Empress 531

Chapter 531: Frozen

December 27, 1795.

This year's winter was suffocatingly warm.

The entire world was also chaotically suffocating.

As the war on the Rodinia Continent grew fiercer, the flames of war gradually spread to other continents.

The natives of the South Continent picked up spears and bows to attack neighboring tribes, with a clear goal of capturing them as slaves to sell to those large countries in need of population.

Selling off people of the same roots but from different tribes caused them no guilt.

They didn't consider the neighboring tribes as kin.

As long as they could trade slaves for wealth and advanced weapons, why not.

The unfortunate slaves crossed the ocean, received by various countries in Rodinia, and were placed in sweatshops to work day and night until death.

For hundreds of years, this phenomenon persisted, but since Rodinia's major powers wanted to save face, it was officially banned.

However, as the war became increasingly brutal, some countries not only used slaves as forced labor but even sent them to the front lines as cannon fodder.

This war completely tore off the fig leaf of the Rodinia Countries boasting a civilized world.

Roland watched this scene coldly, his heart as icy as a polar glacier.

He couldn't stop it and was too indifferent to care; perhaps this was the inevitability of history, it happened in past eras, in another world, and now it was just repeating.

Feeling annoyed by the snow-like flying intelligence reports, Roland inexplicably felt somewhat fed up.

He suddenly realized that he had become somewhat distant from these mundane conflicts.

Since mid-December, he and Sif, along with others, went to White Mountain for the final preparations.

He had a premonition that Sofia wouldn't refuse this place for their final battle.

After all, it was a snowy mountain; why would the Empress of the Frosty Winter refuse to fight on a snowy mountain?

White Mountain wasn't far from Val City; Christine, who was responsible for maintaining the last defense line in Val City, sent someone daily at full speed to deliver the intelligence reports to Roland, today was no exception.

Roland, standing at the Peak of White Mountain, saw the intelligence officer climbing swiftly up the snowy path, was it Raikkonen?

Roland's heart tightened, realizing that today's intelligence would be particularly significant.

The brutal war was both a calamity and an opportunity; some couldn't survive it, while others thrived.

Raikkonen was one of the outstanding emerging talents from this war.

He was now a Lieutenant General in the army and a Hereditary Baron, yet he wasn't even twenty years old.

The only ones who could compare to his rapid rise were Dailong, Jes, Tom, and Jerry, trusted aides personally promoted by Roland.

Of course, if you included Christine, none could compare.

Christine now held the position of Grand Marshal of both Sussex and Jin Yuan, controlling military power single-handedly, with ultimate say in military matters.

She was also a Count in both Jin Yuan and Sussex.

Though she didn't value secular power much, Roland gave her the respect she deserved.

Her exceptional military talent and cold, ruthless nature made her a feared figure in the army.

Many complained about her to Roland, even key figures like Wald and Alben repeatedly reminded Roland not to give all the military power to Christine alone.

If she made a mistake, everything would be over.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket is an investment principle, their well-meaning reminders and complaints were valid, but Roland had no choice.

Distrust Christine? Of course, but then who would command the coalition of over a million troops?

Everyone knew that commanding more than ten thousand troops in a local conflict was the limit for most generals; being able to command tens of thousands in a campaign-level military action warranted the title of a competent general.

Commanding hundreds of thousands in a war made one a legendary general of the era.

In the coalition, only Christine had such capability.

In contrast, the Holy Alliance had three of such legendary generals.

Vladimir Empire's Suvorov, Prudon Kingdom's Von Karma, and Tirol Kingdom's Mattson.

Fortunately, during a previous battle, Christine launched a surprise attack amid chaos, causing the elderly Marshal Suvorov to fall from a rapidly running horse, eventually dying from severe injuries; otherwise, the coalition's disadvantage would be greater.

Suvorov's death also caused subtle changes.

The organizer of the Holy Alliance was the Vladimir Empire, the strongest power, so it was only logical for them to appoint the coalition's Commander in Chief, and the other two countries had no objections, especially since Suvorov was a widely respected legendary marshal.

However, Suvorov was dead.

The Prudon and Tirol Kingdoms began to have other thoughts.

Legendary marshals aren't cabbages grown in fields that can be sown in spring and harvested in fall.

Since Suvorov's passing, the Holy Alliance hadn't appointed a new commander, slowing their offensive significantly.

Seeing Raikkonen's hurried demeanor, a foreboding sensation rose in Roland's heart.

His anxiety didn't last long; Raikkonen quickly reached him.

Standing at attention, saluting, he handed over the sealed intelligence pouch, without a single extra word.

The current him was a far cry from the former tabloid reporter of The Sun.

Watching Roland’s solemn expression, Raikkonen stood very honestly to the side, quietly waiting.

Just three months ago, his father had come all the way from the Imperial Capital to the front lines to see him grow rapidly; while delighted, his father also felt some worry.

He even jokingly wondered what if he hadn’t introduced Raikkonen to Roland back then.

Chapter 532: Freeze_2

The old father was worried about his son getting into trouble in the war, after all, this was his only son.

But Raikkonen felt otherwise.

A man should naturally make achievements for the country and seek wealth for himself and his family, how can he be a paparazzi journalist all his life.

Being a paparazzi journalist is a profession that can only work during the day, as sooner or later trouble will arise.

War is indeed dangerous, but Raikkonen is full of confidence in Roland.

When bidding farewell to his father, Raikkonen smiled and comforted him, "If Governor Roland hadn’t valued and promoted me back then, I would still be a paparazzi journalist now. Though there’s nothing wrong with being one, becoming a majestic general is evidently more valuable."

He did not pay attention to his father’s worries.

Unless one transcends the shackles and ascends to the Divine Domain, one is destined to die. To make achievements and live a vigorous life before death means not having lived in vain.

Although Roland felt uneasy in his heart, Raikkonen, standing below him, was full of confidence in him.

Roland has already created countless miracles and will create more.

Although the Holy Alliance's army has continuously conquered important cities and even captured Hansa City, their second capital overseas, Raikkonen remains full of confidence.

As someone responsible for intelligence gathering and analysis, he is very clear about the real situation of the war.

The comparison of strength between the two sides is not as daunting as the front line suggests, and the casualty ratio favors the Freedom Alliance. Moreover, with the blockade of maritime traffic routes, the Holy Alliance is at a disadvantage.

Just a week ago, the Nubian Kingdom's fleet became history, along with the remnants of General Nephropidae.

Raikkonen found this naval battle somewhat incomprehensible.

Was it because of one red-haired pirate that the previously intense naval battle ended quickly?

A naval battle is not like a land battle. Although there are miracle battle examples, more often, it is the merciless crushing of the weak by the strong.

