Empress 601

Chapter 601: Insider? (2)

The four-man team had been wandering around Ark Island for about a week, with nothing to show for it.

They couldn't find any trace of Sofia, nor did they discover any enemies.

The only good news was that over time, the polar night was getting shorter.

Half a month had passed since entering the Arctic, and even the most resolute Angelina was feeling puzzled.

She secretly left marks and tokens every day.

If Sofia saw them, she would naturally know Angelina had come and would definitely find a way to contact her.

However, there was nothing.

Sofia seemed to have vanished from this world, without a trace.

Such aimless circling was very frustrating, and the exhaustion was much faster than usual.

Finally, on a bitterly cold night, Christine impatiently raised an objection.

"How much longer are we going to wander? If you're all going to keep this up, count me out."

Christine's objection was understandable.

If he wasn't certain that something had happened to Sofia, he wouldn't have come to the Arctic to freeze.

Despite taking precautions against the cold, the extreme cold of the polar region exceeded expectations.

After half a month, even food supplies were becoming difficult.

The dry rations they carried were almost consumed, and a few days ago, Roland had to hunt a walrus and make jerky to stave off hunger.

The massive body of a walrus contained a lot of meat, yet it wasn't on the human menu, which showed how bad its taste was.

The only good news was that walrus meat was high in fat, which helped with cold resistance.

Christine's attitude was poor, and Angelina was also somewhat annoyed.

Nobody had invited you; you wanted to come by yourself.

Who are you mad at?

She stood up abruptly and retorted, "If you can't stay, then leave. Having me here is enough."

"The wind was strong just now, I didn't hear you, were you giving me the boot?"

Christine also stood up, her face stern, ready to act at any moment.

Roland quickly signaled to Sif to mediate.

It's well known that when girls argue, a best friend can mediate, an enemy can mediate, a passerby can mediate, but a man close to them should never mediate.

Mediating would only add fuel to the fire.

As long as Roland spoke, not fighting on the spot would already be considered peaceful cohabitation.

Although Angelina's raw strength was weaker than Christine's, this was the ice field, her home ground, and coupled with the courage brought by her firm determination to protect Sofia, she naturally dared to speak out loud.

Christine wasn't afraid of Sofia, let alone Angelina. Her right hand was already gripping the scepter, ready to act at any moment.

Without Roland's reminder, Sif had already started to mediate in her own way.

She looked at the two standing off against each other with a slight smirk and started clapping.

"Go ahead, fight, why aren't you fighting?"

Faced with such an obviously sarcastic provocation, even a deep hatred would have to be set aside for the moment.

Angelina and Christine both focused their angry gazes on Sif, then, remembering that the person able to speak for Sif was playing dead, both turned to stare at Roland.

"Who do you support? Don't stand in the middle!"

The two almost said in unison.

Seeing that Sif had turned a fatal question into a scoring question, Roland breathed a sigh of relief and pulled out the prepared walrus jerky and threw it to the two of them.

"That's enough, get something to eat, and get ready to take turns on night watch."

Roland knew Christine needed an answer, so he held up a finger and said in a deep voice, "If we don't find anyone in a week, we'll leave."

Christine bit her lip and reluctantly agreed.

Angelina frowned and reluctantly agreed.

For them, a week was not the best answer.

Christine thought it was too long, and Angelina thought it was too short.

This is the charm of compromise. If Roland had jumped in to muddy the waters and thrown out this idea, they would probably have disagreed.

With just an exchange of glances, Roland and Sif resolved a conflict.

Tonight's sentry duty was originally Christine's, but to reassure Angelina, Roland volunteered to take over the night watch for Angelina.

After the dispute, the three girls retreated to their small tents and wrapped themselves in sleeping bags to sleep.

Roland gazed at the starry sky, sharing the same view of the sky as Alina from thousands of miles away.

That night, the starry sky was vast and dazzling like a river.

Gazing at the endless stars, Roland was somewhat entranced.

It's said that each star path corresponds to a giant star, yet you can't find this star before reaching the Divine Domain.

This is the mystery of the star path.

Roland wasn't deeply versed in astronomy; he was just daydreaming under the starry sky.

Just when he thought this night would pass quietly as usual, a scream rang out.

It was Angelina!

Roland was momentarily stunned, then plunged into deep self-reproach.

Tonight it was supposed to be his night watch, yet someone had quietly slipped in. It was simply...

Wait, where did the enemy come from?

He was always careful; it was impossible for him to really zone out under the starry sky.

He had set up numerous alert devices and warning magic.

If there was truly an intruder, they would definitely be detected, unless they were far superior to Roland.

With such skill, why would they need a sneak attack? It would be much simpler to just charge in and cut everyone down.

The answer was obvious; there was no intruder, only an insider.

Blinding white light flared, the holy light like a blade, stabbing into Angelina fiercely.

Perhaps her fate wasn't meant to end; the shockwave from the convergence of the Power of Light and Frost allowed her to dodge a fatal blow, rolling away in a sorry state.

Angelina didn't have time to angrily curse Christine for the shameless sneak attack, nor did she dare to deeply consider why Roland had no reaction, much less wonder why Sif hadn't uncovered the insider.

Now she couldn't trust anyone.

She bit her tongue until it bled, spraying the blood onto a blue wristband, and an ice wall appeared out of nowhere, forcibly blocking Christine and the shocked, waking Roland and Sif.

Chapter 602: A Traitor Among Us? (3)

She didn't even dare to look back and utter some harsh words.

She desperately ran away.

She ran barefoot across the glacier, bleeding, tears blurring her vision.

Fear dominated Angelina.

Christine was mad! Sif and Roland were indulgent, they were accomplices too.

The ice wall only slightly obstructed; after shattering the ice wall blocking the way, Christine immediately began the chase.

Sif was shocked, she didn't even have time to put on shoes, stepping barefoot on the icy ground which caused her extra pain and slowed her down considerably.

Christine, planning an ambush, was of course fully dressed.

Roland, keeping watch, was also wearing shoes.

Angelina fled in distress, wearing only thick cotton underwear; although she didn't faint from the cold, running barefoot severely affected her.

Sif, worried and chaotic, was also barefoot, stumbling as she chased.

Seeing Roland catch up, Sif anxiously shouted, "Don't mind me, stop her quickly!"

Roland quickly caught up and ran beside her, not rushing to pursue, but instead lowered his voice and said:

"Protect yourself."

"Christine is truly mad!" Sif couldn't help but complain.

"She's not mad; it's the only way to break the deadlock."

Roland patted Sif's shoulder, giving her various blessings, and quickly moved forward, past her thin shoulder.

Sif was slightly shocked, finally understanding Roland's unspoken message.

Christine was using this to lure the enemies in the darkness to reveal themselves, while simultaneously forcing Sofia to come out.

Ruthless enough.

Poor Angelina, she took a solid hit from the scepter, almost getting killed on the spot.

The mad chase began.

Angelina's angry rebukes and soft cries were particularly piercing in the quiet night.

The chase did not last long; the mediators finally arrived.

A familiar figure blocked the path between Angelina and Christine.

Sofia arrived.

