Empress 621

Chapter 621 Skipped!

Therefore, Roland devised a plan that seemed risky but was necessary.

Luckily, Sofia's intervention could rival an elite army, sufficient to fill the combat gap.

After finalizing the action details, Roland took out the tool to contact Sofia.

A piece of paper that can refresh infinitely.

Auxiliary Divine Artifact [Endless Letter].

As long as it's within the range of the Rodinia Continent, this divine artifact can almost instantly communicate.

Truly worthy of being a divine artifact, with materials equivalent to five million pounds, one can create a paging device that can send messages.

Roland was left speechless.

The power of technology is beyond imagination, but in the technological desert of Rodinia, even such a simple function has to rely on a divine artifact.

He wrote the plan on the letter paper and sent it over. After a not too long wait, Sofia replied with a simple "Hmm."

Roland really wanted to complain about what this "hmm" meant, whether it was a yes or no, then Sofia added:

"I have something to attend to first. I trust you to handle things. Be bold and go for it."

"What if I can't reach you?" Although Sofia gave a clear promise, Roland still felt uneasy.

After all, he was using his life as bait; he had to be sure.

"You can try cursing at me, sensitive words will trigger an alarm," Sofia added a string of ellipsis after this sentence, indicating the end of communication.

Roland, who had just picked up his pen, saw this series of ellipses and decided against saying anything further.

He could only add:

"If I have to initiate emergency contact, any curses wouldn't be from my heart."

After pausing for a long time, Sofia finally replied.

"Hmm."

This time, Roland didn't want to complain anymore.

He carefully watched the words on the [Endless Letter] gradually disappear and breathed a sigh of relief.

Even though there was only one reinforcement, it was enough.

The night had deepened; he lay back in bed, preparing for a short rest to recover his energy.

The night was the domain of the Dark Race, and he chose to fight at noon.

At that time, the sun was shining brightly, everything was visible, and creatures hiding in the dark feared this time the most.

Just as he was about to close his eyes, he suddenly thought of something and sat up abruptly.

Wait, he had accidentally used this divine artifact to write to Sif back at the Winter Palace.

He hadn't thought much of it at the time, but thinking about it now sent a chill down his spine.

If Sofia was bored enough, every word he exchanged with Sif could be pitilessly spied upon.

Cold sweat trickled down Roland's forehead.

He did things cautiously, never writing anything too radical in case the letters were intercepted midway, but Sif was different.

At least when he first arrived at Saint Rurik Palace, Sif's letter writing was very sharp-tongued.

Starting with 'old woman,' ending with 'old maid,' or calling someone a 'love-deprived icy woman,' it was like pouring salt into Sofia's wounds every time.

Would all those words have been seen by Sofia?

Roland's heart trembled slightly, but he soon calmed down.

Sofia shouldn't be so bored as to secretly read his family letters with Sif, right?

Surely not.

Given Sofia's vengeful character, if she really saw them, she wouldn't spare Sif, even considering his influence.

However, that hadn't happened.

In the past few months, Sofia's attitude toward Sif hadn't changed, remaining courteous yet indifferent.

Roland wiped the sweat from his brow, exhaled deeply, and lay back down, closing his eyes. His agitated heart gradually calmed down.

Although nothing happened this time, he had to warn Sif not to talk about others behind their backs.

"Walls have ears," and how awkward it would be if overheard.

In any case, it was good that nothing happened.

...

Rebirth Era, Year One, March 22nd, this day is the most important holiday for the Dark Race.

Unknown billions of years ago, the great King of the Dark Race was born.

At his birth, there was no concept of a calendar, but the King of the Dark Race had an unusually keen sense of time, calculating his birthday after the universal plane calendar was invented.

Ever since, March 22nd became the birthdate of the King of the Dark Race.

No matter where they are, the Dark Race commemorates the countless ages since the great King of the Dark Race's birth in their own way on this day.

The Dark Race of Tirol was no exception.

Two high tier councilors wanted peace, but Meinette disagreed.

He insisted on holding a grand luncheon but didn't state the reason for the banquet.

Even though he didn't say, high tier councilors aren't fools; they knew Meinette was trying to curry favor with the Lord of the Dark.

They were somewhat displeased with Meinette's flamboyant actions, yet none dared to oppose.

It was a celebration of the King of the Dark's birthday, so objecting would be akin to rebellion, wouldn't it?

Not only could they not oppose, but they also had to attend the banquet.

This banquet proceeded very smoothly, with all members of the Dark Race and the secondary Dark Race attending. During the banquet, the existence of the King of the Dark was not mentioned; instead, they subtly used terms like "great king" and "legend" to refer to the King of the Dark.

