Empress 198

Chapter 198: Holy Water Overflowed (Part 2)

This is a miracle.

Heitensen's vision went dark, finally unable to withstand it.

The goddess's blessings are a good thing.

But too many blessings are not.

This divine gift that descended from the heavens, the two girls simply couldn't handle it.

They were about to be backlashed.

The goddess's visage gradually became clear.

The moment the goddess opens her eyes would be the complete arrival of the miracle.

According to records, when the miracle arrives, everyone present will receive a divine gift, and the miracle will also give rise to a new super nation.

The divine body cannot descend into the Theia Plane, but the blessings of the god can.

The overflowing gifts instantly filled the two saintesses and continued to spill over.

Everyone present was shocked.

If the miracle arrival fails, this place will become the Land of the Forsaken. As long as the Theia Plane exists, this place will be eternally desolate and barren.

Heitensen couldn’t care about so much, he rushed over and transmitted his spiritual power to Christine.

Although Erin also needed support, he couldn’t manage it all.

He possessed considerable strength and his spiritual power was immense, yet he was an outsider.

As soon as he placed his palm against Christine’s back, he was flung away.

Heitensen struggled to get up but was powerless, several of his ribs had been broken.

"Pfft!"

A mouthful of old blood spewed out, Heitensen gasped heavily, unable to move, only able to shout hoarsely towards the surroundings, "Quick, help them!"

"If this place becomes the Land of the Forsaken, no one can bear the consequences!"

The [Crow] Wise Man appeared behind Christine and Erin like lightning and began chanting.

His mind was clearer than the worried Heitensen’s.

Direct transmission of spiritual power was certainly not the solution.

Clearly, Christine and Erin were locked in as the chosen ones to bear the miracle, others intervening would be repelled by the Holy Spring.

But he didn’t interfere; he merely used natural magic to activate the potential within the two girls themselves.

Every bit of spiritual power they recovered originated from themselves.

It was originally their strength, only activated through special means by the [Crow] Wise Man.

Heitensen's approach was like a coach pushing a marathon runner during the race, which is against the rules.

The [Crow] Wise Man's method was akin to shouting encouragement from the sidelines, if the runner sped up, it was their own skill, the cheerleaders were just a support, not against the rules.

The [Crow]'s natural magic was highly effective, Christine and Erin, on the verge of collapse, were once again rejuvenated, continuing the ritual.

The fog grew thicker, and the goddess's phantom form clearer.

Her body perfectly shaped.

Her limbs perfectly formed.

Her head and features formed one by one.

The spiritual power of the two girls was crazily exhausted, yet they completed this monumental feat.

The misty phantom of the goddess seemed like the true body, even her eyelashes trembled slightly.

As soon as the goddess opened her eyes, the miracle would arrive.

The divine glory would descend from beyond the heavens, making this place the land of blessings.

Yet it was just slightly off.

The goddess’s eyes remained closed.

Erin and Christine’s faces changed.

Their strength was extracted to the extreme, their spirits sapped to the utmost, with not a drop left.

Though they were still standing, it was entirely on sheer willpower.

Exhausted physically, mentally depleted, they were already like dried-up wells.

Even a small child could easily knock them over.

"Help me..."

Erin’s voice was so weak it was barely detectable.

Enya swiftly appeared beside the teacher, attempting to activate their spirits, but it was all in vain.

Within a short time, a person’s spirit couldn’t be revitalized a second time.

Sister Natasha also appeared in the area.

She tried hard to help them recover their spirits, but was ruthlessly flung away by a mysterious force.

Her slender, well-built body flew several meters like a paper sheet, landing in a corner.

She couldn’t even manage to get herself up.

Sif also stood up, her face slightly pale.

Val Lake is right south of the Three Overseas Provinces. If the Land of the Forsaken spreads, it will directly affect the Three Overseas Provinces.

If the Three Provinces become desolate and barren forsaken lands, how could she return to the Imperial Capital?

The Empire sacrificed countless people and spent endless resources, exhausting efforts across generations to expand these lands, only to have them permanently desolate under her watch, her historical reputation would become unspeakably foul.

She might even be imprisoned and held until death.

Thinking of this, Sif dared not delay, disregarding the exposure of her hidden attributes as [Elf Princess], and approached the two girls.

She opened her arms and began silent chanting.

An elf's exclusive casting method, silent incantation.

Just reciting the spell mentally suffices for immediate effect.

