

Versatile 3001

Chapter 3001: The Chosen Goddess

After a long silence, Xinxia placed her hands gently on the armrest. She ignored Izisha's accusations.

"If there's nothing else, I'll go back and rest." Xinxia turned around and faced Izisha with her back as she said the words.

Izisha did not move. She fixed her gaze on Ye Xinxia, like the snake king from the jungle, as if wanted to see through Ye Xinxia's soul.

Even after Ye Xinxia was out of Izisha's sight, Izisha remained on the same spot. She gave a radiant smile in the direction of Xinxia, as if she had discovered a great secret. As she was smiling, her emotions gradually changed. She became indifferent and slightly annoyed. In the end, she looked bizarre.

Izisha never expected Ye Xinxia would be her competitor in the final stage of the election. Of course, what upset Izisha the most was the Divine Soul!

She was a former goddess. During her tenure as the goddess, Izisha had never been recognized by the Divine Soul. As a result, she received numerous criticisms during her tenure.

Even though she took control of the Parthenon Temple to the point that hardly any forces dared to go against her, everything she did that came with minor flaws would be deemed as "not recognized by God" because she lacked the Divine Soul.

She was a goddess who was not recognized by God.

She was a goddess who forced her way into that position by killing, intimidation, and power!

This was the crowd's comment about Izisha!

On the contrary, the pious, ancient, and godly faction always praised Ye Xinxia's insignificant deeds exaggeratedly. They praised her to the skies when she spread blessings to the temple or contributed greatly in other areas.

She was a God chosen goddess!

Given such a saintess, even gods would abandon them if they failed to worship her as the supreme faith in Parthenon Temple!

When Ye Xinxia first arrived at the Parthenon Temple, she had nothing and was just a trainee maid.

The Hall Mother and the other old sages were superstitious about the Divine Soul. Hence, the Divine Soul was the factor that had exalted Ye Xinxia to the position where she could share equally with Izisha. Today, Ye Xinxian became Izisha's greatest competitor in the re-election of the goddess.

Izisha's previous arrangements and sacrifices were meaningless.

She had mastered the Resurrection Divine Art.

She had engineered her own death, after which she had resurrected from the Crystal Ice Coffin. She did all this to make people aware that she had mastered the Resurrection Divine Art despite not having the Divine Soul. Her ability to resurrect from the dead was the best example.

However, when she woke up from the Crystal Ice Coffin, she realized nothing had changed.

All the Parthenon Temple cared about was the Divine Soul. It was God's choice. They only cared about obtaining the recognition of the Divine Soul instead of that supreme divine art.

During her tenure in ruling the Parthenon Temple, those who had long dissatisfied with her finally found a way to vent their frustration, which was to provide unconditional support for Izisha's competitor.

Izisha stood at the crossroad of the Saintess' Hall.

She looked increasingly hideous.

She had paid an unimaginably heavy price in order to be re-elected.

However in the end, she might be overthrown by the people who expected her downfall.

She had gotten rid of her greatest threat in the world—Wen Tai.

Although Wen Tai was dead, his soul seemed to dwell in this world and manipulate everything from the shadows.

...

After Izisha returned to the Saintess' Hall, she looked indifferent.

A female sage, Mera, walked up to Izisha and bowed to her solemnly. The way she bowed was different from usual. She bent down a lot. She was close to half-kneeling and with her face totally facing down.

"What are you doing?" Izisha frowned as she asked.

"I'm bowing to you," said the female sage Mera with a smile.

"I know." Izisha sounded indifferently.

She had been with the Parthenon Temple for many years. How could she not be able to distinguish the difference between the salutations? The way the female sage Mera bowed to her was a salutation shown to a goddess. The election was not over yet, before the result was released, this salutation should not appear in any occasions, including private homes.

"My lady, why do you have to be so strict? I just thought you are almost certain owning the throne of the goddess. It's been many years since I performed the salutation. It's getting rusty, so I practice it lest anything goes wrong during your succession ceremony. If I do it wrongly, the rest of the sages will mock me," said the female sage Mera.

"Stop doing such meaningless gestures." Izisha looked cool. Apparently she was not interested in Mera's flattery.

She disliked this type of useless red tape. A person who was powerful enough to take control of everything did not care about superficial etiquette.

What she needed was everyone's respect and fear that came from the bottom of their hearts!

"Noted, My Lady." Mera was embarrassed. She thought she could please Izisha with her cleverness. Mera quickly switched the topic and said, "Someone sent you a lot of exquisite small jars."

"I saw them." Izisha saw the jars as soon as she stepped into the Saintess' Hall. Mera arranged the exquisite small jars very neatly. This was the only thing that Izisha found pleasing to her eyes over these days.

"It has to be someone you're very familiar with who delivered them over. The person who delivered them also made a point of explaining that the contents are stored in a sealed package. You have to personally open them. It seems like each pattern represents a different gift. I guess this old friend of yours is celebrating for you in advance," said Mera.

Mera was under Izisha's lead for a long time. Thus, Mera understood Izisha's habits and interests very well.

Izisha disliked exquisite objects that most female attendants and sages did such as jewelry, expensive clothes, and luxury courtyards. She did, however, have a special liking for artistic jars with exquisite patterns and unique shapes.

The place where she lived was decorated with various flower jars, celadon vases, and antique porcelain. She replaced them once in a while.

Despite this, very few people knew about her interest. As such, Mera was confident that the artistic jars collected from all over the world were given to Izisha by someone who knew Izisha very well. Besides, that person had to be a detailed-oriented person and also cared very much about Izisha.

Izisha walked into a hall with an exhibition of flower bed. She sized one of the short, small jars up and took it. She then opened the small lid with the shape of the leaf.

She thought the jar contained some kind of exotic fragrance. However, a pungent smell filled her nostrils.

Izisha was irritated with the smell. When she looked into the jar, her expression immediately changed.

Smash!

She smashed the exquisite jar onto the floor ruthlessly. It shattered into pieces, and the gray powder inside the jar spilled out.

Chapter 3002: Revenge Designed Specially For Her

"What's going on? What is it?" Mera quickly rushed over to Izisha.

The female attendants in the hall were so scared that they hid themselves. They peeked and watched from afar.

They did not know what had happened. All they saw was Izisha smashing the jars ruthlessly and looking so angry that her body trembled.

They rarely saw her in this state. Izisha could control her emotions very well. She always kept her cool even when she was furious. What had angered her in this way?

“Smash them all!” said Izisha angrily.

“All of them?”

“Yes, all of them!” Izisha cried out in a shrill voice.

Soon, the sound of the jars shattering rang through the hall. The beautiful jars were smashed to pieces. The sharp pieces were scattered around the floor.

Each jar was filled with white and gray powder. The female servants took the initiative to clear up the mess.

“Who sent them? Who sent all these things?!” asked Izisha furiously.

“It’s from my younger sister in the Hall of Faith. She said—” Mera was so terrified that her voice trembled in fear.

“Do you know what’s inside the jars? Do you know what they are?!” Izisha could not control her anger.

Mera looked puzzled. She thought the white and gray powder were either spices or special salts. Even if Izisha disliked the jars, she did not have to fly into such a fit of rage.

“I don’t know,” said Mera in a low voice.

“See carefully for yourself! Look at them clearly!” Izisha grabbed Mera’s hair and pushed her down to the floor ruthlessly.

Mera almost screamed. When she saw the gray powder scattered all over the floor, she twitched, as if she had been electrocuted.

The powder and the jars were cremains! The urns contained the cremains!

