Empress 38

Chapter 38: No One Understands Elves Better Than Me

"The Ancient Elf Race?!"

This legendary and magical race piqued Sif's interest, her eyes shimmering, momentarily setting aside the unpleasantness of being slandered.

"Quick, tell me, what kind of story is this?"

Sif greatly enjoyed Roland's stories, which were imaginative and fascinating, like stars from another world.

She had read quite a bit, but other writers rarely resonated with her.

Roland was the exception.

Her exception was now starting a new story, so of course, she wanted to listen.

Count Sif sat with her chin in her hands, eyes sparkling with anticipation, and Roland knew that his loyal reader, Miss Sif, was now online.

Clearing his throat, he quickly leafed through the Basic Encyclopedia of Sussex in his mind, briefly organizing his thoughts, his voice full of magnetism.

"You've heard about the eras before the Magic Era, right?"

"Of course, I know."

Sif thought Roland was trying to test her and quickly answered.

"The Magic Era is divided into the Old Era and the New Era. Marked by the destruction of the Magic Empire Creation Tower, the Old Magic Era lasted thirty thousand years, and now it is Year 1791 of the New Magic Era."

After saying this, she blinked proudly and continued introducing:

"The historical records of previous eras are scarce and mostly legendary. The First Chaotic Era, the Second Age of Gods, the Third Natural Era, the Fourth Era of Destruction, and the Fifth Era of Nirvana, with the Magic Era being the Sixth Era."

The history of the Magic Era can be found in the Imperial Library, but the previous five eras are only sparsely recorded in a few precious tomes that ordinary people cannot see.

Sif was fortunate to have seen some, but not much.

At least, there are very few records about the Elf Race.

Facing the unknown, Sif chose silence and turned her gaze towards Roland.

Roland’s mouth curved into a confident smile, a slight smile.

Since Sif didn’t understand, he was the expert in the field of Elf studies.

As a writer, inventing settings is a fundamental skill.

Besides, the Elf he saw in his dreams once mentioned some Elf legends, making it even easier for him to weave a story.

Basing his story on what the Elf recounted in the dream, with a slight fusion of pre-traversal novel settings about Elves, Roland said solemnly:

"Elves are the darlings of nature, born with the ability to control magic and communicate with nature, as well as having long lifespans. Although this leads to their lack of ambition, stagnation, and conservatism, it also bestows upon them great power."

"They are roughly divided into Blood Elves and Tree Elves based on their physique and birth method. The former reproduces similarly to humans, while the latter is born from cocoons formed in ancient trees..."

Roland's story became more detailed, and Sif listened with great interest, gradually moving from slight skepticism to full acceptance.

When Roland finished the Elf story, Sif finally posed a question.

"How did you know this?"

"I saw an Elf in my dreams who looked a lot like you, and she told me." Roland said with utmost sincerity.

Sif chuckled, "You're really funny, Mr. Roland."

Roland spread his hands, shrugged his shoulders.

When lying, everyone believes him; when telling the truth, no one does. Who's to blame?

He moved past the topic and softly asked:

"Sif, female Elves have another notable feature: having a beauty that completely aligns with human aesthetics. Are you sure Her Majesty the Empress can compare with you in terms of looks?"

"Although it's a bit impolite, the only girl I've seen as beautiful as you is in my dreams."

Roland’s roundabout compliment on her beauty didn’t bother Sif; she even quite liked it, as a lady should not refuse sincere praise.

"Thank you for the compliment. I assure you, she is as beautiful as I am, though her temperament is slightly different."

Roland breathed a sigh of relief, quietly appreciating the good genes of the Sussex Clan.

"Then there’s no problem. Beautiful, elegant, possessing extraordinary abilities, that’s what Elves are."

His peripheral vision swept over Sif’s cheek, wishing to see if the ears hidden beneath her hair were slightly elongated, but he saw nothing.

Once the general direction was set, crafting the story was simple.

Roland wrote fervently in the carriage, completing a three-thousand-word manuscript in just over an hour.

This manuscript began in an epic narrative style.

It opened with the collapse of the ancient trees of nature, the destruction of the Elf Empire, and the integration of the Elf relic bloodline into the human race in a grand historical sweep.

Finally, it hinted, in a riddle-like narrative, at the continuation of the Elf Race bloodline to this day.

Those with Elf bloodlines are beautiful in appearance, graceful in manners, elegant in temperament, and powerful in ability.

With so many qualifiers, it was almost a blatant hint.

"Look up and see your Empress; she is the last descendant of the Elf Race!"

Mission accomplished!

"Tomorrow, I'll submit this to The Sun!"

"Wait, why The Sun and not Collins Publishers?" Sif's surprised gaze fell on Roland's face, full of doubt.

"Their efficiency is high. Having Collins Publishers handle this would take at least half a month."

With the art salon only nine days away, it certainly wouldn't be fast enough.

Sif hesitated slightly and couldn't help but remind him, "Roland, you might not be aware of the background of The Sun."

"I know, media tycoon Rupert, right?"

"He's from the Jinquehua family." Sif sighed lightly.

This time, it was Roland's turn to be surprised, "You mean the remnants of the previous dynasty, the Jinquehua family?"

Sif smiled teasingly, "You shouldn't use the term 'remnants of the previous dynasty' carelessly. That's the loyal and fearless Empire loyalists, the Jinquehua family."

Roland did not retort; what she said was indeed true.

Seven hundred years ago, during the years of blood wars between the Sussex Kingdom and the Jinquehua Dynasty, although the Sussex Kingdom held the upper hand, they could not completely annihilate their opponents.

Just as the Sussex Kingdom was about to accept the begrudging result of both sides managing separate territories divided by the Tamas River, the last king of the Jinquehua Dynasty suddenly announced surrender.

Not only did it stagger the other nations watching, but the Sussex Kingdom itself was dumbfounded.

In return for the sincerity of the last king of Jinquehua, the then Sussex King swore a blood oath to share prosperity with the Jinquehua family.

A blood oath is no trivial matter; breaking the vow would result in a calamitous end at the least.

Thus, under the observation of major powers, the long-time foes suddenly merged, and Sussex then officially ascended to become an Empire, sweeping through neighboring small countries in the ensuing decades, occupying an entire continent and naming it Sussex Continent.

It's no exaggeration to say that at least a third of the Sussex crown's merit belongs to Jinquehua.

As a reward, although the Jinquehua Dynasty was demoted to Grand Duke, they could continue using royal regalia within their territory and retain basic autonomous powers in military, financial, and personnel matters.

Except for symbolically relinquishing diplomatic power, they were practically a nation within a nation.

Ordinarily, any dynasty like Jinquehua should be biding their time, waiting for the right moment to retaliate, yet they remained utterly loyal.

In every internal strife, the Jinquehua family stood firmly on the side of the Imperial Family, providing funds, manpower, and soldiers, as if defending their own interests.

They are the Iron Blood Imperialist Faction.

No wonder The Sun dares publish any tabloid news, with the Imperial Family being no exception.

With their contributions, anything short of open rebellion is minor.

After introducing the Jinquehua family’s background, Sif curiously looked at the sun outside the window and puzzledly asked, "There’s still two hours until the end of the workday, why not go today?"

"Because the Empress doesn’t know yet."

Roland replied slowly, "Everyone does things in the name of the Empress, and so will we. Let’s report to her first."