

Multiverse 320

Chapter 320: The Ancient Serpent of Distant Recollection

At the same time...

On a stormy coast on the opposite side of the globe from the Far East, a girl appeared.

She was an exceptionally beautiful girl.

The girl's apparent age was around thirteen or fourteen. Her appearance matched her youthful age, and her face was so delicate and pitiful like an angel that describing her with the word "beautiful" was absolutely appropriate.

She wore a thin sweater, a miniskirt, and over-the-knee socks. On her head was a blue knitted hat. Her attire was no different from that of a modern girl.

The sea breeze brushed by, lifting the silver hair that peeked out from beneath her knitted hat.

That shoulder-length silver hair reflected a faint light as if it were merging with the moonlight. At the same time, her pupils, like the dark of night—pitch black like an abyss—shimmered like those of an owl, shining brightly in the darkness.

At this moment, her eyes seemed as though they could pierce through the night, the sea, and space itself, seeing the scenery of a distant foreign land.

"So that's how it is."

The girl uttered in a slightly emotionless yet endearing voice.

"My 'serpent' has crossed the sea and fallen into the hands of a foreign enemy?"

She did not actually see that scene.

However, the moment the "serpent" was handed over to the enemy, she naturally sensed it in her heart and knew what had happened.

Because the "serpent" was a part of her—something bound to her by an incorruptible connection.

This bond would guide her to the side of the "serpent" and allow her to sense its current condition.

"It feels like my 'serpent' is writhing, is delighted, and is undergoing some sort of transformation even I cannot perceive."

"What exactly is going on?"

"The ancient wisdom I lost, a part of my very existence—why is it undergoing such a change?"

A hint of confusion appeared in her eyes.

This was a rare occurrence.

Although she had lost that ancient wisdom, as the goddess symbolizing intelligence, she had not lost her intellect or her extraordinary insight.

Therefore, there were very few things in this world that could confuse her—especially when it was something intimately connected to her own existence.

"Is it in the far East?"

Unable to figure it out, the girl simply turned her gaze in that direction.

"In that case, I shall go and confirm it myself."

Saying this, the girl stepped forward.

"What I seek is the Gorgoneion, once engraved upon my shield, residing now within the distant ancient serpent of recollection."

Chanting an ancient song naturally from her lips, she walked forward.

"What I seek is the Gorgoneion. O serpent, bestow the ancient authority upon the defiant me."

She reached the edge of the shore and continued onward.

"What I seek is the Gorgoneion. Ancient serpent, may you guide the journey of the unyielding queen and grant me once more the wisdom of darkness, earth, and heavens."

Splash—just then, a wave surged high, about to engulf the small goddess.

However, the unyielding goddess transformed into an owl and soared high into the sky.

"O earth, bear witness to my rising resolve!"

"O darkness, understand my impassioned will!"

"I am the goddess who represents darkness, the queen of the night, the ruler of the underworld!"

"I am the goddess who blesses the earth, the queen of the land, the master of the stone chamber!"

"Therefore, receive the curse I bestow—become a cold corpse lying in the underworld."

"Therefore, receive the blessing I grant—become a cold statue and return to the dust."

As the owl flew toward the other side of the sea, it sang loudly.

"I am Athena!"

"I am Metis!"

"I am Medusa!"

Athena, the goddess in Greek mythology, one of the twelve Olympians, was the goddess of wisdom, arts, weaving, painting, gardening, craftsmanship, agriculture, animal husbandry, navigation, and warfare.

She was the goddess of art, the guardian of craftsmanship, the wisdom goddess who taught humanity textile arts, cooking, gardening, pottery, and other crafts. She was also the teacher of painting, music, poetry, and dance—an originator of art and creator of wisdom. At the same time, she was the protector of warfare, agriculture, medicine, navigation, animal husbandry, as well as the guardian of courts and order.

She longed for independence, insisted on remaining unmarried, and, along with Artemis and Hestia, was considered one of the three virgin goddesses of Mount Olympus. She was the protector of maidens and unmarried girls, as well as the guardian of women's labor and childbirth.

At the same time, she was the daughter of Zeus, the king of gods in Greek mythology, and Metis, the wisdom goddess of the previous generation. Because of a prophecy by Gaia and Uranus, Zeus feared her, and when Metis was still pregnant with her, he swallowed her. Later, Athena burst forth from Zeus's head—a goddess born of his skull.

