Empress 591

Chapter 591: She’s a Bitch (Part 3)

Since a new enemy has appeared, Roland naturally couldn't afford to be negligent.

"Christine, until these enemies are eliminated, we can still fight side by side, right?"

Christine didn't answer Roland's question, but instead lowered her voice and said, "Roland, you're not like Sofia. She's trampling on the Goddess's dignity. The Day of Descent will be her death day, you don't need to be tied to her fate."

Seeing Roland prepare to walk towards the negotiation hall, Christine fiercely grabbed his sleeve, urging anxiously.

"My faith isn't firm, and I've offended the Great Goddess before." Roland shrugged.

"I told you, you both are different. The Lord of Light is a merciful Goddess, she can forgive unintentional mistakes and offenses made in ignorance. Sofia knowingly killed the Judges with her sword, appointed by the Goddess, that's a severe slap in the Goddess's face, something that no one can reconcile."

Christine's eyes were slightly red, and her voice was raised a few notches, "Roland, I have no family, only you as a friend, I won't harm you. Don't mix with Sofia, being with her is bound to bring bad luck."

Her anxious demeanor was not feigned.

The Divine Oracle gradually coming to fruition represents the Goddess's power extending into this world.

The Day of Descent of the three Goddesses is the doomsday for blasphemers.

The Goddess is merciful, but the slots for redemption are extremely precious, only the devout and those with outstanding contributions can attain it.

"Roland, you gave your all for the Holy Spring Revival, and your firm stance on protecting the Holy City, the Goddess sees all of this. If she happens to be napping and didn't notice, I'll make sure to remind her."

"Promise me, don't be led astray anymore, okay?"

Christine raised her head, staring blankly at Roland.

After becoming the earthly spokesperson of the Goddess of Light, she had been distancing herself from the common folk, and even before the Cardinals, she was solemn and silent.

She grew more dignified, her behavior and temperament increasingly resembling the Goddess depicted in scriptures and images.

Facing the increasingly sanctified Christine, even her teacher, Heitensen, dared not openly assert himself.

Only when facing Roland, she remained the simple Holy Daughter of Light, Christine.

Time left for Roland was running out, if he continued to languish like this, his future was destined to be bleak. Were it anyone else, she would have unhesitatingly eliminated the wavering, but this was Roland, hence her urgency.

"What should I do?" Roland didn't evade the question but lowered his voice and slowly asked.

If he were someone with firm principles, he might have resolutely refused Christine, perhaps adding something cliché like "It's interesting to have an opponent like you."

But Roland wasn't that person.

Christine's thoughts might be biased, but her desire to "save" Roland was sincere.

Although Roland didn't take it to heart, he couldn't bear to hurt a friend's goodwill.

Even if it meant pretending, he would keep up the façade until the final Day of Return.

If they were destined to be enemies, that would be in the distant future.

"Okay, I'll listen to you. But let me say in advance, you know my situation well, giving up everything to follow you is impossible."

Christine's eyes were filled with a spark of surprise, she looked at Roland, almost unable to believe her ears.

Roland was willing to make concessions and compromises for her, even indifferent to changing his faith?

She nodded vigorously, took out the Yellow Jade Statue from her chest, and stood on tiptoe to help Roland wear it.

"Faith doesn't have to be about form; sincerity is what matters. You've already contributed so much to the Great Goddess, just ensure you don't stand against her in the future."

"But now I..."

"I understand, no need to explain further." Christine clasped her hands together, crossing her slender index fingers into a cross, placing it on Roland's lips.

"A believer yielding to heretics or outcasts due to life-threatening circumstances is not apostasy."

Christine softly said, "Right now, no one can openly oppose Sofia, I know you're aggrieved by being forcibly kept by her, but please maintain your true self and endure for a while longer."

Roland nodded silently.

In truth, he wasn't aggrieved by being with Sofia, his life was actually quite comfortable.

But he wouldn't utter such tactless words.

Before returning to the hall, Roland paused and proposed another matter to Christine, "Later I'll suggest forming a continental mobile force, I hope you can support it."

Christine nodded slightly, unable to conceal the joy in her eyes.

Being the supreme military commander of Roland's camp, this mobile force would undoubtedly be under her charge.

Although very busy, since it was Roland's request, she had to find a way to accommodate it.

When they returned to the hall, over ten minutes had passed.

The national representatives present looked at Roland and Christine with strange gazes.

Roland couldn't care less about what they thought, he returned to his seat and straightforwardly said:

"The Divine Oracle relayed by the Pope of Light is from the great Lord of Light, its authenticity is unquestionable."

"We are about to face, no, we are currently facing a test of life and death. We have no choice but to unite."

"Besides forming an Alliance and establishing an emergency contact mechanism, I suggest each nation select elite troops to form a special mobile force ready to respond to emergencies at any time."

Roland's suggestion left the national representatives silent.

They were undoubtedly aware of the importance of establishing a mobile force.

In the Battle of Francis Fortress, the Transcendents had already proven their ability to confront war machines head-on.

If that night did not have the Transcendents, not a single soul would have survived Francis Fortress.

The Transcendents couldn't tear apart war machines with their hands, but they could significantly reduce the damage.

Chapter 592: She’s a Bitch (Part 4)

Roland stood on the moral high ground, unbuckling his belt. At such times, whoever opposed him would get someone peeing on their head.

But these representatives were unwilling to easily concede. The mobile forces comprised elite units from various countries, small in number but extremely powerful.

If they couldn't secure sufficient benefits here, they wouldn't be able to explain themselves back home.

Roland was well aware of these people's schemes. It wasn't convenient for him to propose another plan, so someone naturally stood up.

Lisa rose to greet the representatives from various countries, then smiled and asked:

"Roland, how do you plan to organize the mobile forces? How many people are needed, how will logistics be arranged, how will the command structure be built, and where will these forces be stationed?"

"If you don't make it clear, it'll be difficult for everyone."

Of course, Lisa wasn't questioning Roland; she was asking on behalf of the others.

After Lisa raised the questions, the representatives from various countries looked at her gratefully.

The Battle of White Mountain established Sofia's invincible status, and the Rodinia War showcased Sussex, Jin Yuan, and the Vladimir Empire's superiority over other nations.

Now, with Roland speaking on behalf of the three major powers and Sofia, who would dare to oppose him?

However, they didn't want their countries to become vassals.

They wanted to ask but feared offending Roland. Fortunately, Lisa acted as their voice, for which they were naturally grateful.

Roland was well-prepared for these questions.

He directly presented the drafted plan for organizing the mobile forces.

