

Versatile 3031

Chapter 3031: A World of Difference

“You’ve killed Izisha. You’re a fake and cold-blooded saintess. You’re disqualified from becoming the Goddess. You’ll only bring us destruction!” The female sage, Mera, sobbed.

Mera was loyal to Izisha. The moment Ye Xinxia obtained the Blessing of the Goddess, the people from the Hall of Judgment revolted. Some gathered in groups to destroy her election sculpture.

It was ridiculous and hilarious to see the people changing so soon. Before this, they had pledged their loyalty to Izisha. In other words, their oaths were fake. Was it true that they could even forgo their own dignity and belief once Ye Xinxia became the Goddess?

Izisha was not inferior to Ye Xinxia. Her heart always belonged to Parthenon Temple. She never mistreated her followers.

But why were those people so heartless?!

Mera was not one of those people. She still spoke up for Izisha. Despite the fact that Izisha was gone and that everyone in the city worshiped Ye Xinxia, Izisha was an irreplaceable Goddess in Mera’s heart.

“Mera, Parthenon Temple is not a place that provides freedom of speech. You’d better not say another word, or else...” Hall Mother, Pamise, reprimanded Mera icily.

“This is Ye Xinxia’s trick. She knew she couldn’t win the election. Hence, she created the accident. She was setting herself up. Izisha wasn’t running for the Goddess position, she did this for the sake of Parthenon Temple’s future. She was trying to stop Ye Xinxia. Ye Xinxia is the Supreme Pontiff! She’s the Supreme Pontiff!” Mera almost went crazy. She screamed without caring much about anything else.

This was a scheme. Salan carefully devised the takeover plan.

She cleared all the obstacles of the Black Vatican and consecrated Ye Xinxia as the Supreme Pontiff.

She even used the Black Vatican’s cruel method to make Ye Xinxia the Goddess of Parthenon Temple.

The Supreme Pontiff was the Goddess. Parthenon Temple and Greece would not have a future.

Wen Tai had taken great pains in order to protect the world. But Salan made use of their daughter and destroyed everything!

Why were none of the people sober-minded? Why were none of them willing to listen to Mera? Why couldn’t the people accept the terrifying truth?!

“Remove her female sage earrings and lock her up inside the Hall of the Goddess.” Ye Xinxia did not allow Mera to continue to be reckless.

“You can do whatever you want to do to me, but I won’t give in to you!” Mera said firmly, but she was in a state where she was about to collapse.

Mera was taken away by several knights. Her female sage earrings were removed before the public. For a moment, the female servants who used to serve Izisha were so scared that they fell on their knees.

Once they were removed from the position of female sages, they were unlikely to be allowed to stay in Parthenon Temple.

The moment they left Parthenon Temple, they were nothing. Parthenon Temple disallowed them from casting the spells they learned from the temple. The simple ones were fine. At least, they could stay rich. On the contrary, the female servants and sages with great power, who came from great families, and were involved in various government sectors would most likely lose everything...

This would be no different from destroying their lives.

Moreover, the two saintesses' campaigns frequently clashed with each other head-on. Many female sages and servants had said disrespectful things about Ye Xinxia.

Prior to this day, they had never imagined that Ye Xinxia might be victorious.

"Everyone, rise. You can show your loyalty to her on Blessing Day. Today is just election day." Hall Mother, Pamise, reprimanded them with a huff when she saw that the female servants and sages were so quick to curry favor with Ye Xinxia.

"Hall Mother," said Ye Xinxia after she saw several Adjudicators take the Black Druggist in chains. "Let me handle him."

"Hmm..." Hall Mother Pamise hesitated. She looked into Ye Xinxia's eyes and realized that Ye Xinxia was not asking her for approval. "Alright. Keep a close watch on him. He's one of the Black Vatican's key men."

"I will. Thank you for your hard work, Hall Mother. You may go back to the Goddess Peak and take a rest. I'll handle the rest," said Ye Xinxia to Hall Mother, Pamise.

Hall Mother, Pamise, nodded.

The election was over. Ye Xinxia took over Parthenon Temple's control. Blessing Day would be held tomorrow, and it would be the official day of handing the reins over to Ye Xinxia. However, that wouldn't make much of a difference.

After all, Ye Xinxia had gained Parthenon Temple and Athenians' acknowledgement. Handing over the controlling power to Ye Xinxia on Blessing Day was just a form of ritual.

Before the Goddess was elected, Hall Mother, Pamise, had been in charge of much of Parthenon Temple's power. Even some of the Parthenon Temple's important spells such as the Blessing Art were in her custody.

"Athenians, you don't have to panic. Just enjoy the Flower Festival. The Goddess will protect all of you." Hall Mother, Pamise, raised both of her hands in the direction of Ye Xinxia's sculpture.

The election results were finally released. The people had witnessed Ye Xinxia commanding the Hall of Knights to avenge and kill the giants. They were aware that she was the only Parthenon Temple's supreme God's Chosen Daughter who protected them and the city.

For a moment, the word "Goddess" rang throughout the city. No one bothered to mention Izisha. Even Izisha's supporters followed the crowd and cried out loudly. Perhaps, they realized they had previously

made a wrong choice. Thus, they worked hard to worship and support Ye Xinxia in the hope that they could receive Parthenon Temple's blessing!

Ye Xinxia had not prepared the winning speech. She left the election altar and controlled a Holy Silver Finch. The finch flew gracefully toward the middle of Parthenon Mountain.

Behind her was a group of majestic knights and a terrifying Tyrant Titan ablaze in black-striped flames from head to toe. The Tyrant Titan was carried to the sky by hundreds of knights and flying dragons. The Tyrant Titan looked like a trophy under the crowd's gazes. It was carried into Parthenon Temple as Ye Xinxia returned to Parthenon Mountain.

"Is that the emperor-level Golden Sun Tyrant Titan? Has it been killed?" The people were shocked.

Hardly anyone in the world had the ability to kill an emperor-level creature. Not long ago, the people coiled up in fear under the terrifying Tyrant Titan's black-striped flames attack. They were tortured and suffered under the heat waves. However, at that moment, the arrogant and seemingly undefeatable Golden Sun Tyrant Titan was carried by the Hall of Knights like a slaughtered animal.

"Its head is separated from its body. It must have died. Oh, my god! It has finally died!"

"Without the Goddess, I'm afraid we would have been reduced to ashes under the demon's trample. All thanks to the mighty Goddess."

"Tomorrow is her first day of Blessing Day. No matter what, we have to squeeze into Parthenon Mountain to gain some blessings!"

"I learned that we could earn a longer lifespan if we received the blessing on the first day of Blessing Day..."

"That's not true. It's the Holy Dew that can improve one's cultivation by leaps and bounds. Mages who are stuck in the bottleneck may advance to super level because of the blessing."

Longevity was related to the soul. During the cultivation process, many mages would more or less suffer soul trauma. Soul trauma was different from the wound inflicted on the body. It was impossible to heal the soul.

The rumor that the first day of the blessing could bless one with a longer lifespan was true. Likewise, their cultivation level could also be improved. Mages were aware that the strength and weakness of their souls depended on their spiritual realms. Once they managed to surpass their spiritual realms, they would not be stuck in a cultivation bottleneck anymore.

Mages who had exceeded super level would have little difficulty to achieve super level in other elements. In fact, they had the ability to improve their magic elements without the help of external forces. Their spiritual realm allowed their other magic element to achieve super level. After their spiritual realm reached a higher level, they would never be stuck in a bottleneck.

The election was over, but the disaster was not fully settled. There were still killings going on outside. The Athenian government had a difficult time in handling the damaged streets as a result of the fire. However, most Athenians had forgotten about it. Tomorrow was the first day of the Blessing of the Goddess. Countless people flocked to the foothill of Parthenon Temple, hoping to be chosen for the Hall

of Faith by dawn. After they were chosen, they would be showered with the Holy Dew from the olive branches.

There were very few devoted worshippers. Most of them had a purpose of their own. They did this all for their own sake.

...

At the observatory at the Goddess Peak, it was already nighttime. The killings outside the city finally stopped. The city lights lit up. The hustle and bustle of the city made it look as if the incident during the day had never happened.

Athenian officers were highly effective. The Goddess was elected in the middle of the battle, and they had to celebrate the occasion. Likewise, the city also had to mourn for the deaths of the deceased. As a result, the officers used all available resources. They quickly repaired the damaged areas and consoled the families of the deceased.

Ye Xinxia did not expel Izisha's former subordinates out of Parthenon Temple. She assigned them a difficult task, which was to work with the officers to comfort the people who were affected by the war.