She was a goddess crowned with a helm, clad in serpent armor, wielding a spear of victory, bearing a golden-fringed shield. She protected countless heroes and guided many humans, helping them make their names known throughout the world. She was the most famous goddess in existence—perhaps without equal.

However, in the ancient era before Greek mythology existed, the goddess named "Athena" was in fact the queen of the Mediterranean, a trinity of the holy mother.

She bore many names, and whether it was "Gorgon" or "Medusa," they were merely names she once held, all representing the same meaning.

Even the goddess Metis, known in Greek myth as her mother, was actually herself.

In Greek, "Metis" means wisdom, and it is also the etymological root of the word "Medusa."

In other words, the words "Metis" and "Medusa" carried the same meaning and were names deeply connected to Athena.

Metis, Medusa, Athena... they were originally the same being, the trinity queen and goddess.

With the passage of time and the evolution of mythologies, the great queen fell from the divine throne, replaced and diminished by so-called Greek mythology. The trinity queen was forcibly split into three separate goddesses, one of whom was even degraded into a monster—a snake demon, a draconic serpent slain by a steel hero.

Now, the ancient Earth Mother Goddess returns. She has stepped onto the path of reclaiming her origin and regaining her once singular position.

The Gorgoneion, holding the part of the "serpent" she had lost and representing her aspect as "Medusa," was the divine relic she must reclaim.

Thus, the most beautiful goddess embarked on a journey eastward, flying continuously across the sea.

Unbeknownst to her, someone was already waiting ahead for her arrival...

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At this moment, far away at Shichio Shrine, Kaiser had already stored away the Gorgoneion.

A smile surfaced on his face—clearly, he was in a very good mood.

The girls present did not know why he was in such good spirits, because their own moods were far from pleasant.

There was no need to mention Mariya Yuri—knowing that in addition to the imminent appearance of the Monkey God, a supreme goddess was also coming to this country, she felt nothing but concern, not joy.

Liliana was the same, though her displeasure stemmed from her fated rival.

Because Kaiser had just said something.

"Good work, Erica," Kaiser said, "From now on, you'll stay by my side."

"Yes," Erica, the only girl present still smiling, said, "It is my honor."

"Tch." Liliana clicked her tongue and couldn't help but say to Kaiser, "My king, this is by no means a wise decision."

"Liliana, are you trying to sow discord?" Erica raised her eyebrows and spoke to Liliana, "That's not something a proper knight would do, is it?"

"As a knight, it is only natural to offer appropriate counsel to one's king," Liliana retorted without backing down, "No one understands you better than I do, Erica Blandelli. You are a cunning and devious devil—a scoundrel who would even use her beauty to achieve her goals. With someone like you attending the young king, one cannot help but worry if you'll lead him astray."

"Thank you for worrying about my king, Liliana." Erica was not bothered at all by Liliana's slander; she even accepted it graciously and said with a smile, "For the sake of my king, I am indeed prepared to use any means necessary without hesitation. Please call it bold decisiveness, not cunning or deceit."

"Always so glib, you vixen." Liliana clicked her tongue again and said, "Don't think I don't know what you're scheming. You're trying to use the king's prestige to obtain the title and position of the Diavolo Rosso, and thus become the chief knight of the Copper Black Cross, aren't you?"

One might say—this truly was a rival who had grown up alongside her.

Liliana indeed saw through Erica's true motive in an instant and understood exactly what she was after.

In response, Erica still admitted it openly.

"That has always belonged to me—I merely claimed it early," Erica said to Liliana with a beautiful smile, "By the way, I've already obtained the title of Diavolo Rosso and become the chief knight of the Copper Black Cross, you know?"

"What did you say?" Liliana froze, and then her expression changed drastically. "You already obtained the title of Diavolo Rosso?"

"After all, I fulfilled the king's request and am already slated to become his chief knight," Erica said cheerfully, "After I secured the Gorgoneion and reported it back to the Copper Black Cross, the elders readily agreed and granted me the title of Diavolo Rosso."

"It shouldn't be long before this news spreads throughout Milan and all of Italy, right?"

Upon hearing this, Liliana nearly drew her *Il Maestro*.

This vixen... as expected, she's the type to use anything and everything to achieve her ends!

And now such a person was going to become the chief knight at the side of the new king?

Wouldn't that throw the world into chaos?

No! This must absolutely not be allowed to happen!