This is a singing method almost comparable to instant casting, usable only by the highest level non-elf race.

Since Sif didn't hide it, Roland couldn't either.

He stood beside Sif, holding her right hand.

Sif's profession is [Elf Princess], and he is [Inheritor], their powers can perfectly complement each other.

In the third era dominated by the Elf Race, the Emperor, the Inheritor, and the High Priest each hold power, knowledge, and faith, with equal status.

The powers of authority, knowledge, and faith can be transformed into each other under certain conditions.

The simplest way is to use the Inheritor as a link to connect them.

With the assistance of Roland, Sif finished chanting her magic spell, and a pale green glow enveloped Christine and Erin.

Their spirits were slightly restored.

As a price, Roland and Sif were thrown back simultaneously.

The Elf Race is not a god-favored race, but rather usurpers despised by the gods.

The Elves, who attempted to create gods, were even obliterated during divine punishment.

The revival of the Holy Spring naturally wouldn't look kindly on the usurpers.

Sif was seriously injured; she wiped the blood from the corner of her lips with a low bow and stood up tenaciously.

She didn't want Roland to be distracted.

She looked at Roland with concern, as he, the link, must have suffered more significant injuries.

However, Sif miscalculated, as Roland was not injured.

He was thrown back simply because he was holding Sif's hand.

Slightly restored in spiritual power, Christine and Erin put all their effort into finally causing the goddess to open her eye.

The right eye of survival.

Seeing the divine eye open, everyone present, regardless of whether they believed in the Light, couldn't help but kneel.

Only Roland and Sif were exceptions.

In the moment they were thrown back, countless memories awakened in Sif's mind.

She recalled some past events.

Choosing [Elf Princess] as her extraordinary profession meant she was henceforth an Elf.

Even if she was unmistakably human, it was no exception.

Her devout faith ended from then on.

From now on, she was forever a usurper.

Either succeed in usurpation or face annihilation; there was no third option.

Roland was no different from her.

Since kneeling was useless, they might as well not kneel.

Roland's reason for not kneeling was simple too, his knees were stiff, and he couldn't kneel down.

So, you think the goddess is great, huh? Come down if you dare.

The open eye of the goddess represented survival, gentle like water, instantly healing all the wounded.

Heitensen stood up, surprised to find his ribs had healed.

Natasha also stood up, delighted to find her arms and legs were intact.

Others, regardless of their faith, all knelt on the ground silently praying.

The goddess's phantasm only opened one eye, the other remained tightly closed.

Christine and Erin silently exchanged glances, their hearts filled with indescribable regret.

They wanted to cry.

Just a little bit more.

If they had been stronger, maybe what descended would have been a complete miracle. What descended now, however, was a very incomplete miracle.

This inferior miracle could only nourish Val Lake and the surrounding land.

Having touched the ultimate trophy yet only receiving a consolation prize, no one could feel content.

The mist gradually thinned, and the goddess's phantasm began to slowly dissipate.

Just when everyone thought this incomplete miracle was coming to an end, Roland rushed forward and pressed his large hands firmly on the base of the statue of the goddess.

On the jade-like feet.

He caressed the feet of the goddess's statue with his hands, unleashing a surge of spiritual power.

He wasn't a pervert; he was simply unwilling to accept this outcome.

Having toiled for so long, why should Val City State claim all the benefits?

Either everyone shares in the rain and dew, or no one gets anything.

Since he wasn't counterattacked earlier, it wouldn't happen now.

Maybe his spiritual power could also contribute to the revival.

He vaguely felt he could win the bet, being a transmigrator, an alien visitor, the rules of this plane might not apply to him.

He won the bet.

The mist swirled and surged, the goddess's vanishing phantasm quickly solidified, becoming crystal clear.

Everyone could distinctly see the details of the goddess's phantasm.

Vividly lifelike, as if the goddess herself had descended.

The left eye opened.

Black as a prison, this was the eye of death.

Roland was locked in its gaze, feeling as though he stood naked in a bottomless abyss.

He lifted his head to look at the phantasm of the goddess, smiling as he met her gaze.

His lips moved, whispering a silent phrase.

"You too."

No one heard it, but he believed the goddess could hear him.

Holy water poured down furiously, descending like a torrential storm.

The Pillar of Holy Light shot up to the sky, illuminating even places a thousand kilometers away.

The complete miracle had descended.

The crowd cheered.

Yet no one noticed the black eye of the goddess was staring fixedly at Roland.

Until the mist completely dissipated.