The grand banquet was complemented with fine dining and spectacular performances of song and dance, making participants very happy.

Some people disliked Meinette, but few disliked the banquets he hosted.

Two high tier shadow councilors disguised their identities and reluctantly attended the banquet, choosing not to sit in prime seats or speak, appearing inconspicuous.

After the banquet, the Dark Race headed to the rift to offer their sincere words of blessing to the King of the Dark.

While conducting their ceremony, Roland and Christine were observing the shadow rift from a nearby mansion.

Roland softly muttered, "Who would've thought, the rift would actually be in the music hall."

"Couldn't have anticipated it beforehand, but in hindsight, it's reasonable."

Christine said calmly, "Tirol Music Hall has existed for hundreds of years, being a hall of art that could be recorded in the annals of human civilization. Intelligence personnel couldn't reach here, and few Transcendents are interested in music, making it a perfect blind spot."

She slightly frowned, took a deep breath, and said slowly, "Now write to that woman, I'm about to take action."

Roland nodded, wrote the action initiation signal on the letter paper, then turned his gaze to Christine, who drifted toward the music hall using special methods.

Transcendents cannot fly before reaching Tier Three Holy Domain, and only a few lucky ones among Holy Domain experts can fly using special methods.

Flying freely without wings is the power of the Divine Domain.

He was curious about what Christine would do.

Under Roland's watch, Christine continued drifting toward the music hall.

Under the sun, equally blazing holy light lit up.

As the holy light appeared, the sun's rays were slightly suppressed.

Everyone looked up in surprise and just happened to see Christine floating in the air.

Behind her, light wings spread out, flapping rhythmically.

From her composed expression and the unfolding posture of the light wings, anyone would think she was flying.

However, Roland knew it was fake; it was enhanced with special effects.

If anyone dared to release simple purification or dispel magic on Christine, she'd fall hard under gravity.

But her posture was so likened to a divine envoy, it instantly intimidated everyone.

A high-pitched voice rang out.

Christine chanted a hymn praising the Light, her voice even overpowering the high-pitched singer performing in the music hall.

In the crowd, the faces of the two high-tier councilors darkened instantly, feeling bitter.

Others might think they still had a chance, that they could escape through the rift if worse comes to worst, but they knew the rift was one-way.

Perhaps there were other rifts to enter the Dark Side, but not this one.

They either needed to kill Christine or flee; failing to do either would mean death.

The two high-tier councilors exchanged a glance, reading the determination in each other's eyes.

Give it all!

As Christine ascended, Roland looked up in admiration, meanwhile finding the optimal ambush location to hide in, waiting to strike.

However, just then, a new message arrived on the Endless Letter.

"Sorry, something came up. I can't make it. The operation is canceled."

Seeing Sofia's reply, Roland was bewildered on the spot.

Christine's actions were too quick, and Sofia's delay was somewhat long.

It was too late to say she couldn't come after the action started!

Roland couldn't be bothered to argue, and grabbed the scepter, ready to fight desperately.

The annihilation mission has been canceled; it's time to make a victorious retreat!

Perhaps Sofia felt guilty about bailing at the last minute, so her second message arrived quickly too.

"Your wife is also in Tirol. If the action has begun, she'll intervene. Good luck, you all."

Chapter 622 The Qualifications for Negotiation

Although Sofia flaked, Roland was not too panicked and felt even more at ease.

Sif had arrived. She wasn't as powerful as Sofia, but she had no ulterior motives.

The worst outcome would be to break through first and then lead the mobile troops back here.

In any case, keeping Christine safe would be considered a victory.

Of course, he still inwardly cursed Sofia harshly.

If you want to flake, say so earlier; he definitely wouldn't have let Christine go out openly.

Roland didn't look for Sif's figure; he trusted her.

She would judge when to strike on her own and act accordingly.

Now it was his turn to appear.

Christine's appearance was like a divine envoy descending, and indeed it stunned many people, but once they clearly saw Christine's face, the Dark Race immediately flew into a rage.

Turns out the one descending wasn't a divine envoy but someone here to cause trouble.

A high tier Shadow Councilor pointed at Christine and yelled angrily: "Die, lackey of Light!"

Light and Dark were inherently opposing attributes, and with Christine directly coming to block their way and demolish their home, it would be strange if they had a good attitude.

The two surviving high-tier councilors, seeing the urgent situation, dropped the façade and directly initiated the Dark Ceremony to safeguard the rift.

First, secure the rift, then deal with this reckless intruder.

The two high-tier councilors exchanged glances and nodded simultaneously.

The councilor with the green face led the elite Dark Race warriors to rush up and kill, while the councilor with the white face led a group of secondary Dark Race to spread out and stay on guard.

