Empress 133

Chapter 133: What Kind of Empress Are You? An Empress Who Is Loved

Roland and Sif sat in the VIP seats beside the Empress, able to see the entire banquet scene clearly.

Watching little Bagash being dragged away like a dog, Sif quietly griped:

"What are these guys doing, do they really think this makes them look impressive?"

Roland smiled and said, "Perhaps. After all, the Empire has been on the decline these years. Crushing Bagash is not a great victory, but it’s enough to make small nations tremble."

"This show was never meant for the big nations. The struggle between major powers is the result of a comprehensive mix of timing, geography, and unity. But for small nations, you must display overwhelming force; otherwise, it’s better not to fight at all."

"I think the Empire’s officials wouldn’t be so abstract; it must be little Bagash adding drama to the act. You may look at him like a dog now, but once he returns, which of the surrounding small countries would dare provoke him?"

Sif suddenly understood, murmuring softly, "I see, he’s a dog relying on human power. You’re right, fighting back and forth like Talia with Nubia from the South Continent only damages national prestige."

"War is a blood-stained blade, it must serve politics and be approached with great caution," she recalled Teacher Wald’s teachings.

Roland softly said, "The war machine is like a sharp sword; if you don’t intend to kill, don’t draw it just to wave around."

"You’ll experience this slowly in the future. Now look at these guests and give a brief assessment, don’t use [Insight], rely on your observational skills to judge."

Hearing Roland’s pop quiz, Sif’s eyes lit up.

Where she once faced the tests with trepidation, she now seemed eager to try.

Though not always correct, her occurrences of scoring zero have become fewer.

Her gaze first locked onto the envoy Dilas from the Jin Yuan Kingdom.

Common bureaucrat, pass.

Had Alina been sitting there, it might have warranted a few more glances.

Her gaze continued, pausing slightly on the envoy from Talia, Sif felt somewhat surprised.

There was an indescribable special aura about the Talia envoy.

Very young, yet exceptionally confident.

He gazed back at Sif gently but firmly, without the slightest hint of unease.

"This person is interesting, worth paying attention to."

Sif would give a simple critique after looking at each person.

Some were mediocre, some stood out, but none were particularly noteworthy.

For Sif’s sharp evaluations, Roland merely listened without further critiquing them.

Sif’s gaze quickly turned to the first row on the right—the Vladimir Empire.

While Sussex was the first maritime power, Vladimir was the first land power.

Though slightly behind in industrial enlightenment, it possessed very rich coal and iron resources, vast lands, and a large population, only lagging slightly in culture, economy, and industry compared to Sussex. In other aspects, it even showed signs of overtaking Sussex.

Most people on the Rodinia Continent believed the world’s number one spot would change hands within three to five years.

The reason was simple.

Vladimir had Sofia; what did Sussex have?

Sif’s gaze rested on Angelina.

Envoy Angelina looked back at her, full of proud, smiling confidence.

Their gazes clashed, sparking in mid-air.

After withdrawing her gaze, Sif gave Angelina a fair evaluation, "She might have made a deal with the Devil, sacrificing some intelligence for power. Though very strong, that’s all there is."

Roland glanced at Angelina with some sympathy, stifling his amusement.

For Sif to sharply criticize her this way, if she could hear it, she’d probably break down on the spot.

Sif paused slightly, then slowly said, "Angelina is okay, but the mysterious woman behind her, wearing a blue veil, is terrifying. Just a glance made me feel like my soul was almost frozen."

"Ah, I really envy them, having top-level powerhouses besides Empress Sofia."

Roland nearly couldn’t hold back his laughter.

After managing to adjust his emotions, he gently reminded, "Strong ones aren’t like chives, they don’t just grow randomly. Think again."

"Is it... that woman?" Sif’s voice trembled slightly, as the courage she had just gathered to discuss matters flew a thousand miles away, curling up in the farthest colony of Balat.

"Is she here to kill me? Roland, save me, I’m so young, I don’t want to die."

Seeing her almost about to cry, Roland didn’t show any disdain; he completely understood.

At this distance, if Sofia decided to strike, Sif would be dead.

Even a million strong army couldn’t protect her.

This was the pressure of top-tier power on the Seventh Day of Return.

Just a slight release of cold air from Sofia, and it was enough to freeze Sif’s courage.

Roland shielded Sif from Sofia and held her hand tightly, gently reminding:

"Don’t be afraid, it’s not now."

Perhaps it was the warmth from Roland’s large hand that had an effect, Sif’s trembling hand finally steadied.

Roland was right.

Maybe she would die, but not today, not tomorrow, at least not in the years to come.

Who will die isn't certain yet.

If she could become the Empress inheriting the Elven Race's will, there might be a chance.

She picked up her drink and downed it in one go, as the alcohol gradually chased fear out of her system.

She gently pushed aside Roland's shielding body, meeting Sofia's gaze with warmth and determination.

Although she had believed she had long conquered her inner demons, only at this moment did she truly see Sofia as an equal rival.

Sofia was somewhat surprised.

In her observations over recent days, Sif had swung between courage and cowardice, once making her think the man had some mental issues.

She was somewhat disappointed with Sif's performance, not seeing her as a qualified stepping stone.

But now it was different.

Sif's mindset was changing.

Almost as if to test Sif's resolve, Sofia stood up, picked up her wine glass, and walked toward Sif.