Raikkonen, of course, did not understand. Having one more red-haired pirate might be nothing, but having one more Haiyan Marshal was different.

With the complete annihilation of the Nubian navy, the naval battle lost all suspense, and the Holy Alliance could no longer get a single supply from the sea.

Their already sparse colonies became a waterless source, soon divided between the Sussex Empire and the Jin Yuan Kingdom as agreed.

Raikkonen, having detailed intelligence, sees clearly that the Wild Offensive of the Holy Alliance is their final gamble.

If they cannot shatter the Freedom Alliance in a short time and the war continues for another two or three years, the Freedom Alliance will inevitably win.

This is a victory in strategy.

But a strategic victory is not a complete victory. The Holy Alliance still has the opportunity to stake all on a single throw.

If they can break through the Rodinia Continent, annihilate the Jin Yuan Kingdom, and drive out the Sussex Empire, the situation will be different.

No matter how many overseas colonies one possesses, they cannot compare to the comprehensive advantage in resources, population, and territory of the Central Continent Rodinia.

At that time, the best outcome would be a struggle for supremacy between two strong powers.

Raikkonen cautiously observed Roland's expression, hoping to gain some valuable exclusive intelligence from his expression.

Unfortunately, he failed.

Roland only slightly frowned, showing no more expressions.

The Lord Governor must be contemplating how to shatter the enemy's gamble! Raikkonen thought silently.

As one of Roland’s earliest confidants, he preferred to call him the Governor.

Raikkonen did not know that Roland’s mind was a blank.

He understood the normal trend of war, could say that everything was under control, appearing disadvantaged but actually with infinite advantage. The only thing he could not comprehend was Sofia.

Since the outbreak of war, she was present, but it was no different than if she was absent.

She neither interfered in military actions nor managed political logistics, simply watching.

After Suvorov’s death, she did not even appoint a new Allied Commander-in-Chief.

Everyone wants to know what exactly Sofia intends to do.

Is she waiting for the last day to kill all the opposing Transcendents?

It sounds absurd, but this seems to be the most logical inference.

Based on the currently obtained intelligence, Roland could only come to this conclusion.

It was so ridiculous that Roland didn’t even know how to ridicule it.

After a long silence, he slowly asked, "What does the Marshal think?"

"She is constructing the Holy Spring Defense Line. She said this is the last stronghold and must not allow a step back," Raikkonen said softly.

She greatly admired Christine’s ability but was equally shaken by her coldness.

He instinctively wanted to leave this dangerous person.

"The Holy Spring Defense Line?" Roland nodded, indicating understanding.

Christine has faith in Light because she can listen to the Divine Oracle from the Goddess.

The Holy Spring is a Miracle and cannot be handed over to anyone.

Defending at the Holy Spring for the last time is indeed quite insightful. The originally badly injured warriors drink the Holy Spring water and stand up vigorously to continue fighting, boosting morale greatly with such miracle.

Similarly, the enemy’s morale will quickly collapse.

They would feel they are fighting against God, destined to have no chance of winning.

Even standing from a God’s perspective, Roland couldn’t think of a better option. Although the miracle of the Holy Spring would make Christine’s position among believers irreplaceable, he had no choice.

If you believe, then trust fully.

First, go through the Day of Return, then think about other matters.

After much pondering, Roland gently reminded, "Raikkonen, please inform the Marshal that for as long as one is alive, there are infinite possibilities, but once dead, everything is over. If Sofia acts herself, please come to find me immediately."

Although Christine has received the blessing of the Goddess of Light, she is by no means Sofia’s match.

Chapter 533: Frozen

Retreat when necessary.

Seeing that Roland had no further instructions, Raikkonen immediately took his leave.

He would never ask Roland about their chances of victory or how to fend off Sofia's desperate attack.

Don't ask what shouldn't be asked, don't say what shouldn't be said.

If one lacks even this basic professionalism, they might as well head back early and become paparazzi.

Watching Raikkonen depart, Roland turned to look at the Golden Ginkgo Tree and the Flower Sea.

Sif was in the Flower Sea, quietly waiting for Sofia.

Lisa was near the volcano's crater, absorbing the lava's energy, making final preparations.

Alina was positioned between them. She had moved the largest telescope to this location, transforming it into a temporary observatory. By day she caught up on sleep, by night she watched the stars, always with a smile on her lips.

Her calm demeanor was less like someone preparing for the ultimate showdown and more like someone telling a child stories about constellations.

Everyone appeared composed, yet Roland could feel the suffocating atmosphere.

Everyone might say toughly that they were indifferent to life and death, transcending life and death, but when truly faced with life and death, the strong will to survive would overwhelm everything.

He again cast his gaze toward Val City at the mountain's base.

The faintly visible city outlines, the misty Holy Spring, and the Floating Command Center always hovering above the battlefield.

This was also Roland's confidence in letting Christine face Sofia.

No matter how powerful Sofia was, could she possibly fly hundreds of meters into the air to cut down Christine?

As long as Christine wasn't foolish enough to come down, she'd be safe.

The final battleground could only be White Mountain.

This was the pinnacle of Rodinia, the snow-covered mountain all year round, the blazing volcano, and the place where flowers were in full bloom.

Sofia, I'm waiting for you here. Don't let me down.

...

Outside the Vladimir Empire camp, a blue-haired woman stood on a peak, letting the fierce wind brush across her face as she slowly lifted her gaze towards White Mountain, dozens of miles away.

Her lips moved as if speaking, though it seemed she said nothing.

If someone's gaze happened upon her, they'd surely be surprised.

Snowflakes danced in the air, but from a meter away, they drifted off, not a single flake settling on her shoulders.

This streak of azure had become a unique scene amidst the snow.

She withdrew her gaze from White Mountain and looked towards the Allied camp.

Though she couldn't clearly see anyone's face, she could sense the disorder in this army.

It wouldn't be a surprise if it wasn't chaotic, as she had never appointed an Allied Commander-in-Chief, instead allowing each nation to fight according to predetermined targets.

Her maneuvers nearly drove the two famous generals of the Allied forces into a rage-induced stroke.

No one knew what she was thinking, and some even doubted victory was possible.

What's there to doubt? The war was lost long ago, and the current offense is the last gasp of a spent force.

Sofia silently mused that the Allied forces only maintained their offensive because they pinned their hopes on her heroically turning the tide.

Since everyone was so expectant, she would proceed.

Sofia vanished into the boundless snow with a flicker of her figure.

...

Standing at the camp gate, Angelina looked at Val City in the distance with a worried expression, letting out a soft sigh.

The war had reached a point where she could no longer understand it.

Since the war began, Her Majesty Sofia hadn’t issued a single order. She had gone to consult Sofia more than once, but there had been no response.