She didn't speak, and her eyes showed no sign of turbulence, only calmly watching Christine, making the Pope of Light dare not step forward.

No matter how abundant the evidence proving Sofia's power loss was, it was all speculation.

If Sofia's strength remained, no one would be her match.

Christine hesitated for a second, then lifted her scepter without hesitation, an operatic voice rang out.

"Blasphemer, pay the price!"

She attacked, and this time the target was Sofia.

Just arrived, Sif's heart raced as she watched Christine, her throat somewhat dry.

An ice barrier appeared out of nowhere, freezing Christine in the middle.

Sofia grabbed Angelina and vanished into thin air.

Roland hurried forward to check, after ensuring Christine was okay, he grabbed the scepter and fiercely shattered the ice barrier.

The three looked at each other.

What puzzled them was that Sofia still retained some Power of Frosty Winter, but not much.

Indeed, Sofia's power had significantly diminished; had she been in her prime, freezing Christine on the spot would have been effortless.

Tracking Sofia's lingering aura, the trio continued forward.

...

Held by Sofia, Angelina's heart finally settled.

She was about to cry and complain to Sofia, but Sofia stopped walking.

"Since you're here, how long do you intend to hide?"

Following her icy voice, seven shadows emerged from the darkness.

Their bodies seemed like reflections in the water, seemingly real yet illusionary, quickly forming.

The seven shadows' features looked no different from ordinary people, but their skin was an ominous bluish-green, clearly not human.

"Sofia, you've seen better days. Let me introduce myself, I am..."

"I'm not interested in the names of the dead." Sofia interrupted the head shadow's words.

Her expression showed no sign of fluctuation, as if declaring she was about to kill a bug.

Her arrogance made the shadow leader especially angry.

"Sofia, do you still think you're that demigod power restorer who severed White Mountain?"

"You can barely hold onto Tier Five now!"

"Attack together, don't hold back!"

The shadow leader's tactical mind was very clear. Even a dying Giant Dragon is bigger than a chicken; Sofia's invincible reputation and the feat of cutting down White Mountain were facts.

Even in her weakened state, she surely had some aces.

No arrogance allowed.

The shadow leader abandoned the foolish tactic of sending individuals to reduce Sofia's energy consumption, instead opting for an aggressive start.

Just as he was about to make a move, Roland and the others arrived.

The shadow leader shouted loudly, "Roland, if you don't want to live suffocatingly under her tyranny for a lifetime, you should stand with me! It's the only chance!"

"If you..."

"Haha, great!" Roland interrupted the shadow leader's rambling with a laugh, lifting the scepter high and smashing it down as if a mountain were collapsing.

The shadow leader was well-prepared, immediately gathering his dark energy in his palm to form a shield.

As he acted, the others simultaneously attacked Sofia.

In a flash, the two sides were already entangled.

Christine was surrounded by light, sweeping past the shadow leader like a glowing sphere.

The shadow leader's lips curled into a slight smile.

He was indeed correct; Christine truly hated Sofia.

Earlier, he had observed Christine's genuine attack on Angelina.

If Angelina hadn't been lucky, she would have died.

Though she didn't die, she was heavily injured, essentially out of this battle.

As Christine brushed past the shadow leader, she whispered, "Price?"

"Name it!" The shadow leader quickly responded.

He couldn't help but want to laugh.

As long as there was a common enemy, light and dark could coexist...

Right?

No, because Christine turned around in the instant she passed him, the scepter quietly striking the back of his head.

"Bang!"

The light shattered the skull, black, white, and yellow swirled together.

The shadow leader didn't even groan before he received a Netherworld pass, dying on the spot.

With his fall, this chaotic battle lost any semblance of suspense.

In just three minutes, the ambush of seven shadows ended absurdly, with five dead and two escaped.

Sofia's fingertips slightly trembled.

The previous battle had consumed too much; she was also somewhat overwhelmed.

More than anything, Queen Sisi's plotted ambush made her incredibly furious.

She didn't even speak to Roland, directly heading toward where Tirol was located.

Roland's voice came from behind.

"Cardinal Minister Roland, here to protect you."

"No need, just take care of Angelina. It's just handling a person; no need to mobilize forces."

Watching Sofia vanish in an instant, Roland silently mourned for Queen Sisi.

Sofia always exacts revenge, even for the smallest slights.

Provoking her means being prepared for death.

Queen Sisi, are you ready?

Chapter 603: Three Wishes

The City of Music and Arts, Tirol.

This place is the cultural center of the Rodinia Continent and even the entire world.

Although the Jin Yuan people pride themselves on West City's status in the arts being no less than that of Tirol, this is only their blind confidence.

It's their opinion, not an accepted consensus worldwide.

In the fields of literature, painting, and sculpture, they indeed have the qualifications to compete with Tirol, but in music, they are far behind.

Musicians who make a name on the continent will ultimately choose to perform grandly in Tirol.

If one hasn't offered a brilliant performance to the elite in Tirol's Golden Hall, they cannot be considered a top musician.

This is the consensus.

First Year of the Rebirth Era, March 15th, night.

This world has no Consumer Rights Protection Day; here, there's only grand music performances.

This meticulously prepared performance is Schuster's debut and a birthday tribute for the noble Lady Sisi, who is about thirty-something, but no one dares to ask.

The elegant and dignified beautiful queen, and the king who, despite his age, is graceful, are the main characters of tonight's performance.

The third tier of audience seats facing the stage in the concert hall is divided into soundproof boxes.

The first tier of the audience is allowed a few cultured citizens to enter and listen.

The second tier belongs to the second class and minor nobility.

Just like their position in the audience seating, the identity of the audience here also sits between the upper and lower classes.

Middle-class merchants, top craftsmen with exquisite skills, luminaries in the arts, and a few middle and lower class nobles who are far from the centers of power are seated here.

Above them is the real elite.

Only hereditary counts and above are qualified to sit on the third tier, and dukes and kings can have exclusive boxes here.

As the ruler of the Tirol Kingdom, the over seventy-year-old Franz Tirol still looks vigorous, his rosy face exuding some semblance of youth.

If you only looked at his appearance, you might even think he was just over fifty and well-maintained.

If someone who hasn't seen King Franz in a few years saw him now, they would most likely be surprised.

After all, he looks much younger now than he did three years ago.

In his exclusive box, besides himself, there are his beloved wife Lady Sisi, two sons, and the youngest daughter.

Today is Lady Sisi's thirty-fourth birthday.

Converted to the human standard of the Theia Plane, she too has reached an age of lingering charm.

The three children enthusiastically presented her with gifts and congratulations.

But behind the enthusiasm lies a faint sense of distance.

After all, Lady Sisi is not their biological mother, only the beautiful stepmother their father married after their mother's death.

Eldest Prince Charlie, taking the opportunity to light candles for his stepmother, slightly lowered his head.

He had mixed feelings.

As a filial son, he should hope for his father's health, longevity, and peace. But he never dreamed that his father might outlive him.

He sighed inwardly; if his father continues to look youthful, he might even seem older than his father.

He is the child his father had with his mother when they were young; he is already fifty-one years old.

Since being established as crown prince at eleven, he was arranged to receive systematic crown prince education.