Fortunately, they managed to save the city in time. The damage caused by the Tyrant Titans was less severe compared to other cities. The disturbance of the Undead often happened in Egypt. Similarly, the incident of the Tyrant Titan trampling the people to death happened every year in Greece. It was a strife that had been going on for thousands of years.

If the local officials and the Magic Association failed to handle the situation with care, even the appearance of a Blue Star Tyrant Titan could cause more casualties to a city than the damages in Athens.

With the birth of the Goddess, the forces, organizations, and officers became more motivated.

The only difference between a saintess and a Goddess was their position. However, in just half a day's time, Ye Xinxia felt a world's difference between the two.

"Hua Lisi, bring these two people to me. I want to talk to them about Parthenon Temple's future," said Ye Xinxia to the female knight behind her.

Hua Lisi obtained the Holy Soul only just moments ago. She exuded an imposing aura. Even some of the experts dared not approach her.

"Who are they?" asked Hua Lisi.

"Hall Mother, Pamise, and Black Druggist."

Chapter 3032: Who Is Lying?

The Black Druggist had been put into a hood. The kind of hood usually used for condemned prisoners. He could breathe, but he could not see anyone outside the hood.

The knights thought that the Black Druggist was a scum who had no right to see the Goddess.

The Black Druggist was plump. He was forced to fall on his knees below the observatory. He did not mind the knights' rude behavior. Instead, he let out a strange laugh.

"You may stand down now," said Ye Xinxia.

The knights looked surprised. They could not afford to leave the highly dangerous person alone with the Goddess.

Still, Ye Xinxia insisted for them to leave. Certain words were not meant to be heard by them, including her loyal knight, Hua Lisi.

Everyone left.

Only Ye Xinxia and the Black Druggist were at the observatory.

The Black Druggist did not hear anything. He only heard footsteps. He heard the crisp sound of heels. The Black Druggist couldn't help but become agitated.

In his deepest memory of fear, he remembered the sound of heels. It was the sound of footsteps that terrified him so much as if someone had sucked his soul away.

"No, you don't have to remove my hood..." The Black Druggist stopped laughing. He bowed down and dared not show any disrespect to the person before him.

"As the key man of Black Vatican, you could have kept yourself in the dark. Why did you show up?" asked Ye Xinxia.

"I did what I was supposed to do. The Mad Poppies are the perfect masterpiece that I leave for this world. It's about time to sacrifice my humble skin. I should return to the heavenly kingdom of the Black Vatican," replied the Black Druggist, respectfully.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Ye Xinxia once again.

"I..." The Black Druggist hesitated.

Salan's former subordinates were aware that Ye Xinxia was Salan's daughter.

Salan was born in the Black Vatican. After she got together with Wen Tai, she gradually distanced herself from the Black Vatican. Still, some of the members in the Black Vatican followed her. If Salan supported Wen Tai, they would do the same. They would also kill Wen Tai if Salan wanted to.

They had seen Ye Xinxia before. She was either curled up in Wen Tai's arms or strived to hold Salan's hand.

He remembered Salan disliked Ye Xinxia's delicate look when she was young. Although Salan knew Ye Xinxia could not walk, she forced her to.

The Black Druggist disrespected the Parthenon Temple. He even dared to spit on Wen Tai's grave. However, he dared not be rude to Ye Xinxia.

In fact, even as the Black Vatican's former subordinate, the Black Druggist was unsure if Salan had abandoned her daughter or if Salan was actually training her daughter. No one could speculate what Salan wanted to do.

At that moment, the Black Druggist's admiration for Salan only grew stronger.

If Ye Xinxia was part of them, then the Black Vatican had taken everything that belonged to them! The Black Vatican had never had a more glorious era than today!

"I'll kill you. Before you die, you must do something for me," said Ye Xinxia to the Black Druggist.

"The pleasure is mine." The Black Druggist seemed to have ignored her first sentence.

Ye Xinxia stared at the Black Druggist. Even though his head was covered with a hood, she sensed that he simply did not care about his life.

Killing this type of person was tantamount to freeing him from his sinful life.

"I want to see her," Ye Xinxia said to the Black Druggist.

The Black Druggist's body trembled slightly. Of course, he knew who Ye Xinxia wanted to see.

Ye Xinxia was referring to Salan.

The Black Druggist was the only one who knew where Salan was. Only he could make the real Salan show up.

It seemed like Ye Xinxia had already figured out that the Daughter of the Fire Soul was not Salan's true self.

After all, they were mother and daughter. Even Hall Mother, Pamise, had mistakenly thought that the woman who had transformed into the Daughter of Fire Soul and stood on the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan's shoulder was Salan. However, Ye Xinxia was aware that the woman was just one of the thousands of Salan's replacements.

The "experts" assigned to go after Salan would eventually die tonight. They had fallen into Salan's other trap.

"I would like to serve you, but Lord Salan instructs that if you really want to see her, you must wear the ring. You have to find the ring yourself. It's still in someone else's hand," said the Black Druggist.

"She still refuses to believe in me, huh? I killed Izisha," refuted Ye Xinxia.

"Izisha should have been killed years ago. You should be aware that there's nothing she fears more than your inclination toward your father. She needs you to take a stand first. Otherwise, she will continue hiding in the dark and destroy everything that you and your father have been protecting," said the Black Druggist warily.

The Black Druggist was respectful to Ye Xinxia. But he still did not know what her stand was.

It was true that the Black Vatican and several Red Cardinals had interfered in the election. They pushed the envelope and helped Ye Xinxia to ascend the throne of the Goddess.

But was Ye Xinxia the true lord of the Black Vatican?

If she didn't put on the ring, the Black Vatican's former subordinates and all the Red Cardinals would never support her.

"I'll put on the ring. I need the allegiance from the Red Cardinal, church patriarch, Chief Extraditor, Blue Deacon, and the Black Clergy," said Ye Xinxia to the Black Druggist.

"Lord Salan only has one request. You must wear the ring. Once you wear the ring, all your wishes will be granted."

The Black Druggist's face lowered to the ground.

...

The Black Druggist was taken away.

Ye Xinxia returned to the Hall of the Goddess. As soon as she entered through the door, several female servants stared at her.

Ye Xinxia was puzzled.

Even though she had become the Goddess, it was just a title. Did it cause a drastic change to her appearance too?

"My lady, you can walk!" said Fiona in excitement.

Ye Xinxia froze in place. She had been walking all the way from the Goddess Peak. She hadn't even noticed!

She had walked like a normal person. She did not look like she had been relying on a wheelchair or the help of others in the past few decades.

Ye Xinxia forced out a smile.

Fiona walked to her side to help her. She was worried that Ye Xinxia would feel tired after walking for so long.

When they passed by the antechamber, they heard a banshee-like scream. The scream echoed throughout the antechamber. While the other female servants and sages may not hear the scream, Ye Xinxia heard it very clearly.

"Who is being held down there?" Ye Xinxia pointed to the underground cell.

"It's Mera. She still curses you. We should cut her tongue," said a female sage who had taken over Parina's place.

"Let me check on her," said Ye Xinxia.

The female sage wanted to follow Ye Xinxia. Ye Xinxia waved her hand, and the female sage stopped in place and quietly retreated.

Ye Xinxia went down the dimly lit staircase. Although the basement gave off an air of dryness, it was cool.

The basement was used to lock up female servants and sages who had committed sins. It was designed nicely. However, everyone was aware that once they were locked up in the basement, it would be no different from being put behind the bars. They would not be allowed into important positions anymore.

Mera's swears grew increasingly louder under the basement cell. Her voice echoed. A faint light fell on her. She had been removed from the clothes that belonged to a female sage. She looked no different from an ordinary woman.

Her hair was unkempt, and her voice was a bit hoarse. Still, she cursed at Ye Xinxia for being a scheming serpent. She said Ye Xinxia was hypocritical. She screamed about Ye Xinxia being the dirtiest human in the world.

Ye Xinxia heard everything. She arrived at the entrance.

As soon as Mera saw Ye Xinxia, Mera charged at her. But the moment Mera touched the light pillar cage, it scorched her hand. She grimaced in pain and rage.

"You're a vicious woman! You did everything to gain the position as the Goddess. You colluded with the Black Vatican to get the position for yourself!" Mera rebuked.

"Didn't you say I'm the Supreme Pontiff? If I'm the Supreme Pontiff, why do I have to collude with the Black Vatican? They work for me," said Ye Xinxia.

"You'll go to hell! You will!" shouted Mera.

Ye Xinxia did not say anything. She stood at the entrance. Mera cursed her endlessly. She cursed Ye Xinxia with all the swear words she knew.

Meanwhile, Ye Xinxia stood there and listened to Mera until she lost her voice.