Was Her Majesty truly giving up on this war?

Unlike the blindly optimistic lower-ranked soldiers, Angelina was well aware that this was truly the last chance—and a slim one at that.

If they couldn’t achieve an epic victory in the Battle of Val City, the Allied offensive would gradually weaken and then be crushed under the industrial and resource might of the Freedom Alliance.

Angelina bit her lip, ready to return to the main camp.

She had decided, even at the cost of abandoning battlefield control, she would request the renowned general Carl from Prudon to assume command and organize the attack.

As for Mattson, sorry, but the army can only have one leader; he would either become the deputy or leave the stage.

Having made up her mind, Angelina no longer hesitated and walked resolutely toward the main camp.

Just a few steps on, she suddenly halted, slowly turning with disbelief.

A familiar figure appeared before her.

"Your, Your Majesty!"

Angelina choked up, unable to hide her grievance, "Your Majesty, I thought you didn’t want me anymore."

"You’ve done very well, leave the rest to me."

Sofia’s lips curled into a cold smile as she softly said, "I will personally lead the Allied forces to slay the enemy."

Angelina’s slender form trembled slightly, barely daring to believe her ears.

"Go, bring them here; I need to assign tasks," Sofia said in a gentle voice.

Tears of excitement streamed down Angelina’s face, as she was very sure Sofia had returned. Her once weary face seemed to be soaked in warm water, suddenly relaxed.

Angelina sprinted towards the main camp, even slipping awkwardly on the snow.

Watching her fragile yet resolute back, Sofia rarely showed a smile of approval.

Though Angelina was still somewhat immature and her overall abilities were not as strong as Roland’s, she had been methodically reconciling internal and external conflicts, holding the Allied forces together without a commander, ensuring the war was fought outside their borders.

She’s done very well.

Perhaps she may not be as good as Roland, but she’s sufficient.

If Sif, Roland, Alina, Lisa, Christine, and others all perished, who could say the scales of war wouldn’t tip?

A glint of icy determination shone in Sofia’s eyes. Her right hand gripped a completely transparent azure sword, filled with fighting spirit.

Chapter 534: Frozen_4

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Floating Command Center, this massive airship resembling a small fortress was excavated from the underground ruins of Hansa City a few months ago.

Christine had renamed this peculiar airship from Hindenburg to Bright.

Hindenburg has long been annihilated in the river of history, but Light is eternal!

Christine was quite pleased with her renaming, leisurely boarded the floating airship, and commanded the entire war from there.

She yawned, her bloodshot eyes somewhat fierce, her already pale complexion even more devoid of color due to long-term depletion of energy.

Vampire eyes, Banshee complexion.

This could probably best describe her mental state.

She was really tired.

She couldn’t remember how many days it had been since she had a proper sleep; she could only snatch moments of idle time to secretly nap.

The negative effects of long-term sleeplessness and insomnia were quite pronounced.

Her face lost its luster, even gaining a few pimples. Fortunately, the Holy Mark on her face could cover these flaws.

Christine surreptitiously glanced at the Holy Water Bottle placed beside her.

The crystal clear surface of the Holy Water Bottle reflected her face in detail.

Christine sighed lightly in her heart, praying for the Goddess's forgiveness, for she had lied.

She actually cared a lot about her appearance and feminine charm, previously just being stubborn.

Once this battle was over, she planned to rest well and restore her lost youthful charm.

She even intended to use her power for personal gain just this once, using masks soaked in Holy Water to hydrate.

As Christine indulged in her wild thoughts, a long horn blast sounded.

She quickly reached the railing of the airship, raised her binoculars to look at the enemy.

She saw a familiar figure she hadn't seen in a long time, Sofia.

She saw Sofia's eyes—they carried a pure aura of destruction.

Sofia had come to kill.

Christine's little heart pounded wildly. Although she had luckily survived the last conflict, she had also come to realize Sofia's true power.

Even if she activated the power secretly lent by the Goddess of Light, she would still be no match for Sofia.

Sofia was so strong she seemed inhuman, like a monster.

Her style was entirely different from other Tier Seven powerhouses. While other Transcendents walked the path of the strong, Sofia was a god of the same level.

A bold idea flashed through Christine's mind.

If the Goddess had strength on the same level as Sofia, could she definitely win against Sofia?

This bold thought startled Christine.

Repentance, repentance is necessary! The Great Goddess is invincible, and even at the same level, she can easily slay Sofia...

Right?

Christine had no time to ponder the answer, for Sofia had already arrived.

Personally serving as the Commander in Chief, Sofia greatly inspired the allied troops' morale and unified their command.

They launched fearless charges.

A company fell, a battalion fell, a regiment fell...

Thousands perished on the charge path, completely indifferent, even smiling as they died.

That was Sofia's charisma; she was the Holy Alliance's greatest trump card.

The first line of defense was breached, the second line of defense was breached, and the Holy Spring Defense Line trembled!

Christine squinted her eyes, continuously pouring Holy Water from the Holy Water Bottle to replenish energy to the Holy Spring.

The war reached a fever pitch.

The Holy Alliance army used courage to make up for losses, while the Freedom Alliance army used the Holy Spring to fill the gap in numbers and combat power.

Sofia seemed to traverse the battlefield like a Death God, advancing slowly with the Azure Sword in her right hand.

No one dared to block her path.

Occasionally, a foolish idiot would rush up, and Sofia didn’t even bother to draw her sword; the chilly air swirling around her froze these clueless fools into fragments.

Sofia stopped one hundred meters from the Holy Spring.

"This is a forbidden area of the Divine Court of Light; heretics are forbidden to pass!" A young officer bravely blocked Sofia, holding a sharp blade.

Sofia expressionlessly placed her right hand on the sword hilt.

"Your courage is worthy of a burial with the Holy Spring."

She said each word deliberately, her voice resounding throughout the battlefield.

The previously noisy battlefield instantly quieted considerably.

The soldiers were dumbfounded; could it be that Sofia planned to slash the Holy Spring with one sword?

Putting aside the Holy Spring's strength, even if it were an ordinary spring, could anyone dare to use weapons on it? Wielding blades against the Holy Spring would be classic sacrilege.

Was Sofia really going to commit sacrilege?

Christine, remotely commanding the entire army from the airship, was also dumbfounded.

Had Sofia gone mad? The Holy Spring's material was mysterious, even the Battle of Divine Retribution could only temporarily close some of the Holy Spring's functions, not destroy it.

Sofia was proficient in combat skills, but could she destroy the Holy Spring?

Under Christine's puzzled gaze, Sofia drew her sword.

Christine could never describe the feeling of seeing that sword light.

