Empress 196

Chapter 196: Only Equivalent Exchange Is Sacred (Part 2)

Enya's fingertips trembled slightly as she squinted her eyes and continued to observe.

Christine was very powerful, but Enya was not afraid at all.

Her gaze drifted to the viewing platform where the political figures of various countries were seated.

Sensing her gaze, Roland turned his head and met her eyes.

His gaze was gentle, his smile as bright as sunshine, combined with his handsome appearance, he resembled the best minstrel.

However, Enya knew he was a devil who wouldn't hesitate to kill.

The teacher's evaluation of him was between S- and S, pending further observation.

In any case, he was a terrifying figure not to be provoked.

Enya, smiling playfully, lightly met Roland's gaze and then turned to Sif.

At the moment she turned her head, Sif also locked onto her.

The hair on Enya's body stood on end, feeling like a frog being stared at by a venomous snake.

She didn't even dare to meet Sif's eyes, using the opportunity of talking with her teacher to avoid the gaze.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but she felt a murderous intent for a brief moment earlier.

Enya was somewhat frightened.

After all, she had indeed crossed paths with Sif.

Although it was just a brush past, she had spied on Sif.

As she avoided Sif’s gaze, Roland also noticed something was off with Sif.

"Sif, what’s wrong?"

"Nothing, I suddenly felt a surge of murderous intent just now." Sif was a bit embarrassed.

"That girl in green from the Divine Court of Nature?" Roland was a bit puzzled.

"It’s her."

"Do you have a grudge against her?" Roland was even more puzzled.

"I’ve never met her; it must be instinct." Sif paused slightly, then realized, "This is probably a woman’s sixth sense, it’s very accurate."

Roland turned to look at Enya, pondered for a few seconds, and slowly said:

"Sif, don’t be so extreme. Her figure and looks are not as good as yours, her potential and ability are not as good as yours, her identity and status are not as good as yours, she poses no threat to you, don’t make enemies lightly."

Sif liked hearing this.

Roland was right, Enya was nowhere near her level, so why be so extreme?

When she looked at Enya again, the smile returned to her face, and her gaze softened significantly.

Enya secretly looked up, coincidentally meeting Sif's gaze once more.

Enya was a bit dazed, unable to associate the current gentle Princess Sif with the fearsome entity filled with murderous intent earlier.

Is this the same person?

The change of state was too quick.

Enya increasingly felt her teacher was right, this Sif was truly terrifying.

Even though Sif's attitude was friendly now, she still instinctively wanted to avoid her.

She merely glanced at Sif and quickly averted her gaze.

She felt guilty.

Watching Enya's guilty behavior, Sif was even more puzzled.

She was sure there was no hostility earlier, only the gentlest smile in the world.

Yet Enya still fled.

This person has issues, Sif thought silently.

Roland was right; they already had many enemies and couldn't casually make more, so she would mark Enya for future observation.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Christine stepped onto the red carpet, adorned with a flower crown, her face pure and sacred, walking step by step towards the Holy Spring showing signs of revival.

Resurrecting the Holy Spring was both simple and difficult.

By infusing spiritual power into the reviving Holy Spring, one could assist its revival.

The opportunity for a Holy Spring Revival was extremely rare.

If it fails, restarting it would take several hundred to even a thousand years.

Successfully reviving it would be a great merit, but failure would be a colossal disaster.

Even if Christine were to commit suicide on the spot to atone, Heitensen would perish alongside her.

The revival ceremony followed a fixed procedure.

Under Christine's lead, the white-robed priest and nuns began to chant hymns.

Their voices converged, reducing the difficulty of the impending revival.

With the hymns completed, the Holy Spring, which had been a trickling stream moments ago, noticeably increased its flow.

Even demon hunters could see that the revival was proceeding smoothly.

The first step was to praise the gods.

The second step was to commend moral virtues.

What greater virtue nearby than saving thirty thousand sufferers? Of course, there was none.

This was a ready-made example of moral virtue.

The Wanderer Camp very cooperatively sent Elaine as a representative to participate in the ceremony.

Elaine smiled, assisting Christine in completing the performance.

The Holy Spring seemed to sense something, its flow increased, and the sound of rushing water was exceptionally pleasing to the ear.

Sif, a devout believer of the Goddess of Fengrao, was not impressed by the heretical ceremony, and even felt some aversion.

She murmured softly, "Such a clumsy performance, can it really work?"

"Sif, sometimes taking a performance seriously is a form of respect. If you’re not even willing to act sincerely, why would the Holy Spring revive?"

