## Empress 158

Chapter 158: Sister or Younger Sister?

"Hiss, pain, so much pain."

Everything is shrouded in darkness, not knowing where I am, only feeling the endless pain all over my body.

Who am I?

Where am I?

Am I dead?

Munina struggled to open her eyes, looking at the ceiling mural with countless little angels fluttering around a god, her mind went blank instantly.

After an unknown amount of time, the memory before losing consciousness gradually awakened.

She knew who she was now.

She was the youngest daughter of the Graham Merfolk Tribe’s leader, captured during a fleet attack mission, becoming a captive tortured by humans.

Last night, her tribesmen finally came to rescue her.

Unfortunately, the rescue failed, ambushed by the humans.

The tribesmen didn’t want her in the hands of the human race causing greater losses, ending her life with a poisonous arrow.

Things developed to this point, all within her understanding.

Although it's painful, she doesn't resent anyone.

However, the person who acted was her sister, her own sister with whom she grew up.

At the moment her sister acted, lightning tore the sky, she clearly saw the expression in her sister's eyes.

No trace of compassion, just disdain and disgust.

As if looking at garbage, she believed her little sister was the disaster causing the failure of the mission.

Maybe because her sister was sure she would die, her disgust was undisguised.

Munina's mentality instantly collapsed.

Her sister was too ruthless.

Aimed straight at her heart with an arrow.

Her sister killed not only her body, but also her soul.

Sadly, her sister didn't know that her heart had been misaligned since childhood, directly causing her to be judged by the tribal elders as having higher potential, but her growth was slower than her sister's.

After the age of ten, the tribe's cultivation resources completely leaned towards her sister.

She often fantasized, if her heart hadn't grown misaligned, what would her life be like?

There’s no need to imagine anymore.

Because she’s dead.

She knew what kind of poison arrow her sister used, the arrowhead smeared with poison exclusive to the sea demon’s constitution.

Blood-sealing throat, a lethal strike.

She was a bit curious, hearing that after death, one would be judged by indifferent and just Holy Judges, then sent into Endless Purgatory and the Divine Land.

The former must redeem all sins, the latter can enjoy the serenity bestowed by gods.

Is this Endless Purgatory or the Divine Land?

Didn’t smell the terrifying sulfur stench, shouldn’t be Purgatory.

Munina was slightly relieved, she smelled the faint bloody smell and potion aroma.

Though not strong, her nose was very keen.

How could there be such a smell in the Divine Land?

She struggled to stand up but had no strength at all, tried to shout but her throat hurt too much, could only make hoarse sounds.

Upon hearing her wailing, footsteps approached.

Someone came, it was a young, beautiful girl.

Munina was delighted.

Seems like this is likely the Divine Land.

"You’re awake?"

The pretty female face gradually became clear in Munina’s vision, gently introducing herself.

"You can call me Nana."

Though she could only maintain a lying position, Munina still clearly saw the girl’s appearance.

A bit like human, but definitely not.

Humans couldn’t possibly have so many mechanical devices on them.

Understood, must be a Mechanical Angel!

A tribal elder’s mentioned legend flashed through the sea demon lady’s mind, causing her body to tremble with excitement.

"Sister Angel, I, I’m called Munina..."

The half-mechanical girl referred to as Sister Angel switched to a smiling expression, softly asked:

"Miss Munina, this is the Room of Reckoning, all your actions in the human world will be placed on the judgment scales, weighing your sins and contributions, and deciding your destination."

"The Holy Judge will come to see you tomorrow. Before then, I want to confirm, do you have any unresolved desires on earth?"

Facing the gentle inquiry of the "Mechanical Angel," Munina’s eyes suddenly turned blood-red.

"I have no regrets, just want to kill one person!"

Nana quietly thought, it must be Governor Roland.

Her father, who prides himself as a great Alchemist, admired Governor Roland as someone who could change the course of the world.

Although she didn’t understand what her father was saying, she obediently chose to trust him.

Her impression of Roland wasn’t good.

She possessed extremely high intelligence and rigorous logic, yet her mental age was akin to eleven or twelve, instinctively felt Governor Roland was very frightening.

She knew the kind of trap Roland had set awaiting the sea demons.

Helping her father refine special Alchemy Potions, she was well aware of how malicious these potions were.

She naturally feared Governor Roland who used such potions.

She had heard her father talk about certain things, also aware of Miss Munina’s plight.

The sea demon lady attempted to seduce and kill sailors, at least attempted murder, and was not innocent.

She had sins, but she was indeed pitiful.

Not only becoming the enemy of Devil Roland but also being shot by her own sister with a poison arrow.

If it weren't for her father's intervention, she would have been dead.

Luckily, her father was an excellent Alchemist and also an outstanding doctor.

Her father said he had once stepped into the Netherworld but was rescued back.

Father wasn't lying, for he saved the otherwise doomed Miss Sea Demon back.

Not only Munina, but also another Miss Sea Demon, Munina.

Swallowing the hidden poison didn't kill Miss Munina, just subjected her to repeated torture of emesis and stomach lavage.

The half-mechanical Nana curiously observed Munina, her father consumed an Orokin Level puppet core bestowed upon her with extremely high intelligence and logical judgment ability.

Besides her mental age not being fully mature, she was quite clever.

After calmly assessing Munina's mentality, Nana smiled and said:

"Miss Munina, the Room of Reckoning's judgment is fair and also the final opportunity for reflection, candidly face your past. Remember, the sins of lies are not necessarily lesser than other crimes."