According to his plan, the number of this force didn't need to be large, as it would be comprised of special units and Transcendents.

This force would normally be stationed in places like Val City, monitoring the movements of underground relics, and be ready to alert and take action upon detecting any anomalies.

In short, they would be stationed near the core zones of the Odin Empire and the Alamanni Empire.

This special mobile force of only five thousand would possess the strongest individual combat capability, the highest wages, and the best equipment.

The representatives were bewildered after hearing Roland mention the number for the mobile forces.

Even if these five thousand were super warriors, it seemed too few.

Someone cautiously voiced their objection, "The importance of the mobile forces is self-evident; isn't only five thousand too few?"

"It is enough."

Roland signaled the representative to sit down and patiently explained.

In the face of threats from super enemies, having too many ordinary warriors could actually be a disadvantage.

The high compensation alone was already a headache.

"The combat effectiveness of special units doesn't depend on numbers but on combat thinking."

From the void, Roland reached out and grabbed a thick document.

"This is the research outcome of the Norton research group concerning war machines. To demonstrate the sincerity of promoting the Alliance's formation, I have decided to share it freely with all participating countries."

This statement made many representatives stand up excitedly.

Previously, they were frustrated at not obtaining war machines, but this regret was now completely resolved.

Norton is a top continental alchemist, physicist, and chemist, and his research ability essentially represents the pinnacle of the continent.

His results are naturally invaluable.

This research outcome can assist participating countries in better handling war machines and truly save lives.

With Roland offering this heavyweight gift, the attitude of the country's representatives quickly changed.

They all expressed willingness to contribute manpower if they had, and money if they could.

The invited Transcendents also tactfully stood up to express their willingness to participate.

Transcendents transcend the mundane, but they are still human and cannot detach from human existence.

If all ordinary people die, who would support them? Are they supposed to farm for themselves?

Since there were no objections, the formation of the mobile forces proceeded naturally.

The formation plan was very clear, and Roland spent several days finalizing this plan, so representatives of the other countries naturally had no objections.

The final question remained.

Who would command this mobile force?

In terms of strength, Sofia was the most suitable, but she didn't even come. She had been meditating under the Arctic Glacier and wasn't interested in such matters.

Roland outright said there was no need to consider Sofia.

He rejected not only Sofia but also all national leaders.

"I have too many responsibilities and can't spare the time."

Roland humbly declined.

"I presume the supreme leaders and officials of various countries are the same."

Roland humbly declined on behalf of others.

Although some were not pleased, Roland had already spoken. What could they say?

Since the national leaders and officials couldn't participate, then doesn't it mean...

Queen Sisi lightly coughed and stood up.

"Mr. Roland, if everyone cannot shoulder this burden, I have a proposal: why don't I undertake it..."

"You don't qualify." Roland abruptly cut off Queen Sisi's words.

He initially had a fondness for this woman and even felt some sympathy for her because of the bullying she had endured from Sofia in her early years.

But Sif and Christine both didn't like her, so naturally, Roland added her to the adversary list.

If only one of Sif or Christine disliked her, it might have been a personal grievance, but since these two who had a bad relationship both thought Queen Sisi was unsuitable, then she truly wasn't suitable.

Sif had Insight, and Christine was guided by the Divine Oracle.

Queen Sisi, associated with the darkness lurking in shadows, must be sidelined.

Without evidence, Roland couldn't accuse her of harboring dark energy. Fortunately, he had a better reason.

"Sorry, you are too weak. It's about Rodinia's safety and humanity's survival, and you can't handle this burden."

Roland's dominating demeanor provoked dissatisfaction in some Transcendents, and one stood up, shared a glance with Queen Sisi, and then loudly protested.

"Lord Roland, you can't speak for everyone, I'm willing to submit to Queen Sisi's leadership."

Sif and Christine frowned simultaneously, putting the number one flunky of Queen Sisi on the blacklist.

Roland laughed heartily and calmly said, "I do not submit."

This statement killed the contest.

If anyone argued further, it would mean going against Roland.

The Transcendent who had just stood up was at a loss for words and had to sit down awkwardly.

Indeed, he had received pleasures beyond soul and flesh from Queen Sisi, but he wasn't about to oppose Roland over it.

Queen Sisi elegantly tucked her hair, sat down with a gentle smile.

"I was merely proposing. Since Mr. Roland doesn't like it, I have to withdraw."

"Mr. Roland, I am curious to hear your opinion."

Queen Sisi maintained her graceful composure, but only she knew what was in her heart.

"First, the commander must be strong enough to command respect. Their strength must at least reach above the average of Tier Five."

Upon hearing this condition, Christine sat up straight.

Who else could perfectly match this condition other than her?

Surely, they wouldn't go to distant Balat to ask the Ascetic to come out or invite the Crow Sage, right?

As expected of Roland, he had indeed made the most suitable arrangement.

Roland continued, "The commander candidate must be proficient in military skills and have experience commanding wars on a scale of over a hundred thousand."

This condition also made sense.

A mobile force commander not knowing military affairs would be too abstract.

Christine's upturned lips nearly revealed her smile.

This was an obvious choice; it had to be her.

"The person I have in mind is..."

Christine stood up.

Roland calmly announced, "Duke Reinhardt, please do not decline."

Chapter 593: Deadly Temptation

When Roland announced the selection of the commander, Christine instinctively stood up.

She was long accustomed to serving as Roland's military commander.

It had always been this way over the past few years.

Regardless of whether Roland was a Governor, Vice Emperor, or Prime Minister, regardless of whether the army size was only tens of thousands or as many as a million, Roland had always entrusted her with absolute trust.

A mere force of five thousand, if it weren't a specialized mobile unit full of skilled experts, she would even be somewhat reluctant to take it on.

She is now the Pope of the Divine Court of Light, equivalent to the level of the Emperor of the Empire.

Would any troop let her command? That would depend on her mood.

Words of humility reached her lips, but stopped abruptly as Roland uttered an unexpected name.

Christine stood there in a daze, her face turning crimson, as the holy marks hidden beneath her skin suddenly emitted a milky white glow.

Her hands clenched into fists, nails digging fiercely into her palms, blood seeping from the web of her hand.

It was only when the command was handed over to someone else that she realized how much she cared.

The indescribable embarrassment rendered Christine unable to stand or sit properly.

Luckily, everyone else was also in extreme shock, not noticing her lapse, allowing her to seize the opportunity to carefully sit back down.

Seeing that no one was paying attention to her, Christine let out a long breath, then was overtaken by anger and disappointment.

She acknowledged that Reinhardt had considerable strength, but what gave him the right to compare with her?