Time and space seemed to freeze at that moment, and the one-meter long sword released a sword aura over a hundred meters long.

The blue light burst forth brilliantly, making many unable to open their eyes.

Sofia's seemingly casual strike reached the pinnacle in both attack range and speed.

Christine couldn't even see the speed of the sword slashing.

The wind rose, the snow arrived.

The already violent wind and snow came from all directions, transforming into ice crystals around Sofia.

"Slash!"

Sofia softly commanded, sword aura slicing toward the Holy Spring.

Christine breathed a sigh of relief; despite Sofia’s terrifying strength display, it was within her expectations.

She just didn’t anticipate that this lunatic would have the whimsical idea of slicing the Holy Spring.

Christine gracefully made an inviting gesture mid-air to mock Sofia’s foolishness.

Just try to cut the Holy Spring if you can, let me see it with my own eyes.

Christine’s lips curled in both ridicule and derision.

As she smiled, Sofia’s lips also curled slightly, with laughter in her eyes.

"Freeze!"

Sofia wasn’t aiming to destroy the Holy Spring but to let it feel the weight of Frosty Winter.

Christine’s face turned pale.

She stared blankly at the frozen Holy Spring, shaking her head desperately, muttering:

"No, that’s impossible, that’s the Holy Spring, how could it be frozen!"

Chapter 535: The Sky Is Blue

After a moment of stunned bewilderment, Christine instinctively thought she should run.

Isn’t that right?

As the commander of the coalition forces, she was very clear that the defense of Val City was over.

Transcendents can hardly change the course of a battle on their own, except Sofia.

Sofia hasn't personally killed anyone, except those unlucky ones who voluntarily rushed to their death, frozen to ice shards; she hadn't actively killed anyone.

But she shattered the source of the coalition's morale.

The Holy Spring was frozen, the Holy Water turned into Holy Ice. The miracles which could save severe injuries were gone.

The belief in victory of the two hundred thousand troops was also frozen.

All Christine could do now was to minimize losses.

Just as she was about to give the retreat order, Christine's body suddenly stiffened.

From a rational standpoint, ordering a retreat after morale collapses is the best choice.

Frozen Holy Spring = Morale Collapse, that's the thought of the average person, but she was not average.

If she ordered a retreat now, the ten thousand cavalry patrolling the perimeter could easily tear apart the unprotected infantry retreating in disarray.

Leaving Val City would mean an inevitable defeat.

After a brief contemplation, Christine made a decision that defied military common sense.

Charge, gamble with fate.

Val City is a city on the plains, and the Holy Spring is on the outskirts. Only a few thousand soldiers could see the Holy Spring frozen; on a battlefield with over five hundred thousand combined troops, a few thousand would not affect the big picture.

Christine, with a bird's-eye view of the situation, quickly issued orders for the troops near the Holy Spring to retreat along the Rodinia River.

These demoralized troops would quickly flee even without a retreat order, so it was just as well to give them a reason to withdraw.

Christine plotted a retreat path for them not too far from the Assak Grassland Cavalry and the Prudon Black-clothed Cavalry.

These elite cavalry could easily annihilate these fleeing soldiers as long as they launched an attack.

And they would remain unaware that this was precisely the result Christine desired.

Using the enemy's hand to eliminate soldiers who witnessed the Holy Spring freezing, to prevent the morale collapse from spreading to the entire army.

Such a cold-blooded decision could only be made by her instantaneously, so much so that the adjutant standing beside her froze upon receiving the order.

The adjutant had to inquire with Christine to confirm the authenticity of the command.

"Execute immediately!"

Christine said coldly, the Holy Mark on her fair face gaining a few traces of blood color due to rage.

She looked nothing like someone blessed by the Light at that moment, but more like a Devil walking out of the Blood Prison.

Beautiful, yet exceptionally terrifying.

The adjutant's hands trembled slightly as she reached the end of the airship; she hesitated repeatedly, yet gritted her teeth to relay Christine's order using signal flags.

After relaying the order, the adjutant's face looked terrible, she even didn't want to report back to Christine.

He can hardly accept this unequivocal act of sending warriors to their death, but he likewise acknowledged that this was the optimal solution considering no emotional factors.

He was conflicted, he was torn, until Christine's call reached him.

The adjutant dashed over like lightning, continuing to transmit orders for Christine.

Christine's orders were bloodthirsty and manic.

She ordered all elite troops to launch an assault directly toward Sofia's main camp.

Judging from Sofia's earlier showing of restraint, she seemed scrupulous about large-scale slaughter of soldiers.

Not just her, most Transcendents wouldn't casually slaughter ordinary people.

Rumor has it that killing too many normal people could hinder advancements, although there's no quantifiable standard for this saying, the sages who founded the Transcendent system said as much, and everyone could only believe it.

Christine's idea was simple, since Sofia couldn't massacre normal people wantonly, her extraordinary power would be of little use against masses of soldiers.

If Sofia was forced to take action personally, that would be beneficial too, at least consuming her energy, making Roland's final showdown easier.

If Sofia was constrained, this desperate counterattack could entirely break into the enemy's main camp, severing the banner representing the Empress's authority.

At the forefront stood the third regiment of Temple Warriors she personally trained; although this troop consisted only of one thousand five hundred people, its combat power was comparable to five or six thousand.

These were her direct troops.

Christine didn't hesitate for even a second and ordered the third regiment of Temple Warriors to launch a countercharge against the enemies in front.

Being direct troops, they couldn't fail at critical moments, otherwise what's the use of nurturing them.

They were at the frontline, still unaware that the Holy Spring was frozen, their morale and combat power were at peak status.

If they turned back to see the Holy Spring frozen into ice sculptures, this troop would collapse.

Meanwhile, she also issued orders to other elite coalition forces to attack the enemy's main camp.

This order seemed unreasonable, but these chosen troops were elites of outstanding loyalty and combat power.

A thought flashed across their minds.

Marshal Christine discovered an enemy vulnerability.

When the Marshal feels it's time to charge, we charge!

Jes led the Imperial Guard in a charge.

The Iron Wall Corps, where Tom and Jerry are located, launched a charge.

The Jin Yuan Kingdom's Imperial Guard launched a charge.

The Governor's Territory's First Division launched a charge.

The Talia Kingdom's sole ace troop launched a charge.

...

Under Christine's command, the elite troops found on the battlefield, like countless swords, pierced fiercely into the main camp of the Holy Alliance Army.

That's where Sofia was stationed.

That's where the white camellia and double-headed eagle banners flew high in the camp.

That's where the entire coalition's most elite troops, the Assak Grassland Mad Cavalry, were stationed.

