knights, exuding an evil and ghastly Aura.

The Blue Star Knights were infuriated by his words. No one was allowed to blaspheme their Goddesses, be it in imagination, words, or actions!

The other Blue Star Knights finally made their moves. They were all Advanced Mages, and had initially thought winning the duel by numbers was nothing impressive, yet the man had gone so far just to provoke them! As the first people started Casting their spells, more people followed.

Mo Fan had indeed provoked them all!

Brilliant spells shining in different colors intertwined on the battleground. Their radiance lit up the other mountains nearby. As different Elements combined together, they might trigger an Elemental Storm from the contradicting energies of the Elements, which might result in greater destruction!



Mo Fan realized the Blue Star Knights were impressive in certain ways. Their Advanced Spells were no longer bound by the standard forms of the Advanced Spells. Their Fire Spells were not just simple Sky-Flame Funerals. Their Lightning Spells were not the Silent Deadly Bolt, and their Light Spells were not the Plummeting Rays.

They had long practiced their control over the Elements and used their understanding of their magic when Casting their spells, manipulating the spells into forms that fit their fighting style and capabilities better.

It was a great thing to figure out their unique style while they were still at the Advanced Level. It prepared them to become a unique Mage even prior to reaching the Super Level!

Mo Fan did not have a tortoise shell like Zhao Manyan, and could not afford to withstand the impacts of so many Advanced Spells at once.

Mo Fan dissolved into his shadow before the spells could crash onto him. The spells washed away the shadow like it was just an ink stain, yet Mo Fan did not vanish into thin air...

Ink Shadow!

It was the Advanced version of Mo Fan's Fleeing Shadow. It was even stronger than the shadow images Bei Jiang had used before.

The Ink Shadow was able to weave through destructive spells, meaning that if his opponents did not specifically restrict his Shadow Element, he could just dodge their attacks with ease by relying on the Ink Shadow!