Empress 168

Chapter 168: This One Is Even More Heavyweight

Time is indeed of the essence.

After sharing Norton’s adventure, Sif furrowed her brows slightly, lost in thought.

The Return Day is yet to be determined, but its scent is already detectable.

As the Sixth Return Day approaches, more ancient relics will be unearthed, and more old entities will resurface.

There’s also the ice blade hanging overhead, ready to claim her life at any moment.

Thinking of Sofia’s name, Sif’s good mood vanished instantly.

Her confidence is extremely fragile.

One moment she’s filled with an inexplicable confidence of "I can definitely defeat Sofia," and the next she’s overwhelmed by a sense of failure that "Sofia is unbeatable."

It’s entirely Schrödinger’s confidence.

One cannot blame Sif for this.

In fact, she’s doing remarkably well.

The previous empresses stepped back just by feeling Sofia’s threat.

At least Sif is still charging forward bravely.

Roland sometimes wondered, if he exchanged places with Sif, would he perform better?

The answer is unknown.

After all, the only opponent he must take down is Old Macbeth at the moment.

The cunning old fox is indeed treacherous, but conspiracies are always doomed to fail once exposed.

As long as he's prepared, he can give the old fox a nasty surprise.

But Sofia is different.

Her combat prowess far exceeds that of ordinary Tier Seven elites.

Others ascend to Tier Seven due to their Tier Seven capabilities, but Sofia remains at Tier Seven only because the Sixth Return Day hasn't arrived yet.

All her schemes are biding their time for the Return Day.

Overturn Sussex to become the world's mightiest nation or defeat all potential rivals.

Sif still has time, but not much.

The length of her remaining time depends on her performance.

With Sofia's personality, if Sif shows potential as a passable stepping stone, she definitely won't act prematurely. She might even look forward to Sif's growth.

If Sif performs too poorly, Sofia might summon a blizzard in disappointment, giving Sif a grand funeral.

Invincibility is so lonely.

In the version of the Seventh Return Day, Sofia is invincible.

Any strong person who challenges her directly becomes a lifelike ice statue, which is proof.

In recent years, Sofia rarely makes a move; her Shadow Sanctuary underlings can handle everything. There are fewer and fewer things worth her personal attention.

Being frozen into an ice statue by her is even considered an honor by many.

Sif exhaled deeply, her tightly knit brows slowly relaxing, and a smile returned to her lips.

She was confident once again.

She smiled and said, "Roland, just now, I suddenly had a clear premonition. The duel between Sofia and me will take place here on the Rodinia Continent and will culminate in a war between nations."

"Why do you think so?" Roland was a bit curious.

"Before the Sixth Return Day, I cannot possibly surpass her in personal martial prowess. But I am the Empress of the world’s mightiest nation. In a contest of nations, she is the challenger instead."

Roland’s eyes brightened.

This perspective was indeed intriguing.

But he couldn’t help but ask, "What if Sofia insists on a one-on-one duel to decide the outcome?"

Facing the sunlight, Sif spread her arms wide and smiled brilliantly.

"Then I'll become the Red Rose Knight."

Roland was slightly taken aback.

It was the first time he saw Sif with such steadfast determination.

She would rather die in battle than surrender.

Her courage was commendable, but courage alone was far from enough.

Roland secretly thought, does Sofia have no weaknesses?

His mind raced, searching through Sofia's past history.

Half a minute later, he had to admit that in this version, attempting to challenge Sofia through force was absolutely the move of a fool not in their right mind.

Sif wasn't wrong, since personal martial prowess wasn't enough, she should showcase her talents as an empress.

Resolving the outcome through a contest of national fortunes.

This was probably what Sofia wanted most, a righteous path of contention.

Watching Sif's golden hair flutter in the wind, illuminated by the sunlight, Roland's heart skipped a beat.

At this moment, Sif was as beautiful as a goddess.

Like the Elf Empress traveling across time to this world.

Unfortunately, the Elf Race is already extinct.

Even as an Inheritor, Roland and the Elf Princess Sif could not restore the Elf Race to its former glory.

Even having the Elf bloodline and activating it was far from enough.

The era has changed.

The Third Era was a time of abundant rainfall, ample oxygen, and rich sunlight and warmth.

In that beautiful age, there were countless natural Ancient Trees exceeding a thousand meters in height.

The Elf Race resided at the tops of the Ancient Trees, using War Ancient Trees to aid in warfare, compensating for their lack of numbers, and battling Earth Spirits evenly.

The Elf Race's true ace was the Flower Sea.

The Flower Sea Roland had seen in dreams.

The Flower Sea is not an ocean of innumerable flowers but a single entity.

All the blossoms in the Flower Sea are not independent individuals but part of the Flower Sea.

The Flower Sea is a unique existence, conscious but unable to act freely apart from the Elf Race.

At the peak of the Elf Race in the Third Era, seven Flower Seas supported their prosperity.

The Elf Imperial Family floated above the Flower Sea, able to control Ancient Trees over a thousand kilometers around, summoning the Ancient Tree Army to form formations and to join battles.

Even though the Earth Spirits had superior technology and population, they could only fight the Elves to a draw.

After a long war, the Elves and Earth Spirits finally realized neither could eliminate the other, and could only reach a permanent peace agreement.

They shared the world, divided their dominion, and extended their path of conquest across the world.

They believed such golden days could last.

They gazed at the starry sky, yearning to step out of the plane and explore the vast cosmos.

The Elf Race began to create gods based on the Flower Sea.