The Goddess bestows a bit of holy water upon the world, like a mother giving her child pocket money.

Whether gratitude comes from the heart is another matter, but the attitude must be right.

Sif bit her lip and whispered, "I understand, judge the acts, not the heart. I just don’t know when the Fengrao Holy Spring will revive."

"It will revive," Roland said with great certainty.

The revival of the Holy Spring must also be an entertaining event for the Day of Return.

The three major religions are currently in overall balance. The rise of one would upset this balance. These three religions are overseen by Goddesses, and who would want their own child to suffer?

The powers of blessing bestowed by the three Goddesses through the Plane Wall are roughly equal. The other two Goddesses probably won't just sit idly by.

Roland's attitude towards the contest among the three major sects is simple.

Neither support nor oppose.

You can fight your battles, just don't interfere with his affairs.

The True Gods are transcendent beings of Tier Zero; their true forms descending upon the unstable Material Plane would directly result in the annihilation of the plane.

According to the Supreme Law, the existence of the plane takes precedence over life, and actions violating this principle will be halted by the Supreme Law.

The Supreme Law is above all.

If a Goddess attempts to annihilate the Material Plane, that is, if her true form descends upon the unstable Material Plane, it will be judged by the Supreme Law as a challenge to the law.

According to the law that planes take precedence over life, it is not the plane that is annihilated but the Goddess.

Before the Day of Return arrives, a strong person of the corresponding level will not appear; this is an iron rule.

If someone uses some special method to advance prematurely, what awaits him is not invincibility, but annihilation.

The Supreme Law is indifferent; a True God violating the rules will also be annihilated.

Yet it is also gentle, for even a mere insect has a chance to transcend.

Having learned of the second Supreme Law from the Elven tomes, Roland neither worships the gods nor fears them.

A single glance from a Goddess could destroy him, but can she even approach?

His opponents are extraordinary beings of the same level.

The plane’s resources are limited, and opportunities for transcendence are few.

Under the Supreme Law, all beings are equal, and everyone is but an insect.

The seemingly invincible Empress Sofia, and the lofty Goddesses, are just stronger insects.

Understanding this, the Holy Spring Revival Ceremony no longer holds any sanctity for Roland.

What Holy Spring, merely a place where the Goddess releases water.

Roland lost interest, but others did not think so.

As the amount of holy water from the spring increased, the expressions of the onlookers gradually shifted from indifference to seriousness.

Isn’t this water output a bit absurd?

The crowd was merely surprised, but Christine, who was in the midst of it, felt a bit anxious.

Can she really harness such a vast quantity of holy water?

She looked back at her teacher and saw an encouraging look, which slightly calmed her mind.

At this point, overthinking was futile, so she might as well go forward.

Just as Christine’s delicate jade hand was about to press the Goddess statue in front of the Holy Spring, a clear, spring-like youthful voice rang from behind.

"Christine, please wait."

Christine stopped her action, not turning back, but her voice was somewhat indifferent.

"Erin, you’re overstepping."

The girl called Erin was wearing the same clergy uniform as Christine, her looks were in no way inferior, and her demeanor carried a few more hints of warmth.

It was clear Erin was another candidate Saintess of the Divine Court of Light.

There would be a good show to watch!

The spectators instantly perked up, focusing on the revival ceremony scene.

Who doesn’t like to watch a fight between beauties?

The audience didn’t care whether the Holy Spring Revival Ceremony would succeed, and clergy from other religions even silently prayed for its failure.

An opponent’s failure is equivalent to one’s own success.

Christine’s words did not make Erin back down.

She walked straight to Christine’s side, first saluting and praying to the statue of the Goddess, then replied:

"Christine, I have been here for a long time. This is your discovery; the credit should belong to you. I do not intend to steal it, but the amount of water from the Spring is truly amazing."

She asked in a voice only the two of them could hear, "Are you confident?"

Christine fell silent.

Erin softly said, "We are rivals, but more importantly, we are friends. I will help you, and we will share the glory. You should know, the revival can only succeed, not fail."

"All this talk, and yet you still want to take the credit," Christine’s eyes reddened.

"I am not taking away; I am joining your ceremony."

"Seventy-thirty!" Christine said softly.

"Fifty-fifty," Erin insisted.

"Don’t push it, sixty-forty is my limit," Christine’s expression was unfriendly.

Erin’s gaze was gentle, yet she did not back down either.

"Fifty-fifty, but you have priority. If the final contest remains undecided, I will voluntarily concede."

Christine hesitated for a second, then decisively agreed.

"Deal."