Who's ever heard of a forty-year crown prince!

The Tirol Kingdom is not considered a top-tier power, but its strength is only a step away from the great empires.

Successive kings of the half-step empire-level Tirol Kingdom dreamed of wearing the emperor's crown.

As long as the territory is expanded and sufficient legal support is obtained, Tirol has a chance to become an empire.

This is also the mission borne by every Tirol king.

On his grandfather's deathbed, he clutched his father's hand and repeatedly urged him to strive to revive the glory of Odin and establish a new Odin Empire led by the Tiroleans.

Franz did his best, did everything he could. During his tenure, the Tirol Kingdom experienced political clarity, national strength flourished, and he even expanded quite a bit of territory.

After dividing parts of the Wende Empire's territories, they already hold the minimum threshold of three million square kilometers for an empire, and the next step requires legal support.

(Note: The land area of the Theia Plane is several times larger than Earth's)

The Tiroleans are descendants of the Odin People, and due to Emperor Odin's declaration of equality, every citizen of the Odin Empire is qualified to become emperor.

Good news: Tiroleans have a strong claim to the Odin Empire.

Bad news: Prudon, Weimar, and even the Val City State do as well, and even the Sussex and Jin Yuan people shamelessly participate.

Franz originally had no great ambition to become emperor; he only wished to leave ample capital for his descendants.

He had high expectations for crown prince Charlie, believing the crown prince to be capable and ambitious, with the makings of a great emperor.

His strategy was originally to pave the way for his son.

If he couldn't become emperor, being the father of one wasn't so bad either.

Charlie also deeply appreciated his father's hard work, and with Franz gradually relinquishing power, his authority was nearly that of an executive vice king, so he was patient.

However, all this changed after his mother's passing.

His mother died at fifty-three, an age not considered premature in this era, but in the well-off royal family, it wasn't long-lived either.

Charlie once suspected the cause of his mother's death, but after an investigation confirmed it was indeed due to a chronic illness, he had to accept reality.

The year after his mother's death, his father married Queen Sisi, who was only sixteen.

At that time, she was the most famous beauty on the continent, with suitors lining up from Ireland to Balat, and no one expected her to fancy his already over fifty-year-old father.

Chapter 604: Three Wishes (Part 2)

Charlie once harbored the worst malice towards his young stepmother, assuming the usual trope that the young stepmother would inevitably replace the children left by her predecessor with her own, and then quickly eliminate those poor children after her husband's death to pave the way for her family's rise.

Such things have happened too many times in court intrigues.

After all, Franz was only in his fifties and still possessed the ability to impregnate women.

However, not long after moving into Mei Quan Palace, Lady Sisi summoned Charlie and his siblings and solemnly swore to the gods that she and Franz were in love and that she was willing to accept everything about Franz.

To gain the trust of Charlie and his siblings, she even swore not to bear offspring for Franz.

Charlie, having grown up in the royal family, did not believe in oaths, but the fact proved that the young stepmother did not break her word.

She gave up having children and treated Charlie and the others as her own.

Even though Charlie was more than ten years older than she was.

Today was the young stepmother's thirty-fourth birthday, and facing a stepmother who "cared" for him exceptionally, Charlie could hardly feel calm.

He didn't understand why his stepmother was trying to rejuvenate his father.

What did he lack compared to that damned old thing?

The candles were quickly placed and lit.

The room's magic lamp extinguished, leaving only the flickering candlelight.

Queen Sisi smiled and said, "I'm going to make a wish. You can silently keep your blessings in your heart."

She closed her eyes, and no one noticed the fleeting restlessness the moment she closed them.

Her mood was inexplicably apprehensive.

Just a while ago, a Dark Crow flew in through the window, bringing the latest news from the High tier Dark Night Councilor.

"Pathfinder, we have locked onto your mortal enemy; she is hiding beneath the Rasu Ice Cap. Her young subordinate was injured by the Daughter of Light, and they have started to quarrel..."

The message brought by the Dark Crow was somewhat cryptic, but Queen Sisi understood it.

Simply put, Christine injured Angelina, using it to force Sofia to show herself.

Sofia is doomed.

The seven High tier Shadow Councilors were the most powerful mobile force available at the time; they can complete assassination missions even individually.

Plus, with Christine trying to profit from the situation, she couldn't imagine how Sofia could survive.

Even if she were cold-blooded enough to abandon Angelina, she would be besieged by the High tier Councilors.

Queen Sisi understood Sofia very well; she didn't believe Sofia could take the humiliation.

Sofia would definitely come out to take Angelina while confronting Christine and the others.

This would further deplete her already scarce strength.

Sofia is doomed.

Doomed to extreme arrogance and blind confidence incompatible with her strength.

The assured Lady Sisi was already considering the aftermath.

Isn't it the case?

The Vladimir Empire will plunge into great chaos with the loss of Sofia.

First is the issue of succession to the throne.

Sofia has no offspring and no legitimate heir.

After her death, who will inherit the throne becomes a major issue.

If mishandled, it might even lead to a prolonged civil war.

In the long history of the Rodinia continent, royal succession has always been the best excuse for war.

As the great bear falls, the opportunity for the Tirol Kingdom to become an empire grows.

Queen Sisi was troubled over whom to crown.

Initially, she favored the relatively young Charlie, but over the years, she became increasingly disappointed in Charlie's outrageous behavior.

Charlie had many women.

Being lecherous isn't seen as a bad thing for royalty; having many offspring is even good.

She thought so until Charlie sneaked into her bed at night.

Until Charlie crawled into her bed, trembling as he sought her.

Queen Sisi somewhat reluctantly accepted Charlie's attentions and promises, firmly making the most common correct choice for the wife of an aging king.

The candlelight went out, and the night-vision powerful Queen Sisi looked at this father and son, feeling somewhat disappointed.

If she could choose, she would want neither of them.

Among the rising young talents on the continent, she favored Roland the most, but unfortunately, Roland was marrying the last Empress of the Wind Elves, giving her no chance at all.

Roland was not only powerful but also flexible in principles; even when dealing with demons, he would find ways to negotiate rather than outright reject them.

He was a potential trading partner.

Although she was outright rejected by Roland, Queen Sisi was not discouraged at all.

She couldn't seduce Roland, but there are others who can.

Send over younger girls from the clan.

The kind that appears cool and pure on the outside but is especially wild under the clothes, able to perfectly exploit racial advantages.

Unlike her, who adhered to the traditional virtues of the original Enchanting Demon, this kind of pure Enchanting Demon is the ultimate existence no human male can resist.

Queen Sisi's lips curved slightly upward.

She seemed to see the young girls of her clan defeating the Wind Elf Empress, who, though beautiful, was not seductive enough.

She had no doubt.

Seducing people, the Enchanting Demon clan is the most professional.

In short, as the Pathfinder, her existence is to mark the coordinates leading to Theia Plane for all the Shadow Race.

She is a guiding beacon in the night, burning herself out to illuminate the path for those who follow.

Queen Sisi closed her eyes and silently prayed.

Sofia is already dead, no need to include her in her wish.

Then she wished anew, hoping Roland would fall into darkness.