Chapter 536: The Sky Is Blue (Part 2)

These Mad Cavalry are elite troops selected from the Assak-dominated steppe cavalry. They've received shaman blessings, wear two layers of chain armor, and are smeared with cold whale oil. During berserk mode, they are unaffected by external influences and can exert extraordinary combat power.

In berserk mode, their average combat power even surpasses that of the Temple Warriors, but once the berserk ends, their combat power drops below that of ordinary cavalry.

Training Mad Cavalry is difficult, and maintenance is costly. Even with the vast resources of the Vladimir Empire, it can only afford to sustain a little over thirty thousand Mad Cavalry.

These Mad Cavalry are the nemesis of infantry, the nightmare of cavalry, and the shadow that causes artillery to despair when they can't reload fast enough.

They are almost invincible on the battlefield.

Two months ago, the first appearance of Mad Cavalry caused significant losses for Christine; it was also the first time the Holy Alliance defeated Christine in a frontal confrontation with equal forces.

The only downside to Mad Cavalry is the long training cycle, making mass production impossible, and losses are irreplaceable.

Since the start of the war, over four thousand Mad Cavalry have been wounded and lost combat capabilities, with the remaining twenty thousand or so forming two divisions, not to be used lightly until crucial moments.

Mad Cavalry is also the only troop type that requires Sofia's approval before deployment, underscoring its importance and combat power.

The siege of Val City is a meat grinder-style attrition battle, and no one wants to throw their valuable Mad Cavalry into such a grinder.

They'd rather send the Northern Tartars and Tuva People from the distant steppes to their deaths.

The elite Mad Cavalry cannot stay far from the battlefield but also don't participate in attrition battles.

While Christine was launching a desperate attack, Sofia was returning to the main camp, accompanied by Angelina.

Returning to her room, Sofia's glacially composed face finally showed signs of strain, full of exhaustion.

"Your Majesty, what's wrong?" Angelina was startled, her voice trembling.

As a core member of the Alliance's high command, Angelina was well aware of the two major camps' current situations.

Although the Vladimir Empire is vast, it's constrained by the poor road conditions in the newly conquered Wende Empire, making domestic food and material transport extremely difficult.

The military supplies for the Alliance largely depend on the Tirol Kingdom.

The resource-rich Tirol Kingdom has the capability to provide military supplies for the Alliance, yet they seem increasingly uninterested in this protracted war.

Angelina was, of course, aware of the rift between Queen Sisi and Sofia, but she could not speak about it.

Since they are allies, divisive words are not conducive to unity and should not be spoken.

As Vladimir Empire becomes more reliant on its two allies, and with Marshal Suvorov's passing, the attitudes of the two allied nations have also changed.

They have more demands for benefits and power.

They desire equal status with the Vladimir Empire; they want a crown symbolizing imperial power and even wish to gain the leadership of the Alliance army post-war.

It’s quite normal for them to have such ambitions.

Unlike the Vladimir Empire, which is desperately short of talent and relies heavily on Sofia, these two allies have a plethora of skilled individuals.

They have an endless supply of top talents in fields like politics, technology, industry, education, and even arts.

Because of these strengths, the two allied countries somewhat look down upon the Vladimir Empire.

The descendants of the Odin People are undoubtedly superior to the cruder Rurik People.

This is a consensus among them.

Regarding who can represent the Odin People, Prudon Kingdom and Tirol Kingdom hold different views.

The Holy Alliance has never been a monolithic entity internally.

Even when they have been cut off from international trade at sea by the Freedom Alliance and can only use internal resources for a final fight, this strife has never ceased.

Facing the increasingly direct power demands of the two allied nations, if it weren’t for Sofia’s restraint, internal conflicts within the Alliance would have already escalated.

Even with Sofia, it is impossible to continuously suppress their demands.

She simply lacks manpower.

Suvorov was the military’s soul; his death changed too much. The Vladimir Empire is now leaderless.

Sahalin, the Blade of Destruction, exposed his weaknesses during the conquest of Boli Khanate.

He is an excellent army commander, adept at commanding battles of fifty thousand men, but serving as a corps-level commander is beyond him.

His style is steady.

Building solid defenses and fighting static battles are his forte.

Thus, he is utterly unsuited for this battlefield. According to his style, the stalemate would still be circling Hansa City, while the enormous resource consumption would have long since dragged the Allied forces down.

Sofia had no choice but to appoint Angelina.

Although she preferred to groom Angelina into a well-rounded talent to fill Roland's absence, the battlefield's shortage of manpower gave her no alternative.

She couldn't possibly lead the battle personally, could she?

Commanding a war is mentally exhausting. If she overextends, she'll be unable to control the overall situation in the final battle.

Fortunately, Angelina's performance exceeded her expectations.

Sofia, nominally the Alliance's chief commander, effectively delegates command to Angelina.

Returning to the main command center, Sofia finally dropped her facade, revealing exhaustion, startling Angelina.

In response to Angelina's concern, Sofia only gave a faint smile and softly said:

"I didn’t expect such a severe backlash from the Holy Spring. It’s not a significant issue; I just need some rest. But how do you plan to take Val City?"

Chapter 537: The Sky Is Azure (Part 3)

Since Sofia said so, Angelina could finally put her mind at ease.

No one can harm Her Majesty the Empress, she is invincible!

Angelina cleared her throat and said aloud, "The Holy Spring has been frozen, Christine, a fervent believer, is bound to collapse completely, and the unified command of the enemy army will no longer exist."

"I plan to launch an attack with two armies from the Prudon Kingdom from the left flank, and ten brigades from the Tirol Kingdom from the right flank. Through feints on both sides to distract the enemy, I will personally lead the elite from the center to break open the city walls, then unleash the Mad Cavalry to utterly annihilate the enemy."

Her face was filled with expectations of victory, with a hint of mockery in her tone, "These fanatical free people have been suppressed for too long, they can finally enjoy the battle."

Sofia smiled and nodded after hearing Angelina’s deployment, but she still reminded:

"Your plan is good, except for leading the attack yourself. Remember, as the Commander in Chief, you must not risk yourself on the front lines; if the main commander dies, the whole army risks collapse."

"Your Majesty, you... as you command!"

Angelina originally wanted to retort that you did it too, but remembering Sofia’s power, she couldn’t bring herself to say it.

Sofia was right, with what strength would you dare to charge personally?

The last time she was captured on the spot by Roland was a lesson she wasn't willing to forget.

Angelina saluted Sofia, turned around, and left. When she reached the exit of the command center, she paused and squeezed out a light sound from her lips.

"Your Majesty, rest well, I will bring you victory."

Angelina left quickly, naturally not noticing Sofia's face had turned deathly pale.

Watching Angelina leave, Sofia could no longer hold on, covering her lips, she forcefully swallowed back the blood that had gushed out.