It was already very late at night. Mera found that Ye Xinxia remained indifferent to her words. Just like Izisha. No matter how much hard work and sacrifice Izisha had put in for Parthenon Temple, she still lost to Salan. Thinking of this, Mera collapsed. Her rage turned into tears, and she wept. She felt numb with helplessness.

Ye Xinxia watched Mera's every move.

Mera did not understand why Ye Xinxia continued to stay in the cell.

Ye Xinxia was already the Goddess.

She should be enjoying everyone's flattery out there.

"There are some things I didn't get to talk about with Izisha, but I think speaking to you will be the same as speaking to her," said Ye Xinxia.

Mera looked at Ye Xinxia. She did not understand what Ye Xinxia wanted.

Ye Xinxia placed a wooden chair by the cell door. She sat sideways on the dirty chair. She looked at the gray walls.

“Izisha was very clever. She saw through Salan’s plan. She never stopped believing that I was the Supreme Pontiff. But she neglected one thing,” said Ye Xinxia.

Just then, Mera turned to look at her. It was clear that her curiosity was piqued. ‘Did Izisha miss out on something?’

“How exactly did the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan resurrect from the dead?” whispered Ye Xinxia.

“Hah! You don’t have to be so pretentious. You’ve won the election. There’s no one around. Admit it! You’re the only one in this world who possesses the Resurrection Divine Art.” Mera gave Ye Xinxia a disgusted look.

“I wasn’t the one who resurrected the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan from the dead,” said Ye Xinxia.

“You’re still lying! You lied to many people!” said Mera.

“There are no other people around. As you said, I’ve won the election, so there’s no need for me to tell lies,” said Ye Xinxia.

Mera stared at Ye Xinxia. ‘Was there truly a need for Ye Xinxia to lie at that moment?’ She didn’t think so.

If Ye Xinxia was not the one who resurrected the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan from the dead, who else could make the emperor-level Tyrant Titan reappear in Athens? The Black Vatican did not have such divine art!

And Izisha did not have the ability to do so, either.

Ye Xinxia did not resurrect the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan from the dead...

That meant the other person had been lying!

Chapter 3033: Question the Hall Mother

Mera tried hard to think. Soon, a look of astonishment appeared on her face.

She wanted to ask something, but she saw that Ye Xinxia had already gotten up from the chair. She only saw her slender back with long brown hair draped across it. The firelight reflected her silhouette on the gray wall.

Mera did not say anything in the end and watched Ye Xinxia’s graceful shadow gradually move away.

...

It was a long night.

The mountain and forest were windy. The leaves rustled.

Ye Xinxia could not close her eyes. She lay on her side and leaned on the recliner and looked at the mountains and forests.

The lights of the Parthenon Temple would last all night because of the birth of the goddess. The lights were even more dazzling than in the past. People in the Hall of Faith would also stay up all night, like Ye Xinxia. They needed to prepare for the Blessing Day tomorrow morning. At that time, the big worship team would be established at the foot of Parthenon Mountain, and the grand succession ceremony will also be held at the main peak of Goddess Peak.

It was like an ancient founding ceremony. The first day of the Blessing Day of the Parthenon Temple's goddess would also identify all organizations and individuals who shared a new era with the temple.

"Your Majesty, did you let the Black Druggist go?" Hua Lisi asked after hesitating for a long time.

Hua Lisi was a female knight who seldom spoke. She never asked questions like Tata.

"Yeah, he will bring me some lists overnight. The people on the lists will also attend the Blessing Ceremony," said Ye Xinxia.

"The list will be full of people from the Black Vatican?" asked Hua Lisi.

"I think so. The Blessing Ceremony is to commend those who have contributed to the succession of the goddess. They have indeed made a lot of contributions," Ye Xinxia said.

Hua Lisi looked at Ye Xinxia. But she did not say a word.

"The Hall Mother said that you should go see her. No matter how late, she will wait for you," Hua Lisi said after a pause.

"Hua Lisi, I need you to do something for me." Ye Xinxia stood up and walked to Hua Lisi.

She was very close to Hua Lisi. She was almost touching the tip of Hua Lisi's nose.

Hua Lisi looked at Ye Xinxia's black, pearl-like eyes. They were so pure that one would like them at first sight, but even Hua Lisi could not see through the things hidden in these eyes.

But Hua Lisi could tell that Ye Xinxia believed in her. She believed that Hua Lisi would do everything she asked her to do.

"How may I help you?" Hua Lisi stepped back half a step and knelt with her hand on her thigh.

...

The Pavilion of Goddess Peak was like a paradise where the Hall Mother resided. It was away from the intrigues of the Goddess Peak. It wasn't known for its grandeur and did not have any symbols that showed off the power. It was plain and simple.

"Hmph She has just become a goddess, and she wants Her Highness to meet her at her place. People do change."

"Yeah. Don't forget that she was a trainee saintess and a candidate for becoming the goddess only because of the training of the Hall Mother."

"When Izisha served as a goddess, she was always respectful to the Hall Mother."

Outside the pavilion door, the female attendants criticized Ye Xinxia. However, they did not know that their innermost thoughts lingered in Ye Xinxia's ears.

Ye Xinxia could hear them clearly. She stepped into the hall. It was empty inside, except for the Hall Mother sitting alone on the chair near the gurgling spring.

There were no lights and candles, so the entire pavilion was dark. More than fifteen meters away, the Parthenon Temple's night lights shone through the windows. She could barely see the face of the Hall Mother.

The Hall Mother wore a black robe. Almost everyone would wear black for the day and the day after.

"Xinxia," said Hall Mother.

"Hall Mother." Ye Xinxia bowed and saluted.

"Why do you want to see me?" Hall Mother, Pamise, looked very tired. It was probably because she was old and had experienced so many things during the span of a day.

"There's one thing I can't figure out." Ye Xinxia stepped forward. She found that the spring water flowing under the emerald-colored glass stairs had power that prevented Ye Xinxia from approaching.

"You shouldn't ask. You're already a goddess. Some things can be ignored," said Hall Mother, Pamise.

"Actually, there are two things I would like to ask you." Ye Xinxia stood where she was.

The Hall Mother watched her and noticed that Ye Xinxia could walk properly. Ye Xinxia's soul was strong enough to accept the complete awakening of the Divine Soul, and it didn't put a strain on her body anymore.

"Go back to your own hall now. It is still not too late," said the Hall Mother, Pamise, sternly.

"As you see, I didn't bring any knights, including Hua Lisi," Ye Xinxia said to the Hall Mother. Her attitude was also firm.

The pavilion suddenly became silent. The sound of spring water overflowing from the marble statue was very loud. Under the dim environment, the two did not look away. They looked firmly at each other.

"Fine," Hall Mother, Pamise, said.

"First, and this isn't a question. I wanted to inform you that the Dark King has resurrected Izisha. Her body can't accept the healing and blessings of White Magic, and her death has proved that she doesn't have the ability to resurrect the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan," Ye Xinxia said, as she observed the face of the Hall Mother.

"What do you mean?" asked the Hall Mother.

"I didn't resurrect the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan, so you lied about the Ancient God Apollo. It was not killed but was sealed and imprisoned by you in the Tulce Hidden Clan," Ye Xinxia said to the Hall Mother.

The Hall Mother, Pamise, did not respond.

To Ye Xinxia, her silence was an affirmation. Ye Xinxia also saw the surprise on the Hall Mother's face.

The Hall Mother knew that Ye Xinxia would figure it out, but she hadn't expected her to know about the Tulce Hidden Clan!

Ye Xinxia was right.

The Ancient God Apollo did not die. During that time, the Hall Mother lied to execute the last Golden Sun Tyrant Titan for some selfish reasons. In fact, she imprisoned the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan in the Tulce Hidden Clan, and the elders of Tulce Hidden Clan were guarding it.

Therefore, the Hall Mother was furious when she saw the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan. She reprimanded the Tulce family for betraying them and colluding with the Black Vatican!

"So, you're here to condemn me. Don't forget how you became a saintess and gained the election advantage through my Divine Soul," Hall Mother, Pamise, said.

"Salan stole your loyal Tulce family and your Golden Sun Tyrant Titan, didn't she?" Ye Xinxia asked.

Chapter 3034: You're the Supreme Pontiff, Right?

The Hall Mother remained silent. Ye Xinxia was smarter than the Hall Mother had expected. She just never showed her wisdom freely.

"I'm just letting you know. Let's move on to the second thing." Ye Xinxia knew that the Hall Mother, Pamise, would not admit it even if she was right.

