Empress 105

Chapter 105: Damn Idealism, Leave Sylph!

Sif was stunned for a few seconds, her eyes somewhat dazed, as if she had an epiphany.

Facing Roland’s expectant gaze, she suddenly thought of the philosophy and history books she had been reading these days, and the biographies of famous monarchs in history.

Teacher Wald once advised her to read more, but back then, she was ignorant and always muddled through.

Roland told her to read more, and now she had matured, she naturally complied obediently.

It’s time to showcase her learning achievements!

Sif’s eyes lit up, and she softly said, "I understand, even if it’s just to uphold the Empress’s authority, I won’t say anything wrong."

"Precisely because of this, the Empress cannot speak frivolously. The more one says, the more mistakes they make."

This time, it was Roland’s eyes that were shining.

He hadn’t expected Sif to have such a high-level understanding; it seemed she truly understood this time.

This understanding deserves full marks, no fear of her becoming arrogant.

Before Roland could voice his praise, Sif’s next sentence halved his joy.

"Luckily, I’m a Count now, it’s fine."

Roland: "..."

Alright, saying it like that doesn't seem wrong either.

Being an Empress is quite exhausting; being a Count allows for more freedom, which suits Sif's personality. Holding up a facade all day indeed troubles her.

Eighty percent is quite good too.

Seeing the affirmation in Roland's eyes, Sif let out a long breath, her eyes brightened.

The books she had been reading were beginning to ferment, and her eyes glimmered with a sunny brilliance.

"Moreover, I will never lose to Sofia."

Very good, very spirited, but what is the reason?

Roland inquired with his gaze.

Sif cleared her throat, raised her head confidently, and said with confidence.

"The reason is simple, only by being alive can I know the world. After my death, the world will disappear. But the world will not disappear, so I will not die in defeat."

"I am destined to win!"

Roland's mind instantly froze.

He searched deeply in his memory, desperately trying to find a similar view in the perspectives of subjective idealist philosophers from both worlds he remembered.

After multiple extended searches, he found a few close enough answers.

Louis XV's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, once said, "After us, the flood."

Just as Roland was beginning to think Sif might have read the wrong books, he suddenly recalled the various Japanese RPG games he played as a child.

These games typically had a protagonist who was very weak in the beginning. Yet, this protagonist could not die; if they died, it was "GAME OVER," and nurturing was essential.

Since the protagonist could not die, they were effectively invincible.

Fortunately, the protagonist usually grew explosively, truly becoming invincible in the later stages.

Could Sif be this type of invincible character in the end-game?

Roland's eyes turned to Sif's fair face, observing her clear confidence, for the first time feeling a bit uncertain himself.

This was the first time he couldn't understand Sif.

Should he treat this as a game, and relentlessly nurture her?

The great Count Sif once said, her death would mean the end of this world.

The words sounded ridiculous, yet they were not entirely incorrect.

Although Sif indeed had Sofia as an apparently unbeatable enemy, Roland had also offended quite a few people during this time.

If Sif fell, he would be next.

He and Sif seemingly had an intimate relationship in the eyes of outsiders. Not exactly dependent on her, but it resembled such a bond.

Sif was right; she absolutely couldn't die.

So this is what invincible character type means, huh?

Roland's gaze shifted to the window.

Damn weather, always so gloomy, just like his mood.

Since he decided to nurture Sif earnestly, he couldn't afford to be careless in the slightest.

Firstly, those damn subjective idealism sediments in her mind needed to be eradicated.

Considering Sif's foundational cognition had a promising future, Roland decided to start from the basics.

At the very least, she needed to understand what matter is, and what consciousness is.

Whoever planted the idea of subjective idealism in her mind, get out.

Eat my materialism club!

Roland gestured for Sif to sit down, seriously retrieving a notebook from the desk.

He looked at Sif earnestly and slowly said, "Sif, first let’s make one point clear: in your world, you are invincible, that’s correct."

"But your world is merely a part of all worlds. According to your logic just now, in Sofia’s world, she is also invincible, right?"

"That’s right." The name Sofia could always make Sif calm instantly, she vaguely felt that something in the book was amiss.

"When two invincible worlds collide, what happens?" Roland guided patiently.

"I don’t know." Sif was honest.

"The collision of two invincible worlds must return to reality, with swords and guns deciding the outcome. Sofia’s formidable strength is an objective existence, not subject to any individual’s will."

"What is objective?" Sif’s curiosity had been piqued, an intriguing new term.

Roland placed the notebook in front of Sif.

"What you see here is the wisdom of the Great Sage from the endless void, not to be disclosed, don’t ask recklessly, think more."

Roland wasn’t lying, this truly was sage wisdom, explaining the basic relationship between matter and consciousness.

He had been prepared for Sif for a long time, just had not found the suitable opportunity to present it.

Now the opportunity had come.

With a solemn and reverent voice, Roland’s eyes shone with a gaze of reverence.

Much like a Saint.

Except there was no halo behind him.

Seeing Roland so serious, how could Sif dare slack off, she took the notebook with both hands, holding her breath, her heart pounding, reverently opening the front page.

Roland’s handwritten sage wisdom.

Beautiful handwriting.

Sif thought privately.

"Matter determines consciousness, and consciousness is reactive to matter."

The opening words made Sif’s heart stop temporarily.

This was entirely different from the education she had received.

She kept flipping through Roland’s notebook.

The contents inside grew increasingly terrifying, not only completely differing from the books she read recently, but even challenging the education she received from a young age.

She was a bit flustered.

If someone had shown her something like this a few months ago, she wouldn’t have hesitated to draw her sword and take down the tide of wrong thought dissemination.

But now she wavered a bit.

The words Roland spoke earlier struck a chord in her heart.

She had been immersed in various philosophical books, continuously numbing herself with the thought of "I am the world," ultimately because she subconsciously acknowledged she was not Sofia's match.

This is what Roland referred to as the objective fact, not subject to an individual's will?

Sif was overwhelmed by sadness and dejection, and when she raised her head again, tears filled her eyes.

The ridiculous confidence she feigned was thoroughly shattered by reality.

Roland, this bad guy, why couldn't he let her continue numbing herself.

"I'm not her match, and that's not subject to an individual's will to change, right?"

"Yes, and no."

Roland said calmly, "You're not her match now, that's an objective fact. But all things in the world are changing and developing, one day in the future you will definitely defeat her, that is also an objective fact."

"One day in the future I can defeat her?"

There was a glimmer of light in Sif's eyes, but not much.

Roland stood up and walked out the door.

"Let’s conduct a demonstration experiment, and you’ll understand."