He could at most wield command over tens of thousands, far inferior to her in this regard.

What did Roland see in Reinhardt?

Not to mention her lack of comprehension, even Sif and others were bewildered.

Though Sif didn't like Christine, she never denied her abilities.

Sif had long since ceased to be the emotional little girl; she was willing to set aside personal likes and dislikes in the face of greater interests.

She looked at Roland in astonishment, continuously winking at him.

Her meaning was clear.

There was no need to do this to avoid suspicion; she didn't mind.

Roland smiled and shook his head, giving Sif a "I have my reasons" look to reassure her.

Though Sif could be at ease, Alina frowned.

She also didn't understand.

Unlike Sif, she and Christine had no personal grievances, and even had a decent personal relationship due to long-term cooperation.

If Christine hadn't arranged her coronation ceremony, she might have felt quite awkward as the Emperor in the Republic.

Sif might say nothing, but she couldn't play dead.

With a light cough, Alina gently said, "Roland, according to your standards, Marshal Christine is more qualified to serve as the commander."

She did not use Pope to refer to Christine, but called her Marshal.

Due to her remarkable achievements, Christine held the title of Marshal of the Jin Yuan Republic.

Alina was openly supporting Christine.

Blood drained from Christine's face, which gradually regained composure as she cast a grateful glance at Alina.

Helping Alina was just a part of helping Roland, but she remembered the favor, and thought well of this person.

Seeing Alina jump up in opposition, Reinhardt, who had been named, also awakened from shock, nodding with a smile towards Roland before shaking his head and saying:

"Mr. Roland, your trust flatters me. But as Her Majesty Alina stated, my talents and abilities indeed do not compare to Pope Christine."

"The formation of a mobile force is a major event for all humankind. You need not achieve balance here; I earnestly recommend Pope Christine to lead the mobile force."

These words pleased Christine; she suddenly felt that old man Reinhardt wasn't so disagreeable after all, and even possessed some of the unique straightforwardness of the Odin People.

Observing Reinhardt's stance and connecting it to Roland's decisive refusal of Queen Sisi, the attending representatives came to a sudden realization.

That little fox Roland clearly wanted to make his Pope lover the commander in chief and was using this as a ploy to deflect criticism.

Pfft, hypocritical.

Despite their inward grumbles, these representatives were astute enough not to oppose Roland over this matter.

Reinhardt did not believe Roland would hand over this small yet extraordinarily powerful mobile unit to the Prudon Kingdom.

Their stances were different, and the Prudon Kingdom had just recently caused trouble; it seemed unlikely in any case.

Although the mobile unit did not include certain Tier Six and above Transcendents, it did encompass almost all Tier Seven and below Transcendents and the majority of Tier Six Transcendents.

This unit was initially intended to combat formidable foes, and serving as their commander made it easy to establish one's own faction among them.

Even winning over a portion of the Transcendents would suffice to shift the world order in the future.

Could Roland really bear to?

Yes, he really could bear to.

To gain, one must sacrifice. To have the Prudon Kingdom willingly join the newly established Rodinia Alliance, he had to help them resolve practical issues.

The gradually reviving war machines from the Alamanni Ruins not only threatened their survival but also endangered all of humanity.

The Prudon Kingdom, Tirol Kingdom, and other core regions of the former Alamanni Empire naturally bore the brunt.

Due to Christine's reminder, Roland had implicitly acknowledged Queen Sisi as an enemy, making it even more necessary to draw in the Prudon Kingdom.

He couldn't let them come together, or at least prevent their merger.

When Roland resolutely re-nominated Reinhardt for the commander role, the elderly duke, with gray at his temples, finally realized Roland wasn't joking.

He hesitated for a moment, gritting his teeth as he asked, "Why? You must have better options."

"Trust me, Duke Reinhardt, you are the optimal choice."

Roland turned his gaze to Christine, smiling as he explained, "Her Holiness the Pope has a more important mission; she needs to form a new army capable of defending the entire continent."

Chapter 594 Deadly Temptation (Part 2)

Taking advantage of everyone's curiosity being piqued, Roland briefly explained the definition of the coalition army.

The crowd suddenly realized.

Besides a special mobile unit, Roland also planned to form the Rodinian coalition army to create a formidable fighting force through the advantage of scale and collective strength.

This army does not rely on Transcendents but on technology archeology and the re-equipping of the Magic Armor Corps with Magic Crystal Stones.

As long as there is a rapid breakthrough in technology (archeology), this army can create a powerful force to rival the gods with mere mortal bodies.

The mobile unit is just a special force for transitional emergencies; this is the main force in Roland's mind.

Reinhardt suddenly understood and also set aside his doubts.

If Roland gave him the biggest benefits, he would definitely suspect it was a trap.

Since it was a secondary benefit, then it might still be trustworthy.

The loss in Christine's eyes vanished, replaced by a radiant glow.

It had to be her.

Who else but her could oversee the formation, operation, and command of a million-strong new army?

Facing Roland's invitation, Christine cleared her throat, biting her lip with a slight reserve.

"Roland, I wouldn't say I'm modest, but I..."

"Then don't be modest, it's you," Roland interrupted Christine's self-deprecation with a smile.

Their gazes lightly touched in the air and then shifted away.

As Christine took up the Dragon Slaying Statue, representing the command of the coalition army, this continental conference was essentially over.

Subsequently, professionals from various countries began detailed consultations on issues related to politics, military, diplomacy, trade, and archeological ruins, among other aspects.

Naturally, Roland did not have to worry about these small matters.

Next, he planned to enjoy a few days of vacation in Hansa City under the guise of attending the conference.

He had been apart from Sif for only a few days, yet it felt like an eternity.

Taking advantage of Sofia's absence, he decided to indulge himself with a holiday.

However, his beautiful vacation did not go smoothly.

Too many people sought him out, and his days were abnormally busy.

To Roland's surprise, the first person to find him was Queen Sisi.

He had harshly rejected her proposal at the conference; he was unsure what this woman wanted now.

Though he internally categorized her as a potential enemy, since they hadn't openly turned against each other yet, Roland didn't mind feigning civility with her.

Sif did not oppose Roland meeting this woman; however, before the meeting, she casually spoke words with an implicit warning.

"This Queen Sisi has had fifteen men; her husband is incredibly tolerant."

"Haha, I knew she was a social butterfly, but I didn't expect it to be this exaggerated. She is the national goddess of the Tirol Kingdom, after all. I wonder what her citizens would think if they knew the truth."

Roland teased with a laugh.