If only it were Roland accompanying her on her birthday instead of these two incompetent father and son.

Queen Sisi opened her eyes.

The darkness remained as before.

In the hall, the music reached its climax, and the soprano singer, accompanied by the musicians, sang hymns.

Praise the night.

The night allows the weary to close their eyes and enjoy peace.

Chapter 605: Three Wishes (Part 3)

Without the rest of night, how can people enjoy the busyness of day?

Queen Sisi slowly opened her eyes and softly said, "Dear, what wish did you make?"

"If I say it, it won't come true." Franz lovingly caressed his wife's hair tips.

He knew Sisi's men were not limited to just him.

He didn't mind, after all, Sisi's race was Enchanting Demon, needing many men.

He certainly didn't know that his precious son was also one of Sisi's energy rods.

If he knew the truth, who knows if he could still be so magnanimous.

Fortunately, he remained in the dark, knowing nothing.

In Franz's eyes, although Queen Sisi had used many males, they were all energy rods to help Sisi evolve, so Sisi hadn't betrayed her.

She had many men outside of her husband, but she was a good wife.

Franz thought silently.

In the dark, Queen Sisi looked at Franz's affectionate gaze, her heartbeat inexplicably speeding up.

Although Franz was a wimp, his feelings for her were undeniable.

That's why she gave up Charlie, choosing to extend Franz's life and restore his youth.

After the Dark Race Army descends, Theia Plane will become a haven for the Dark Son.

By then, she can retire gloriously and find a place to live in seclusion with Franz.

The love view of Enchanting Demons is different from humans.

Human women will carefully observe potential partners and then choose the most suitable one.

Enchanting Demon females will equally sleep with every male who fate brings and then choose the most significant one.

Although Franz is older, his virility hasn't diminished.

This is the mate selection and love view of Enchanting Demons.

Of course, humans cannot understand.

Except Franz.

Queen Sisi's lips curled into a sweet smile, pressing close to her husband's ear, whispering softly:

"It's okay, wishes are achieved through one's own efforts, saying them out loud gives more motivation."

"Well, I want to be with you forever."

Franz's words made Charlie lower his head sharply.

He bit his lip, cursing the old man for being shameless internally. Does he want to live another five hundred years?

Queen Sisi was somewhat moved.

The Magic Lamp and candles were all extinguished, and in the darkness, only she could see Franz's face.

Not a hint of falsehood, all deep affection.

Queen Sisi softly said, "Dear, I also have a wish. I've decided that from now on, I will belong only to you."

"Rea-Really?" Franz's eyes lit up, like starlight under the night sky.

He is human.

He could accept Queen Sisi's chaotic private life only because he loved her and respected her racial characteristics as an Enchanting Demon.

If he had a choice, of course, he would hope Queen Sisi belonged only to him.

Charlie was shocked.

Queen Sisi's words were tantamount to announcing his exit and father's victory.

Charlie wanted to roar loudly, but he simply couldn't find a reason to oppose.

Perhaps due to the good mood from the Queen's promise or sensing his son's longing for the throne, Franz said softly:

"Charlie, I will pave the way for you and then abdicate. Son, I hope you can become the first Emperor of the Empire!"

Initially intending to curse, Charlie was slightly taken aback.

No words from the monarch are mere play, with father saying so, he could finally wear that crown steadily.

This was his long-cherished wish, but he didn't feel happy upon its realization.

Is it because of losing a young stepmother?

No, how could it be!

Losing a harlot and gaining a kingdom is an obvious choice for anyone.

Only that old fool of a father would think an Enchanting Demon who could marry anyone could be loyal and steadfast.

What a joke! Just because Lady Sisi doesn't seduce him doesn't mean he can't actively seek her out.

He succeeded before this way, and he can do it again.

He would take Queen Sisi in his father's favorite position as a great tribute to him.

Though filled with malicious thoughts inside, Charlie outwardly displayed fatherly affection.

He was moved to bestow blessings upon his parents.

"Father, mother, I sincerely wish for you two to walk hand in hand to the end of life."

The wish completed, the Magic Lamp slowly lit up.

A clear voice softly resonated in everyone's ears.

"This is the most wanton love I've ever witnessed; your wishes will soon come true."

A familiar voice but in a completely different tone from usual.

Queen Sisi's body instantly stiffened, trembling uncontrollably.

Even if the other party used a slightly gentle voice, she could still recognize it.

It was Sofia.

"Sofia, y-you're here?"

"You thought I was dead?" Sofia stepped out from behind the curtain, casually sitting across from Queen Sisi and Franz.

Seeing the few people present dumbfounded, Sofia casually took an empty goblet and filled it with wine.

"Verona Manor, 1782 vintage. That year's weather was a rare, century-best for grape growth, making the 82's Verona Manor wine particularly precious."

"After all these years, you actually still have the treasured stock, you sure know how to enjoy."

Sofia's lips held a slight smile, like a guest at a banquet.

But Queen Sisi was very clear, if she couldn't come up with a sufficient bargaining chip, tonight would be her last trace in this world.

She didn't try to argue that the Shadow Councilor wasn't sent by her.

Trying a case needs evidence, killing only needs a target.

Sofia was not a judge; she didn't try cases, she killed people.

In Queen Sisi's hoarse voice was a hint of fear, "I-I'm a guide sent by the King of the Dark Race. Killing me would offend the King of the Dark Race."

"Who is stronger, the King of the Dark Race or Tiya?" Sofia asked with a smile that was not a smile.

The room fell silent.

The King of the Dark Race was indeed powerful, but his power wouldn't surpass the Goddess of Light.

Sofia called the Goddess by her real name, casually eliminating the Judges left by the Goddess of Light; she didn't care about the Goddess of Light, so what of an extra King of the Dark Race.

"The King of the Dark Race possesses power not inferior to the Goddess, with an even more formidable army under him. If we cooperate—I mean you with him—you could deal with the Light... Tiya!"

Queen Sisi saw Roland, who appeared right after Sofia, as if grabbing a lifeline.

"Roland, it's a win-win deal; you must persuade Sofia, she listens to you!"

Roland, appearing like a ghost, didn't answer her question, just sat down, and also poured himself some wine.

"The color of this wine is really beautiful."

Like a dash of crimson fused with black, much like dried blood.

Sofia softly said:

"His Majesty Franz wants to be with his wife forever."

"Queen Sisi wishes her future belongs only to her husband."

"Prince Charlie sincerely wishes his parents walk hand in hand till the end of life."

Sofia sighed softly, "Roland, do you think this is true love?"

Roland and Sofia gently clinked glasses, toasting together.

Wiping the residual red wine from his lips, Roland chuckled and said, "Although difficult to appraise, their feelings indeed seem very sincere."

Queen Sisi didn't expect Roland to speak for them, almost kneeling in excitement to thank him.

"Sofia, Roland, I promise to immediately step down and never be your enemy. The Tirol Kingdom will not be your enemy either."

"I know I was wrong, please let me go."

Sofia put down her wine glass, giving Roland a meaningful look, softly asking:

"Cardinal, what do you think?"

Roland, of course, knew the answer to this question.

"She doesn't realize her wrongdoing; she's merely been caught on the spot."

