Empress 134

Chapter 134: What Kind of Empress Are You? An Empress Who Is Loved (Part 2)

Angelina was stunned.

It was the first time she saw Empress Sofia attach such importance to a person.

Did Sif deserve the Empress's attention?

She felt three parts jealousy and seven parts gravity.

Although her mind often went off track due to selection issues, she absolutely trusted the Empress's judgment.

If the Empress believed Sif was worthy of attention, then she must be.

"Angelina, be humble before the Empress." She silently recited in her mind.

She would keep a close watch on Sif, helping Her Majesty the Empress keep an eye on the prey.

When the prey fattened up, it would be the Empress's time to hunt.

Angelina felt somewhat excited.

Everyone said Empress Sofia was warlike, yet who knew she hadn't personally acted for a year and a half.

Could anyone truly make her act before the Sixth Return Day arrived?

Angelina was a bit curious.

Covered in a ghostly blue veil, Sofia walked steadily forward.

Her steps were stable and efficient, very much like a soldier.

Even though she wore a veil, her tall, full legs and symmetrical figure made it clear she was a rare beauty.

Roland stared fixedly at the floor patterns, and through observation, was amazed to find that each of her steps was exactly the same length.

His eyes were as precise as a ruler, yet could not see even a millimeter of difference.

Her mastery over her body was perfection.

Even without using Extraordinary Power, an ordinary Tier Eight was no match for her.

Those below Tier Seven didn't even deserve her calling forth Frosty Winter.

Roland's heart was pounding.

He finally understood why some people did not acknowledge Sussex as the strongest nation.

In front of Sofia, no matter how many troops or how much artillery you had, they were all just toys.

He also understood why people said Sofia was equivalent to three fully formed army corps.

If she were serious, indeed eighty to ninety thousand troops couldn't stop her.

Could Sif withstand it?

Roland was somewhat worried.

They were staring each other down, it was a war between Sif and Sofia, and no one else could intervene.

He feared Sif’s newly built confidence would be shattered by Sofia in an instant.

Except for potential, he truly couldn’t figure out what advantage Sif had.

Standing nearby with his own pressure at its peak, how was Sif, the one in the midst, going to cope?

Just as Roland imagined, Sif was under immense pressure.

Sofia’s smile was like a demon’s eerie expression, the wine she held was like deadly poison, and each of her steps felt like a collapsing iceberg pounding Sif’s heart.

When she took the first step, Sif’s mental fortifications shattered.

She felt like a newborn thrown onto an icy plain. She wanted to cry, but her cries were frozen.

Like a drowning and suffocating person, she struggled frantically, trying to grasp a straw, yet couldn’t extend her hand.

Sofia was using spirit pressure to force Sif to generate a mental mark of "inferior to Sofia."

Once this mark took shape in Sif’s mind, she would no longer be a rival but a prey awaiting slaughter.

No matter her growth, she couldn’t escape this fate of massacre.

A straightforward yet shameless tactic.

Unless Sif had genuine advantages beyond the elusive promise of "the future is promising," this challenge could only be solved with raw strength.

However, Sif’s raw power wasn’t worth even one of Sofia’s eyelashes.

What should be done?

The entire world fell silent, and everyone’s gaze was fixed on Sif.

After all, no one wanted to stare at Sofia; watching the defeated’s reaction would suffice.

The few Cabinet Ministers of the Sussex Empire were somewhat unwilling to watch.

Although they schemed and fought for power against the young Empress, they were ultimately on the same ship. Watching the Empress being openly bullied, they were powerless.

What humiliation!

Wald’s hands trembled, struggling to stand, lips parted, yet unable to utter a word.

He was Sif’s teacher, and speaking up would equal Sif’s instant surrender.

Sif was still resisting, so why should he surrender?

The White Rose Clan had emperors that died in battle, but never a monarch that surrendered.

He sat down dejectedly and closed his eyes in pain.

Would there be a miracle?

Of course, there was no miracle, given the vast gap between Sif and Sofia.

Emissaries from major countries recognized Sofia.

Their expressions subtly shifted, their feelings somewhat complicated.