Sif replied calmly, "Of course, they wouldn't believe it. They would hypnotize themselves into thinking it's slander and even fight tooth and nail with the informant. People only accept truths they are willing to accept."

Roland stifled his amusement and lowered his voice, saying, "She's not just a harlot but also a pioneer of dark tendrils extending into this world."

Sif's pupils contracted suddenly, "Did Christine say that?"

"Yes, her appearance coincides precisely with the second line of the prophetic poem."

"I understand. Do you need me to call someone to help?" Sif asked softly.

"No, you don't understand at all. Queen Sisi is just a pawn scouting the path; capturing her is useless. It would only alert the enemy. Better to pretend as if we know nothing and play along with her."

Sif suddenly realized and smiled, "This Queen Sisi is probably still dreaming of luring you with her charm to gain benefits, not knowing she is the prey. I'll leave this to you while I go out for a walk."

...

In the lounge, Roland received Queen Sisi politely but coldly.

Seeing Roland's indifferent expression, Queen Sisi lowered her head slightly and murmured softly, "Are you still angry because I wanted to become the commander of the mobile unit?"

"Lady Sisi, if you are here to talk nonsense, I suggest you leave now. Our time is precious."

Roland was not buying Queen Sisi's indirect apology.

Unaware that her true identity had been exposed, Queen Sisi casually took off her lace gloves, placing them on the table, and inadvertently displayed her bare hands in front of Roland.

Roland had seen many beautiful girls.

Most of these girls came from noble backgrounds; they did not need to undertake heavy labor or battle with smoke in the kitchen, allowing them to have very delicate hands.

Sister Lisa's hands were once a bit rough, but after being reborn in magma, her skin had become exceptionally beautiful.

Sif's fair hands, Alina's slender fingers, Lisa's gentle touch, Christine's purity, and even Sofia's icy coolness—their hands were beautifully unique in their own right.

He did not think Queen Sisi's removal of her gloves could stir any emotion in his heart.

Yet, the hands displayed in front of Roland were flawless, much like meticulously carved mutton fat jade, with no blemishes, soft to perfection.

If Sif and the others had beautifully slender hands typical of a lovely girl, Queen Sisi's hands seemed like an extension of her body, a natural integration.

They were not grown, but had always existed.

Roland even had the illusion that these hands led directly to a realm of pure beauty, and Queen Sisi herself was the beautiful woman attached to these hands.

As his right hand lifted, the number Sif had mentioned hovered in Roland's mind.

Fifteen.

No matter how exquisite Queen Sisi's beauty was, he had no desire to be hole brothers with fifteen unknown male entities.

Moreover, her feminine allure did not surpass Sif's.

Roland's lips curled into a slight smile.

Chapter 595 Deadly Temptation (Part 3)

Marrying the most beautiful girl in the world has its perks; one develops a strong resistance to beauty.

"Queen Sisi, please speak plainly if you have something to say; we are allies."

Queen Sisi slightly raised her head and said softly, "Do you have time to listen to a story?"

"If it's a story that can't be published in The Sun, I'm not very interested."

Unlike the Continental Conference standing on moral high ground and doing whatever they please, this time Roland lay directly on the moral low ground, emphasizing flexibility of the baseline.

Queen Sisi perhaps did not expect Roland would say such a thing, and she was slightly taken aback but quickly adjusted her mood.

She murmured softly, "If you want to exchange money for the tragic experience of a pitiable female, you may do so."

Roland shrugged, indicating for her to start her performance, but inwardly he grew more cautious.

As he expected, Queen Sisi's move was indeed clever.

She intended to use beauty as the opening, but with Sif present, ordinary temptation was useless, so she took off her gloves.

Hands and feet are very special entities.

Divided by function, they have nothing to do with sexual temptation.

Animals would never get aroused by the sight of another's hoofs.

But humans are different.

Humans imagine.

Upon seeing a short sleeve, they immediately think of bare arms, then of full nudity, then of...

Anyway, hands and feet are very peculiar organs.

Especially the rounded, delicate feet of a young girl; even an inadvertent exposure can awaken the desire among connoisseurs to play and admire.

Queen Sisi, being someone of status, naturally could not enter and immediately remove her shoes to show her feet.

Even if she could do such a thing, suddenly doing so would spoil the atmosphere.

Moreover, even removing her shoes could not seduce Roland.

So she chose her slender bare hands.

If she extended them directly, it would have no effect, so she wore lace gloves.

The unveiling of white lace followed by the slow reveal of jade-like fingers has a visual impact of contrast, a deadly allure for any man.

Roland is a perfectly normal man in terms of sexual orientation, and young too.

He wasn't an exception.

If there weren't reminders from Sif and Christine, he might just lose his composure.

But before him now was only one number, fifteen.

Roland sighed inwardly.

Women and bitches have both experienced men, but they're completely different.

Mature women are married ladies; they exude a charming aura from naivety to maturity, with a unique allure refined through life.

Harshly taking a married woman loyal to her family into one's embrace and plundering wantonly, watching her half-heartedly endure, is the correct approach to appreciating such women.

If Queen Sisi were a married woman, Sif wouldn't mind, and Roland probably wouldn't refuse a politically motivated friendly match.

But bitches are different.

They are toilets.

Those of plain looks are filthy latrines, while those with outstanding looks are clean, tidy premium toilets.

Queen Sisi is...

A five-star toilet.

Roland slightly lowered his head, allowing the disgust in his eyes to disperse into the air.

He slowly reached out.

At this point, he had to act like a normal man, taking advantage of the moment.

However, he still felt a wave of nausea within.

The pain Christine experienced was now his turn.

His fingertips stopped just a few centimeters away from Queen Sisi's fair hand, abruptly halting.

This seemingly hesitating pause froze the smile on Queen Sisi's face.

"Sorry, I almost offended your purity."

Roland smiled as he retracted his fingertips, calmly returning to his seat, and picked up a teacup.

"Fortunately, my sexual orientation is quite conventional; I prefer slender, delicate feet of girls. Can your story begin now?"

Queen Sisi squinted her eyes, a trace of anger swirling in the bottom.

Her eyelashes trembled slightly; this time she was truly angry.

Her feet were a taboo topic not to be mentioned; Roland inadvertently violated the taboo.

But she couldn't just storm off in anger, instead, she replied with slight displeasure:

"I'm sorry to disappoint you. Perhaps your wife has the most beautiful feet in the world, but I do not wish for someone other than my husband to explore my privacy."

Accompanied by a trembling tone, tears rolled down Queen Sisi's cheeks.

This fragile stance, like a lily swaying in the bitter rain, would arouse a strong protective desire in any man.