"Ye Xinxia, let me teach you the last lesson before the official day you become a goddess. Don't reveal everything that's on your mind until you have full control of the situation. The Forbidden Elder of the Parthenon Temple is still obeying my orders. You'd better stop talking and go back to your place now. From now on, think clearly about what you want to say!" The tone and attitude of Hall Mother, Pamise, changed.

The goddess also had to play dumb. The Hall of Knights was powerful. Would those knights who had obtained the Divine Souls be as glorious as the sun?

However, there were still nine Hidden Clans in the Parthenon Temple, and the Tulce family was just one of them. The nine Hidden Clans all obeyed the orders of the Hall Mother. While they did not manage all the affairs of the Parthenon Temple, they continued to influence it constantly.

They were the foundation of the Parthenon Temple! Wen Tai and Izisha came from these Hidden Clans!

"Let's talk about the second thing." Ye Xinxia remained calm.

"Ye Xinxia, if you don't stop asking, I don't mind waiting another ten years to train another goddess. I will behead you now for the crime of colluding with the Black Vatican, and your funeral will be at dawn!" Hall Mother Pamise stood up angrily like a winter storm.

Outside the Hall Mother Pavilion, several figures appeared from the forest, and they were approaching slowly. They were dressed in black robes and showed a strong aura that made the female attendants and sages tremble in fear.

These people were many times stronger than those titled knights! The pavilion was still silent. Ye Xinxia was still standing there, unwilling to compromise.

Hall Mother Pamise had already stood up. She looked down at Ye Xinxia, who was still sitting down. Ye Xinxia could tell she was angry. The Hall Mother's breath came rapidly, and her eyes narrowed in rage.

"Hall Mother, if you wanted to kill me, why didn't you do so twenty years ago? I clearly remember that you wore a huge robe at that time. Your hand under the wide sleeves was clean. It also had a red agate ring."

"My mother and I had nowhere to escape. If you wanted to kill me, why didn't you do so at that time?" Ye Xinxia suddenly asked.

Hall Mother, Pamise, suddenly trembled. Her anger dissipated immediately. Hall Mother, Pamise, slowly sat back in her seat.

Outside the pavilion, there were some footsteps, but the Hall Mother, Pamise, waved her hand to signal for the members of the Hidden Clans to retreat. Then, the Hall Mother, Pamise, set up an isolation barrier and covered the pavilion in the mist.

The outside world would not know what happens inside. After Hall Mother Pamise set up the barrier, she took a deep breath.

Suddenly, Ye Xinxia heard a burst of laughter. Hall Mother, Pamise, let out a hearty laugh that she seemed to have suppressed for a long time.

"Amnesia Bug is no longer effective on you?" Hall Mother, Pamise, chuckled.

"I killed the Amnesia Bug after Izisha framed me as Red Cardinal Salan. I know who I am and what kind of inheritance I have received. I should thank you," Ye Xinxia said to Hall Mother, sincerely.

"You don't need to thank me. You should thank your mother for dedicating such a perfect piece of jade like you to me." The tone of the Hall Mother, Pamise, was much gentler than before.

"But she still betrayed you," Ye Xinxia said.

"Ye Chang has never been loyal to me from the beginning. She always has her plans. The thing she wants to do the most is to see my true face and then cut my throat," said Hall Mother, Pamise.

Pamise got up from her seat, followed the glass steps, and walked to Ye Xinxia step by step.

She looked at Ye Xinxia carefully. She looked at her face and eyes and deliberately stood a little far away to watch her.

After a long time, Pamise showed a satisfied smile. "Ye Xinxia, you are beyond our expectations. You are beyond Wen Tai's expectations, Salan's expectations, and my own expectations."

"I haven't asked you any questions yet," said Ye Xinxia.

"You can ask, but I won't answer you," said Hall Mother, Pamise.

"You're the Supreme Pontiff, aren't you?" Ye Xinxia asked solemnly.

Supreme Pontiff. The noble Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican.

There would always be a huge robe covering her figure and appearance. Because of her solemn and indifferent temperament, all the Red Cardinals prostrated on the ground and listened to her teachings and instruction.

But who knew the real identity of the Supreme Pontiff?

Almost everyone in the Black Vatican was hiding somewhere in the world. They may be employees in the office, members of the Magic Association, or leaders in politics. Before they revealed their true identities, they were no different from the public. This was why it was hard to get rid of the Black Vatican. Before they revealed their evilness, they might even be the kindest and most trustworthy people that one knew in their lives.

The concealment of the identity of a Black Clergy had caused the Enforcement Union, the Magic Association, and the Holy Judgment Court to suffer, not to mention the Blue Deacon, the Head Teacher, the Red Cardinal, the Chief Extraditor, and even the Supreme Pontiff!

The real identity of the Supreme Pontiff was the biggest secret in the world! Even Salan was frantically looking for the traces and the real identity of the Supreme Pontiff.

Ye Xinxia talked with Mera about Izisha.

Izisha had guessed the whole thing, but she still missed out on some key details.

Izisha accused Ye Xinxia of being the Supreme Pontiff.

She told Ye Xinxia that there was another evil soul in her body, which was caused by the Amnesia Bug. Many important members of the Black Vatican had an Amnesia Bug. They would forget their identity as members of Black Vatican, and they would not wake up until a certain moment.

Ye Xinxia did have an Amnesia Bug. The Amnesia Bug devoured her childhood memories. She could not remember the days when she and her mother fled.

But after Ye Xinxia was put on trial, she realized she had lost an important memory. She had to restore those things that had been devoured by the Amnesia Bug to figure out the whole thing.

She got rid of the Amnesia Bug. Every time she fell asleep, those childhood memories slowly came back.

Ye Xinxia asked Mo Jiaxin about some details about Bo City to confirm whether something she had seen earlier was real or not. She wanted to confirm that she wasn't confusing it with her dream.

Chapter 3035: White Clothes

Ye Xinxia remembered something.

At some point of time, Salan brought her to the main altar of the Black Vatican, where she hid from the old priest and Adjudicator.

While in hiding, her mother offered her to the Supreme Pontiff.

“I’ll be a Red Cardinal, and I want my daughter to be the successor to the Supreme Pontiff.”

“Without Wen Tai, it would be difficult for you two to live in this world.”

“She has a Divine Soul, so she is the chosen Goddess. When she grows up, Parthenon Temple will need her. You can imagine what will happen if she becomes a Goddess. What kind of glory will the Supreme Pontiff, who holds the position of Goddess, bring to the Black Vatican?”

This was the only conversation between the Supreme Pontiff and Salan that Ye Xinxia clearly remembered.

The world was often divided into good and evil. Since the forces of good and evil were always fighting, the world seemed to never progress. However, once the forces of good and evil united, the ruling power would no longer be challenged. Even the gods might not be able to fight against it!

This was Salan’s plan. She had planned it more than twenty years ago. She planned it together with the Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican.

The plan was to combine the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple and the Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican into one person.

That person would rule over the forces of good and evil, and thus over everything! She would be the successor to the Supreme Pontiff and the saintess, a candidate for the Goddess.

Ye Xinxia’s life trajectory had long been decided. She had become the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple.

It was necessary to drive out the stubborn dark forces of the past for the radiance of the Goddess to illuminate the entire world. The Black Vatican was the biggest obstacle.

But before the Goddess of this season became a Goddess officially, the Black Vatican was already working for her.

A Goddess such as this was the supreme deity. Darkness could only serve as a foil to her divine light.

“I want to know what you found out. Even Salan is not sure that I am the Supreme Pontiff. Why do you dare to enter my pavilion without bringing any guards?” asked Hall Mother, Pamise.

She wanted evidence. Ye Xinxia must have evidence. Otherwise, she would not dare to say such a thing so boldly to the Hall Mother of the Parthenon Temple.

The Hall Mother and the Supreme Pontiff were enemies. Ye Xinxia had already admitted that she was the Supreme Pontiff’s successor.

If Ye Xinxia was not absolutely sure, what she did was tantamount to sending herself to the Death Penalty Hall. How could the Hall Mother tolerate the Supreme Pontiff’s successor becoming the Goddess?

“In fact, it was just a trivial matter, but I made a bold inference.”

“We have a companion who came from Bo City. His name is Xu Zhaoting. The Black Clergy Yu Ang has turned him into a cursed Beast Monster. The Dark Beast Monster is the symbol of the Black Vatican. It can even endow non-magical people with destructive power.”

When Ye Xinxia mentioned the Dark Beast Monster Magic, Hall Mother, Pamise, narrowed her eyes. However, she did not interrupt Ye Xinxia.

“After humans become a Dark Beast Monster, they can no longer return to their original state. Only the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple knows how to make them return to their original state,” Ye Xinxia said calmly. “So, I boldly infer that the Dark Beast Monster Magic comes from the Parthenon Temple.”