The Holy Spring, indeed the Miracle left by the Goddess, its backlash force is too strong.

In history, there were those who attacked the Holy Spring, but due to the weak attack, the backlash damage was also low, leading merely to instant death on the spot.

The backlash Sofia suffered was several dozen times that of the previous attacker at the spring. If not for her power being beyond normal understanding, she would have died.

Daring to charge against the stuff of the Goddess, what else could it be but courting death?

Sofia coughed lightly a few times, wiped the blood stain from her lips, and closed her eyes to enter a deep meditation state.

As long as she maintained this meditation state for three days, she could fully recover, just in time for the Battle of White Mountain.

She wanted to make Roland understand that what he refused was not just the appointment of Prime Minister, but a chance at life.

Originally, she could have spared them, but she changed her mind now.

If these young people were allowed to survive, who knows what new tricks they might come up with next return day.

This world is already chaotic enough, it cannot withstand more turmoil; it best quiets down soon.

Sofia's eyes half-closed, entering a unique ethereal state that can be sought but not obtained.

In this ethereal state, she could fully recover in just a day and a half.

By then, it would be the end for all enemies...

If nothing unexpected happens, the outcome of the Battle of White Mountain is likely to be one-sided.

However, the unexpected always arrives without anticipation.

The sound of gunfire and artillery, cries of battle, and screams from outside the camp disrupted the ethereal meditation state Sofia was in, waking her.

Sofia frowned, her previously overly pale face turned slightly flushed.

She was truly angry.

Even ordinary people have a temper when waking, let alone the Empress standing at the pinnacle of the world's power.

She stood up abruptly, restless, heading towards the door.

What was Angelina doing? Wasn’t it supposed to be an attack? Why did the battle break out at the camp gate?

The furious Empress stepped out of the command center just in time to see a Mad Cavalry officer mounting his horse, not even having time to put on armor, rushing out.

She called out to the Mad Cavalry officer, "Captain, what on earth is happening?"

Mad Cavalry is the elite of the Empire, always having eyes high above the head, so even when facing a Lieutenant Colonel of an ordinary unit, they seldom bother, let alone just...

Upon clearly seeing Sofia’s appearance and attire, the Mad Cavalry captain stumbled off his horse, kneeling with one knee before Sofia.

"Your Majesty, the enemy has gone mad!"

"Whether the enemy is mad, I’ll assess. Speak, what happened!" Sofia frowned lightly, coldly pointing out the Mad Cavalry captain’s error.

The Mad Cavalry captain shivered fiercely, recalling how the generals often spoke of the Empress’s taboos, including her dislike for subjective judgments in intelligence reports.

The captain quickly reported to Sofia what intelligence he knew.

After the great Empress personally froze the Holy Spring, not only did the enemy not surrender, but they launched a desperate attack on the strong Allied Main Camp.

If that’s not madness, then what?

The captain silently complained but dared not voice it.

Sofia was stunned for a few seconds, upon hearing the news, she nearly had the same judgment as the captain, that the enemy had gone mad.

But just a few seconds later, she figured it out.

Brilliant!

The news of the Holy Spring being frozen would still take some time to spread; during this time, the negative effects of the Holy Spring being frozen had not yet spread throughout the army.

If within this period, the enemy can be defeated through an attack, the frozen Holy Spring would sooner or later recover, by then those fanatics would naturally offer a satisfactory explanation.

Such a ruthless decision.

Sofia couldn’t help but admire Christine, who was her enemy and top of her must-kill list, yet she was still puzzled.

At least thousands of soldiers had witnessed the freezing process near the Holy Spring, their morale must have crumbled beyond repair, and their collapse would bring down the whole army.

Chapter 538: The Sky Is Blue (Part 4)

It could even create the artistic effect of a soldier shouting, "Our army is defeated," causing the entire army to collapse.

Did Christine really not think of this?

The troops that could stay near the Holy Spring were all elite and direct-line troops, and their psychological breakdown would have a much greater negative impact than other units.

She was somewhat curious about how Christine would solve this problem.

After the inquiry, Sofia waved her hand to signal the captain to return to his post, and she rejected the escort from a squad of guards with her gaze, walking alone to the frontline.

The reason she refused the escort was simple, "Isn't your combat skill superior to mine?"

This reason was flawless, and she successfully got away, rushing to the frontline quickly.

When she arrived at the frontline, she finally found the situation was far worse than imagined.

Because they had been attacking since the start of the war, the Alliance Army had already gotten used to being in the attacker's position.

Their defensive positions were poorly made, even somewhat perfunctory.

Normally, trenches require a depth where people can easily stand in them, and the width should allow more than two people to walk side by side, facilitating soldier movement.

However, the Alliance Army's trenches could barely squeeze in one person, which made their trenches merely props for dealing with superior inspections.

Superior inspections could be dealt with, but not the enemy inspections.

When the Freedom Alliance's elite forces launched an attack, the arrogant Alliance Army paid a heavy price, with the Mad Cavalry suffering the most severe losses.

Since the battle of Val City, they hadn't fought and had long lost their due vigilance and combat preparedness.

When the Freedom Alliance Army launched an attack, the Mad Cavalry, subconsciously thinking no one dared provoke them, even had a fifth of their soldiers drinking alcohol.

The Mad Cavalry already had the habit of drinking for excitement before a charge, and drinking was normal, but most of these soldiers were drunk.

If an army has a fifth of its soldiers passed out drunk before the battle starts, it's hard for them to rapidly form a complete combat force.

The remarkably powerful Mad Cavalry became the primary target of the Freedom Alliance's attack.

Under the assault of rifles, bayonets, explosive bombs, javelins, and indiscriminate artillery fire, the losses for the Mad Cavalry surged wildly.

By the time they regrouped, more than four thousand had forever lain on this cold land.

Sofia's appearance steadied the battlefield situation somewhat.

No matter how disheveled the soldiers were, seeing her reinvigorated them to continue fighting the enemy.

Angelina also saw Sofia and, though deeply ashamed, galloped over.

The last half hour was the most embarrassing half hour of her life, even exceeding the mortification of being captured by Roland on the spot.

Christine's frenzied yet methodical assault made her realize the real gap between herself and history-level generals.

While she was still considering the morale blow from the Holy Spring being frozen, Christine cunningly skipped this phase and went directly into a life-or-death struggle.

Since it was invisible, although the freezing of the Holy Spring had some impact, it wasn't significant.

Seeing a visibly anxious Christine, Sofia wasn’t angry but softly asked:

"I said you shouldn’t charge personally, why are you in such a hurry again?"