Who on earth had the guts to deliver a batch of urns with cremains to the running saintess of the Saintess’ Hall?!

A while ago, when Izisha had looked into the urn and smelled the powder, it had given her the creeps.

“T-There is a name written on the lid,” one of the cleaning attendants whispered.

Right after Izisha heard her words, she picked a lid and turned it over. Indeed, there was a name written on it. It was Dannie.

Dannie was Izisha’s right-hand woman who was assigned to the Sacred Hall of Liberty in America. Dannie was there to deal with some voting issues, as well as helping Izisha to deal with Khufu from the shadows.

‘Are these Dannie’s cremains?’

“My lady, this is your nephew’s name, Quintus.” Mera noticed a familiar name on another lid.

Izisha had been training some of the talented young people from the shadows over the years. Her nephew, Quintus, was one of her favorite trainees. He was a Golden Knight in the Hall of Knights. He was expected to succeed Norman and become the next Fighting Magistrate.

The Fighting Magistrate was an important position in the Hall of Knights. In fact, Izisha prepared to let Quintus become the Golden Knight Fighting Magistrate by the end of this month to make a case for her own campaign.

But he was dead! His body was reduced to cremains to fit into a small, exquisite urn before it was delivered to her place! Anyone who saw this would go mad!

Each urn contained a person's cremains.

They were all Izisha's most loyal supporters. They held important positions. Those people could pave a path for her and bring her many votes. As a result, Izisha showed more concern and paid more attention to those people.

'How did they die? What happened to them before they died?'

Even Izisha had no idea when they had died.

On top of that, the murderer filled Izisha's favorite artistic jars with their cremains. The murderer wanted her to see the cremains of the deceased!

Izisha admitted that she was not a kind person. However, the murderer was not only brutal, but also barbaric enough to create a "massacre" suit specially for her!

"D-Do you want me to call my younger sister here? There must be some misunderstanding." Mera was scared out of her wits. It was only then that she realized how serious the issue was.

"No need. Take these out and bury them," said Izisha coolly.

'A misunderstanding?' Izisha did not think it was just a misunderstanding.

Everything was carefully plotted. Whoever was behind this knew that Mera had been serving her for many years. They knew Mera had a younger sister in the Hall of Faith. They knew they could deliver the urns to her place through Mera.

Moreover, many of the people who secretly worked for Izisha had their names written on the lids. They knew everything!

Needless to say, Mera's younger sister would either have escaped or been killed. Even though she was just one of the pawns, no one could survive under someone so brutal.

"Wash the floor ten times." Izisha instructed.

"Yes, My Lady!"

...

Izisha returned to her bedroom. She sat on the cold, smooth chair. Her eyes were red with blood veins

After two hours, Mera approached her cautiously.

Mera dared not to tell Izisha that her younger sister had committed suicide by poisoning herself. The people from the Hall of Faith had carried her body away and buried it.

Mera dared not to grieve for her younger sister's death. She was aware that if she could not calm Izisha's anger, Mera, her family, and her clan would suffer the consequences.

"Is it possible that this was done by the stubborn God-Preserving Faction? They are reckless. They did all this to bring you down," said Mera.

"It's not them." Izisha suppressed her anger.

She was in a position where she had to regain her composure even though she had lost control of her emotions. When she lost control of her emotions, she could not think calmly and respond to the situation well. She had to find the opponent's purpose for doing something like this.

"Then—" Mera dared not simply make an assertive statement. After all, Izisha had many enemies.

"I know who did this. You can ignore this matter. I'll have someone else handle it," said Izisha.

"Okay," replied Mera.

"Are there any unbroken urns left?" A thought sprang up in Izisha's mind.

"Yes, there are," said Mera.

"Send one to Ye Xinxia."

"That's not very nice," said Mera in horror.

"She's in charge of the Hall of Knights. People from the Hall of Knights were killed. She should investigate the matter," said Izisha.

"Oh, alright. Then, it shouldn't be a problem. I'll glue Quintus' shattered urn back and send it to her. After all, he's your nephew," said Mera.

Chapter 3003: Buried Seed

It was only dusk, but Izisha already felt tired and sleepy. She got up from the recliner and saw a girl hurrying by while holding a big urn.

"Is this the cremains you cleaned?" Izisha stopped the girl.

The girl was afraid of Izisha. She did not dare to raise her head and speak. She just nodded and hid her hand that was cut while cleaning those broken urns behind her.

Izisha had already seen it. "Give it to me."

The girl nervously handed the urn containing all the cremains to Izisha.

"Put that down and give me your hand," Izisha ordered.

The girl did as she was told. When she extended her hand, she still dared not raise her head for fear that Izisha would scold her.

Izisha often lectured people, including Great Sages and female believers like them.

Suddenly, the female believer's cut palm and finger felt warm. She secretly glanced at her palm and was surprised to find that Izisha's hand was covering it. Izisha's hand transmitted a warm light which healed the wound of the female believer.

The female believer opened her mouth wide in surprise. 'Izisha healed me! Even the Combat Knights don't have this honor!'

"Is there any place with a better view suitable for burying this urn?" Izisha pointed to the urn of cremains on the ground.

"There is a quieter place behind El Mountain Spring to the east," said the female believer bravely without fear.

"Got it." Izisha nodded. She picked up the funerary urn and walked toward the east.

The female believer was puzzled.

She did not know what Izisha was going to do. Moreover, word of the funerary urn incident had already spread in Saintess' Hall two hours earlier. The female believers, who were here to serve members of Goddess Peak, were also aware that these were the cremains of some of Izisha's relatives, friends, and subordinates.

...

El Mountain Spring was in a relatively remote location on Goddess Peak. Goddess Peak was large, and a part of it had a virgin forest. When Izisha was in charge of the Parthenon Temple, she often buried some female attendants of Goddess Peak who opposed her on a mountain in Goddess Peak.

Every Greek regarded the magnificent and sacred Parthenon Temple as a holy place and a paradise on Earth. Izisha, however, viewed it as a luxurious cemetery. All those who died in the Parthenon Temple battle were buried there.

Izisha arrived at El Mountain Spring and saw a person loitering near it.

There were very few men who could step into Goddess Peak. At least in the past, Izisha prohibited all men from entering Goddess Peak except Combat Knights of the Hall of Knights. However, Ye Xinxia gradually changed the rule, making it less strict.

"I'm sorry. I seem to have lost my way. This place is huge, and I lost my way while strolling around. Do you know how to get to Saintess' Hall?" The middle-aged man looked very ordinary, and his clothes were extremely plain. He smiled gently, which made him look like a person with a particularly optimistic attitude.

"Ma'am?" It was the first time Izisha heard someone address her in such a way.

This was Greece, and they were at Goddess Peak of Parthenon Temple, yet there was someone who did not know her?

“This is the first time I’ve been here, and I came to visit my daughter. I heard that there are many rules here, so please forgive me if I said something wrong.” The middle-aged man scratched his head. His dark brown eyes made him look innocent.

“You have said nothing wrong so far. If you walk in the direction I came from, you’ll reach Saintess’ Hall.” Izisha deliberately stared into his eyes for a second. She was a Psychic Mage, so it was difficult for someone with a low cultivation level to deceive her.

“I got it. Thank you. The scenery here is so pretty. It’s the first time I’ve seen such a fairy-like place. However, I’m a bit bored since my daughter is very busy. I don’t want to disturb her, so I can only go out and wander around. I can’t even talk to anyone,” said the middle-aged man.

“You’re indeed very talkative,” said Izisha.

