Empress 176

Chapter 176: Uninvited Guest

"Steamed Shrimp with Coriander? It’s quite a common dish, I used to like it."

Elf Sylph said softly.

She pointed towards the valley beyond the Flower Sea, "There’s coriander over there, do you want to take a look?"

Roland smiled and shook his head; his curiosity wasn’t that strong.

A wild vegetable like coriander, which can survive outdoors even in winter, has a tenacious life like weeds, and its non-extinction is nothing remarkable.

In this era, there are no scholars dedicated to studying biology; only naturalists who are interested in biology would spare the effort to study it.

If undiscovered, it’s assumed extinct, deviations are common too.

Roland hadn’t been to the dream for a long time, merely brought up coriander casually without intending to delve deeper.

This vegetable was commonly used as seasoning during the heyday of the Elf Race, and Elf Sylph wouldn’t particularly pay attention.

Compared to this, Roland’s stories about the Samaritans were more intriguing to her.

"These Samaritans remind me of the Earth Spirit of the past."

"They were just as greedy, yet constantly claimed themselves as the race of wisdom. Clearly not a match for my race, yet they were unafraid to die; is this considered wisdom?"

Though many years have passed, enduring triple deaths, Elf Sylph’s aversion to Earth Spirit is etched deeply in her mind.

She mercilessly mocked the Earth Spirit relentlessly.

Perhaps feeling she had vented too much, she smiled and shook her head, ceasing the topic.

"Since you rarely come, tell me some interesting stories."

Roland mustered his energy, pondered slightly, and began to recount the tale of the Sea Demons attacking humans.

"Siren attacking humans?"

Elf Sylph was a bit surprised; she recalled some past events and softly reminded him:

"Siren is a race under the Sea Emperor. After all these years, it’s uncertain if the Sea Emperor’s successors are still around, but you should be cautious."

Elf Sylph looked at Roland’s slightly dark circles, patted the flowers beside him, and smiled:

"Sit down, my friend. The Flower Sea can help you dispel fatigue. I’ll tell you tales of the ocean during the Third Era."

Roland sat in the Flower Sea as instructed.

He had just sat down, without even getting a chance to speak, when weariness overcame him, and he lay sideways in the Flower Sea, falling asleep.

Despite the absurdity of falling asleep in a dream, he indeed dozed off, and it was a deep slumber.

As Roland’s handsome profile passed by, Elf Sylph’s gaze drifted into the distance.

She stood up and walked towards the edge of the Flower Sea, finding dense coriander in the valley.

"Although coriander isn’t anything rare, it only grows in cool valleys within two hundred miles of the Flower Sea; without the Flower Sea, it cannot survive."

Elf Sylph muttered to herself.

After a moment, she smiled and shook her head.

She was probably overthinking.

The Flower Sea had long been destroyed.

Now it’s the Sixth Era, even the continental plates are vastly different from back then, with coriander’s life force being so tenacious, mutation is quite normal.

Not all life is as stubborn as the elves, unwilling to change for eons.

...

In the morning, Roland opened his eyes.

Last night’s sleep was refreshing.

Not in bed, but in his dream, in the Flower Sea.

He forgot whether Elf Sylph had told him any stories, but he slept extremely well.

As if every cell was resting.

This was the deepest sleep short of death, requiring only two hours to fully restore energy.

Upon waking and looking in the mirror, seeing his radiant complexion, he was somewhat surprised at how effective the sleep had been.

From now on, after staying up late, he must go lie in the Flower Sea.

After dressing properly, Roland arrived at the square in front of the Governor's Mansion, preparing to rendezvous with the army.

On the square, he saw the Empress and Count.

Sif was playing the role of Count again today.

The army received notice last night and assembled quickly.

The leading general was an old acquaintance, Dailong.

However, the deputy leader surprised Roland; it was the cavalry Major Jes who escorted them to Dovor Port last time.

Isn't he from the Imperial Capital Guard? Why is he overseas?

Presumably, he was dispatched by the Minister of the Army to keep an eye on them.

Roland nodded at Jes in response, without asking further.

Jes had already pledged loyalty to the Empress, the assignment from the Minister of the Army was merely to provide manpower for the Empress.

This young Major of the army had outstanding military quality, worthy of nurturing.

Since he’s here, he should stay and serve the Empress loyally.

Upon the completion of the army’s formation, Roland, dressed in the Governor’s uniform, rode a white horse across the square from one side, gracefully dismounted in front of the reviewing stand and reported to the Empress.

Due to a stubborn traditional Knight father at home, he underwent professional knight training from a young age, mastering his equestrian skills.

Watching Roland’s impressive equestrian skills, though some secretly criticized him as a pretty boy, they had to admit he was rather capable for a pretty boy.

The Empress’s voice echoed across the square, boosting morale.

"Roland, this special mission is the Governor District’s first cross-border operation, make sure to complete it, do not bring shame to our nation."

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

The cold voice of Mirror Empress came, "Roland, you aren’t familiar with diplomatic etiquette, I’ve arranged an assistant for you."

Roland vaguely sensed some bad omen.

This line seemed off, wasn’t this how it was arranged last night?

When he saw Sif’s sly smile, he immediately knew what was happening.

This one intended to go along too.

With both Governor and Vice Governor absent, what if something happens?

Amidst many eyes, Roland couldn’t say anything, only listening as a puppet called Empress assigned Sif as his assistant.

What else could Roland say?

He could only "accept gladly."

Sif donned a knight’s chain armor, her chest adorned with a white rose emblem, displaying impressive charisma.

Even someone like Roland, having been tricked, couldn’t help but admire, everything looks good on a good-looking person.