Christine couldn't possibly have come alone to die unless she had gone mad.

There must be someone behind her.

The councilor with the white face waited for the person behind her.

The councilor with the green face was stronger in combat and was one of the few Dark Race completely unafraid of Light, so he was executing the assassination task.

Last time, at the Arctic Glacier, Christine had played them for fools; the two councilors had already hated her to the core, eager to kill her themselves.

Now, there was an opportunity, and naturally, they wouldn't miss it.

The sky darkened.

Once the Dark Ceremony initiated, the dark canopy regained the upper hand, isolating Christine and sunlight.

The entire Tirol City was shrouded by the dark canopy, and the once sunlit Tirol instantly became a city of dusk.

The city residents looked towards the sky in horror, momentarily unsure of what was happening.

At this moment, several secondary Dark Race mingled into the crowd and began their brainwashing rhetoric.

"This is a miracle! It is a miracle bestowed by the Great Lord of Darkness!"

Although the dark miracle sounded somewhat frightening, the residents did not fall into chaos.

The dark attribute sounded very evil but equally powerful.

Many people inherently believed that the strength of evil attributes was more powerful, and indeed, in many situations, it was.

Even if it's dark, as long as it stands on their side, it's also a profound black light.

In any case, the Lord of Darkness descending with miracles was a good thing.

After all, it was a miracle!

As is well known, every powerful empire in history had miracles accompanying their establishment.

Miracles were nearly a necessary prerequisite for the crown descending from the heavens.

The Jin Yuan Kingdom abolished the imperial system and reselected Alina as the Emperor, merely restoring the divine imperial authority, not needing miracles to descend again.

But Tirol was different; their royal authority was based on the Odin Empire.

If they could unify the core area of the original Odin Empire, they would naturally have the privilege to restore the Empire's glory.

But they couldn't achieve it.

The Prudon Kingdom's overall national strength was slightly inferior to theirs, but their military strength was stronger.

To annex the Prudon Kingdom was not something that could be accomplished in one or two generations.

Either their nation had consecutive heroic rulers, or the Prudon Kingdom fell into civil strife; one condition had to be met.

Miracles aside.

The descent of miracles represented divinely granted royal authority.

Everyone was extremely excited.

Each country had its obsession belonging to most of its citizens.

The several countries of the original Odin Empire region had the obsession of reviving the Empire's glory, but with some countries relatively weak in power, some things could only be imagined.

Only Prudon and Tirol have the actual qualification to revive the Empire's glory.

Therefore, these two countries' collective obsession was to ascend to Empire status.

Although the citizens didn't know how much benefit ascending from Kingdom to Empire could bring, or what harm it would follow, they were still habitually yearning for it.

In any case, citizens of several great empires at least had a sense of pride.

They wanted to have pride and glory too!

With the descent of miracles from the Lord of Darkness, converting to darkness was fine; how big of a deal was that?

The crowd's fervor was stirred up. Seeing their excited expressions, even the secondary Dark Race responsible for inciting emotions was a bit bewildered.

Wasn't this their persuasion, but rather the heart's voice of the crowd?

A vast number of people began walking to the square in front of the concert hall, drawn by the faint light.

The scale of this square is no less than the one in the Sussex Empire capable of accommodating a hundred thousand people.

After all, it once served as the long-term capital of the Odin Empire, and a square of tens of thousands size was just a standard configuration for an empire.

Roland didn't expect the dark canopy to incite such frenzy among the crowd.

He furrowed his brows slightly, glanced back, and sighed inwardly.

These people were indeed quick to join in the excitement, but it's unknown how many would be injured or killed.

At least five Tier Five strong ones are fighting here; the safety of the concert hall was impossible to maintain, and how many of these spectators would be accidentally harmed?

Roland felt somewhat unbearable; he made a final effort, shouting at the onlooking crowd.

"Get far away; this place is about to become a battlefield. If you don't want to die, get lost immediately!"

Roland's voice was loud and sharp, almost piercing through the crowd's eardrums.

His warning made many realize that this spectacle wasn't to be watched.

Upon seeing Christine's mighty divine envoy-like demeanor, some crowd members realized this was the battle of the Transcendents; watching the spectacle carried risks.

They didn't have a clear concept of the Transcendent's power, but the front slope sliced during the Battle of White Mountain remained there, silently presenting suffocating terror.

Chapter 623: Qualifications for Negotiation (Part 2)

If one can cut through half a mountain, they can destroy a city, or even easier.

After all, mountains are layers of hard rock stacked together, while cities have many weak points. Bricks and wood can't compare to mountains in terms of strength.

Some wanted to leave the square, while others hurried in to watch the excitement.

Although soldiers and police worked hard to maintain order, a stampede still occurred.