“Hahaha, I admit it. I think I’m talkative too. If you find me noisy, I can stop talking. Why are you carrying a jar? Are you here to get some spring water? Do you need my help?” The middle-aged man smiled.

“This is an urn. You can help me bury it. I don’t want to get my hands dirty.” Izisha glanced at the soil around her. It was all soil formed from decaying leaves. Ever since she had been cursed, she had developed a fear of soil.

“Sure, but why do you want to bury it? Are there pickled mustard greens inside?”

“There are cremains inside,” Izisha said coldly.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t know that your relative passed away. Why is your relative... so heavy?” When the middle-aged man took it, he almost dropped it.

Izisha did not answer. The middle-aged man kept quiet. He found a place with dry soil and quickly dug a hole.

“We do the same in our hometown. When our loved ones pass away, we put them in a small box and bury them in the mountains or near rivers to symbolize their passage back to their homeland. All dead people have to be buried, so you don’t have to be sad. Sometimes living in the world is like entering a casino. The rules, benefits, and various things of the casino attract us to bet and fight for chips. It’s always in our heads that we should stop gambling and live a quiet and comfortable life in the countryside, but it’s only when we die that we can do so,” said the middle-aged man.

He shoveled away the soft soil with a branch. His movements were swift, as if he often did similar things. Izisha stood at the side and watched calmly.

It was true that the cremains of people Izisha was familiar with were here in the mountains. Though she only felt anger and barely any sadness, she felt a little emotional listening to this man’s nonsense.

Their faces appeared in front of Izisha. Many of them had tried their best to please Izisha, and she often felt disgusted. However, they might have really thought of her as an important person.

“Please go and pick a fruit.” The middle-aged man had a lot of dirt on his hands, but he did not seem to mind it.

“Fruit?” Izisha asked in confusion.

“At the core of fruit is a seed. Instead of burying the jar, why not scatter the cremains here and plant a seed? There’s also a spring next to it. A good thing to do instead of mourning for a loved one and watching the cold tombstone weeping is to watch a new sprout grow, blossom, bear fruit, and become a towering tree. In this way, you won’t feel that they have left you. When you’re in pain, you can lie quietly under the tree, and feel guarded by them, and your heart will find peace,” said the middle-aged man.

Chapter 3004: Memory Seal

There was no such sort of burial ritual in Greece, and she had never even heard of using soil from burying a loved one’s cremains to nourish a seed.

But Izisha thought that this method was good. It was better than finding a random place to bury dead people and never getting close to the area within a radius of one kilometer outside this land in her life.

Izisha found a fruit. Fragrant fruit trees were everywhere on the Goddess Peak. The female believers would pick them up regularly, wash them, and send them to the Saintess’ Hall.

“A pear?”

“Yeah, a pear.” Izisha handed it to the middle-aged man.

“Eat it and give me the core.” The middle-aged man glanced at Izisha and felt that she was a little dull-witted.

Izisha hesitated. She was indeed a little hungry as she had not eaten anything since the public speech in the morning.

“I’m going to scatter the cremains.” The middle-aged man opened the urn.

Izisha nodded and took a bite of the pear.

“Why are there so many cremains? I thought it was your relative or something, but it turns out to be a large pet. Is it a Griffin? I often see people here riding griffins.” The middle-aged man immediately made this inference when he saw the huge pile of cremains.

Izisha took a small bite, but she could not swallow it. ‘Forget it. He is not a member, so I don’t have to explain things to him.’

“Yeah, it’s a big Griffin,” said Izisha.

The middle-aged man scattered all the cremains into the pit and then walked to the mountain spring to wash his hands.

Izisha wanted to stop him as the mountain spring was not for washing dirty hands, but he had already put his hands in it. She could only pretend not to see.

After Izisha finished eating the pear, she walked to the edge of the pit full of cremains and threw the core down.

“Alas, why did I wash my hands?” The middle-aged man walked over helplessly. He picked up the soil on the ground to fill the pit, which dirtied his hands again.

Izisha smiled.

The middle-aged man went to the mountain spring to wash his hands for the second time. After that, he bid farewell to Izisha.

Seeing the freshly dug soil on the ground, Izisha remembered what the middle-aged man had said. “Don’t use magic. I know there is a kind of magic that can make trees grow, but don’t use it for this. Just let it grow naturally.”

...

When Ye Xinxia looked up at the mysterious starry sky in the middle of the night, she could not help but think of the past.

Ye Xinxia remembered that when she was a student, the students around her would always be anxious when the exam was approaching. However, she never felt that way because she never relaxed.

She had been in the Parthenon Temple for many years. Just like in the past, she never rested for a second. She knew that working in the Parthenon Temple was not like learning magic. It would be possible for her to take the time to make up for the chapters she missed and ask other people if she was not sure about an area of knowledge. Her decisions and intentions were related to the Parthenon Temple, Greece, and many places that needed the help of the Parthenon Temple.

She had to take responsibility for many things. One thing that made her want to give up the most was that rain of blessings could only fall on one field, while disease in another area would quickly destroy the townspeople.

The town’s survivors would eventually ask her why she let the disease torture them to death. Could it be that the Parthenon Temple was biased?

It was only willing to save those people who were of benefit to them and the wealthy areas that could support the Parthenon Temple with a lot of money.

She had witnessed too many people die over the years. She thought the suffering in Bo City would be the most shocking death she would ever see, but she never thought it was just the beginning. In the Parthenon Temple, she witnessed such things happening all over the world almost every month.

The Divine Soul bestowed upon Ye Xinxia the Resurrection Divine Art.

But the Resurrection Divine Art could only save one person, and hundreds and thousands of others would die.

Diseases, plagues, curses, darkness, wars, monsters, natural catastrophes...

The Parthenon Temple was powerless against these frequent outbreaks of disaster. The real purpose of the Parthenon Temple was no longer to relieve suffering. Everyone was focused on electing and cultivating the next goddess and trying to form a relationship with her power.

Ye Xinxia kept telling herself not to forget why she started. However, she had a problem, which forced her to gather all the power like the previous goddesses and win the position of the goddess at all costs.

If she wanted to execute her plan, she had to change the Parthenon Temple and let it focus on its original purpose.

But how could she change the Parthenon Temple? The only way was to be the goddess.

In a situation where she could not even survive, it was impossible to execute her original plan unless her plan coincided with Izisha's.

Only by giving up her original plan and gaining supreme divine power could she have the chance to execute her original plan.

There was also another important reason she could not lose to Izisha!

A black stone. The goddess had a black stone.

The gear of fate had returned to its original position, but Xinxia could not let the tragedy repeat!

"Your Highness, the Hall of Knights has been fully controlled, so it is impossible for them to renegade. There are two high priests in the Hall of Faith who will support you unconditionally, but Izisha still has control over the Hall of Judgment," Tata said in a low voice.

"The situation is clear," said Xinxia.

"The Hall of Judgment has a close relationship with the Holy City, and what we are most worried about right now is the interference of the Holy City. The quasi-priest you asked me to drive away asked me to tell you that there will be no one in the holy city to vote for you, and they will support Izisha unconditionally," said Tata.

"Got it." Xinxia nodded.

"Why are you not worried? You must know that the votes of the Holy City are important. If they all support Izisha, you have no chance of winning. If there's no other way, you should agree to their conditions. After all, we can't rely on that person. Everyone in the Holy City wants him to die. Your decision will not affect his final judgment. It is better to make a more sensible choice so that your position as a goddess will be guaranteed," Tata said anxiously.

