Empress 195

Chapter 195: Only Equivalent Exchange Is Sacred

The Holy Spring Revival Ceremony has officially begun.

The ceremony is presided over by the candidate Saintess of the Divine Court of Light, Christine.

Like most religious organizations, the Divine Court of Light also has a Saintess serving as a spokesperson.

These girls have excellent image and temperament, beautiful and pure, sculpted into representatives of the Goddess.

They possess transcendental status, wielding significant power.

Everything comes at a price.

They must maintain their purity.

If found to have lost their virginity, the result is being tied to a rack and roasted like a chicken.

Every so often, the Divine Court will select several youths to groom as potential Saintesses.

These people are the candidate Saintesses.

The status of a candidate Saintess is equivalent to a Diocesan Bishop.

Every five years, the candidate Saintesses gather at the headquarters of the Divine Court to evaluate and elect the best candidate to become the only official Saintess, while the others regain freedom.

The eliminated candidate Saintesses won’t be too disappointed.

Being a candidate Saintess and not having been burned alive is a testament to purity and beauty.

These well-educated, articulate and beautiful girls are excellent wives that the great nobility are eager to marry, strengthening the ties between the Divine Court and nobility.

So much so that later on, more and more girls saw being a candidate Saintess as a stepping stone to leap across classes, increasing the number of candidates from 3-4 to 7.

Christine is one such candidate Saintess.

Unlike some of her contemporaries who pretend to be active but actually slack off, waiting to marry into a powerful family, she desires progress.

Progress doesn't come from just wishing; there must be achievements.

Although the Divine Court of Light is quite bloated, overall it is still in an upward phase, with many diligent workers. If she doesn't strive, there are plenty of others eager to be candidate Saintesses.

This Holy Spring Revival Ceremony is her greatest achievement.

As long as there are no accidents, this achievement is enough to ensure her becoming the undisputed official Saintess, enjoying Cardinal Level treatment.

First, resolve the rank, then take advantage of any open Cardinal vacancies.

Afterward, it's the path to the papal crown.

She's awaited this day for so long.

Christine clenched her fists, her body trembling slightly.

Blackthorn Bishop’s kind gaze fell upon her, watching her nervous form, he smiled and encouraged:

"Go ahead, Christine, you’re the best."

Blackthorn approached Christine, placing the crown of pink Charleston flowers symbolizing purity on her head.

Charleston flowers resemble roses, but their meanings differ completely.

People express admiration with roses, but use Charleston to weave cages, imprison young girls with the title of Saintess in the name of purity.

Wearing a Charleston crown means distancing oneself from roses.

Restoring freedom will take at least three to five years later.

Will the next official Saintess be Christine?

Blackthorn smiled in encouragement at his disciple, yet his heart felt vaguely uneasy.

For some reason, since the morning, his right eyelid had been twitching incessantly.

The divination master says it’s a sign of calamity.

Blackthorn fiercely thumped his chest, taking a deep breath to dispel worries.

Damn it, it’s superstition, let it be damned!

Under Blackthorn's watchful gaze, Christine stepped out of the room, walking along the prepared Path of Light towards the Holy Spring.

On either side of the Holy Spring are ancient ruins from unknown eras.

These ruins perhaps were once an opera house or colosseum, leaving many seats behind.

Dignitaries and representatives from various countries occupy different sections.

Additionally, there are representatives from the Divine Court of Fengrao and the Divine Court of Nature.

The Archbishop Herman from the Sussex Imperial Capital brought the nun Natasha to gain insights; from the Talia Kingdom, the Crow Wise Man brought his disciple Enya also attended the event.

Their expressions were somewhat grave.

The revival of the Holy Spring of Light is beneficial for the Divine Court of Light but disadvantageous for them.

The number of people in the world is limited; believing in the Goddess of Light means not believing in other goddesses.

Once the news of the Holy Spring revival spreads globally, many will pilgrimage to Val Lake. These people witnessing the miracle of the revival, taking a sip of Holy Water, are likely to be emotionally moved to tears, converting instantly.

The era has changed.

Perhaps due to the bloody holy wars of the past, nowadays major religions seldomly use warfare.

They compete but don’t readily resort to violence.

Even witnessing the Holy Spring of Light, the other two major religions are helpless.

Unless someone breaks the agreement and fires the first shot of holy war.

No one can bear the consequences, hence they can only observe.

Enya curiously looked at Christine, lowering her voice to ask the Crow Wise Man:

"Teacher, what is Miss Christine’s rating?"

"Before today, just Level A. But after today, she might have the potential for Level S."

Enya was surprised but didn’t ask more questions.

She didn’t want to be scolded for saying silly things like ’Can the Holy Spring change so much’.

While she often distances herself from religious activities and is more akin to a scholar than clergy, she knows how exaggerated divine favor can be.

Presiding over the Holy Spring Revival Ceremony would earn divine favor.

Even if it’s a pig, in the eyes of god, it’s a flying divine pig.

Christine, furthermore, has considerable strength and potential.

Enya silently observed the candidate Saintess of the Divine Court of Light, quietly admiring.

Indeed, those nurtured by major religions have rare tranquil and elegant temperaments.

Since entering the core zone of the Rodinia Continent, she hasn’t seen...

No, she has seen.

The process where Empress Sylph killed those four guards might not have been elegant, but was extremely efficient.

Like a blood-red rose blooming in the night.