If he didn't know the details, Roland might have been the same.

But he knew.

Holding the teacup, he paused, not drinking, making it clear; if no story was to be told, it was time to leave.

Queen Sisi wiped her tears away with the back of her hand, and when she looked up again, her face was filled with sadness.

"I was once the most beautiful woman in the world."

"That was indeed the case ten years ago," Roland responded calmly.

Queen Sisi was not angered by Roland's interruption. She spread her arms as if embracing the storm in the void, and her sorrowful voice was particularly ethereal.

"Until I met Sofia."

She began to tell the story of meeting Sofia.

Before marriage, because both were Odin descendants, and of nobility, they were once dear friends.

Their friendship was once unbreakable until the appearance of Ivan IV.

Ivan IV once proposed to Queen Sisi's family, hoping to marry Sisi.

However, her father hadn't responded before Sofia's family swooped in.

Sofia's family was a Hereditary Duke, with power and status far above Queen Sisi.

"She just seized my marriage proposal target."

This story left Roland stunned, somewhat at a loss.

Queen Sisi probably wouldn't hide anything on such matters; this might indeed be true.

Judging by Sofia cutting ties with her family after marriage, not even attending her parents' funerals, Sofia probably didn't like this marriage and merely accepted it reluctantly.

Chapter 596: Deadly Temptation (Part 4)

Later, because of her failed marriage, she hated her blind parents even more.

Everything could be explained.

Sofia fairly hated everyone involved who made her uncomfortable in this matter.

Ivan IV, her parents, and Sisi, who caused her to be neglected by her husband.

Sofia was the type who took revenge swiftly, and surely wouldn't spare Queen Sisi.

The following story indeed unfolded as Roland had guessed, without any novelty.

After listening to Queen Sisi's ramblings, Roland remained silent.

Seeing her expectant gaze, Roland calmly asked, "I have no interest in old grudges between women. Tell me, what do you want?"

Queen Sisi lowered her voice and asked, "Roland, are you truly willing to spend your whole life in a place like Saint Rurik Palace, only occasionally meeting your beloved wife?"

"What's that got to do with you?" Roland's expression changed slightly.

"We have a common enemy." Queen Sisi's face suddenly turned exceptionally calm, as if it wasn't her who narrated Sofia's story earlier.

"I'm listening."

"Sofia is very weak now, she's struggling, this is the only chance to get rid of her!"

Roland almost laughed, pointing to his nose in surprise, he retorted:

"Are you suggesting I eliminate Sofia?"

This is too ridiculous.

Queen Sisi nodded and said, "I don't dare meddle in your actions, I only hope you remember what I said today. Next time you see Sofia, observe carefully, and you'll know I'm not lying."

She stood up, sighing, "Roland, you're still young, do you really want to be pressed down by Sofia all your life? I've been through it, it's painful."

"Shut up! Sofia is my monarch!" Roland's breathing was somewhat rapid.

"But you're not her dog."

After saying this, Queen Sisi no longer had the earlier weakness, and without saying goodbye, she left proudly.

Watching her figure disappear into the distance, Roland's heartbeat was somewhat erratic.

If Sofia is truly weak below the assassination threshold, what should he do?

That sentence from Queen Sisi stabbed deeply into his heart.

If this were a game, a beautifully drawn, cold-aloof character like Sofia, he would eagerly claim her as his wife, even shouting "I am Miss Sofia's dog!"

But this isn't a game, it's the real world.

Queen Sisi had judged him well; he didn't like being suppressed.

Feeling agitated, Roland stood up and walked towards the door.

He needed to go out and clear his mind.

Wandering aimlessly on the street, the passing patrols paused, saluting him; the shoppers by the street cast admiring glances his way.

In their minds, Roland was an omnipotent existence.

They had no idea that at this moment, Roland's mind was in chaos.

A breeze blew by, cooling down his flushed face.

Any decision required the correct information, so he had to first verify whether Sofia had truly lost her power.

Unintentionally, he found himself at the residence of the Jin Yuan Kingdom delegation.

Since he was already there, Roland decided to stride inside.

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"The starlight tells me my good friend is standing at the crossroads of destiny. Tell me, is there anything I can help with?"

Alina brought Roland a cup of fruit tea, resting her chin in her hand, smiling as she asked.

"I'd like your help in divining a person."

"Who?" Alina was somewhat curious. Roland wasn't someone who trusted divination much, and rarely sought her out for a reading, so today was truly unusual.

"Sofia."

Alina paused, then shook her head slowly, "I'm sorry, I've divined her before, but her fate is shrouded by an invisible force. I later realized it was the power of an unformed divinity crystal."

Roland lowered his voice to ask, "If you forcefully divine, could you withstand the backlash?"

"Of course, no problem. She may be powerful, but I am also growing."

Alina calmly said, "It's just that you never do anything pointless, I'm a bit curious."

"It's not pointless, you only need to determine whether a divination is possible, no need for a specific result."

Roland's eyes lit up.

If they could divine Sofia's fate, then something truly was wrong.

As Alina laid out the Angel Cards and began divining, Roland's heart beat even faster.

Besides waiting for the divination's outcome, he faced an even bigger dilemma.

If Sofia's power truly had issues, how should he treat her?

Before the Battle of White Mountain, this wasn't even a question, just kill!

But they fought side by side at White Mountain, going through life and death together. Could he really swing that sword?

When Alina laid down the final card in her hand, Roland's eyes were full of confusion.

He didn't even know what result he was hoping for.

Chapter 597: Shattering Darkness with Light

Damn the repercussion, bring it on!

Alina silently chanted in her heart, focusing her energy to brace herself against the repercussion of a failed divination.

She had tried before; the backlash from failing to divine Sofia was no less than when failing with Roland.

Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't do something so unbeneficial.

But since Roland sought her help, she wouldn't refuse.

It's just a repercussion, it's not like it would kill you.

Alina took a deep breath as the last Angel Card representing divinity crystallizes fell.

She waited anxiously, yet the azure glow never surfaced.

Confused, she couldn't even be sure if the divination had failed.

The Angel Card could not only deduce fate but also calculate the star path chosen by the subject and the ceiling one could reach.

This ultimate calculation foresaw further and bore more rebound.

Sofia's chosen star path was the Path of Extreme Cold, with the endpoint of becoming the Frosty Winter Goddess.

The Frosty Winter Goddess is an Attribute God, with divine power considered relatively low among gods.

Wind, Earth, Water, Fire, Light, Dark, and Nature become Attribute Gods after ascension, with divinity crystallizes and divine power far less potent than Conceptual Gods.