Xinxia stared at Tata. Tata did not dare to speak anymore.

"Don't say such things in the future. When I was young, I faced many such situations. I was powerless at that time," Xinxia said to Tata in a softer tone.

"Huh? You remember?" Tata was surprised.

Tata had met Xinxia a long time ago. At that time, she was still held in Wen Tai's arms, illuminating the surroundings like a bright pearl which lit up Wen Tai's smile all the time.

Tata had taken care of Xinxia from when she was younger than four years old. At that time, Ye Xinxia was the little princess of the Parthenon Temple, but it did not take long for that to change.

"I don't know why, but I have been remembering memories from the past frequently, as if some sort of memory seal had opened. Some of them are so vivid in my mind," said Xinxia.

Chapter 3005: Resurrected Person

Mostly, Ye Xinxia had no memory of her childhood. She thought that she had forgotten everything. After all, many people have no memory of things from when they were too young.

But recently, whenever she was sleeping, meditating, or in a trance, memories would gradually flood her mind, and she could feel the emotions from that time.

Ye Xinxia was a Psychic Element Mage. She tried to recall the memories deep in her mind by dreaming, but she was horrified to find a small shackle at the bottom of her memories. It locked a blind spot that she thought she had forgotten.

It was like a small black box of fear in everyone's heart, placed and locked in a dark corner that she would never touch. No matter how many years passed, she had no courage to open that box. The things inside would accompany her for life. Whenever and wherever she accidentally touched it, it would make her shudder!

Was it an act of self-protection?

Ye Xinxia, who had learned Psychic Element Magic, knew very well that when one faced a major setback or suffering, the brain would selectively erase this memory directly from her mind to not overwhelm her.

Did someone impose a magical shackle on the mind to force her to forget important things? Who was the person who imposed this memory shackle on her?

"If you remember what happened at that time, you should understand that only by becoming a goddess can you have decision-making power. We can't compete with Izisha without the support of the Holy City," Tata said calmly.

"Don't worry about it," Ye Xinxia replied.

"Okay. Since you seem to know what to do, I won't bother you anymore. However, Izisha sent you another small problem just now. Her nephew Quintus was murdered, and his remains were locked in an urn. This was sent to the Saintess' Hall. It is a very bad incident. The act is disrespectful to the temple's sacred authority. I guess that it's the anti-temple heretics once again. They deliberately create panic when elections are around the corner," said Tata.

Parina presented a broken and reglued delicate jar. Ye Xinxia wanted to check it, but Tata stopped her.

"It's human remains," Parina said with certainty.

"Are you sure it's Quintus', the Golden Night who is running for the Fighting Magistrate?"

"Yes, it's indeed his. He was beaten, whipped, burned, putrefied, and eaten by ants before he died. The murderer either hated Quintus or hated Izisha greatly," Parina replied.

“There are only cremains. How do you know about all this from this pile?” Tata was puzzled.

“Soul Autopsy. The cremains contain part of the memories of the deceased. His crushed soul can also be found there.” Parina explained professionally.

Parina was now a Great Sage, and she was mainly in charge of the Hall of Judgment to deal with dangerous aliens. She often joined forces with the Holy City, the Divine City Tibet, the Swiss Snow Palace, the Japan Emperor Pavilion, and the British Cross Castle to eliminate evil people hiding in the world.

Parina had seen a lot of cruel methods in which people were often killed, but what the Golden Knight Quintus suffered had made her a little uncomfortable.

‘What kind of person would torture someone in such an inhumane way out of hatred for the Parthenon Temple?’

“Parina, can you take care of it?” Tata asked.

“Well, I...”

“Let’s take care of it together,” said Xinxia.

Parina was a little confused. By rights, the goddess did not need to take care of such a thing.

“Izisha won’t ask me to take care of a torture and murder incident for no reason. She wouldn’t do it just to distract me. There must be something more to this,” said Xinxia.

Xinxia remembered what Izisha had said to her at the intersection of the Saintess’ Hall.

What was coming would come. Xinxia knew that she would face it sooner or later. She had stayed in the Parthenon Temple just to have the courage and ability to deal with all this in the future, after all.

“Do you know something about this?” Parina could guess from Ye Xinxia’s expression that she knew more than she let on.

“I think It’s the Black Vatican,” said Xinxia.

“B-Black Vatican?” Tata and Parina’s faces changed.

Everyone was terrified of that organization. Their methods were the cruelest in the world, and their willpower was stronger than most thugs!

“Yeah.”

“Is it Ye Chang?” Tata’s voice trembled.

Parina’s face was pale. She clenched her fists.

‘Is this witch finally going to show up?’ Parina would never forget the wound Ye Chang had inflicted on her back with a knife.

That was a few years ago. When Parina and the Swiss Holy Court Mages were chasing a Chief Extraditor, they were caught in a trap set by Salan.

Salan killed all the Holy Court Mages. When the Chief Extraditor was about to commit suicide, Salan had stopped her.

"I know you. You're the little girl who is seeking attention around the Parthenon Temple. I like your diligence and perseverance, and I also understand that you're not willing to be a foil for others. However, fighting spirit and recklessness are two different things. You should think wisely. Otherwise, no matter how much Resurrection Divine Art the Parthenon Temple has, it won't be able to drag you back from the gates of hell." Salan had sounded sarcastic.

Parina was a special female Sage in the Parthenon Temple. She once died in a battle with the anti-temple heretics. Everyone knew about that battle. Her body was brought back, and Wen Tai resurrected her in Godly Seal Mountain.

She was a resurrected person. A female Sage resurrected by Wen Tai.

Parina had always cherished herself. All the believers of the Parthenon Temple were eager to get a real Blessing of God's Seal, and the resurrected person was a person whose forehead had been kissed by the Divine Soul.

However, most of them thought that Parina was not worthy of resurrection. She was just an unknown person in the Parthenon Temple at that time. Many people died for the Parthenon Temple, but why did Wen Tai choose to resurrect her particularly?

Parina also knew that regaining her life was precious, and she dared not be negligent in her actions from then on.

She wanted to be recognized and let everyone know that she was worthy of being favored by the Divine Soul, worthy of being selected by Wen Tai, and worthy of the Resurrection Divine Art!

She tried her best to make more contributions to the Parthenon Temple but eventually fell into the trap of the Chief Extraditor.

She had died again. The most ironic thing was that Salan recognized her.

Chapter 3006: Weird Forgetting

When Parina was resurrected, Salan was beside Wen Tai, holding a one-year-old baby girl in her arms.

Salan recognized Parina. She laughed at Parina, which made her wish to pull out her sword and stab Salan's heart.

She had failed the Divine Soul and Wen Tai's choice. Once again, she carelessly handed over her life.

Salan did not kill her. She, instead, picked up a saber and left a mark on her back which bled profusely.

The wound was not fatal, but it made Parina feel humiliated.

"There are many Red Cardinals and a Supreme Pontiff whose true identity has never been known in the Black Vatican. It may not be Ye Chang who did this," Tata said.

"I'll investigate." Parina clenched her fists.

“We have to find her. According to her usual behavior, this torture and massacre may be just the beginning,” Xinxia said to Parina.

“Understood.”

“She is taking revenge on Izisha. In fact, we don’t have to be so...” Tata knew exactly what Ye Chang was going to do.

Izisha was Ye Chang’s lifelong enemy.

When Wen Tai was judged by the priest, there were eleven stones in total. When guilt and innocence were equal, Izisha chose to kill Wen Tai even though she was his sister!

This was the source of the biggest change and split in the Parthenon Temple at that time.