Angelina answered sheepishly, "I wanted to turn the battle around, but I had no choice. The enemy is really too cunning, beyond my expectations. Your Majesty, after the battle, I’ll apologize to you; now I must clean up the aftermath."

"No way? Are you sure you’ve thought of all options?"

"Your Majesty, I am incapable," Angelina said, lowering her head in shame, her voice almost inaudible.

"You haven’t asked me for help yet." Sofia’s eyes burst with killing intent as she looked to the sky.

There was Christine’s command center, a massive airship.

The airship hovered hundreds of meters in the air, beyond all weapon ranges, yet with a superb view, it could easily control the whole situation.

Commanding from the airship was simply like cheating.

Seeing the Empress looking up, Angelina couldn’t help but mutter, "Your Majesty, only by shooting down the airship and killing Christine do we have a chance to turn the tables."

"Alright," Sofia said softly.

"Wait, Your Majesty, what are you going to do?" Angelina followed Sofia in confusion, completely unable to understand her.

Did she intend to freeze the airship at hundreds of meters high with cold air?

That’s too outrageous.

Sofia ignored Angelina’s ramblings and went straight to the nearest artillery unit.

"Lieutenant, what is the maximum elevation angle of your cannon?"

"Reporting to Your Majesty, it’s 33.5°," the artillery captain excitedly reported to Sofia.

"What is the range?"

"Four and a half miles!"

"Very good, now raise the barrels of the three cannons, aim at that airship, and fire simultaneously."

"Your Majesty, the cannon’s firing height can’t reach the airship," the artillery captain hesitated.

"You don’t have to worry about that; you just need to ensure the three cannons fire at the same time!"

Since the Empress ordered it, the artillery lieutenant naturally dared not argue. He quickly commanded the artillerymen to adjust the elevation to maximum and got ready.

After receiving Sofia’s permission, the artillery captain gritted his teeth and ordered to fire.

Three shells flew out almost simultaneously, shooting into the sky.

When these three cannons were aimed at the airship, Christine, commanding on it, was stunned.

Were these artillerymen idiots, thinking any cannon could hit a target eight hundred meters high?

Christine laughed.

She never dreamed the Vladimir Empire's army was so pathetic.

Maybe she had respected them too much before.

She never imagined the Mad Cavalry's military discipline was this bad, and their trenches so cursory.

Originally thought it was a desperate fight, but now saw an opportunity for a beheading strike.

As long as the Empress's banner was cut down, this battle was as good as won.

She could alleviate Roland's pressure to the greatest extent.

Seeing Sofia standing among the three cannons, she couldn't help but laugh heartily.

Panic, Sofia was really panicking.

She didn't believe Sofia could fly up there.

The cannon roared, and Christine even saw the muzzle flashes.

Then she witnessed a scene she would never forget in her life.

Sofia jumped onto a shell, stomped hard, using the recoil to shoot toward another shell, then stomped down again, until the third shell.

She stood on the last shell, flying into the high sky.

Christine barely had time to react as everything turned azure blue.

Blue snow devoured the sky.

Chapter 539: Thank You, Christine

Destruction is easy, construction is hard.

With the technology and industrial capabilities of the Vladimir Empire, building a giant airship is impossible, but once close, Sofia can easily destroy it.

She uses the recoil of three artillery shells to leap high into the air, approaching the airship.

The distance between Christine and Sofia is less than ten meters, allowing them to clearly see each other's facial expressions, every detail in sight.

At this deathly distance, no one can help Christine, except herself...

and the blessing of the Goddess.

The ancient, ivory Holy Grail appears in her hand, Christine's entire body enveloped in a sacred aura, her eyes emitting a penetrating chill, fixed intently on Sofia.

A rich ivory liquid flows out of the Holy Grail, the white mist forming a shield around Christine.

The Goddess of Light, skilled in defense, healing, and exorcism, naturally grants powers that can protect her faithful.

If her opponent wasn't Sofia, Christine wouldn't even need to panic, or waste the power granted by the Goddess.

This power is pure and potent, suitable for attack or defense, and under the pressure of survival, she chooses to use this precious power for protection.

As long as she stops Sofia from boarding the airship, she will soon fall down.

With her abilities, she won't die from the fall, but getting back up would be difficult.

"Heretic, face judgment!"

Christine's clear voice is filled with a holy flavor, also calming the chaotic crew on the airship.

With the Saintess blessed by the Goddess present, does Sofia really intend to kill everyone with a single sword?

The white mist quickly spreads to the back of the airship, blocking out the azure cold air.

The once azure sky, because of this confrontation, now has a touch of white, like clouds floating in the blue sky.

The invasion of the cold was halted.

The dozen or so soldiers accompanying the airship also realized what was happening, raising their rifles, firing a volley at Sofia floating in the air under the adjutant's command.

In this era where hitting a target with a rifle relies solely on faith, muzzleloader rifles cannot cause substantial damage to a Tier Seven Transcendent.

The soldiers' volley is more of a warning and a deterrent.

Bullets whistled by, the closest one even grazing Sofia's nose, lifting her smooth azure hair, slicing past her face.

From beginning to end, Sofia didn’t look at these soldiers as if they were mere ants.

She silently gazed at Christine, her rapier that had just unleashed azure sword energy now returned to its scabbard.

The corners of her lips slightly curled into a charming smile, seemingly an acknowledgment of Christine, yet her deep eyes showed no hint of joy, with glaciers cracking deep within her pupils.

If Angelina were here, she would surely recognize this as a sign of Sofia developing murderous intent.

The Empress’s smile, life and death are unpredictable.

Although Christine didn’t understand Sofia as clearly, she could feel the biting killing intent emanating from her.

Cold sweat rolled down her cheeks as Christine distinctly felt the breath of death.

In order to struggle free from this despairing suffocation, she uttered a sharp rebuke, launching a verbal assault against Sofia.

"Sofia, you freeze the Holy Spring of Light, this is blatant desecration, aren’t you afraid the Goddess will obliterate you when she descends? Repent to the Goddess now, and there’s still..."

Christine’s words were cut off halfway.

Sofia’s brow furrowed slightly, her cold voice piercing the eardrums and striking the soul.

"Verbose!"

For some reason, the mention of the Goddess of Light stirred an innate loathing within Sofia.

It was as if a disdain ingrained within her soul, making her equally hostile toward everything related to the Goddess of Light.

She didn't even understand the source of this hatred.

In recent years, she has hidden beneath the Arctic Glacier, absorbing the purest and coldest energy, continually breaking through barriers in controlling cold, achieving a level of mastery.

While absorbing energy, a pure surge of negative emotion continuously tried to influence her.

It was pure bloodlust and the most extreme hatred.

The existence providing her energy seemed to want her to embrace this hatred.