Previously, the three goddesses who ascended to the Divine Domain were also Attribute Gods.

Even though they were only Attribute Gods, they ultimately ascended to the Divine Domain and didn't need to undergo constant baptisms in the cycle of reincarnation.

Alina's chosen path had the endpoint of becoming a Conceptual God, with a ceiling higher than the Frosty Winter Goddess, but the challenges she faced were many times greater.

Unless a miracle occurred, she was likely to stop at the Tier Three Holy Domain Level or Tier Two Demigod Level.

But she never regretted it.

Failure to reach the peak means there's no difference in where one falls.

Better to die gazing at the stars than to live humbly bowing one's head.

With such resolve, Alina naturally wasn't afraid of the repercussion from the future Frosty Winter Goddess.

However, nothing happened.

Alina's eyes widened, her eyelashes trembled slightly, her palm gripped and released, her lips tight, pondering how to explain to Roland.

"Are you okay?" Roland asked, looking at Alina with concern.

"I'm fine."

After a pause, Alina sighed gently: "Failing without receiving a backlash is scarier than the backlash itself."

"If divination fails, there will be a backlash, right?" Roland asked softly.

"If the subject is Sofia, yes." Alina's voice was slightly frail, but she still made the judgment with determination.

"Could it have succeeded?" Roland asked tentatively.

"Succeeded?" Alina was momentarily stunned and looked down at the Angel Card spread.

Sofia's star path remained void, showing nothing.

"Impossible, all I can see is the Void."

"Isn't the Void also a star path?" Roland reminded her.

Alina took a deep breath, her eyes lit up.

An outsider could see what those involved could not, she indeed hit a dead end.

Seeing nothing after divination usually meant failure, but if the other's star path leaned towards the Void, seeing nothing was also a kind of seeing.

With the right mindset, unraveling became simple.

Alina assumed Sofia's star path as the Void and began to decode the Angel Card spread.

The results quickly surfaced.

Sofia's chosen star path wasn't the Void, but non-existent.

In literal terms, she hadn't chosen any star path and was still observing.

Simply put, she forsook the Power of Frosty Winter close to the Divine Domain.

Roland and Alina exchanged glances and saw astonishment in each other's eyes.

The Path of the Frosty Winter was a clear route before Sofia.

Judging by her displayed combat prowess in the Battle of White Mountain, continuing that path meant Ascension to Divinity was only a matter of time.

But she chose to give it up.

No normal person would do such a thing.

However, Sofia was never a normal person; this choice aligned with her way of doing things.

Roland's heart raced chaotically.

He was certain that Sofia's current power was extremely weak.

No one could say how weak exactly.

A dying Giant Dragon was still bigger than a chick; who could guarantee Sofia had abandoned the Power of Frosty Winter?

What if she had simply sealed her power temporarily, to be activated at a critical moment?

Roland's wildly beating heart gradually calmed, and he instantly made a decision.

Even if Queen Sisi was completely right, he wouldn't strike at Sofia.

It's not that his moral standards soared to saintly levels; he simply didn't want to face Sofia's counterattack.

He was very sure that if he drew his sword against Sofia from behind, it would inevitably result in a fight to the death.

The chances of him dying were very high.

Roland quickly found a reason to convince himself.

They were allies! He wasn't someone who'd betray an ally.

Compared to Queen Sisi, Roland thought Sofia, though cold, was manageable.

If cooperating with Queen Sisi, he'd probably be counting money for her despite being sold.

Roland furrowed his brows in thought for a moment, then whispered: "Don't spread the word about the divination result."

"What divination result? Calculating how many wives you can get? Don't worry, I'm tight-lipped."

Alina nodded with a gleaming smile, playfully teasing Roland.

Roland shook his head with a smile and bid farewell to Alina.

After leaving Alina's residence, Roland immediately sought out Sif and straightforwardly stated his departure.

"Leaving so soon?"

Sif looked at Roland in surprise and whispered, "Dear, Miss Lisa and Alina aren't getting any younger. How much longer will you make them wait? Now that everyone's here, why not have Christine host a ceremony and throw a wedding for you?"

"There's no time, I have to leave immediately; I'm worried Sofia might be in danger."

Sif looked at Roland, who seemed serious, and tentatively asked, "Is there something wrong with her?"

"Well, she might temporarily be unable to use the Power of Frosty Winter. As you know, she has many enemies."

Chapter 598: Shattering Darkness with Light (Part 2)

"Is it that wench Queen Sisi? I'll go with you!"

Sif declared resolutely, "I don't like Sofia, but I will openly defeat her. She shouldn't fall into the hands of ants."

Roland couldn't find a reason to refuse, so he nodded.

"Should we call on others?"

"No need, the soul blood link is temporarily disabled. If the two of us aren't enough, adding more won't help much either."

Seeing the calm gaze of Sif, Roland nodded with relief.

Sif has truly grown.

It's not just strength but the confident bearing of a formidable fighter.

After simple preparations, Roland found Angelina, delegated the follow-up tasks, and made up an excuse to leave.

However, Angelina did not let him pass.

"Roland! You're taking a vacation at a time like this?"

"His Majesty mentioned that I can have ten days off a year, and I want to use them now."

Angelina paused in silence, then spoke in a low voice, "Cardinal, have you always thought I was an idiot?"

"Not exactly, you've made great progress," Roland replied casually.

"Today, Queen Sisi came to see you, and then you met Alina, followed by a brief discussion with your wife behind closed doors, now you're claiming you want marriage leave."

Angelina smiled self-deprecatingly, "Even an idiot would know something's wrong."

"It must be related to His Majesty, right? I have the right to know the truth."

Angelina's eyes fluttered slightly, but she remained steadfast, looking at Roland.

If it's about anything else, she dared not interfere with Roland, but when it comes to Sofia, that was her red line.

As Sofia's loyal confidante serving her for years, Angelina vaguely sensed something wrong with Sofia but dared not tell anyone.

Sofia wants to reforge the Bright Blue Fury for her, wants her to inherit the Frosty Winter Star Path.

And what about Sofia herself?

A powerful force won't appear out of nowhere, Sofia can only choose a new path.

This is Sofia's weakest moment, the only chance for her path to be obstructed.

Angelina stepped back half a step, her long hair moving without wind, expression stern.

"Sofia might be in danger, I need to see her." Roland did not hide it.

Angelina understood Sofia the most, and from her intense reaction, Roland was more convinced that Sofia was in a bad situation now.

"I must go!" Angelina stated firmly.

"Pack quickly, we're leaving soon." Angelina had a strong enough position to protect Sofia, Roland couldn't refuse.