Izisha executed her own brother!

Ye Chang hated Izisha deeply. When Ye Chang became the Red Cardinal Salan, who owned a group of believers who were notorious all over the world, she took revenge and brutally killed all those who threw black stones. She did not hesitate to slaughter the families of those people and destroy the whole city.

The whole world thought Salan was a madwoman who killed everyone she saw. Every place she went was left full of corpses in her wake. However, those who used to be with Wen Tai knew this happened because of Izisha’s decision!

It was Izisha who turned Ye Chang into the Red Cardinal Salan, and the increasingly powerful Salan finally started her final revenge.

“I’ll go to Izisha to inquire about the situation. You’ve been busy all day, so you should rest now. I’ll report to you as soon as there is any progress.”

Parina bid farewell to them. Xinxia nodded and let Parina leave.

“You should take a rest too.” Tata knew that she had said many things that should not have been said today, so she thought it would be better to leave early.

Xinxia was indeed tired. She could not even remember if she had had her dinner.

After changing her clothes, Xinxia was about to find someone when there were a few light footsteps outside the main hall.

“Xinxia, are you done with your work?” The middle-aged man walked to her with a smile.

“Yes. Dad, where have you been? I haven’t seen you all day today.” Xinxia smiled. Seeing loved ones was always comforting to her. She felt as if the entire cold Saintess’ Hall suddenly had a lot of warmth.

Mo Jiabin sighed. “Let’s not talk about it. I made a mistake and went to another Saintess’ Hall. I met someone there but when I mentioned you, her face darkened.”

“You made it to Izisha’s side?” Xinxia blinked.

“Who is Izisha? Is she the other goddess? You can’t blame me. When I got lost, a lady pointed the way to me. I didn’t know there were two Saintess’ Halls, so I thought that was the way back here,” Mo Jiaxin said. “That woman is silly. She should have told me that there are two Saintess’ Halls.”

“Maybe she thought you were visiting relatives,” said Xinxia.

“It’s all Mo Fan’s fault. He insisted on having me stay in Athens. I’m not used to Goddess Peak. It is full of girls. I’m still more comfortable with London. I can grow flowers, and Brother Zhuoyun can play chess with me,” said Mo Jiaxin.

“It’s all my fault that I don’t have time to accompany you,” Xinxia said, ashamed.

“That’s fine. This place is actually not bad. I’ll go for a walk in the city tomorrow, so I don’t have to stay on the mountain all the time,” said Mo Jiaxin.

“Okay, I’ll have Chris accompany you.”

“No, no, I’ll take a stroll by myself. I’m quite comfortable walking in Athens by myself. Alas, it’s better to have a daughter. You can do great things for the country and take care of the family. Look at Mo Fan. He is like a homeless child. I never see him. He won’t even call me!” Mo Jiaxin complained.

Ye Xinxia hesitated but still did not tell him the truth. Mo Jiaxin’s current state was good. He had no cultivation, so he did not understand and did not need to know things that didn’t concern him.

“Dad, can you tell me about the past? About...” Xinxia was a little reluctant to speak.

“Well, it’s been many years, so I can’t remember clearly. At that time, there was an old house next door. Your mother moved there with you, and we became neighbors.” Mo Jiaxin knew what Xinxia wanted to ask.

“Any more details?” Xinxia asked.

“There’s nothing special. Your mother looks ordinary, and she is a bit stupid. She didn’t know anything about cooking, washing, cleaning, and taking care of a child, so she often came to ask me for help. Eventually, our two families became one.” Mo Jiaxin did not think there was anything incomprehensible in that story.

She was a widow with a child. As a neighbor, Mo Jiaxin would do his best to help her. After living together for a short time, Ye Xinxia’s mother suddenly disappeared. At that time, Mo Jiaxin thought it was normal.

After all, she was a single mother and might not have wanted to be burdened. He always thought that such a life put too much pressure on her, and she decided to leave.

Mo Jiaxin treated Xinxia as his own daughter. Mo Fan also liked her a lot and cared for her like his own sister.

Although life was a little bit difficult, Mo Jiaxin was still relieved that the two children had grown up healthily.

Mo Jiabin looked at Xinxia. He suddenly seemed to have something very important to tell her but he couldn't remember.

In spite of his best efforts, Mo Jiabin could not recall it. It was extremely strange. After a while, Mo Jiabin gave up.

"Why do you suddenly want to know about this? Did you find something related to her?" Mo Jiabin asked.

"No. I just remembered some things from my childhood and wanted to talk with you. I don't know if it was just a hallucination or if it did happen."

"You still remember things from when you were a child?"

"Yes, I have some vague memories."

Chapter 3007: Leader of White Magic

Mo Jiabin only talked about trivial things. Xinxia sat there, listened, and eventually fell asleep.

In the dream, the trivial things Mo Jiabin said formed her complete childhood, and Xinxia experienced it over again even though she had no memory of it. It was like being trapped in a repeated memory that was lost.

When she was awakened by a large swath of blood rushing toward her face, it was already morning. She saw the mountains and the forests. She heard the sounds of birds coming from afar.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Tea?"

"Okay."

She felt groggy. She accidentally fell asleep, but it felt like she had lived through years of her life. When she tried to recall the things that happened in the dream in detail, she could not remember anything at all.

The sky had brightened by the time she washed up. When the sun was just rising, she received news that the Tulce family was about to announce their support.

"Your Highness, among the members of the Parthenon Temple, only people from the Tulce family are still hesitant. The eldest son of the Tulce family has a grudge against you, so I think he will hinder your victory," said Fiona, a maid who was always by Xinxia's side.

"Go and call Jerome and Tulce," said Xinxia.

"Call them? I'm afraid they have joined forces with Izisha," said Fiona.

"Tell Tulce I want to chat with him about the Mountain City Titan," said Xinxia.

“Will he agree to come?”

“He will.”

...

Xinxia did not have much appetite for breakfast, so she only drank some grape juice and tidied up her makeup. She looked at herself in the mirror. When she looked at her reflection for a long time, she felt as though the person staring back was not really her. The person in the mirror had her thoughts but showed a different expression.

Everyone in the mirror was like this. Their faces would slowly distort if stared at for long.

“Tulce and Jerome are here.” Fiona ran over hurriedly.

“Let them wait.” Xinxia took a pen out and wrote a letter. Then, she sealed it with letter oil and cast a small spell to prevent anyone from prying.

“Who is this letter for?” Fiona asked.

“Send it to Lady Karolina,” said Xinxia.

“With Magic Door?”

“Yes.”

“Your Highness, I just remembered that the Grand Holy Altar Master of the St. Kai’s Altar, Jonne, will come to visit this morning. They informed us three days ago. At noon, Haylon, the Lord of the Hall of Knights, will hold an Apollo’s Attention Ceremony for all the Golden Knights. You will also need to attend the ceremony and...” Fiona wanted to report today’s itinerary in one go.

“We will discuss the plans in the afternoon after the Apollo’s Attention Ceremony,” said Xinxia.

“Okay. It will be another busy day. Your Highness, I roughly calculated the time where you can take a break. Ten minutes on the plane. You have to go to the southernmost part of Greece in the afternoon. People hope to see you at Greenbud City’s memorial ceremony, no matter how late it is.” Fiona told her about the afternoon’s itinerary.

Xinxia ignored her. Fiona was always talkative.

“Tulce and Jerome are still in the hall. They are a little impatient.” Tata walked in when she saw that Ye Xinxia still had no intention of going out to talk to them anytime soon.