The first unfortunate soul to be trampled to death on the square almost left this world at the same time as the first Secondary Dark Race to die in battle.

As someone fell, the stampede spread like dominoes.

Among the screams, the onlookers crazily shoved those blocking their way.

People moving away from the square shouted hoarsely, trying to persuade their fellow citizens to turn back.

The square was not a miracle, but a battlefield of slaughter!

But their shouting only made those wanting to enter more curious.

A battlefield of slaughter? How exciting! Let me see!

The first fallen Secondary Dark Race launched a surprise attack from Roland's back.

No one expected the Holy Knight to backstab, and with a reinforced giant scepter at that.

The scepter's head was replaced with an unknown meteorite metal, stronger than orichalcum.

With one strike, even a Giant Dragon would have its head burst.

Even Sofia dared not take the blow directly, yet this Secondary Dark Race confidently took it with the back of his head.

He didn't even scream before Roland smashed his skull, brain matter splattering, dying instantly.

After Roland appeared, the pale-faced councilor immediately approached him.

Christine's supporter was Roland, so with his appearance, what was there to wait for?

The pureblood Dark Race hidden in the shadows appeared.

There were many races within the Dark Race, such as the Dark Son, White Demon, Azure Demons, Blood Demons, Enchanting Demons, and many others.

Among them, the Dark Sons were direct descendants of the King of the Dark Race, with the purest bloodline, serving as the Imperial Family of the Dark Race.

Blood Demons were adept in combat, Enchanting Demons were weaker in combat but specialized in charm and spatial perception, having the highest survival rate through fissures.

Azure Demons were the main force of the Dark Race, the most numerous, with mixed fish and dragons.

White Demons were above Azure Demons in status, with higher potential, but at the cost of weaker fertility.

These five groups were the five pillars of the Dark Race.

Enchanting Demons were responsible for expansion, Azure Demons were the foundation of the race, White Demons were the middle strength, and Dark Sons were few in number, mainly holding high-level positions.

As for Blood Demons...

They were the only group on the Dark Side that did not worship the dark.

No one except the King of the Dark Race knew their origin, nor their numbers, but even the most frenzied Dark Race would retreat three paces upon seeing Blood Demons.

They were all bloodthirsty battle maniacs, respecting the King of the Dark Race's power to obey commands.

All this knowledge came from the insider Meinette, giving Roland a new understanding of the Dark Race.

His knowledge base expanded with updated information on the Dark Race, alongside acquiring several Soul Card medals.

The scholar route's Soul Card was already full of medals, its variety making even the scholarly sects envious.

Roland didn't have time to be delighted over the card medal updates, as Christine was besieged, and the spatial fissure only mildly trembled without causing fundamental damage.

It seemed Queen Sisi hadn't been idle over the years; she constructed a vast Dark Web, even escaping the surveillance of Extraordinary Strong Persons, carving out a patch of darkness in a land of abundant faith.

Roland fought his way inward from the perimeter, preparing to help Christine break out.

Fortunately, no Blood Demons appeared today, otherwise...

Before he finished giving thanks, the corner of his eye caught a blood mist erupting on the square, giving Roland a slight headache.

Damn it, how could there be a Blood Demon?

The difficulty of Blood Demons crossing fissures was the highest among all Dark Race groups.

Especially Blood Demons in blood shadow form, they would be torn apart by spatial rules when crossing fissures.

Unless powerful enough to transcend spatial rules, they cannot cross.

When Roland saw the blood explosion on the square, intent to kill permeated his chest.

This was a freshly cultivated Blood Demon in the Tirol Kingdom.

Every Blood Demon was born from a sea of blood, without exception.

The simplest way to create a sea of blood was to slaughter High Level animals, bleeding them heavily.

Humans are the spirits of all living things and the highest level animals, so human blood is naturally the best nutrient for Blood Demons.

To cultivate such a Blood Demon, at least tens of thousands of people's blood is needed.

Roland didn't know if this Blood Demon was opportunistically cultivated during the war or pre-raised.

If it was the latter, the slaughter in the Tirol Kingdom was too severe.

He suddenly thought of something: the Tirol Kingdom was the largest buyer of the South Continent's slave trade.

After all, the Tirol Kingdom is a "Civilized World" country, if large-scale disappearances occurred, it would surely cause a stir.

They didn't slaughter their own citizens to cultivate a Blood Demon, so where did this blood come from?

Roland took a deep breath and suddenly felt that dying instantly might be too merciful for Queen Sisi.

Before breaking through, he decided to unleash a furious wave, teaching these damned Dark Race a lesson.

He summoned his Holy Light Weapon.

A Holy Knight's exclusive skill, materializing Holy Light for defense and attack.