While Sussex was strong, they didn't like the arrogant island pirates, but the Sussex people were still within the rule framework.

The Rurik people were different.

They were wild, they were greedy, they never hid their territorial ambitions.

Now that they had strength, they were more aggressive.

During Empress Sofia's reign, the Empire's territory had expanded by ten percent.

Now she was making an example out of the Sussex Empress in person, shattering the backbone of the Sussex people.

Once Sussex fell, they would be next.

Emissaries from countries bordering the Vladimir Empire were even more bitter in expression, unable to speak of their grievances.

Even knowing Sif couldn't withstand it, many still wished for a miracle.

Different from major country emissaries, those from smaller country monarchs had mixed feelings.

Some small countries had suffered Sussex for a long time. As long as someone crushed these pirates, they were pleased.

Even if the new oppressors that trampled the old ones were more fierce, that was a matter for the future.

Some small countries had been loyal dogs for years; watching their master being threatened with a gun, they wished they could take their place.

And some indecisive small countries were anxious.

They understood well, when two giants fought, they could end up injured, but the surrounding dwarves could be squashed flat.

Unfortunately, they were those dwarves.

The silence was pin-drop, and everyone prayed silently.

Some prayed for a miracle, others for Sif, and yet some for themselves.

Almost nobody had faith in Sif.

Only Roland was the exception.

He could clearly feel a small, sweaty hand grasping his palm.

Sif’s hand tightly held his.

There was a lot of sweat, a lot of tension.

But there was no shaking, absolutely none.

Sif closed her eyes, and when she reopened them, her lips slightly curved upward.

Her other hand raised the wine glass, smiling as she went forward.

"Sif Sussex York, Count Tyrone of the Sussex Empire."

Sofia’s footsteps suddenly stopped.

Roland, who was staring at the floor patterns, captured a slight misstep in her movement.

Inconspicuous yet real.

Her step length wasn’t completely identical.

Clearly, Sif’s reaction took her by surprise.

Although she could easily freeze Sif and shatter her like breaking an ice sculpture, in the spiritual confrontation, Sif did not lose.

Not only didn’t lose, but even faintly took the upper hand.

Sofia was silent for a moment, then took two steps forward, lifting her veil in front of Sif, revealing her face.

"Rurik’s Sofia, it’s an honor to toast with you, looking forward to our next meeting."

Their glasses met emptily in the air and were simultaneously drained to the last drop.

Sofia turned and left.

The temperature in the hall returned to normal, as if nothing happened.

The entire place was bewildered.

No one knew what had occurred.

Looking at Sofia returning to her seat, Angelina hesitated.

The confrontation between Sofia and Sif seemed like a draw; however, the outcome was decided.

When world-leading experts and rookies appear evenly matched, the victory is clear, isn’t it?

Seeing Angelina’s concerned and puzzled expression, Sofia wasn’t displeased at all, even smiled warmly for the first time.

"She demonstrated against me holding Roland’s hand. She has the best ally—I don’t."

Angelina’s face turned bright red.

Although she appeared to be discussing Sif, Sofia was actually hinting at her.

She wasn’t excellent enough and couldn’t match Roland.

Angelina felt very ashamed and spoke softly with her head down, "I will work twice as hard!"

Sofia didn’t say much more, she just encouraged Angelina with her eyes.

A smart person needs only one reminder, but hitting a fool multiple times is useless and only worsens the situation.

Everyone was puzzled, Roland included; he couldn’t help but lean closer to Sif asking:

"What happened?"

"Nothing. At the time my mind was blank, but I just refused to accept it, desperately thinking about where I was stronger than her. Being prettier than her might be the case, but under the circumstances, the Magic Mirror certainly wouldn’t dare to claim I was number one."

"Then I thought of you."

Roland smiled very happily, although there was an air of flattery, he liked hearing this.

Sif grinned smugly, "I’ll tell you a secret, Sofia’s husband was cold to her, she is still a virgin, so she was enraged and killed her husband to crown herself Emperor."

"Someone cares about me, but she is a lone ghost. Do you think I won?"