“This is ridiculous. Only the Goddess can resurrect the dead. Does that mean the Goddess resurrects all the dead?” Hall Mother said disapprovingly.

“After making such a bold guess, I need something to verify it. I wanted to find the connection between the Dark Beast Monsters and the Parthenon Temple until I saw the Ancient Godly Mites flying out of the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan,” Ye Xinxia said to the Hall Mother.

Even though Hall Mother, Pamise, looked indifferent, Ye Xinxia could tell that her words had made an impact on her.

“This was why you didn’t kill the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan. You obtained the Ancient Godly Mites from the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan and used the Ancient Godly Mites to create a cursed molten pool. Dark Beast Monsters are born from this cursed molten pool and turn humans into animals. You don’t need to refute me. The body of the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan is in the Hall of Knights, and I have also verified it,” Ye Xinxia said with certainty.

Every Red Cardinal had thousands of fake identities. Who knew which identity of the Supreme Pontiff was real and which was fake?

How many members of the Black Vatican did Salan kill? How much of the information about the Supreme Pontiff was genuine?

The source of everything was the Dark Beast Monster Magic of the Black Vatican. Whoever created this magic and made the Black Vatican the scariest existence in this era was the Supreme Pontiff! Ye Xinxia had found the source of this magic.

“You know what? I smelled a whiff of madness when Ye Chang proposed to make you the successor to the Black Vatican’s Supreme Pontiff.” Hall Mother, Pamise, suddenly removed the thick black robe she was wearing.

The black robe was made from silk. When it slid down, it appeared very soft.

Inside this robe was a pure white cassock!

It was as white as snow, spotless, and flawless. The noble white was like the combination of all highly saturated colors, just like daylight!

“Ye Chang doesn’t know that I’m the Hall Mother of the Parthenon Temple. My heart burnt like a flame when she proposed you as the successor to the Supreme Pontiff and the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple!”

White clothes! Hall Mother, Pamise, was wearing white clothes.

No matter how powerful she was, she would not wear white clothes on election day and the Blessing Day as someone who followed the teachings of the Parthenon Temple. Only one person wore white clothes, and that was the Goddess!

Ye Xinxia looked at the Hall Mother in surprise.

Seeing Ye Xinxia's reaction, Hall Mother, Pamise, smiled softly. "The Supreme Pontiff wears white clothes!"

The Supreme Pontiff wore white clothes!

Gray Priest.

Black Clergy.

Blue Deacon.

Red Cardinal.

White Supreme Pontiff!

The Supreme Pontiff always dressed in white!

It had the same symbol as the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple.

The white clothes also represented the Goddess.

In the Black Vatican, the white clothes represented the Supreme Pontiff! No one in the world knew this, except for the Supreme Pontiff.

Hall Mother, Pamise, never showed her real appearance, let alone put on the white clothes of the Supreme Pontiff.

In desperation, Ye Chang proposed to make Ye Xinxia, who possessed a Divine Soul, the Supreme Pontiff's successor and the Goddess. When Hall Mother, Pamise, heard this, she thought of an epic scene!

A person dressed in white who served as both the Goddess and the Supreme Pontiff!

Aside from the four halls, the nine Hidden Clans, and the twelve Knights of the Seal of the Parthenon Temple, she would also have control over all seven Red Cardinals, Chief Extraditor, and all Blue Deacons.

What could be crazier than this?

Chapter 3036: Ruler of Black and White

Pamise created all of it.

Even though she was the Hall Mother, she did not support Ye Xinxia according to the ancient Divine Soul's will.

The main reason was that she was the current Supreme Pontiff. She envisioned a truly prosperous world, complete with a prosperous Black Vatican and a prosperous Parthenon Temple.

The prosperous world would submit to the white clothes!

...

This day had finally arrived.

Everything that the Hall Mother Pamise had been expecting was finally here.

After today, the Black Vatican would no longer need to remain in the shadows. They might even appear in this grand ceremony and be bestowed with titles in front of everyone!

Which Supreme Pontiff in history could pull something like this off?

“Ye Xinxia, I knew you would wear the white clothes the first day you stepped into the temple as a trainee female attendant!” The Hall Mother, Pamise, smiled almost badly.

She was the greatest Supreme Pontiff of all time. She created the Dark Beast Monsters and transformed the Black Vatican, which was as shameful as a mouse, into a dark organization that terrified the entire world. She even wrote an epic chapter in which one individual served as both the Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican and the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple!

That person was Ye Xinxia.

She was a raw material that Pamise carved into a perfect jade. They were destined to usher in an unprecedented era!

At this moment, the Hall Mother no longer hid her identity.

She wore a ring. Initially, the ring was completely transparent, but it slowly became shiny, as if a high-quality red wine had been poured into it.

“This is the Supreme Pontiff’s Blood Stone. I’ll give it to you. You’ll be the new White Supreme Pontiff!” said Hall Mother, Pamise.

She took off the ring and slowly walked to Ye Xinxia.

“You have to do one last thing for me, so I can ensure your loyalty and pass on the position of White Supreme Pontiff to you,” said Hall Mother, Pamise. “Kill Ye Chang. She is out of control. She is like a madman who wants to kill everyone.”

Salan was an ambitious person. She kept looking for the real identity of the Supreme Pontiff while killing all those related to the Supreme Pontiff.

With the influence she accumulated over the years, Salan gradually controlled several other Red Cardinals. She even appointed a new Red Cardinal without the permission of the Supreme Pontiff!

But she had to admit that Salan was a scary character.

Even though the Hall Mother, Pamise, had a support agreement with Salan, she never revealed her identity. Salan chased after her and arrived at the Parthenon Temple.

Salan successfully influenced the Tulce family to instigate a rebellion and released the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan, which showed that Salan knew that the Dark Beast Monster was related to the Golden Sun Tyrant Titan. She also knew that the Supreme Pontiff must be related to the Tulce family.

The Hall Mother had enough confidence to control Ye Xinxia because she knew that Ye Xinxia needed a perfect positive image. She had the mark of the Supreme Pontiff's successor on her body and the Supreme Pontiff's ring.

But Salan was different.

Salan was a destroyer. The Hall Mother firmly believed that Salan would kill anyone without hesitation if she could achieve her goal, including her daughter.

The Hall Mother and Ye Xinxia had to join forces to deal with Salan, who had gradually taken control of the Black Vatican. Only then would the white and black come together. No one could disobey them in the Parthenon Temple or the Black Vatican!

She was just a step away. No matter what, they must kill the person who might threaten their plan to unite the white and the black. That person did not act in accordance with the rules. She was a lunatic who only knew how to satisfy her desire to kill!

...

After the Hall Mother took off the ring from her finger, it returned to its original transparent color. It looked no different from ordinary jewelry. Even if it was sent to Holy City for identification, people in Holy City would not be able to say for certain that this was the Supreme Pontiff's ring.

The key to the Supreme Pontiff's ring was not the ring itself, but rather the person.

Just like the Blood Stone that confirmed the identity of the Red Cardinal when blood was dropped on it, the Supreme Pontiff's ring did the same.

The agate that was as transparent as glass could only reveal the essence of the Blood Stone of the Supreme Pontiff when it came into contact with the real Supreme Pontiff!

Ye Xinxia was the successor to the Supreme Pontiff. When she was framed, she was able to awaken the Cardinal Blood Stone, not because of her relationship with Salan but because she was the successor to the Supreme Pontiff. The successor to the Supreme Pontiff could awaken any Cardinal Blood Stone. Izisha was correct about this.

The Hall Mother had passed the ring to Ye Xinxia. She stared at Ye Xinxia. In fact, she was also curious about whether Ye Xinxia would wear it, after all.

Once she wore this ring, she would become the Supreme Pontiff. Whether or not she had committed any crimes, she would be held accountable for every crime committed by the congregation.

But if Ye Xinxia did not wear this ring, the Hall Mother would not let Ye Xinxia leave from here alive.

If only Ye Xinxia had decided not to visit here late at night, she would simply be the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple. The Goddess was regarded as a perfect puppet by the Hall Mother. After all, it was

thanks to the Hall Mother that Ye Xinxia was able to reach her current position. During Ye Xinxia's reign, she must obey the Hall Mother.

But Ye Xinxia had come for a visit. Therefore, she must now accept the status of Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican!

The most glorious chapter in the history of the Black Vatican would start today. The Hall Mother's ambition was not just to control the Parthenon Temple.

The Parthenon Temple did not represent this world. What represented the world were Holy City, the Five Continents Magic Association, and the Forbidden Curse Alliance.

It was far from possible for a single Parthenon Temple and a single Black Vatican to compete with these three organizations. When the Parthenon Temple and the Black Vatican were united, she could reshuffle the forces in the world!