After advancing to Tier Five [Vanguard of the March], Roland finally gained the attack power most lacking in Holy Knights.

This time the Holy Light did not become a giant shield, but transformed into a Holy Light Spear and flew out.

A super light spear at least forty meters long pierced into the music hall like a spike.

The music hall, bearing the artistic heritage of the City of Art for centuries, collapsed under the spear.

Consecrated as the supreme treasure of human artistic domains, the music hall was a holy place in the hearts of Tiroleans.

But in war, no one would care about these.

Chapter 624: Qualifications for Negotiation (Part 3)

Queen Sisi used the music hall as a cover to construct a massive underground palace, hiding the rift.

Roland launched a fierce attack without hesitation.

Neither side cared about the music hall's historical status in the art world.

The light spear fiercely smashed into the music hall, and the terrifying collapse began.

The sturdy walls built of bluestone and granite barely withstood this dreadful attack, but other building materials couldn't hold up at all.

Bricks flew, the foundations collapsed, and with a loud crash, the music hall finally fell.

The underground palace emerged.

A deep dark vortex quietly spun at the center of the underground palace, incongruent with the surrounding aura, like silver patterns carved on a maiden's smooth skin, hideously ugly.

"Roland, lend me your strength!"

Christine, still floating in the air, kicked away a deadly spear and some arrows, her voice tinged with urgency.

She needed power.

The strength newly bestowed by the Goddess was indeed powerful, but it was too powerful to be precise.

She worried that the damage caused by the light's descent would be greater than the dark.

Light is merciful, and at least shouldn't cause a disaster equivalent to mass slaughter.

Roland's secondary profession was Holy Knight, and holiness was the power closest to light, often directly interchangeable.

She could perfectly absorb Roland's strength.

Roland didn't hesitate for a moment, plunged the scepter into the ground, and began to chant.

Divine energy surged upward at an astonishing speed, the light around the floating Christine gradually expanding its range.

As the light spread, the crowd in the square finally saw the truth under the dark canopy.

Whether or not this dark power came from the Lord of Darkness, it was not a miracle; it was more like an evil summoning ritual.

The crowd closer to the music hall saw the deep rift in time and space, feeling the fear and chill spreading from their feet throughout their bodies.

Even the crowd farther from the music hall sensed something was wrong.

Loyal and brave soldiers began to disperse the crowd, organizing an orderly evacuation.

If they could manage it, a stampede wouldn't have disastrous consequences.

Unfortunately, there were no ifs.

There was still a blood demon in the square.

An inferior blood demon acting solely on instinct, without intelligence.

The inferior blood demons are no less strong than higher-level blood demons; they just lack brains, not strength.

After all, they are forcibly cultivated blood demons, so low intelligence is reasonable.

It regained lost energy in the slaughter, growing stronger in the killing.

Just as the innocent crowd fell into despair, a gentle breeze blew across the square.

Green light particles appeared in the air like fireflies, drifting everywhere.

The green light particles fell on the blood demon's body, quietly blending in as if an illusion.

The blood demon did not notice the green light particles.

After all, it knows no pain, no fatigue, and lacks a brain.

Mere harmless green lights can’t stop the blood demon’s slaughter.

Kill, kill, kill!

As the slaughter continued, the blood demon’s speed surged at an unbelievable rate.

Just as it was about to lose control completely, it suddenly stopped moving.

Countless thorns and vines appeared out of thin air from underground, tightly binding the blood demon’s body.

The green light particles that had fused appeared on the blood demon’s hideous face, if such an ugly humanoid creature could be said to have a face.

"Explode!"

A soft command was heard.

A beautiful figure emerged from the increasingly dense green light, her bare feet stepping onto the plaza’s stones, pristine and fair.

Sif appeared at the right moment.

The blood demon’s greatest speed was rendered null by the bind of the thorns.

Purifying a blood demon isn’t difficult; the challenge is stopping their lightning-fast speed.

But once bound, the blood demon’s life neared its end.

Such brainless blood demons held no value for capture or interrogation.

Sif walked barefoot, chanting an ancient melody with every step.

The green spread within the blood demon, and upon the detonation command, it was blown into a bloody mess, swiftly absorbed entirely by the satisfied moss.

After dealing with the blood demon, Sif turned her gaze to the music hall battlefield.

The two high tier councilors were no match for Roland and Christine, their attributes adding to their disadvantage, and soon one was killed.

Despite such a victory, there was no trace of joy on Sif's face.

Because Roland was injured, the self-destructive attack initiated by a councilor knowing he was doomed, the shock wave foremost hitting Christine floating in the air.

Though the Pope of Light, who bore the main attack, was more severely wounded, Sif's eyes saw only Roland.