Sofia nodded, had Roland even gently urged compromise, she would have immediately asked him to pack up and leave.

If he didn't know the master's intentions, what use was being a Prime Minister?

"Three wishes, let them come true together."

Sofia stretched out her slender fingers, her deep eyes like an abyss, brimming with destructive aura.

Queen Sisi's soul seemed frozen; she used all her strength to let out a piercing scream, trying to seek help.

Unfortunately, she could do nothing.

Sofia gently tapped her finger, shattering her voice and blending it into the music outside.

To those outside the box, Queen Sisi's screams turned into gentle laughter.

The steward outside stood quietly.

Little did they know, the Tirol royal family was completely annihilated just moments ago.

Perfectly wiped out.

Chapter 606: You Are the Best Boss

"Did I do something wrong?"

In a luxurious mansion in Val City, Sofia raises her wine glass, calmly looking at Roland across the room.

Three hours had passed since King Franz received the family combo meal.

With Roland and Sofia's abilities, they travel fast enough to rival birds, allowing them to leave the crime scene and return to their residence in Val City within three hours.

After the Rodinia Alliance was established, no country wished for the headquarters to be located in another nation, so the compromise was to restore Val City State to a neutral status and act as the alliance's headquarters.

The heads of state and political figures have set up offices and bought luxurious homes in this city of friendship.

The world seems like a circle.

Val City State was divided during the continental conference, planting the seeds for the war which later swept across the Rodinia Continent and even neighboring areas.

Val City State was annexed by several major countries during the conference, while the Weimar Federation protested because it couldn't sit at the table.

However, years have passed, and Val City State remains, whereas the more powerful Weimar Federation is gone.

Val City State not only exists but has become the future central city of the continent.

The city of friendship tacitly agreed upon by several major nations is bound to radiate new vitality.

As the Empress of the Vladimir Empire, having a mansion in Val City is normal.

Sofia didn't come here to establish an alibi, as she really didn't care if others knew the truth.

Knowing, so what, would they seek revenge at the Summer Palace or Arctic Glacier?

Even if she admits it, it doesn't mean the Tirol Kingdom dares to accept it.

Friends who often annihilate entire families know that you can only remain unscathed if you possess superpowers that surpass the law.

Clearly, Sofia has those superpowers.

She came to Val City just because she had to attend some public events.

Because she hadn't shown her face for a while, some people even thought she couldn't wield her blade anymore.

Indeed, she hesitated because of her star path choice and weakened due to abandoning the Power of Frosty Winter, but her weakest window period had passed.

Even now, during her recovery period, she is not a target for ordinary Transcendents to provoke.

Queen Sisi is a probing warrior of the King of the Dark Race, her power isn't weak, but it's not particularly strong either.

Killing her is nothing significant for Sofia.

Queen Sisi has always built a tragic character of being oppressed, striving to leave everyone with the impression of being a "nemesis" tied to Sofia through sensational marketing.

However, marketing means nothing in the face of absolute power.

It shatters upon contact.

After killing this "nemesis" who had been provoking for years, Sofia felt a bit complicated, so she tossed the question to Roland.

She could easily joke, but Roland wasn't feeling as cheerful.

Killing is briefly satisfying, but cleaning up is like a funeral.

The Tirol Kingdom, after all, is a top kingdom nearing imperial status, and with the Odin Empire's declaration, it's only a step away from the empire's threshold.

In an extreme mobilization state, the manpower that the Tirol Kingdom can muster is no less than that of the Wende Empire, which is in decline.

If the successor of the kingdom publicly reveals the truth about the old king's family's death, it might unite the Tirol Kingdom.

At the very least, they would demand an explanation from Sofia.

What would other countries think?

In short, a mess.

Sofia was in a good mood, with a long-missed smile returning to her serene face, and the stimulation from alcohol added a touch of charm to her cheeks.

Clearly, it had been a long time since she felt this good.

Her good mood contrasted with Roland's complicated feelings.

It's hard to predict the Tirol Kingdom's reaction, and resolving the aftermath is a headache.

But for now, he couldn't contradict Sofia.

"This is retaliation against the assassin, no issues whatsoever."

Sofia was pleased with Roland's answer, her lips slightly rising, and her voice carrying a faint hint of softness compared to usual.

"How do you plan to handle the aftermath? If it's difficult, you could make appropriate compensation."

Sofia knew that handling this situation was tough, at least she couldn't manage it.

Even for Roland, it's likely a headache.

She's already imposed huge demands on Roland's work and naturally didn't want to make it difficult for him.

Though Sofia was willing to compromise, Roland wasn't happy.

"Sofia, if someone else was handling this, how much would you think they should compromise?"

Sofia tentatively replied, "Consideration in the future distribution of interests, economic compensation to the deceased's family?"

Her level of political skill indeed surpassed that of an ordinary monarch, but her foundation for governing the nation was built on absolute influence through superior force.

Her political ability was not on par with Roland, otherwise she wouldn't have specifically asked Roland for help.

Since there was no answer, she habitually played the role of a hands-off manager.

"You are the Cardinal Minister, you know better than I do, what do you think we should do?"

Roland looked at Sofia with a serious expression and said solemnly, "What are you saying, how could we compensate them?"

"I was just considering whether we should demand significant compensation from the Tirol Kingdom for you, how could you think of compensating them?"

Roland raised his wine glass, drank the sweet, rich wine aged eighty-two years, and chuckled as the aroma of the wine wafted around.

Sofia paused for a moment, then laughed along.

Truly worthy of Roland, his thoughts indeed differ from others.

Seeking Roland's assistance was undoubtedly the right choice.

She smiled and asked, "What do you plan to do?"

"I will directly issue an ultimatum to the Tirol Kingdom, demanding a thorough investigation into the fact that Queen Sisi's body is an Enchanting Demon from the Dark Race, and demanding an explanation for Queen Sisi sending someone to assassinate our Emperor."

Chapter 607: You Are the Best Boss

"In addition to providing an explanation and apology, they must also show sincerity."

"What if they refuse?" Sofia asked with interest.

A trace of fierceness flashed in Roland's eyes, murderous intent radiating.

"Sofia, do you know the four lines of prophecy poetry that Christine mentioned?"

"I've heard them."

Sofia nodded, as if recalling something, her voice somewhat somber.

"Under the sunlight, war machines crush cities.

In the darkness, shadow tendrils weave nets.

In the deep sea, the awakened Giant Demon stirs restlessly.

Within the Divine Hall, devoted followers sing epic tales."

She frowned slightly, whispering to herself: "War machines and shadow tendrils have already appeared, is the awakened Giant Demon in the deep sea Poseidon, then who are the devoted followers in the Divine Hall? Could it be Christine?"

"I don't think so."

Roland interrupted Sofia's speculation, speaking resolutely, "Christine is the proclaimer of the Divine Oracle."

"She isn't the revelation of the prophecy, and the awakened Giant Demon could possibly not be Poseidon either. You've interacted with him, does he seem like a Giant Demon?"

Sofia furrowed her brows, evidently unwilling to recall the events of the Second Era.