Hall Mother desired to rebalance the world's forces!

Ye Xinxia's appearance here tonight to have a private conversation with her as the Supreme Pontiff's successor meant that Ye Xinxia shared her ambition!

She must wear the ring.

Without the ruthless methods of the Black Vatican, the Parthenon Temple's glories would always be hindered, and it would always be suppressed by the Five Continents Magic Association and Holy City.

"You only have one minute to think about it. If you drip your blood on it, you will be the new Supreme Pontiff!" Hall Mother Pamise said to Ye Xinxia.

This one-minute decision may change the trajectory of the world drastically!

Ye Xinxia slowly put the ring on her index finger. There seemed to be a tiny fang inside the ring, which cut her finger when Ye Xinxia pushed it through.

Chapter 3037: Blessing Mountain

Blood oozed from the finger, but the special ring quickly absorbed it.

The transparent ring gradually changed. Ye Xinxia's blood gradually filled the entire Blood Stone ring, making it unbelievably bright.

At the same time, a mark hidden by the Amnesia Bug also emerged on Ye Xinxia's forehead. It appeared that blood was spreading at first, but it didn't take long for it to turn into a blood pattern on her forehead.

Over time, the Supreme Pontiff's forehead pattern faded from clear to blurry and back again. Finally, it was engraved in Ye Xinxia's soul and could never be removed.

"Unless your soul is destroyed, it is impossible for the Supreme Pontiff's pattern to be erased. Ye Xinxia, from now on, you are the Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican, and you will rule the seven Red Cardinals and the seven Chief Extraditors. All the congregants under the Red Cardinals and Chief

Extraditors will submit to you. With just an order, they will clear away all obstacles in your way of ruling, even if it means killing many people! ” Hall Mother, Pamise, became excited.

When Ye Xinxia became the Goddess, the Hall Mother was not as crazy as she was now. Ye Xinxia could tell she had been suppressing her true self for a long time. It was finally time for her to show her true colors as the Supreme Pontiff and act like a ruler.

The sun had risen.

Hall Mother, Pamise, had almost forgotten the time. A few rays of sunlight filtered through the upper-floor window and shone on her slightly wrinkled cheeks as she glanced out the window.

She couldn't stop herself from touching her gray hair. Despite this, she did her best to greet the wonderful day with a smile.

What a wonderful day! The morning light had become dreary and dull over the past few decades. However, today was different. It was warm and bright. Such a hopeful change made her believe that this change would occur every day in the future.

“You may leave now. Today is the first day of Blessing Day. Salan has done us a great favor. On this day, many people will come to worship the Godly Seal Mountain. Of course, you will meet congregants who are even more devout than those believers. They are already climbing the mountain. There are several Red Cardinals and Chief Extraditors among them. You should go and greet them,” said Hall Mother, Pamise.

“Alright. Time sure does fly. I need to get ready.” Ye Xinxia nodded.

Dressed in a long skirt, Ye Xinxia walked out of the Hall Mother Pavilion into the morning light.

Winding roads led to the mountain beneath the high mountain via the wooden bridge. From here, they could see an endless stream of people. They were climbing toward Godly Seal Mountain step by step. The long queue of people was unending.

When people enjoyed a peaceful and comfortable life, they often ignored the power of faith. After a crisis, the brilliance of the Parthenon Temple had been implanted in the hearts of every Athenian. This was probably what the Hall Mother had wanted.

Ye Xinxia wondered if the Hall Mother preferred the Parthenon Temple or the Black Vatican.

In the days when the Parthenon Temple was declining, she needed the Black Vatican so that people would remember the Parthenon Temple. The moment she became the Supreme Pontiff, the light in the eyes of the Hall Mother matched the madness of the Black Vatican! Perhaps the Hall Mother was also uncertain after such a long time.

‘Would she be like this in the future too?’ wondered Ye Xinxia.

Back at the Hall of the Goddess, Ye Xinxia did not have time to sleep. She sat in front of the mirror, while Fiona talked happily beside her like a magpie.

“Your Majesty, you are the Goddess now, so your makeup should make you look even more majestic.” Fiona decided to do some heavy makeup on Ye Xinxia. At the very least, the lips must be stunningly red.

“There’s no need for that. I want light makeup today. It would be even better if we skipped the makeup entirely.” Ye Xinxia forced out a smile.

“How could I do that? You spent a lot of energy yesterday and didn’t sleep all night. Your complexion is poor. On the first day of Blessing Day, everyone will be watching you. You must look beautiful enough to stun the whole world!” said Fiona.

“You’re right. Even a death row prisoner will put on makeup before receiving a sentence.” Ye Xinxia nodded in agreement.

“How could you make a comparison like this? How can a death row prisoner be compared to you? All the women in this world will envy you. All the men in this world will like you. Even the gods will favor you! You are already the Goddess. You are no longer a saintess who may lose her power at any moment. No one can accuse you, and no one can disobey you,” said Fiona.

“I thought so.” Ye Xinxia could not help but feel touched when she heard Fiona’s words.

She was the Goddess. She had the same thought as a student when she read about the Goddess. But was this really the case?

Mera scolded the Goddess with the most vicious and filthy words last night in the underground cell. Ye Xinxia did not refute it because those were the facts.

Throughout the years, Ye Xinxia had made countless changes to become the Goddess.

She finally became the Goddess, but the cruelty had just begun. She used to pity every life, including the insects whose wings were broken by the rain outside her window.

She knew there were rivers of blood and corpses around Athens and the Parthenon Temple, but she still had to put on delicate makeup and wear a spotless white dress.

“You’re stunning, Your Majesty. I wonder who will be worthy of you,” Fiona completed her makeup.

“I’m not worthy of anyone.”

...

During the Flower Festival, Blessing Mountain looked like a painting, with distinct layers and charming colors, as if the god had knocked over a palette by accident.

The gentle wind carried a unique fragrance. These were the scents of the most famous spices in Europe. Ladies from many countries spent a lot on the fragrance elements picked from Goddess Peak.

The warm morning light reflected the holy light off the glass statues that could be seen all over Blessing Mountain. It was a peaceful mountain filled with fascinating light.

There was a never-ending stream of people.

Blessing Mountain was the endpoint. Parthenon Temple’s Goddess Peak would be fully open to people only on this day. Many people crowded the long and winding stairs, towering plank roads, and cliff suspension bridges. They were eager to enter Blessing Mountain and meet the new Goddess. Despite

the crowd, they were disciplined. They did not dare destroy any plant on the mountain of the Parthenon Temple.

The long road had devout crowds. Occasionally, they could also see some graceful female attendants and sages blessing a climber with the rain and dew of olive branches at the rest stop. Those who had been blessed by the dew and rain rejoiced as if they were children. It was well worth it to have the blessings of female attendants and sages!

Chapter 3038: Red Cardinals Gather

“People in foreign countries also place a high importance on burning the first incense,” a middle-aged man with an oriental face said to the crowd.

The first incense was the most pious, and the first person to climb up the Blessing Mountain in the Parthenon Temple would be favored by the Goddess.

The middle-aged man saying this was none other than Mo Jiaxin, who occasionally burned incense and worshiped the Buddha. He was used to being around people, especially ordinary people.

The Goddess Peak of the Parthenon Temple was extremely cold. Middle-aged women didn’t dance in the square, nor were there any old men drinking and playing chess. Mo Jiaxin could not get used to the atmosphere, so he did not want to stay longer. He only felt comfortable in lively places. He always liked to join in the fun.

He could have entered Blessing Mountain through the VIP passage and get a seat on the mountain. However, he was willing to go with the mountaineering army. It felt like a new year celebration when everyone went to the temple at midnight.

“A compatriot!” Someone seemed to have heard Mo Jiaxin speaking and responded.

Mo Jiaxin turned around and saw a blindfolded man in his thirties behind two or three people. He used a white cane. Even though he was blind, he appeared majestic. He seemed like someone who would not bend down to find his way.

Mo Jiaxin hurriedly stepped back to let the people behind him move ahead first.

“It’s hard to climb a mountain if you can’t see. Are you here to treat your eyes?” Mo Jiaxin liked to meet new people, so he walked amiably with this Chinese man.

“My eyes can’t be cured. You’re a funny man. You compared such an important day in Greece to the first incense,” said the blind man.

“Haha, I was just joking. If your eyes can’t be cured, why do you still climb the mountain?” Mo Jiaxin asked in confusion.

“I have something to do, but I can’t see. Can you help me?” said the blind man.

“Of course. We’re compatriots. Let me know if you have any difficulties.”

“I’m grateful.”

“What’s your name?”