Roland was bleeding!

Sif's rationality vanished with the blood splattering from Roland's chest.

She flew toward the music hall like a green blood demon.

Just as Roland was about to plunge the scepter into the rift, applause erupted.

"Wonderful, I think we should have a talk."

A soft voice sounded, and in the crowd, a member of the Dark Race unveiled his mask, revealing a face beautiful and androgynous.

The near-translucent white skin marked him as a high-level White Demon.

Sif, in a state of rage, refused to allow his intentions to babble on, her long spear tearing through space, appearing like lightning before the White Demon, aimed directly at his throat.

As the spear approached within half a meter of the White Demon, he slightly raised the corners of his mouth and casually undid his tunic.

He wasn’t a pervert baring himself in public but had something else to rely on.

Beneath his robe, there was an explosive device bound securely.

The battlefield stilled, leaving only Roland and the White Demon at a stand-off.

"This isn’t an explosive, but a special substance called [Chain]."

"Once [Chain] is activated, it can continuously spread, releasing energy in an instant that surpasses human traditional understanding; let me put it this way, the [Chain] on me can not only destroy Tirol City and incidentally kill everyone present, but it can also cause a peculiar reaction in the rift."

The White Demon spread his hands, shrugged, and said very frankly, "Honestly, I don’t even know what the rift will become after the [Chain] explodes, and I don’t care, because we’ll all be dead by then. Do I have the right to talk?"

The smugness in the White Demon’s eyes was unmistakable.

Sif was so angry her face turned pale, as white as the White Demon. She knew she couldn’t act rashly, so she sensibly stayed silent, leaving it to Roland.

Seeing Roland not object, the White Demon restrained his frivolous smile and calmly said:

"No one can stop the Dark Race from returning, not even the gods. As long as we can keep the rift, you can set the other conditions."

Chapter 625: Observer Sofia

As the handsome White Demon suddenly appeared, the remaining members of the Dark Race retreated, subtly surrounding Christine who had landed. Should negotiations fail, they would act immediately.

Christine, who had expended a great amount of energy shaking the space, took the opportunity to catch her breath, standing her ground without moving an inch.

Sif, who had been slaying the Blood Demon on the outskirts, walked leisurely to Roland's side, adding to his negotiation leverage.

She said nothing, allowing Roland to take the lead in the negotiations.

"Far from enough, who can assure that you will keep your word?" Roland slowly shook his head, handing the Endless Letter to Sif with his hands behind his back, then gestured in sign language to briefly explain the function of the letter.

Seeing the uniquely shaped letter, Sif's expression changed slightly.

The first family letter Roland sent after going to the Vladimir Empire was written on the same kind of paper.

When she received the family letter, she immediately judged that this letter had an unusual material, but she didn't know it had such a heaven-defying function.

Sif abruptly remembered something, realizing that Sofia had seen the letters she exchanged with Roland clearly.

Her cheeks flushed, inwardly cursing Sofia.

Shameless old maiden, so keen on spying on privacy?

In her fury, Sif was suddenly chilled by a creeping sensation from behind. When she wrote these letters, she didn't know Sofia could see the contents, so she spoke with complete abandon.

Insulting terms like 'old maiden' came in a continuous stream, and she had also ruthlessly mocked Sofia's governance policies.

Won't the old hag really be angry?

Sif felt a little guilty, but then she regained her righteousness.

Why should she feel guilty, it's not her fault. She was just speaking the truth, Sofia's spying on people showed questionable character, why should she take responsibility?

Though she kept instilling in herself the mental stamp of "it's fine", Sif still stood silently behind Roland, feeling somewhat guilty.

Roland didn't notice Sif's expression, as business was urgent. He couldn't inquire about Sif's effort in dealing with the Blood Demon, so he could only give her a reassuring look.

The Elves had means to restrain the Blood Demon, nothing much to worry about.

However, he himself got injured protecting Christine, who lost control on the battlefield, which is the occupational characteristic of a Holy Knight - sacrificing oneself to protect teammates.

Facing Roland's skepticism, the handsome White Demon wasn't surprised.

Questioning the identity of the negotiation object is, for one, to ensure the negotiations are meaningful, and two, to overpower the opponent in momentum.

No matter how you explain, your momentum would always lose a beat.

The handsome White Demon let out a wanton and hearty laugh, his flamboyant voice reverberating over the ruins of the music hall:

"A descendant of the Lord of Darkness, the third Governor of the Dark Side needing to prove their qualification for negotiation, that's the biggest joke. If you think I don't have the qualification, then there's no need to talk."

The handsome White Demon's counterattack also adhered well to the principles of negotiation.

Don't fall into the trap of self-justification.