The Tulce family was an ancient family of the Parthenon Temple. Their support was crucial. The situation was clear now. Ye Xinxia and Izisha had almost the same amount of support. The Tulce family was vacillating. Their loyalty was related to an important war in Greece, namely, the battle of Titans.

Like the Undead in Egypt, Greece had destructive Tyrant Titans. They were ancient gods abandoned by the Greeks. With a heart of hatred for Greece, they often appeared as ghosts. If they appeared in urban areas, it would mean unfathomable consequences.

The threat of the Titans could be greatly reduced by whomever the Tulce family was willing to support. The goddesses did not want to be scolded for pleasing the world and not solving the problems of their country.

Any saintess who became the goddess needed the loyalty of the Tulce family. Tata was very anxious and justifiably so.

After calling two key figures from the Tulce family here, Xinxia ignored them. Today should be Xinxia's last chance. If she could not get an accurate answer from the Tulce family, then there was a high probability that the Tulce family would support Izisha.

Once many city-states in Greece knew that the Tulce family supported Izisha, they would also follow suit. After all, the Titans were everyone's fear!

"Hua Lisi?" Xinxia looked around but did not see the familiar female knight.

"Yes, Your Highness?" Hua Lisi walked out of the indoor garden. She was somewhere Xinxia could not see her, but she always watched over Xinxia.

"Tell Haylon that the Apollo's Attention Ceremony will be held outside the Saintess' Hall. The weather is good today," said Xinxia.

"Okay."

"Your Highness, Tulce and Jerome are leaving." Tata became even more anxious.

She had to show them some respect anyway. The Tulce family was important to the Parthenon Temple.

"Prepare them lunch and let them follow us to the Greenbud City's memorial ceremony," Xinxia said to Fiona.

"I don't want to keep them here for lunch." Fiona pouted. She disliked the Tulce family.

"I didn't say we have to have lunch together." Xinxia winked at Fiona.

Fiona immediately understood. There were so many dining halls, so she could find a remote place for them, preferably out of sight, where they could have their lunch without encountering anyone.

"My little princess, if you neglect them like this, you will drive them to Izisha sooner or later." Tata was anxious. She could not guess what Xinxia was thinking.

...

The Apollo's Attention Ceremony began, and all the Golden Knights in the Goddess Peak of the Hall of Knights would attend it. The Fighting Magistrate Norman wore golden emerald armor and led all the Golden Knights. They appeared in front of the Saintess' Hall.

The front of the hall was spacious and sunny. Every Golden Knight exuded the holy aura as befit those above the Super Level. They stood solemnly in front of Ye Xinxia, Haylon, and Norman.

Haylon was wearing blue-gold holy armor and read aloud the Apollo language of ancient Greek. The sun shone brightly in the sky. After the Lord of the Hall of Knights, Haylon, finished reading, Ye Xinxia held her hands high. She wore a long white dress without any embellishments to dim her graceful figure.

Ye Xinxia seemed to be holding the red sun in her palms. Countless golden lights from the sky pierced through the Goddess Peak of Parthenon Temple like spears, turning the Goddess Peak into a holy palace.

Blessing Element! The power of the invincible Blessing Element!

It was the only magic in the world that could improve people's cultivation. For the Golden Knights who had advanced to Super Level, the blessing was likely to allow them to awaken more supernatural power.

People who already had supernatural power had a high probability of entering the next stage of cultivation.

Chapter 3008: Who Owns the Stone?

The Saintess gave them a chance to watch Apollo.

They supported the saintess because her blessing could help people advance beyond mediocrity!

The ceremony was solemn. Even if everyone was excited and joyful because of the gradual awakening of some special powers in the blessing of Apollo's attention, they could not express it at will.

They saluted one by one and left.

After leaving the sight of Haylon, Ye Xinxia, and Norman, they cheered in the forest. They said some words of gratitude and pledged their loyalty.

After staying in the Parthenon Temple for so many years, Xinxia knew that the loyalty of the knights did not depend on the long-term baptism of the temple culture but on the power, glory, respect, and expectations they fulfilled.

It was no wonder they only supported those who had the Divine Soul. Only the blessing of the Divine Soul could bring them these things.

The ceremony was over before noon.

Haylon and Norman did not leave and entered the Saintess' Hall together.

Norman was talking with Jonne, the Grand Master of the St. Kai's Altar. The two had a close relationship.

"Norman, is this the power of the saintesses of the Parthenon Temple? It is incredible! If I weren't the Grand Master of the Australian Magic Association, I would also like to stand with those Golden Knights and feel the attention of Apollo. Maybe my Light Element, which has never advanced to Forbidden Curse, will have a glimmer of hope!" the Grand Master, Jonne, said.

"This is just the power of the saintess. When Her Highness becomes a goddess, the blessings she can bestow will be even more extraordinary. Parthenon Temple has a deep foundation. Otherwise, how can we possibly expect to have so many believers all over the world?" Norman said with a smile.

In fact, the effect brought by Apollo's attention surprised Norman a little. The Divine Soul seemed to blend with Ye Xinxia perfectly. Every blessing she cast seemed to be bestowed by the real god. Even many Forbidden Mages coveted it.

"The Blessing Element is the leader of White Magic, after all. Outside the Holy City is the holy land of the Parthenon Temple. This statement is true. St. Kai's Altar... Alas, not only is it lifeless, but it also doesn't have that kind of impressive magic. Everyone only knows how to enjoy themselves. They have become so fat to the point that they find it difficult to even move. We'll only fall behind and become weaker." The Grand Holy Altar Master, Jonne, sighed.

The St. Kai's Altar from the Five Continents Magic Association...

But the Grand Master, Jonne, knew that the gap between the Australian Supreme Magic Association and the Parthenon Temple was too big!

The leader was someone who could bestow real power and the blessing of the gods. On the other hand, the leader of the Australian Magic Association did not even bother to make empty promises.

"We all know that your Light Element doesn't advance to the Forbidden Curse because of the evil curse when you returned from the Extreme South. I have already negotiated with Her Highness about this matter, and she will remove it for you," Norman said to the Grand Holy Altar Master, Jonne.

"I'm really grateful. I don't even know how to repay you." Jonne was so excited that he almost wanted to salute, but Norman hurriedly stopped him.

"Supporting Her Highness of the Parthenon Temple in Australia is the best way to show your gratitude," said Norman.

...

After returning to the hall, Xinxia invited Grand Master Jonne for a meal.

When Jonne saw that Norman and Haylon were not qualified to sit with her, he panicked and did not dare to sit at the same table with the saintess. However, Jonne soon found that people around Xinxia chose their seats at random. Norman and Haylon did not sit down because they insisted on maintaining their etiquette as knights of the Parthenon Temple.

"Grand Master Jonne, there's something I would like to ask you," said Xinxia.

"Feel free to ask anything, Your Highness." After seeing the magic of the Blessing Element of the Parthenon Temple, Jonne had already become hopeful of becoming a Light Element Forbidden Mage. Therefore, he respected the saintess even more.

"St. Kai's Altar also has a stone from Holy City, right?" asked Xinxia.

"Huh?" Jonne's expression slightly changed.

"I just want to know who owns this stone now," said Xinxia.

"This... To tell you the truth, this stone is not owned by one person. It is jointly kept by me, Buck, and Gomis. We can decide what to do with the stone," Jonne said in a low voice.

“Tell me about their temperament,” said Xinxia.

“Buck is staying neutral, and Gomis will probably obey the lord of the Holy City.”

“What about you?” Xinxia asked.

