Empress 190

Chapter 190: This Is the Difference Between You and Her

Four flying knives shot out simultaneously, aiming for their throats.

Although these four guards were elite, professionally trained, usually able to handle several ordinary warriors with ease, they were ultimately just normal people.

They never imagined that a Tier Eight Transcendent would actually be hiding in the bushes to ambush them.

According to their understanding, Transcendents valued honor and were arrogant, inherently looking down on ordinary warriors and often unwilling to go all out.

Even if such arrogance produced serious consequences.

However, tonight's attacker shattered their understanding.

In an instant, three of the four guards were dead, only one agile guy luckily evaded a lethal hit, merely grazed on the neck by a flying knife.

He was about to shout to warn Robert inside, but was horrified to find he couldn't make a sound.

The flying knives were actually poisoned!

It was shameless enough for an Extraordinary Strong Person to ambush ordinary people, but using flying knives?

Using flying knives could be tolerated, but damn it, they were poisoned too?

Isn't that disgraceful?

Sif, seeing the last guard still able to move, without hesitation drew her short sword and lunged forward, slicing his throat with one swift motion.

She finished off each of the four guards' bodies.

A stab to the left chest, precisely piercing the heart.

A stab to the right chest, just in case of a biased heart.

Then a stab into the head, stirring violently, thoroughly destroying the brain.

After taking care of the four super guards keeping watch outside, Sif suddenly noticed a cute little raccoon still hiding in the bushes, waving at her.

She bent down somewhat embarrassed, picked up the raccoon and petted it.

"Sorry, little guy, you're quite lucky. I'm very busy tonight, go play on your own."

Sif quickly left, sneaking into the valley from the side.

In a position where she couldn't see, the little raccoon that was just acting cute seemed to sense something, its eyes turning a bit panicked, quickly running into the depths of the forest.

In the bushes, a slender hand with a few blades of grass reaching out to the little raccoon, holding the little guy up to her face for an affectionate moment, then setting the raccoon free.

The little raccoon didn't know how lucky it was to be alive tonight.

It just felt dazed, thinking it was cozy being held.

With a somewhat reluctant glance back at the bushes, the little raccoon disappeared into the woods.

The girl who had just reached out to touch the little raccoon stood up from the bushes, a strikingly young girl with a slim figure, exquisite features, dressed in light green clothes.

She walked to a large tree, finding a middle-aged man hidden below, and softly said:

"Teacher, I just learned some intelligence through memory reading."

She quickly recounted to her teacher the process of Sif killing four people in a row.

The raccoon had limited intelligence, unable to understand too complex matters, but its night vision was very good, recording the entire process of Sif's action.

After listening to the disciple's report, the middle-aged man hidden in the darkness was silent for a moment, his face expressionless.

"Half a year ago, when we met this White Rose Princess, she was still a typical hot-house flower. Now she's become a thorny rose, interesting."

"Enya, what rating do you think this White Rose should be given?"

The young girl, called Enya, pondered for a moment and tentatively said, "A-Level?"

"Her current strength may be A-Level, but her potential is S-Level."

"Teacher, aren't you evaluating her a bit too highly?"

Enya was not very convinced.

According to the teacher’s rather harsh evaluation standards, she was only considered an A+ Level.

She was a super genius recognized by the sect to be rare in a century, how could she lose to a girl who stumbled upon the throne?

Noticing Enya’s dissatisfaction, the teacher smiled and asked, "In the previous situation, could you instantly kill four guards?"

Enya proudly raised her head, "Of course I could. I could attack from behind in Night Blade Leopard form, and kill them in at most three seconds."

"Without making a sound?" the teacher continued to ask.

"This..." Enya’s expression turned a bit unnatural.

Clearly, she couldn’t do it.

Being ambushed by a Night Blade Leopard, the enemies would die terribly, and their screams would be even worse.

If she attacked, the miserable screams of the four people before dying might even wake a hibernating giant bear.

The teacher continued to pose a soul-searching question, "Would you give each of them two more stabs?"

"Teacher, I’m very confident in my strength, they would all die."

"What if someone’s heart is on the right side or they have a tougher neck? What if someone passes by?"

Enya said nothing, cold sweat rolling down her forehead.

What the teacher said were special situations, perhaps occurring once in ten thousand times, but the Wise Men said that a one in ten thousand possibility, once it happens, is one hundred percent.

She lowered her head, softly saying, "Teacher, I remember. But isn't that Sylph a bit too excessive? How could she stir the brain with a knife, not even letting the soul rest in peace."

In her understanding, a person's soul resided in the brain, and if it was destroyed, the soul could not enter the natural cycle.

Looking at Enya's righteous indignation, the middle-aged man smiled and said, "Enya, this is why I rated her potential as S-Level."

"The world is vast, and there are many special methods you don't know about to extract memories from the brain. For example, necromancy, soul control skill, and curse technique."

"Sylph completely destroyed the brain, even if someone extracts the memory later, it would only be chaotic fragments."

Enya muttered somewhat unconvinced, "But she was still seen by us."

Upon hearing Enya's complaint, the middle-aged man's smile instantly disappeared.

"Enya, she did everything she could, and being discovered by us was merely fate's arrangement. If it were you, it would be exposed due to stupidity."

Enya, rarely seeing the teacher angry, was quite frightened.

She hurriedly apologized to the teacher, begging for forgiveness.

Seeing Enya obediently apologize, the middle-aged man couldn’t be too harsh, just sighed gently, as if to convince himself.

"Enya, do you think the teacher brought you to the continent for sightseeing?"

"The Sixth Return Day is approaching. Every Return Day, old ships sink to the seabed, and new ships set sail. Initially, our Divine Court of Nature was the strongest sect; by the Eighth Return Day, we were behind the Divine Court of Light; by the Seventh Return Day, we fell to third."

"If we continue to shut our doors and pretend nothing has happened in the outside world, the Sixth Return Day might be the day we are delisted."

"Teacher..." Enya shivered, not daring to say more.

The teacher often spoke unpleasant truths, but they frequently came true.

Over time, the teacher was quite unpopular in the sect, referred to behind his back as the ’Old Crow,’ indicating his ability to predict only bad things.

But the teacher never cared, just quietly nurturing his disciples.

Five years ago, he chose Enya as his last disciple, diligently training her.

Three months ago, he announced that Enya could go out to gain experience and took her to the most prosperous core zone of the Rodinia Continent.

Over these three months, she had seen much, but not many people left a deep impression on her.

Sylph was an exception.

She really...

Enya suddenly shivered violently.

So cold.