“Jiang Bin,” said the blindfolded man.

“Looking at your demeanor, you look like a soldier. Were you injured on the battlefield?”

“If I say I was a knight, you probably won’t believe me.”

“You must have experienced a lot of things then. It’s alright. We can talk as we walk. The road is long. It will be much better to have someone to talk to.”

...

At the foot of Blessing Mountain, a woman in black linen climbed up the mountain with light steps. The top of Blessing Mountain was wide, and it was decorated in the style of an open-air ceremony venue. The six-color sun-shading sky gauze was spread on the top of the head of the mountain. It formed a beautiful sky gauze dome and covered the ceremony platform of Blessing Mountain.

The woman in linen looked around and noticed a lot of seats.

One after another, some special groups of people took their seats. They all had a certain status in this society, so they did not need to climb the steps like the believers at the bottom of the mountain. They had their VIP passage.

“We really have a seat of our own.” The woman in linen pointed at the seat in surprise.

The seats were neatly arranged and labeled with names. Those who found their seats showed smug smiles. After all, this was the first day of Goddess’s Blessing Praise, and those who could sit here were equal to the ancient officials and nobles who had a close relationship with the Goddess.

The first day of Blessing Day was also the commendation day. It was not an individual who was elected, but rather a huge and powerful group or empire. They needed to reward the heroes, continue to cooperate with foreign aid, and share benefits.

“Could it be a trap? After all, we still don’t know Ye Xinxia’s stance,” the woman, in black linen, asked.

A tall person with short hair and ear studs stood next to the woman in black linen. Their gender was obscured by their clean appearance. They had the gentleness of a woman and yet, a heroic spirit of a man. She was dressed in black, but the lining was red.

“If she wears the ring, it means she has met the Supreme Pontiff,” said the woman.

“Although the Supreme Pontiff is our last target—”

“Yan Qiu, how many of the Supreme Pontiff’s subordinates do you think are on this mountain, and how many of our own?” Salan touched her earrings.

“Over half of the members of the Black Vatican have submitted to us, but the influence of the Supreme Pontiff remains. It is still impossible to make a judgment until the end,” said the woman in black linen.

“I’m asking about the Red Cardinals,” said Salan.

“If we talk about Red Cardinals, there may only be three people standing on your side, and one of them is a newcomer supported by us,” said the Chief Extraditor, Yan Qiu.

“Didn’t you ask me last night why I believed in Ye Xinxia?”

“Even if she didn’t let the Black Druggist go, he would still return to the heavenly kingdom. We can’t trust her because of this and give her the list.” The Chief Extraditor, Yan Qiu, still felt that the decision Salan made last night was a bit hasty.

“Only Ye Xinxia can stop the Supreme Pontiff from hiding in the dark. If we don’t hand over enough benefits, we will never be able to meet the Supreme Pontiff,” said Salan.

The Chief Extraditor cared about every congregation. But to Salan, all the congregation were tools for her to achieve her goals. She couldn’t care less whether Ye Xinxia wanted to control all the Red Cardinals and the congregation or not.

Even Wen Tai did not have the ambition to rule both white and black. So what? Wen Tai had already failed miserably.

Wen Tai still had a lot of dark informants in this world, and they had probably told him that Ye Xinxia wore the Supreme Pontiff’s ring.

The Dark King must have gone mad! She stood opposite to what he expected of her. His purest daughter was now the head of the vicious Black Vatican.

If the pain in the Dark Plane did not make him taste the abyss of hell, this news, most likely, would make him scream hysterically. No matter where he was, he was in a hell of despair!

There was only one person left in Salan’s revenge plan. The previous Supreme Pontiff.

The cunning old fox deserved everything that Salan had to sacrifice! The old Supreme Pontiff had summoned all the Red Cardinals who obeyed her.

Ye Xinxia had become the Goddess and the Supreme Pontiff. Salan knew she was the only obstacle in her plan to rule both the black and the white.

The old Supreme Pontiff also made an all-out effort.

The two major forces of the Black Vatican would eventually fight to the death on Blessing Mountain. Would the ruler be the old Supreme Pontiff or Salan?

“My lord, you appear to have neglected one thing on purpose,” the Chief Extraditor exclaimed abruptly.

“Ye Xinxia would never do that. Before our congregants reveal their identities, they are only civilians and devout climbers. If she does that, it will be the same as massacring people on the first day of becoming the Goddess,” said Salan.

“You’re right. She can’t prove that we are members of the Black Vatican unless she admits to the whole world that she is the Supreme Pontiff. However, doing so is equivalent to destroying the Parthenon Temple and everything with it.”

“This happened because she has the Divine Soul. Wen Tai abandoned her. She had the Divine Soul, which makes her prone to manipulation by others. Either she obeys me or the Hall Mother. The Hall Mother is likely the Supreme Pontiff.” Salan seemed to have figured everything out.

Four people influenced Ye Xinxia’s fate.

Wen Tai asked Izisha to supervise Ye Xinxia.

Hall Mother had been supporting Ye Xinxia.

The Supreme Pontiff valued Ye Xinxia. She also forced Ye Xinxia to step into the quagmire of the Black Vatican.

Wen Tai was already out. People who wanted to control her now were Salan, the Supreme Pontiff, and the Hall Mother.

She did not have to fear the Hall Mother. However, everything would be unknown if the Supreme Pontiff and the Hall Mother were the same people. Salan must come clean with the old Supreme Pontiff.

All the Red Cardinals would also gather here today. The Parthenon Temple had been controlled by the Black Vatican. Since it was conferment, they had to decide who would receive the title.

Would it be the Supreme Pontiff or Salan?

Chapter 3039: Blood Temple (1)

“The Goddess has arrived!” said a female sage.

The people on the ceremony platform, who were chatting and discussing, stopped everything. Everyone looked at the hall of Blessing Mountain.

The first thing that caught their eyes was the hair that was as black as the night sky. Each strand of hair was uniquely braided like a flower. The hair on the snow-white shoulders was as smooth as silk. With the solemn and noble steps of the goddess, they bobbed rhythmically.

The tail of the skirt was dragging slowly on the carpet covered with olive flowers. The spirit of the wind was lingering around this soft and slender figure and danced with the leaf.

A pair of eyes even more beautiful than all the breathtaking scenery of Santorini was revealed. If they could understand the hidden emotions in those eyes, they would feel the endless gentleness of the owner of these eyes.

They had to admit that the newly elected Goddess was perfectly in line with the characteristics of the Parthenon Temple in terms of image and temperament.

It was not only that she had a beautiful face but that she showed the gentleness and beauty of womanhood to the fullest. She was like a poem that people could never fully understand. It was not only her gorgeous rhetoric that attracted people, but also her soul, which blended with beauty and poetry.

The Saintess and the Goddess were only one level apart, but people felt that the young Goddess candidate had undergone a radical change. It may have been a psychological effect, or it may be the baptism of the Divine Soul.

Ye Xinxia was different from before. Even the smile on her face was no longer as pure as before. It was a polite smile. There were many meanings hidden behind that smile, which expressed unpredictability.

People changed eventually.

Ye Xinxia felt it when she faced the mirror. The reflection in the mirror was completely different from when she first entered the temple.

If it were in the past, people's attention would make Ye Xinxia a little nervous. She was often pushed to the front of the stage by the Hall Mother and the elders without much experience or mental preparation.

It was a grand ceremony. It was the focus of the world this time. When she walked, she smiled with a pair of bright and slightly blurred eyes. However, her mind was calm.

Every step was firm.

Although Saintesses had to learn etiquette and take care of their appearances every week, this does not mean they could not make mistakes when they stood in front of the world.

Besides, Ye Xinxia had been sitting on a wheelchair for a long time. She rarely walked to the stage on her own before.

Being calm in the face of all this signified an absence of joy, tension, or pride.

She was the final winner of the battle. Hundreds of people were watching Ye Xinxia, cheering for her and flattering her, but she only felt sad.

The more beautiful she was, the darker and emptier her heart was. The brighter the lights, the more difficult she found it to suppress the mania and pain in her chest.

"Ye Xinxia, does the god in your heart give you any instructions you want to convey to the confusing world?" The Old Priest, Falmer, took out the scriptures of the Parthenon Temple and asked Ye Xinxia, who was on the altar of the Goddess.

"No," replied Ye Xinxia.

Her answer puzzled everyone. Even the Old Priest, Falmer, was astonished. 'Could it be that the Goddess had not prepared a script? It was a message to believers all over the world. How could there be nothing?'

"Ye Xinxia, will you strictly abide by the will of the Parthenon Temple during your succession?" Old Priest, Falmer, skipped to the next question.