Unknowingly, Jonne’s palms were a little sweaty. “I... If you can remove my Light Element Evil Curse, I’ll support you. But even so, we can’t have the stone since Buck will most likely obey the Holy City,” Jonne said cautiously.

The Holy City could not give Jonne anything, except for an arrogant attitude.

The Supreme Magic Association should have the highest law enforcement power, but the existence of the Holy City had never allowed it to have full control.

After becoming a Light Element Forbidden Mage, Jonne would become a Double Elements Forbidden Mage, and he no longer needed to humble himself in front of the Holy City.

What angered the Great Master Jonne the most was the trip to the Extreme South. The Holy City initiated the trip, for which he paid his future as the price. The Holy City had not given him a solution until now. After he got to know Norman and learned about the blessings of the Parthenon Temple’s Divine Soul, he knew that he had hopes of removing the evil curse and becoming a Light Element Forbidden Mage!

“Not only will you be able to get rid of the evil curse, but the Blessing of God’s Seal will also open the door of God’s gift to the third element,” Xinxia said to Jonne.

Jonne opened his mouth to say something. If he activated the third element of God’s gift, he could surpass Gomis and become the strongest person among the staff of the Australian Magic Association!

“If you support us, we will support you too,” said Xinxia.

How could Jonne not understand what she meant?

“Actually, Buck owes me a favor that can only be repaid with his life.” The Grand Master Jonne immediately expressed his hidden thoughts.

“Okay, let’s eat first.”

The delicious food was served course by course. It was the first time in more than ten years that Grand Master Jonne experienced such a wonderful feast. Delicious food could make anybody happy!

Xinxia finally had an appetite.

...

It was near dusk when Ye Xinxia boarded the plane and headed to Greenbud City in the south.

Tulce and Jerome accompanied them. These two were representatives of the Tulce family. They were supposed to take the oath. They did not know why they boarded this plane to the southern countryside!

After getting off the plane in Greenbud City, Tulce finally could not stand Ye Xinxia’s silent treatment!

“What on earth do you want? What I hate the most is Orientals like you who like to pretend to be so profound!” Tulce said as he pointed rudely at Ye Xinxia.

Like before, he did not have much respect for the saintess.

“I see. I was pretending to be profound. I gave you a whole day to reflect, but you didn’t want to tell me anything. I had no choice but to bring you here so that you could witness the disaster of Greenbud City with your own eyes and let you feel the grief of those who have lost their loved ones. It is also my hope that I can evoke a little remorse in your heart.” Ye Xinxia looked at Tulce calmly.

Chapter 3009: Unforgivable

Jerome looked at Tulce in bewilderment. Tulce trembled. He looked terrified.

“What have you done to Greenbud City?” asked Jerome in surprise.

“I...”

“You can take your time to confess to the residents of Greenbud City.” Xinxia signaled Hua Lisi to push her forward.

Tulce went from arrogant to terrified within minutes. He was at a loss. He was so lost that his heart was full of regret, and he descended into a crazed frenzy.

Countless people died in the tragedy of Greenbud City. In just one night, all of Greece lived in the fear of the Tyrant Titan’s massacre. When the tragedy happened, Mo Fan, Zhao Manyan and Mu Bai were in Greece. It was at that time that Tulce and Mo Fan fought to settle the issue. After an investigation, Ye Xinxia discovered the evidence to Tulce’s crime.

How did the leader of the Outlaws control the Tyrant Titan with an evil spell?

The Tyrant Titan was an ancient god, but it was as savage as a demon. Still, its divinity remained. Without the help of a certain special power, nothing could enslave it!

The Tulce family mastered that special power. The special power was passed down to generations of the Tulce family.

Tulce taught the leader of the Outlaws the ancient mind-controlling spell so that the leader could control the Tyrant Titan, which eventually led to the Greenbud City’s tragedy.

“I have the evidence of you instructing Dick’s military attaché to help you cover up the horrible crime,” Hua Lisi said to Tulce.

Tulce looked as if someone had sucked his soul away. He almost fainted on the spot.

It was the pope from the Arian Church. He was the desperado who owned the Tyrant Titan’s Black Turbid Moon.

Little did Tulce know that his close friend who taught him to live a life of debauchery was the pope of the Arian Church. He also did not know the outsider would master the God Controlling Art completely. None of his family members had learnt to do that!

His friend had taken control of the Tyrant Titan.

Tulce was still unaware of it when the tragedy in Greenbud City happened. It was only after he learned the issue in depth that he realized his recklessness had led to this blunder!

Imparting the knowledge of the Tulce family's magic to others was absolutely forbidden. This was a taboo, and it had caused such a horrible incident!

The Tulce family's reputation was ruined.

The Greeks hated them so much that they would willingly transform into wild beasts and tear them apart!

Jerome finally knew Young Master Tulce had committed a great sin. He quickly dragged Tulce before Xinxia and said, "Get up! Kneel in front of her! Now!"

Young Master Tulce was so shocked. His body was drenched in sweat. A while ago, he was arrogant and showed no respect. But now, he wished he could bury his head before Xinxia's shoes and seek her forgiveness.

"I really had no idea he was the pope of an evil cult. Ye Xinxia... No, I mean, My Lady, please, don't make this matter public—" Young Master Tulce's expression alternated between remorse, fear, and humility.

Xinxia stared at him icily. She did not say anything.

Jerome was Tulce's elder. He knew how to save Tulce.

"We'll change our oath. We will swear to pledge our loyalty to you. Young Master Tulce has made a horrible mistake. He will do everything to make up for his mistake. Please spare him this one time!" said Jerome.

"I'm not in the position to pardon your sins. Go and confess your sins to everyone in Greenbud City now! Let Izisha decide how to sentence you," said Xinxia.

"My Lady!" Jerome cried out.

Xinxia let Hua Lisi continue to push her forward. She was greeted by the sight of the mourning crowd of Greenbud City.

"My Lady, Tulce is willing to pledge his loyalty to you. It can tilt the scale to your favor. This is the key for you to become the goddess!" Tata said with a great sense of urgency.

If Xinxia could forgive Young Master Tulce in exchange for his family's absolute loyalty to her, this would be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

"The Golden Sun Knights swore an oath this morning. They will protect Greece and its people. They will not spare even one savage Tyrant Titan that tramples our city or our land. The Tulce family is no longer trustworthy, so the Golden Sun Knights will take up the guardianship. From now on, the Tulce family will be struck off the Parthenon Temple!"

Ye Xinxia spoke with unprecedented solemnity and indifference. She could not afford to keep a family who did not take the citizens' safety seriously in the Parthenon Temple. She could not forgive people like this!

Jerome, Young Master Tulce and Tata knelt on the floor. They hoped they could convince Ye Xinxia.

But Ye Xinxia did not even bother to turn and look at them.

With Hua Lisi's help, she arrived at the memorial platform and faced tens and thousands of residents of Greenbud City. They were the deceased's kith and kin.

Xinxia faced the people and said, "I've been through a suffering similar to yours. I almost died. At that time, I coiled up inside a small fridge and thirsted for even a glimmer of hope."

suffering like you all, and I almost died.

"I can never forget the torture even today. The long agony of gasping for air in the middle of fear."

Xinxia had personally experienced disasters. She had witnessed tragedies under Blood Alert.

Tata and the rest did not understand why Xinxia did not take advantage of this opportunity to subdue the Tulce family. By doing so, she would stand a higher chance of winning the goddess campaign.