If someone says you're unqualified and you start explaining, you've already started on the back foot.

The handsome White Demon's counterattack, at least in the eyes of the remaining Dark Race members, was very much to their taste. As a direct bloodline of the King of the Dark Race, he indeed had the qualification to speak such words.

Facing the handsome White Demon's counterattack, Roland smiled slightly, ending the match with just one sentence.

"This is not the Dark Side, this is Rodinia."

The handsome White Demon maintained a calm expression, but a hint of anger in his eyes was accurately caught by Roland.

Roland could understand his irritation.

To be fair, Roland's negotiation rhetoric was somewhat aggressive.

He spared no reason, directly pointing out the core advantage.

Though in this localized battleground at the music hall ruins, the Dark Race and its lackeys temporarily held the upper hand, in the entire dimensional struggle, humans held an unshakeable advantage.

Though Roland didn’t explicitly say it, he knew the other party understood - if the Dark Race truly had the ability to confront directly, they wouldn’t have come secretly.

Unless the handsome White Demon could keep Roland and his party entirely here, he would remain at a negotiation disadvantage.

If he had the advantage, it should be Roland with a chain strapped on as a self-destruct threat.

After a speechless silence, the handsome White Demon spread his hands, shrugging with a self-mocking smile:

"It seems I can’t scare you, you’ve won."

Though at a disadvantage, the handsome White Demon still wouldn’t give up.

Roland held the advantage, so he sought to downplay it.

His explanation could nearly be interpreted as "oh, come on, I was just joking" or "you can’t seriously take a joke, can you?"

Facing the handsome White Demon’s slick demeanor, Roland looked at him with an expressionless face, as if watching a clown.

Disadvantages should look like disadvantages; there’s no room for trying to muddle through.

To avoid wasting words, Roland turned his gaze to Christine, who had regained considerable strength.

Negotiations are like this: someone has to play the good cop and someone the bad cop.

The pressure, Roland couldn’t impose it himself, or the negotiations would collapse on site.

At this moment, a person responsible for pressuring was needed.

No one was more suitable than Christine, who represented Light.

Her cool voice sounded like pronouncing a death sentence.

"The advent of Light, the retreat of Darkness, no one can change that. Even if the cost is my own life, I will destroy the space rift, leaving you to face endless space turbulence."

The handsome White Demon’s face, already pale, lacked any trace of blood.

Some people, when delivering threats, might even excite their enemies, but Christine was different; she truly dared.

Willfully sacrificing one’s life to destroy the opposing faith’s belief, indeed, something only a fanatic could do.

The atmosphere fell silent again.

The handsome White Demon didn’t further provoke Christine, nor did he question whether she still had the ability to destroy after such heavy exertion.

Chapter 626: Observer Sofia

Even if Christine had a one percent chance, he didn’t dare to gamble.

This is the only passage for the great Demon Emperor (a title used within the Dark Race for the King of the Dark Race) to return home.

Gambling on whether the way for the Demon Emperor’s return is smooth itself is a great disrespect to His Majesty the Demon Emperor, an act requiring self-sacrifice for atonement.

After a suffocating silence, the handsome White Demon raised the white flag.

"You win, state your conditions. The return cannot be changed, but everything else can be negotiated."

"Before the formal negotiations begin, please allow me to introduce myself. Milones, the third governor, mainly responsible for diplomacy and art."

Roland nodded with a smile and calmly said, "Although you certainly know, let’s give a brief introduction."

"Your negotiation counterpart is...

Caesar of the Sussex Empire, Duke of Swage; Prime Minister of the Jin Yuan Republic, Duke of Bordeaux; Imperial Cardinal Minister of the Vladimir Empire, Duke of Kazan; and the chief advisor of the Talia Kingdom, soon to be Prime Minister of the Tirol Kingdom, Roland. The middle names and surnames are a bit long, so I won’t recite them."

After finishing the introduction, Roland himself found it a bit hard to maintain.

Unconsciously, he already had so many titles and identities. Every time he gained a piece of land, he would add a suffix to his name.

If this expansion continues, the length of his name will soon be too long to fit in a death note.

These are just the major titles; he didn’t even add secondary territories and titles.

After hearing Roland’s introduction, Christine corrected with some displeasure: "Roland, Knight of Light."

"Of course, I won’t forget my identity as a Knight of Light, but I don’t want to make Mr. Milones feel too constrained during the negotiations."

"Light always resides in my heart."

His expression was pious, yet Milones looked at him and felt a bit sick.

If he didn’t know Roland’s character, he might have truly believed, but he was very familiar with Roland’s deeds.

He couldn’t help but sneer: "In the history of the Dark Side, there was once an outstanding genius, but his style was despised by everyone, he changed his surname three times, so he was called Three-surname... Even if he met you, he would bow in submission."