After a prolonged silence, she said coldly, "Poseidon used to be a very cheerful person, at least before being hurt by Tiya. But he seemed to change in the years before he fell into slumber."

"The Giant Demon is likely the Devil in his heart."

Roland shrugged, not denying Sofia's judgment.

Sofia and Poseidon were friends, her understanding was undoubtedly deeper than the records in books.

Roland wasn't speaking for Poseidon, he barely knew him.

He was using his thought process to lead Sofia into a misunderstanding – 'Since Poseidon isn't, then Christine, who is also suspected, isn't either.'

Perhaps Sofia mentioned it casually, but he truly feared it.

He personally witnessed Sofia annihilate Queen Sisi's entire family.

If it were someone else, they might secretly make a move, not openly send Franz's family on their way in the music hall.

But Sofia is different.

If she wants to kill, not even a Goddess descending can stop her.

The Judges were dispatched by the Goddess of Light, representing the Goddess' authority. She killed them without hesitation, showing no respect at all.

Christine is also a devotee of the Goddess, even more devout than the Judges.

Roland vaguely felt the last line of prophecy poetry referred to Christine.

Can there be another follower more devout, more powerful than her?

If it were someone else, he would fully support Sofia, but not Christine.

They once fought side by side, once entrusted their lives to each other.

Roland vaguely felt Christine's faith was firm and fervent, but it had not made her lose her reason and humanity.

She too has a weakness in her heart.

When he got closer and closer to the super Blasphemer Sofia, Christine did not become his enemy, nor did she draw a clear line, she even tried to find ways to help him out.

She was still making efforts to support him, even hoping he could use actual deeds to prove his devotion.

No matter how effective her methods were, Roland understood her intentions.

Christine would rather be suspected by the Goddess about the firmness of her faith to protect him, how could he let Sofia list Christine as an enemy?

Becoming Sofia's enemy is truly frightening.

She was never one to follow rules.

She had once almost stepped into the Divine Domain, human laws and rules couldn't constrain her.

If she thinks Christine must die, the pitiable Pope of Light undoubtedly must die.

His little thought couldn't be hidden from Sofia.

After a moment of shock, Sofia came to her senses, and softly asked, "You want to protect her?"

"She is my best friend, she even wants to defend me when the Goddess descends, as a return I must naturally protect her safety."

Sofia really wanted to ask Roland, does your wife know how you are protecting Christine?

But she held back.

The term 'best friend' made Sofia frown slightly, the air in the room somewhat unsettled.

The Power of Frosty Winter has already been exhausted.

In the process of reforging the Bright Blue Fury and killing the High tier Shadow Councilor, the Power of Frosty Winter which followed her for endless years also reached the end of its final road.

When she slew Queen Sisi, she selected a brand-new star path.

The Seventh Era's original name was Annihilation, but she forcibly changed it to Rebirth.

Only by annihilating decayed old things, can new life be regained amidst the ruins.

This is the true theme of the Seventh Era.

Her ultimate choice is the path of annihilation.

Only by shattering everything about the old Frosty Winter Goddess, can she embrace rebirth.

Sofia no longer spoke, but instead picked up her teacup.

She didn't realize this was Roland's habit. Picking up the teacup, not drinking, pausing for a moment, represents sending the guest away.

Roland wisely stood up and took his leave.

He had said all there was to say, now it just depended on how it would be implemented.

Before leaving the room, his steps slightly paused, and he softly said, "You are the best BOSS, working for you is a truly wonderful memory."

Roland was not lying.

Compared to the other two bosses, Sofia was indeed the best at playing the role of a superior.

She wasn't like Sif who needed him to teach her hand by hand, even acting as a psychologist for a long time.

She wasn't like Alina who needed to take huge risks desperately to support her to get on the stage.

She was independent and powerful.

She never interfered with Roland's decisions, only acted as a solid support.

She was generous to Roland, the artistic treasure Winter Palace was given without hesitation.

Such a boss, Roland, who was a worker in his previous life, had never seen or heard of.

When Roland's silhouette disappeared from the door, Sofia's slightly dazed gaze returned to calm.

Roland wasn't wrong, she was indeed the best boss.

But she didn't know, back in Roland's homeland, BOSS also implies one's top adversary.

Before turning foes into friends, as a BOSS Sofia had kept Roland from slacking off for three years, painstakingly cultivating Sif and others, ultimately in the Battle of White Mountain...

Still unable to defeat Sofia.

Such a super formidable enemy is naturally the best BOSS.

In his heart, Sofia is the truly powerful being far surpassing the three Goddesses. If he could choose, he never wants to stand against Sofia.

"The best BOSS?"

Sofia murmured the words, once again lifting the wine glass.

The wine wasn't anything special, but the vintage of '82 was an exception.

Drinking this wine is not about the taste, but about the sense of superiority.

Thinking about the original owner of this half bottle of wine, Sofia's mood became a bit low.

She certainly knew Queen Sisi was an Enchanting Demon.

Everyone has secrets they don't want to share with others, for example, before getting married Sofia was once Queen Sisi's confidante.

The forged identity of Queen Sisi was the Queen of the Tirol Kingdom, she even once served as King, causing a sensation domestically.

The descendants of the Odin Empire had established many countries, even the basic territory of the Three Overseas Provinces of the Sussex Empire was established by the descendants of the Odin people as the Hansa Kingdom.

Internally, within the Tirol and Prudon Kingdoms, there had been discussions about reconstructing the Odin Empire.

They had countless grand blueprints, only lacking execution capability.

The most critical dilemma was who should lead the New Empire when establishing the Odin Empire?

The Tirol people believed they had the strongest comprehensive strength, therefore it should be them who bear the fifty provinces of the Odin Empire.

The Prudon people had a different view, they felt the chaotic situation needed powerful strength.

When discussing the military and wars, the Prudon people were not sleepy.

Although the Tirol Kingdom had a huge army, internal ethnic, religious, regional, and other issues severely affected combat power.

In various continental wars, they seldom won in balanced situations.

Building a strong empire needs a powerful army, this theory was indisputable.

At that time, even as a descendant of the Prudon Nobility, Sofia's education was about iron and blood, toughness, which was also the point of contention between her and Queen Sisi.

Unfortunately, all these became memories.

They ultimately became enemies.

Sofia looked at the crimson wine, a bit in a daze. It seemed this wasn't wine but the blood of Sisi, a former friend who later became a foe.

Swirling the wine glass, Sofia's eyes gradually deepened, leftover memories also melted in the wine glass.

The blood-red wine was consumed in one gulp.

Alongside it was the only few tender feelings in her heart.

From now on, she would not have the slightest hesitation.

She would annihilate all obstacles obstructing the rebirth of the new world.

Leave none behind.

Chapter 608: The Moon Is Beautiful Tonight

Leaving Sofia’s mansion, it was around ten o’clock at night.

Midnight was approaching.

In this era, there was almost no lighting after nine o’clock at night except in a few special places.

In the final epoch of depleted fossil fuels, even the crudest candles were costly, not to mention the even more expensive Magic Lamps.

The only places illuminated at night, apart from the few wealthy households and pleasure dens, were the libraries and squares.

But Val City was different; its lights were exceptionally bright.