The target of this hatred was the three Goddesses who successfully ascended to divinity in the Age of Gods.

Light, Feng Rao, and the Goddess of Nature.

They represent order, justice, and goodness, and in the simple minds of people, opposing the three Goddesses equates to being a devil, an abyssal visitor, an exotic celestial demon.

In short, the three Goddesses represent absolute correctness.

Sofia instinctively believes that this consciousness comes from a fallen evil existence.

She only wants to accept the power, not these evil thoughts.

However, as the mysterious consciousness revealed more secrets, she gradually realized that beneath the glamorous surface of the three Goddesses, there was no difference from mortals.

They pursued power, seeking the path to greater strength.

They were no different from her, the only difference being they embarked earlier and further down the path of the powerful.

As the ultimate return day approached, the mysterious consciousness entered a slumber, leaving Sofia with a final warning.

"Anyone could fall on the ultimate return day."

"The three Goddesses are not perfect divine beings, their soul states are not stable enough, they must return to the Material Plane before their ascension to fill the gaps."

"Gods cannot descend on the Material Plane, but gods who ascended from the Material Plane can return to the place of ascension at specific times."

"On the ultimate return day, old gods fall, new gods are born, but the old gods also have a chance to break through the shackles to become new gods."

"We are all the same."

Chapter 540: Thank You, Christine

Sofia closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, there was no trace of human emotion in her eyes.

Her gaze was as indifferent as the Arctic Glacier, and deep within her eyes flickered a hint of something that frightened Christine.

Christine’s body trembled, just like when she first reverently encountered the Goddess in a dream.

She opened her mouth wide but couldn't make a sound.

She was sweating profusely, gasping for breath, like a fish leaping out of an oxygen-deprived pond, struggling desperately but unable to breathe, caught by the throat of fate.

The dazed Christine's soul screamed loudly.

Impossible, how could there be divine brilliance in the eyes of a heretic!

Christine's mind was blank, staring desperately at Sofia, struggling to see through more.

A blue chill enveloped the entire airship.

When Sofia opened her eyes once more, the fate of the airship was already sealed.

The chill condensed into ice, blowing across the airship. Those it touched died instantly, their blood and flesh turning to ice and shattering to the ground.

The massive airship also began to crack under the cold, teetering on the edge of collapse.

Christine finally understood what kind of terrifying presence she was up against. She didn't want to become Sofia's trophy and, summoning her last bit of strength, leaped off the airship platform into the air.

The Power of Light prevented her from freezing instantly; she still had the strength to struggle.

She spread her arms and fell toward the ground, her face bearing a Holy Mark that seemed even more sanctified.

Her brief life played out like a slideshow.

Christine closed her eyes, never regretting her life's choices, and this time was no exception.

She would die, but Sofia would ultimately accompany her to the grave.

In a vision of pure white, she seemed to see Sofia's final tragic end, blessed by the three Goddesses, her body bound yet eternally unperishable, her soul burned and unable to struggle.

Bearing the agony sufficient to destroy a soul, in eternal life, until the end of the world.

This is the fate of blasphemy.

She merely lost her life temporarily, entering the cycle of rebirth, while Sofia had to endure divine punishment, bearing far more pain.

At the moment Christine closed her eyes, the chill broke through the milky shield, freezing her flawless body into an ice sculpture.

The ice sculpture spiraled downward. Sofia initially wanted to claim the trophy but felt a dizzying sensation, blood seeping continuously from the corners of her mouth.

Freezing a Saintess blessed by the Gods was a far greater blasphemy than freezing the Holy Spring.

After all, the Holy Spring's freeze was temporary, recoverable in a few days, while the freezing of the Saintess was death.

Having chosen blasphemy, Sofia couldn't care less about the level of blasphemy and didn't regret striking at both the Holy Spring and the Saintess.

The only regret was that her powers were restricted by the Day of Return and couldn't be fully exerted.

She was soon heading to White Mountain; there was no need to waste energy on the dead.

Sofia forced herself to remain alert, summoning fragments of ice, landing gracefully on them.

Her descent was very elegant, not like the Empress skydiving without a parachute, but rather like a Goddess descending.

Feeling a bit dizzy, Sofia quickly returned to the main camp, and upon seeing the anxious Angelina, her heart finally settled a bit.

"I must sleep immediately. Fortunately, we won this battle. It's up to you from here on; I'll awaken before the Day of Return."

Sofia's face was deathly pale, and she didn't even bother to conceal it in front of Angelina, directly summoning an ice block to seal herself.

Others would die if frozen in ice; she would just sleep and then wake up revitalized.

Angelina was a bit panicked, her heart almost jumping out of her chest as she looked at the Empress in the ice sculpture.

She hurriedly fetched a blanket to cover the ice sculpture, afraid that this scene would be seen by others and affect morale.

The Empress was right; the outcome of this battle was decided.

Christine fell from the sky; even if she didn't freeze to death, she would die from the fall. In any case, she was doomed.

The Alliance Army, having lost unified command, would utterly collapse in morale, posing no further threat.

Now it was time to test her micro-management abilities.

Angelina’s lips curled into a slight smile.

She had always been underestimated, but now she finally had a stage to demonstrate her abilities.

In the following pursuit battle, she would give the enemy no chances, aiming to capture Val City and the Holy Spring as gifts for the Empress’s awakening.

Angelina strode out of the main camp, ready to order a full-scale counterattack.

Just as she stepped out of the tent, she bumped into the approaching intelligence officer.

She wouldn’t be easily knocked down, but the reckless intelligence officer was sent flying several meters, landing in disarray.

Angelina frowned, suppressing the urge to curse, and coldly said, "Angui, you’re an intelligence officer; how can you act so rashly? Tell me, which side has the sky fallen on?"

She was mocking Angui’s carelessness, but the intelligence officer scrambled to his feet, shouting in frustration:

"Commander in Chief, our Mad Cavalry..."

"What’s wrong with the Mad Cavalry?" Angelina’s eyelids twitched violently, sensing something was amiss.

"The Mad Cavalry is completely out of combat capability, and they were defeated by the enemy’s special forces before the state of fury even ended."

Angelina: "..."

She grabbed the intelligence officer by the collar, coldly questioning, "Nearly thirty thousand Mad Cavalry is not enough?"

"Y-yes."

The intelligence officer’s words made Angelina’s heart stop.

She could hardly believe her ears.

What was the enemy thinking? With their commander compromised, shouldn’t they be defeated?

No time to ponder, she ordered the Alliance forces to maintain distance, covering each other in retreat.

The Mad Cavalry had fallen, and most other elite troops were likely in no better condition.

She had to retreat; the Empress was still in the ice sculpture, asleep.