"No need, we're racing against time. Let's depart now!" Angelina, concerned for Sofia's safety, didn't want to delay even a second.

A few minutes later, a plain carriage left the Governor's Mansion, speeding northeast.

There were only three people in the carriage.

Angelina, with her face veiled, drove the carriage herself, while Roland and Sif conserved energy inside the carriage.

They traveled by carriage, along the way renting vigorous horses, journeying day and night.

The carriage could only take them out of the northeastern part of the Prudon Kingdom.

Upon entering the Wende Empire, the roads leading north had been yearly neglected, combined with war devastation, making carriage travel nearly impossible.

They could only travel by horse.

Silently, they conserved as much energy as possible to avoid depleting too much should they encounter enemies.

At the last town outside the Kale Strait, they entrusted their horses to the local sheriff before entering the Arctic Glacier on foot.

Located at the edge of the Arctic Circle, the Kale Strait was experiencing the transition from winter to spring, with very short daytime and night lasting for twenty hours.

Beyond the Kale Strait, the polar night phenomenon was even more pronounced, making trekking even harder.

Before entering the Arctic Glacier, the sheriff of Kale Town repeatedly advised them not to venture during the polar night, but Roland politely declined.

In this era of underdeveloped media, the sheriff did not recognize these three well-known figures, only watching them with a gaze reserved for the doomed.

Young adventurers like Roland were all too familiar to him.

They loved adventure, always feeling invincible.

But in the face of terrifying nature, humans were as fragile as a sheet of paper.

Though he tacitly assumed Roland and the others were doomed, he did not rush to snatch away the three fine horses they rode.

He had bled in Talia and seen the outside world, being one of the few in the Kale Region who had seen the wider world.

He was only relegated to this remote, harsh land for offending the tribal chief.

He knew the worth.

These three horses were top-quality, impossible for an ordinary family to afford even one with years of income.

Recognizing the signs, he determined these three youngsters were not ordinary.

He even had the illusion that these three young people might leave the Land of Eternal Night alive.

If they came back and couldn't find their horses, he'd be done for.

The sheriff refused the middlemen who tried to buy the horses, personally overseeing the three fine horses, silently praying for Roland.

While the sheriff was inwardly wrestling with thoughts, Roland and his group advanced over seven hundred miles in a day and night, getting ever closer to the Extreme Cold Point.

As the latitude increased, the polar night grew longer.

The three of them did not light torches, just wrapped tightly in bear skin coats for warmth, continuing onward.

Transcendents above Tier Six seemed less and less human in the eyes of ordinary people.

Such severe cold naturally wasn't a problem for them.

But extreme cold would gradually deplete their strength and energy, and if they didn't keep warm, they wouldn't be of much help when they found Sofia.

After walking a while longer, Roland suddenly stopped.

Sif and Angelina also stopped.

"What's wrong?"

"Something's wrong here." Roland lightly furrowed his brow, speaking in a low voice.

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Chapter 599: Shattering Darkness with Light (Part 3)

"Is it too cold here?" Angelina tentatively asked.

"I have never been to the Arctic, so I don't know exactly how cold it is."

Angelina dismissively said, "Since we don't know, let's keep moving. I remember His Majesty spoke about several important locations in the Arctic. The most important are the Extreme Cold Point and the Geographic Pole. Let's head to the Extreme Cold Point first."

Roland shook his head and murmured lightly, "Something's not right here. Given the distance we've traveled, at this latitude and time, there shouldn't be a non-stop twenty-four-hour polar night."

"What do you mean?" Angelina's expression changed slightly.

As a military commander, understanding astronomy and geography was basic knowledge. Based on Roland's hint, she calculated swiftly in her mind, determining that the polar night in their current location should last about twenty-two hours.
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Where did these extra two hours of polar night come from?

Something indeed felt off here.

After exchanging glances with Roland, Sif took out a Magic Lamp and pressed the button.

This type of emergency lamp consumes precious Magic Crystal Stone and is a standard luxury item, but at times like these, no one cares about the price.

"Is the lamp broken?" After waiting a few seconds without seeing the Magic Lamp light up, Angelina was somewhat surprised.

The magic tools Sif carried were top-notch, how could they suddenly malfunction?

After a moment of silence, Sif slowly said, "The lamp is turned on. This should be some kind of domain that can absorb light."

The three walked purely by perception under the pitch-dark polar night, unable to see anything clearly.

Previously, they hadn't noticed the issue. Now considering it, they had been in a strange domain for quite a while.

They almost simultaneously looked up, wanting to confirm their position through the stars, but failed.

Even the glow of the Magic Lamp could be absorbed, how could faint starlight possibly pierce through the darkness?

Sif took a deep breath and said solemnly, "We can't waste time. I will use the Magic Mirror to activate strong Insight. You should observe your surroundings and be ready to act."

Roland and Angelina, unable to come up with better suggestions, could only agree.

Sif gently touched the miniaturized Magic Mirror on her wrist and softly murmured a spell, suddenly lets out a sharp exclamation.

Faint light rose from the darkness, illuminating the surroundings like daylight.

Angelina was so startled she almost let out a scream.

Outside their standing ground, many black shadows appeared.

These shadows didn't resemble humans, having no facial features or limbs, just floating in the air, pitch black with traces of other colors, looking especially eerie.

Roland and Angelina almost simultaneously took action, deploying the quickest group attack methods.

The Scepter plunged into the earth, the Holy Light spread around, engulfing the shadows.

The shadows silently vanished in large numbers.

Angelina used the Diffusion Ice Ring, freezing countless shadows.

To be precise, she froze the air, the shadows were incidental.

"Over there!"

Sif's eyes shot with strange light, locking onto the source of the shadows through the Power of Insight.

Not far away stood a high tower, shrouded in endless darkness, constantly emitting black mist that enveloped the surrounding area of hundreds of miles.

In the black mist, nothing was visible, forming a perpetual night domain.

"Take action!"

Actually, without Sif's reminder, Roland and Angelina had already moved.

With their strength, demolishing an illegal building wouldn't require equipment, they could tear it down barehanded.

Roland and Angelina simultaneously struck, shattering the peculiar black tower.

The tower that had stood for unknown years collapsed with a roar.

At the moment of the tower's collapse, a humanoid shadow darted out.

The shadow's speed was too fast; Roland and Angelina, busy with demolition, happened to be in a gap where their old force was spent and new force hadn't yet been accumulated.

The shadow evidently possessed high intelligence, seizing the rare opportunity to slip away.

Its speed was truly fast; even Sif's Eye of Insight almost lost track, only barely managing to attach a marker effective within a ten-kilometer range.