The local people of Val had wealth, but the city's future as the upcoming center of the entire continent also attracted numerous dignitaries and large merchants from abroad to settle here.

With more wealthy people, naturally, there would be more lights.

When Roland passed by the square, there were still hundreds of people enjoying the romance of the night under the public lights.

Young couples strolled hand in hand, parents led their children here for a leisurely walk, and quite a few elderly folks joined the bustle.

The most lively part of the square was the performance by the Minstrel.

Tonight, even though the Minstrel performing here was not as skilled as Adam, his cheerful voice and the striking appearance of his female companion still attracted many spectators.

If he weren't busy, Roland would have stood by to watch for a while.

Just as he was about to leave, the Minstrel's performance made him stop.

The play he performed was "The Battle of White Mountain."

Roland was somewhat curious about how the Minstrel would narrate the Battle of White Mountain that determined the fate of the entire continent.

Would he be portrayed as a War God-like figure?

Unfortunately, he was destined to be disappointed. The Minstrel's story was too formulaic, filled with craftsmanship—just a tale of the two sides fighting for five hundred rounds without victory, ultimately forced to accept a draw.

With a self-mocking smile, Roland turned to leave.

It was only later that he realized, during the Battle of White Mountain, Sofia did not have a strong desire to kill them.

Her enemies were never the alleged opponents of the same level but rather the Three Goddesses who had left the Theia Plane.

Rather than a life-and-death battle, it might as well be said that it was Sofia's selection of partners for promotion.

In any case, they passed the test.

Of course, such an incredible turn of events had already surpassed the Minstrel's imagination.

The war that swept the entire Rodinia Continent and the surrounding areas, affecting dozens of countries and causing the tragic slaughter of hundreds of millions, was not even as significant to Sofia as his stunning performance.

Sofia had once been infinitely close to the Divine Domain, and her methods somewhat carried the perspective of a Goddess overlooking humanity.

In her eyes, the masses were probably no different from the weeds on the plains that grew anew each year.

Once he realized this, many of Sofia's previously inexplicable actions suddenly made sense.

Roland did not think there was anything wrong with Sofia.

Perhaps this mentality was what resembled a Transcendent stepping on the path of Ascension to Divinity.

Compared to her, Roland was somewhat mundane.

He would still feel delighted seeing Val City gradually prosper and nightlife grow more vibrant.

Seeing the square was still bustling, he was in no hurry to go home, so he decided to join the nightlife of Val City's people incognito, while listening to the genuine voices from the ground up.

After all, Val City is a special place.

In recent years, their stories have surpassed even those of major nations' capitals.

Listening to the voices of Val City people helps better understand the real world.

This city's rich experiences over the past three years could fill a book titled "Choices Matter More than Efforts."

Sofia thought the existence of the Val City-State was unnecessary, and they were partitioned by several major countries.

Roland wanted to challenge Sofia's power, and they were resurrected again.

In last year's Battle of White Mountain, the newly independent Val City-State people took up arms alongside Roland, bravely resisting the Holy Alliance, at great sacrifice.

They, alongside the Freedom Alliance, won the Val City Defense Battle.

Just as they were troubled about the two major camps being at odds for the long term post-war, feeling squeezed and having to pick a side, astonishing news spread.

The two camps reconciled.

Not just that, Roland, who had led them against the Holy Alliance, who was believed absolutely impossible to compromise with Sofia, who fought a bloody battle against Sofia at White Mountain, had surrendered.

He not only reconciled with Sofia but also was conferred the Duke of Kazan in the Vladimir Empire, even becoming a Cardinal Minister under Sofia, above 130 million people.

His flexible bottom line and Sofia's particular demands stunned everyone.

Soon after, they heard new news, and the newly established Rodinia Alliance intended to set its headquarters in Val.

They were initially a bit disappointed by Roland's defection, but upon learning the new information, they instantly boiled over with excitement.

They had the chance to become the center of the entire Rodinia Continent.

At least one of the centers.

Whose merit is this? The Val People know well.

First, exclude the Val City-State with only a population of tens of thousands, unable to resist surrounding powers on its own.

If they had that ability, would they have been disbanded forcibly?

Only Roland had long protected their interests and valued this city.

Roland, of course, acted for his gain, but the Val City-State was conveniently on his bandwagon, like family.

Thinking about how Roland traveled to the bitterly cold Vladimir for everyone's sake, still needing to serve someone as capricious and murderously whimsical as Sofia, how could their hearts not be moved?

Moved, they pondered how Roland managed to achieve this.

Not only were they pondering but the entire continent's other nations were pondering.

The two camps fought until their brains spilled, the Mad Cavalry of the Vladimir Empire was practically wiped out, and yet peace, when declared, was peace—truly a fantastical world.

Chapter 609: The Moon Is Beautiful Tonight_2

A tavern frequenter who prided himself on his political knowledge loudly declared that peace was inevitable due to the unbreakable balance among nations, even though he had never held any public office.

A self-proclaimed military expert insisted that the two major alliances were at a stalemate, even though he had never touched a firearm, and his closest encounter with the military was during a siege when he was drafted to supply goods and was speechless in front of an old soldier of the Jin Yuan Kingdom.

A soon-to-be Transcendent, sharp-eyed, announced the arrival of an era for the strong, claiming that ordinary people's struggles were meaningless, despite being on the verge of becoming a Transcendent for years.

In short, speculation was rife around the streets.

Who brought about peace became the hottest topic during meals and tea breaks.

Some believed it was Roland, adeptly maintaining balance among the nations.

Some believed it was Sofia, arguing that if she hadn't wanted peace, the war would still be ongoing.

Others believed the Great Goddess found the slaughter excessive and issued a Divine Oracle to cease the war.

After all, people had witnessed the accompanying satellite descending and then ascending back into the sky.

If it weren't the will of the Goddess, who else could wield such unimaginable power?

The strike that cleaved the White Mountain was a divine power surpassing any human's.

This theory made Roland's eyes light up.

Though far-fetched, the Judges left by the Goddess indeed affected the situation.

However, these folks surely couldn't guess that Sofia single-handedly annihilated the Goddess's Judges.

Among these rumors, there was one particularly absurd rumor that left Roland not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

A well-educated, smartly dressed young man was telling a story in a lowered voice to his young companions.

He was speculating about the Battle of White Mountain.

"Although Governor Roland is quite strong, the gap with Empress Sofia is enormous; Empress Sofia has no match at her level."

His opening caught Roland's interest, as at least his assessment of strength was accurate.

Roland discreetly blended into the audience, listening intently.

Seeing the growing audience, the young man’s voice grew more animated.

"You’re surely aware of the tragic past marriage of Empress Sofia. It’s said her husband never entered her bedroom."

"What nonsense are you talking about? Empress Sofia is so beautiful; how could any man resist?"

An audience member protested in discontent.

Of course, it’s possible.

Roland silently responded within.

If a woman is as powerful as Sofia, no man would be crazy enough to risk his life.

Of course, Ivan IV was an exception. At that time, Sofia was still a normal noble maiden willing to bear children for her husband.