Xinxia could temporarily put aside her original intention, but she would not give up on it. If she were to forgive this type of person to become the goddess, she would feel disgusted at herself.

...

In the end, Xinxia exposed the identity of the main culprit, Young Master Tulce.

After she made his name and his deed public, the prestige of the Tulce family would be ruined. They would live the rest of their lives as street rats. They would be despised and humiliated.

They deserved it. They did not deserve sympathy.

If they showed pity to the Tulce family, who would show compassion to the countless bodies buried in the deep underwater pits of Greenbud City?

...

The goddess had the power to strike the Tulce family off the list.

If both of the saintesses agreed that the Tulce family was not qualified to stay in the Parthenon Temple, then they could remove the Tulce family from the Parthenon Temple!

Young Master Tulce was held in custody.

Jerome and a cadre of elders kneeled before the Hall of Saintess. They waited under the scorching sunlight, hoping they could see Izisha just for once.

Izisha was in charge of the Hall of Judgment. Hence, she would be the final judge in this case. She would decide if she wanted to strike their names off the list, or to condemn them or let them stay.

Xinxia decided to strike their names off.

Of course, Izisha could overrule Xinxia's decision. The person who had the ruling points had the power of internal enforcement.

"My Lady, why did you refuse to see them? They have been kneeling on the staircase all day. If you spare them, they will swear to support you till their deaths. The Tulce family is still very powerful. It's their eldest young master who did something wrong. You don't have to impose such a heavy sentence on them. They can work hard to redeem themselves and regain the citizens' acknowledgement," said Mera to Izisha.

"Hmph! Ye Xinxia is very kind-hearted. If I were her, I would have beheaded him and his clan's heads!" said Izisha.

"Um—"

"Tell them to f*ck off! Otherwise, use their blood to clean the dust on the staircase!"

Chapter 3010: The Person With Strange Irises

A red spot slowly appeared on the clear blue sky above Athens. It expanded and covered the whole sky. The people on top of the buildings sensed an enormous figure covering the large area.

It was a red dragon. It flapped its wings and flew past the skyscraper buildings of Athens flashily. It left a torrent of dust and leaves in its wake over the streets as it flew to the Parthenon Temple.

"It must be Lady Karolina. It's her red dragon!"

"How can she fly over our city at her own will? The enormous dragon looks extremely dangerous," said several Mages of Athens.

"Her red dragon has a green certificate issued by St. Petersburg Church. Thus, her dragon can fly all over the sky of Europe. It naturally is Lady Karolina's expensive and luxurious private jet."

"Speaking of which, why is she heading to the Parthenon Mountain?"

"The Victorian family often pays a visit to Greece. The news frequently reported that they are very close with the saintesses and Duke Ayleen."

"I suppose the Victorian family supports Ye Xinxia, right?"

"I suppose so. But Lady Karolina is Ayleen's stepmother. She, too, has the same right to inherit the Victorian family's fortunes. Hence, it depends on who Lady Karolina wants to support. If she supports Izisha, then the Victorian family and a vast majority of the ancient, British great families will share equal number of votes."

The election was around the corner. The focus of the topic was on the two saintesses sculptures in Athens. Many Greek restaurants divided their menus to join in the fun of the election.

It was clear that Lady Karolina was an important figure in the election. She represented a certain number of the British votes.

Her high-profile appearance sent the people of Athens into a strange circle of "deep discussion".

The discussion involved the election matter and the unspeakable relationship between a certain person with the two saintesses...

The most shocking news of all was that the choice of goddess was already pre-decided. The insider information was appalling. Everyone preferred to do things that captured the crowd's attention.

The goddess election had a more exaggerated influence than the World Cup.

The World Cup was a celebrated event for the men. Meanwhile, the goddess election was an important occasion for both men and women.

The election lasted for a month. Before the start of the official election, the worshippers of the Parthenon Temple would fill Athens. Various traditional rituals and events surrounding the election would take place in Athens.

Therefore, that month was the best time for travelers from all over the world to come to Athens and enjoy the unprecedented serenity, elegance, luxury, and amazement of the events in the city.

...

Flowers bloomed after an abundant rainfall last month. Truckloads of fresh olives were delivered to Greece and were used to adorn every corner of the city. The flowers looked pure and pretty. They were seen in every corner of the city.

Greece without its goddess was like a city without a soul.

It had been many years since a goddess was elected to lead Greece. The signs of deterioration of the city were obvious.

Today, the election finally kick-started.

The Parthenon Temple's ultimate leader possessed Resurrection Divine Art, and she would descend to the city soon.

...

The streetlamps were decorated with flower chains. The draping flower chains glowed brightly with luster even in the middle of the night. When they walked on the streets in Athens, they thought they had accidentally stumbled into a European aristocrat's grand wedding. They were intoxicated by the beautiful sights, not to mention that each turn was a surprise in itself.

At that moment, The Great Mage Parina was on the "dream" streets. She wore a light gray sweater and covered her hair and part of her forehead with a hood. She looked like a night runner who did not want to grab people's attention. She enjoyed her own peace and music under the quiet city.

After shedding the luxurious robes that belonged to a Great Mage, Parina blended into the dimly lit corners of the city perfectly well. The place was far away from the city and the Parthenon Mountain. There were no streetlights in the remote place. Even the administrative officers refused to pay attention to that place, because the tourists would not visit it. The sparsely scattered floral remnants was a pathetic indication that they, too, were celebrating the "festival".

Parina trotted along. Her steady breathing was audible on the quiet but filthy path.

As she passed by a jumble of forest, a pair of greedy eyes lit up in the middle of the darkened tree trunks. The eyes were glued to Parina's shapely gray figure.

Parina ran into an even more remote, narrow path. The pair of eyes vanished before resurfacing from a dilapidated hut next to Parina. The owner of the eyes coveted her graceful, athletic figure.

The path was so quiet that even the sound of stray cats rummaging through trash cans was loud.

When Parina trotted to a dilapidated house with dead ends, the owner with that pair of greedy eyes appeared before her suddenly!

Under the faint moonlight, she saw a man with a skinny jawline. He looked like someone suffering from anorexia. He was a bag of bones. However, he had a pair of gleaming eyes. His gaze was so sharp as if they could skin someone alive.

"How can I help you?" Parina stopped and stared at the person with strange irises.

"I suffer from a disease. I'm in unbearable pain," said the person.

"I'm not a doctor. You can go to the hospital for your... condition," said Parina.

"Any woman who is as beautiful and mature as you can cure my sickness. After you make me happy, I can turn your skin and bones into a beautiful small jar as a token of my appreciation. My handiwork is regarded as a treasure in some of the world's most famous men's vaults. Isn't this every woman's wish?" The man with strange irises spoke eagerly.

"You've been making a lot of these small jars lately, haven't you? Your hands are shaking. Is it due to overworking?" asked Parina.

The man was surprised at her words.

Under normal circumstances, a beautiful night jogger like her would be afraid of him. He expected Parina to flee in shock, and cry for help in the deserted streets. Meanwhile, the man himself would pursue her while enjoying the chase.

"I've indeed made a lot of jars. A big client provided me with many perfect materials," said the man with strange irises.

"Okay. I've come to the right person, then." Parina removed her hood and revealed her forehead with the sanction mark, as well as her tawny-blonde, long hair that gave off an air of nobility.

"Y-You are the Daughter of Resurrection, Parina!" The person with strange irises was so shocked that his eyes flickered.

"Who gave you the materials to make the forty urns?" Parina approached the person slowly.

"I hunted them myself..." The person with strange irises slowly retreated. He looked stunned.