"Chase!" Sif snapped lightly.

"Can't catch up. Forget it, let's focus on the main task!" Angelina gave up after running a few steps.

Slow chasing fast can only lead to getting farther and farther away.

Failing to catch the shadow wasn't crucial; Sofia's safety was most important.

Roland accepted Angelina's arrangement and abandoned the pursuit.

With some regret, they watched as the marked shadow disappeared from view.

As they felt regret, daylight broke.

Milky white Holy Light illuminated half the sky.

Under the Holy Light, the shadow shrieked in surprise.

Its true form was exposed — a black Spiritual Ape.

In the sky, Christine unfurled the wings of light behind her, descending like an angel.

Divine power akin to a prison.

Crushing darkness with light.

The black Spiritual Ape let out a harrowing scream, scorched by the Holy Light, curled into a ball, and crashed to the ground, dying swiftly and cleanly.

Christine slowly descended, kicking the shadow disdainfully, dragging the unfortunate creature towards Roland and the others with a strap.

Seeing Roland and his group looking slightly disheveled, her lips curved slightly as she softly said:

"How could you shatter the darkness without me?"

Roland smiled and explained, "We didn't expect to encounter this strange creature. I plan to continue going north. Want to join?"

"Sure."

Christine's response remained concise.

Chapter 600: A Traitor Among Us?

Christine has already come, she definitely won't turn back easily, so Roland took the opportunity to invite her to join them. Sif didn't care either way, but Angelina was absolutely unwilling.

She knew very well that Sofia had already offended the Goddess of Light irreversibly, and Christine was the most loyal follower of the Goddess of Light in the human world. How could she not be worried?

Having Christine join does have its advantages, at least the team won't have to grope forward in the dark.

Although this kind of candle-light-in-the-dark behavior is somewhat ostentatious, Roland did not oppose it. What they needed to do was to protect Sofia, be it scaring off or killing the enemy.

Christine's summoning of light to illuminate the night and deter the enemies indeed saves a lot of trouble.

The light surrounding everyone was not strong, yet very clear, guiding the direction forward.

Their steps paused briefly before the black tower, and after checking it out, they continued onward.

The corpse of the black ape has now become Christine's trophy; the black tower, because it is unmanned, has also become a waste tower, and the only certainty is its function.

Creating an absolute dark canopy to obscure the conspiracy under darkness.

Light is the nemesis of darkness.

Although the dark canopy can absorb ordinary light, pure light cannot be held back.

With the light, the traveling speed naturally increased significantly.

Christine leads the way in front, followed closely by Sif, with Roland and Angelina following in order.

Seeing Angelina's face full of worry in his peripheral vision, Roland knew what she was thinking, so he fell back a few steps, walking beside her.

Direct persuasion is definitely useless, so Roland decided to tell a story.

"Do you remember Andrew?"

"Of course, the idiot who betrayed Her Majesty the Empress's trust has already been locked up."

Not mentioning this name was fine, but bringing it up made Angelina furious.

Being the outstanding young official personally appointed by Sofia, Andrew performed brilliantly in the Rodinia war, especially skilled in logistical support, he was supposed to have a very bright future.

However, this bright future young man fell in love with a foreign girl, whom he considered a pure rose but turned out to be a carnivorous plant.

This girl was a spy from the Kingdom of Tirol.

Sending a spy to an ally's home isn't very nice, but in this era where the overall moral standard is extremely low, everyone does it, so it's not a big deal.

Andrew once had the chance to minimize his losses.

If he had told Angelina the whole truth, even if he wasn't heavily utilized in the future, the Empress's favor could still keep him safe.

Yet he continued to make mistakes, leaking many secrets to the damned female spy.

Because the two countries are allies and lack key evidence, this matter could only be left unresolved.

Andrew was put under house arrest, and within a stipulated time and place, he must willingly confess his problems.

Angelina really wanted to slap this traitor to death, but since he was personally selected by Sofia, all she could do was wait for Sofia to handle it personally.

She sighed in some disappointment, and asked in a low voice, "Why did you bring him up? When we see Her Majesty, don't mention his issue first, lest Her Majesty gets annoyed."

"What I mean is, Andrew's handling has already exceeded our jurisdiction."

Angelina was stunned for a few seconds before she realized.

Roland went around in a big circle but was still hinting at her not to worry about Christine.

Minor blasphemy acts, being the Pope, Christine could discipline on behalf of the Goddess, capturing blasphemers to burn them to death.

But she can't handle severe blasphemy acts on her own.

For more serious ones, perhaps the Goddess would send down divine oracle asking earthly believers to deal with it, or might entrust the Divine Punishment Legion to handle it.

If it's extremely malicious blasphemy behavior, the Goddess would most probably do it herself.

Sofia's level of blasphemy is undoubtedly the highest.

With past grievances added, it's almost certain that the Goddess of Light will strike personally.

Angelina let out a sigh of relief, her face looked much more relaxed.

This time, it was Roland's turn to be shocked.

"You're not worried about the Goddess descending?"

"Not worried, Her Majesty is invincible," Angelina said decisively.

Perhaps thinking this assertion was too arbitrary, she quickly supplemented: "I mean, with your help, Her Majesty the Empress is invincible."

Roland smiled without continuing this topic.

Invincible?

Even a Conceptual God does not exist as an invincible being.

Invincible is not an ability, but a state.

Any strong person is invincible before being defeated, what does that prove? With Sofia's Power of Frosty Winter exhausted, does she still remain invincible at the same level?

Even if she can stay invincible at the same level, what if the enemy deploys a stronger entity with a higher level?

This is not impossible, as the Fourth Return Day arrives, the strong who once existed in this plane also gain the qualification to return.

They hide in mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas, lurk in the endless night, waiting to strike.

If Queen Sisi calls upon these people for a shameless sneak attack, Sofia is still in danger.

If there were truly no danger, Roland wouldn't bother running.

Running in the depth of winter just to see the polar night?

With the trust issue resolved, the four-member team continued forward.

However, they faced the same dilemma as the hidden enemies, unable to find Sofia.

Although they haven't encountered enemies, Roland's intuition tells him that every nightfall, mysterious enemies will appear in the shadows.

The Arctic of the Theia Plane is not a vast ocean, but consists of several giant islands and a series of small islands.

The glacier spans a very vast area, connecting several main islands.

If nothing unexpected happens, Sofia is certainly near the Extreme Cold Point, but the area of Ark Island where the Extreme Cold Point is located is equivalent to seven or eight provinces, finding someone closed for training here is really very difficult.