"So far, I have never disobeyed the will," Ye Xinxia replied.

Falmer and all the priests of the Hall of Faith frowned again. 'Was the Goddess so busy yesterday that she did not have time to memorize the script this morning?'

Even if she did not memorize the script, she should have been able to give an inspiring speech at such an important moment after being a saintess for many years. Although nothing was wrong with her reply, it was still lacking in conviction.

“Ye Xinxia, please swear by your soul to be kind to everyone who believes in the Parthenon Temple.”

“Ye Xinxia, please swear by your soul that after becoming the Goddess, you will do your best to bring peace and tranquility to the world. There will be no war and suffering.”

“Ye Xinxia, please swear by your soul that you will be loyal to the Parthenon Temple forever and ever!”

Falmer solemnly read out the oaths. Each guided declaration was like the order of the god. It echoed in everyone’s mind like a bell that rang for a long time.

“I, Ye Xinxia, swear by my soul. After becoming the Goddess, I will do my best to bring tranquility and peace to the world. There will be no suffering and no... no... no war!”

There seemed to be a sharp blade stuck in Ye Xinxia’s throat. When she made the declaration, she was in so much pain that she could not speak properly.

...

Bright red blood spurted on Ye Xinxia’s feet as soon as she finished speaking. A few drops of blood stained the pure and flawless white dress, and the flower-covered steps were stained red.

On the front seat, the head of an old man in a tuxedo rolled down on the ground. He sat there, and the blood on his neck gushed like a fountain.

People were horrified and looked at the old man, in a tuxedo, in disbelief. Many people recognized him. He was the elder of the nine Hidden Clans of the Parthenon Temple. Although he had lost his magic due to his age, he still had high wisdom and connections.

Splat!

Before anyone could react, a man in a black suit and red shirt stood up suddenly in the back row. His chest was cut open, and blood spurted from between his ribs. The guests in the front row were a few ladies, and their long, fragrant hair was covered with the blood of the man!

Splat!

Blood exploded like fireworks. Everything happened so quickly. Uniform blood spurted like bunches of scarlet roses in mid-air among the thousands of seats in front of the stage. The air was filled with a strong odor of blood, and fear spread quickly!

In the crowd, the woman in linen stood up in shock. Her eyes scanned the crowd sharply, trying to find the murderers who had caused this bloodshed! ‘How strong were the murderers who could kill so many people in such a short period?’

“My lord, your disciples... The Supreme Pontiff has attacked us!” Yan Qiu felt a great, impending threat.

“The Supreme Pontiff’s people are also dead.” Salan stared at the man in the black suit and red lining.

He was an Italian Red Cardinal.

When Salan saw the Italian Red Cardinal just moments ago, she had felt joy on seeing her colleague.

'Since when could the head of the Black Vatican sit at an international ceremony as openly as the world leader?' His chest had been slashed. When he fell into a pool of blood, his face was filled with shock and confusion.

Chapter 3040: Blood Temple (2)

Not everyone died. The deaths were not random.

Only Salan and Yan Qiu knew that half of them were their own people!

"There are people around us watching us. The aura is strong!" The Chief Extraditor Yan Qiu was angry.

Salan stood still as the crowd fled. The aristocrats and magic officials were frightened. Who would have thought such a large-scale killing would occur in the Blessing Ceremony? Could it be that evil had invaded the Parthenon Temple?

Blood was all over the floor. There were too many familiar faces in the pool of blood, but Salan did not look away from the stage. She was watching Ye Xinxia, who appeared indifferent.

Ye Xinxia also seemed to have spotted her. They looked at each other through the blood fog with unknown emotions.

After a while, Ye Xinxia slowly smiled. "We finally met," she said to Salan, who was hiding in the crowd.

The smile looked innocent. She looked like a little girl who had no experience of what life was like. But Salan wasn't fooled. She could feel the uncontrollable madness and terror in that smile.

"Ye Xinxia has gone crazy. We need to get out of here." Salan did not stay any longer. She turned around and quickly hid in the fleeing crowd with Yan Qiu.

Under the stage, Ye Xinxia stood in a pool of blood with white crystal high heels. But she did not move at all. She just stood in the thickening pool of blood.

She stood there like a white ghost, and people could not feel the warmth and vitality of the Goddess. She looked more like a Grim Reaper, waiting for the heads to be thrown into her bag one after another.

...

Salan and Yan Qiu walked hurriedly. Someone had been watching them.

That person had seen through their identities and was following them like a shadow for an opportunity to attack.

"How dare she do this? She started a massacre on the first day of Blessing Day. She is crazy!" Chief Extraditor, Yan Qiu, said angrily.

"She is also destroying the Parthenon Temple!" Salan saw Ye Xinxia's eyes. The light shining in her eyes no longer belonged to her. She had become crazier than all the Red Cardinals!

This was the mountain of the Parthenon Temple. Those who were invited were people of high status in this society. Even if the members of the Black Vatican were among them, they were good citizens until their identities were exposed.

When Ye Xinxia took action against these members of the Black Vatican, Salan and the Supreme Pontiff knew that she wanted to exterminate the Black Vatican. But to ordinary people, it would only seem like she was massacring civilians!

The massacre of civilians in the Parthenon Mountain meant Ye Xinxia had gone crazy.

She had no evidence to prove that these people were members of the Black Vatican unless she announced to the world that she was the new Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican.

But she was also the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple! The Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican was the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple. If the truth got out, the Parthenon Temple would be beyond redemption!

Ye Xinxia's action was the same as using the foundation of the Parthenon Temple for thousands of years to fight against the Black Vatican. This was crazy!

What kind of a force was the Black Vatican? What did the Parthenon Temple represent?

Ye Xinxia must be so stupid to make such a decision.

Looking back in time, the Black Vatican perished along with the Parthenon Temple at some point in history. But no matter what happened now, the Black Vatican would have won anyway.

"Is the old Supreme Pontiff behind this? Maybe she instructed Ye Xinxia to do this," said the Chief Extraditor, Yan Qiu.

"The old Supreme Pontiff should be fleeing in panic like us right now," said Salan coldly.

Ye Xinxia was crazy. She wanted everyone to die in the Parthenon Temple with her.

...

The road to the holy mountain was endless. Under the morning light, there was still an endless stream of people. They all yearned for the true gift of God.

Blessing Mountain was still far away. No one had noticed the massacre on the stage of Blessing Mountain. They were still trying to move forward, not knowing that they were walking to the altar of the white Grim Reaper.

"Why are you sure that woman is your first love? It's not good for us to keep following her," Mo Jiabin asked Jiang Bin, the blindfolded man, beside him.

Jiang Bin smiled strangely. He patted Mo Jiabin on the shoulder. "If I told you that I am from the Black Vatican and that woman is the target that I must eliminate, would you believe me?"

Mo Jiabin was stunned. He looked at Jiang Bin in disbelief. "Didn't you say you are a Knight?"

“Not today. Thank you, brother. It’s been a long time since I met a simple person like you.” Jiang Bin suddenly disappeared.

Mo Jiaxin was just an ordinary person. He did not have the sharp, observing eyes of a Mage.

He only saw a shadow rushing across a group of climbers as swiftly as a gust of wind. Then, a big splash of blood spurted from the woman they had been following!

The woman wore black clothes, but inside, she wore a long blue dress which was now dyed red. The people around her did not notice it at first as they thought it was the overturned red paint or spices. They walked forward while talking and laughing. After a while, screams erupted from the road to the mountain!

Mo Jiaxin could not believe his eyes at all. Someone was killed just like that. Less than a minute after it happened, the winding road to the mountain was filled with screams.

Mo Jiaxin could not see anything clearly, but he saw a similar black shadow moving in the crowd. Then, blood spurted. Some people fell into a pool of blood, some were stained with dirty blood, and some were screaming in fright.

Mountains and forests all had different tree species, so during the Flower Festival, they displayed different poetic and picturesque scenes that were intoxicatingly beautiful.

The climbing path of the Parthenon Temple was not dull because with every turn on the mountain path, one could get to enjoy a different scenery.

The mountain was a bit steep, and above it was a long mountain bridge leading to the front of Blessing Mountain. Below was the winding mountain road, crowded with people. It was like a scenic spot full of tourists.

The bright red blood flowed along the hillside, forming more than a dozen streams that slowly passed the long bridge above the mountain and overflowed to the plank road below.

On the plank road, people thought it was the holy dew of the female sages, but what dripped on their heads and shoulders was blood. The strong smell of blood roused instinctive fear in everyone’s heart.

“What happened?”

“Someone died at the front!”

“Someone also died in the back...”

“Don’t panic. Everyone, don’t panic!”

“Parthenon Temple will protect us!”