It was the Rurik Chauvinism that drove the young and beautiful wife to darkness, and such a person deserves to die a thousand times.

After Sofia personally ended her husband’s life, she was no longer a normal woman.

To be precise, Roland never regarded her as a woman.

Though she was at the peak of her charm, just slightly less seductive than Sylph, Roland never had any romantic thoughts about her.

That’s normal.

If a fierce tiger transformed into a beautiful human woman, charmingly lifting a human male’s chin and teasing the unlucky fellow with its furry paw, only a freak would get excited.

Roland wasn’t that crazy.

After all, Sofia was far more formidable than a tigress.

She once brought Roland along to handle the deregistration of Queen Sisi’s family. The official reason was that she needed Roland’s protection, but in reality, it was entirely unnecessary.

Taking Roland along, even if it wasn’t meant as intimidation, still served as a warning.

Such was Sofia.

Beautiful and captivating but not someone one should truly engage with.

The young man’s story continued, and its progression was almost as Roland expected.

It was nothing but the typical narrative of adversaries becoming lovers.

Roland sneered at this part reminiscent of a third-rate romance novel.

Impossible, absolutely impossible!

He didn’t leave immediately because he was curious about what other stories the young man could concoct.

Just as the storyline was becoming disappointing for Roland, the young man sneakily looked around, lowered his voice, and uttered demon-like whispers.

"If I’m not wrong, Governor Roland must have seduced Empress Sofia!"

Roland almost fell over.

You really have that much faith in my abilities?

He decided to leave.

He feared Sofia might send a sword flying to decapitate this loose-lipped fool, splattering blood all over him.

Roland didn’t believe it, nor did the audience.

While people enjoyed bizarre stories, they couldn’t be too outrageous.

Spectators laughed and teased the young man.

The reason for their skepticism was simple: Sofia’s martial power was too immense; even if seduction occurred, it would be Sofia seducing Roland.

Roland didn’t like hearing this; why would he be the one to be seduced?

He had a wife; was he that without principles?

As everyone erupted in laughter, the young man blushed, shouting back in frustration.

"What do you know! In the Jin Yuan Kingdom, Governor Roland used a drink that made Empress Alina lose her will to resist. He could totally do the same with Sofia!"

As soon as the young man finished speaking, half the audience had dispersed.

The common love for gossip among humans was second to the will to survive.

This reckless kid offended two great powers with his words; he must be mad.

They hurried away, thinking if someone wanted to risk death, let him die alone; don’t splash blood on them.

This time, Roland couldn’t hold back.

This little scoundrel could really spin tales. Did he look like the kind of scum who’d drug and exploit women?

Taking a few steps back, Roland couldn’t help but retort, "With your story-spinning talent, why don’t you try submitting to The Sun?"

Chapter 610: The Moon Is Beautiful Tonight_3

"I submitted it, but they refused to take it!"

The young man muttered indignantly.

It’s right that they dare not take it, Roland thought to himself, offending Alina has some room for maneuver, but offending Sofia would lead to King Franz and his family watching you intently.

The plaza was still crowded, but Roland no longer felt like participating.

Suddenly, he missed Alina a bit.

Is she doing okay?

She didn't go to the Arctic Icefield. Over half a month had passed since Roland last saw her.

Roland suddenly felt somewhat restless.

For the past half month, he had been traveling long distances every day, anxious and worried, and the suppressed desires over this period ignited with the young paparazzo's story.

He needed to cool down.

Sif was still on her way home, Sister Lisa was accompanying her.

The only one he could think of was Sofia.

Remembering that drunken night, Roland's heart raced a bit.

Alina also had a residence in Val City, and Roland faintly felt that she was there now.

This place was closer to the Arctic Icefield, faster at receiving information, and faster at hearing news about him.

Unless there's something more important in Xidai City, she's most likely here.

If she is here tonight, then it's destiny's arrangement.

Sif had clearly told him that Alina and Lisa were okay.

With the indulgence of his beloved wife, the courage Roland had long suppressed began to swell.

He didn't have the courage to tease Sofia and face death, but he had the audacity to continue the drink with Alina that they hadn't finished that day.

Not only did he have it, but it was continuously growing.

Roland quickly left the plaza and headed towards Alina's residence.

A courtyard near the western gate of Val City, the four-story main residential building, this is the residence of the Jin Yuan Empress at the International Center of the Future.

The fourth-floor balcony had an astronomical telescope, convenient for Alina to star-gaze and admire the moon.

Roland looked up, noticing the empty telescope, indicating no one was there.

Just as he thought Alina wasn't there tonight, he suddenly glimpsed a pair of beautiful, expressive eyes hidden behind the fourth-floor curtain.

Their eyes met, and Roland instantly read countless emotions from Alina's gaze.

There was silent caring, relief from seeing him safe, and a faint trace of trembling.

If Roland didn't understand her feelings, he would have lived in vain.

With a light touch of his toe to the ground, Roland floated like a leaf towards the window.

As he was about to hit the window, a slender fair hand extended out of the night to open it.

"As a gentleman, shouldn’t you avoid breaking in at night and disturbing a lady?"

Alina’s voice was filled with surprise, yet still stubborn.

"I didn’t break in."

Roland pointed to the intact glass window, smiling very happily.

The story-spinning paparazzo wasn’t entirely useless; at least he reminded him not to leave regrets.

The theoretical lifespan of a Tier Five Transcendent is very long, long enough to last until the final Descent Day.

But their lives weren’t long enough, because they could die at any moment.

Killed by enemies, crushed by judges, trampled by the newly awakened Ancient Relic Race, obliterated by the executors of the Divine Punishment Legion...

Transcendents never had an easy day; each day they lived was stolen.

As Alina slightly lowered her head, feeling a bit at a loss, that pieced-together token appeared in front of her.

"Captain Alina, I have a boat ticket. I’m boarding tonight!"

Seeing the familiar token, Alina’s eyelashes trembled slightly.

In Jin Yuan Language, boarding a boat sounds similar to going to bed, often used humorously by the Jin Yuan People.

This wasn’t the seaside, no fleet of Alina’s, naturally no boar to board.

The only thing Roland wanted was the boat in the bedroom.

Seeing Alina standing still without reacting, Roland smiled and sang a song from his hometown.

"...Can this old boat ticket board your passenger boat?"

Alina’s trembling eyelashes suddenly stood up, she seized the boat ticket and said fiercely:

"If you sing again, I’ll throw you into the sea!"

The fierce tone couldn’t hide the thrill in her heart.

To prevent misunderstanding Roland’s intentions and getting excited for nothing, Alina’s voice grew smaller and smaller, and she murmured so quietly it was barely audible:

"I have two fleets, one at the port three thousand miles away, and one small boat just enough for us to drift on the lake. Which one do you want?"

As soon as she finished speaking, her cheeks instantly turned red.

Damn, Roland would surely think she’s a bit frivolous.

Just as Alina’s fingers twisted together, about to flee, Roland replaced pale words with actual deeds.

As Alina was at a loss, Roland already bent down.

Alina instinctively closed her eyes.

Before closing her eyes, she saw the Blue Moon perfectly positioned in the window center.

Tonight, the moonlight was truly beautiful.