A normal person hearing such mockery would certainly feel utterly ashamed, at least furious, yet Roland laughed heartily.

"I’m different from him. He changed his surname three times, probably not happily each time. But I just add name suffixes. When acquiring a new identity, I don’t betray my previous ones."

"If you don’t believe me, you can ask the countries and organizations I’ve served. Were they satisfied?"

Roland cast an inquiring glance at Christine.

Christine nodded slowly, although she didn’t speak, she completely agreed with Roland’s view.

Although Roland’s faith was still not firm enough, his attitude of aspiring to Light was very good.

She could give Roland ninety-nine points.

The one point deducted was for Roland, he could have done better, could have regarded Light as the only.

The blemishes did not obscure the shine; she was very satisfied with Roland.

Their eyes met in the air, with everything understood without words.

Milones inexplicably felt somewhat restless.

He originally intended to smear Roland with a notorious figure from the Dark Side, but Roland countered directly, using the ace rhetoric of "my customers are very satisfied, why is a spectator like you complaining."

He was left speechless.

Although this rhetoric had the hint of quibbling, Roland simultaneously serving five countries was quite astonishing, but since each country’s supreme leader was satisfied, it was indeed no place for him to complain.

In the process of reporting progress to Sofia via the Endless Letter behind Roland, Sif couldn’t wait for a reply, was already anxious, and her mood worsened when she saw Roland and Christine’s eye exchange full of understanding.

She quickly wrote a new text urging again on the Endless Letter.

"Old maid, want to accept then hurry up and say something!"

Insulting Sofia was not easy, foul language was meaningless, attacking her character would only make her laugh uncontrollably.

The most common attack method, directly addressing her parents wouldn’t work here.

Her parents were already dead, dead in every sense.

They had long died physically, having accelerated the formation of the Holy Alliance by using Sofia as a political pawn, with even the slightest affection dissipated.

So-called parents were no different from strangers in Sofia’s eyes.

She was a formidable being existing from the Age of Gods until now, her real parents died in the Second Era, reincarnated countless times, never to be reunited.

Even if nostalgic, she would only miss the parents of that time.

Calling her shameless, cold-blooded, or cruel was even more laughable.

Only by attacking her failed marriage and her unbearable past of being silently abused by her ex-husband would there be a chance to break her defense.

And such an attack must come from someone weighty, like Sif.

Perhaps because the remark had enough impact, or perhaps insulting Sofia triggered the awakening condition, the reply came quickly.

"I remember your attack. Let them leave Rodinia, go to the South Continent. That’s their homeland, since they want to return home, let them go all the way. Let Roland handle the other conditions."

Sif sighed in relief, but soon she couldn’t breathe.

Wait, Roland should handle the conditions?

If Sofia knew the letter writer was Roland, the reply ought to be "state your conditions yourself."

She thought she could perfectly mimic Roland's handwriting, but the revelation let her down, causing her to reevaluate her understanding of Sofia and the Endless Letter.

Even if it couldn't be seen, the special way of confirming she wrote on behalf was indeed impressive.

Sif truly realized the gap between her and Sofia.

This time her reply softened significantly.

"Understood, thank you."

Writing down these words almost like an apology, Sif exhaled, feeling somewhat lost.

She longed to face Sofia head-on in a one-on-one confrontation, rather than being timid like now.

The good news was she wasn't without hope.

Upon inadvertently entering the world of Flower Sea from a dream, she initially thought it was merely a dream, but later discovered upon re-entering the empty Flower Sea was indeed real.

Everything in the Flower Sea was so real, and she could freely move in the dreamlike flowers.

Unlike a dream, it seemed more like a real world connected through a dream.

She cherished this flower sea which could evoke past memories, for she found the severed and lost legs there, gaining a flawless form, and had the confidence to challenge Sofia.

Although possessing a trump card, Sif still harbored apprehension about Sofia.

She truly couldn't understand how Sofia could discern everything.

She was very sure Sofia didn't have Insight ability.

Her insight wasn't magic or skills but an exclusive characteristic of uniqueness, a powerful ability innate to her existence.

As long as she lived, no second person in the world would have similar abilities.

Sif was three parts curious, but seven parts troubled.

Before figuring out Sofia's observation method, she had to keep a low profile for a while.

Negotiations had reached a basic framework, next would be detailed amendments, Roland and Milones moved to a secluded spot for intense confrontation.

They meticulously haggled over every term of compensation.

The essence of diplomacy is the exchange and compromise of interests, speaking in business terms, Roland and Milones naturally wouldn't mince words.

When Sif was anxious, Christine was expressionless, and Roland was intensely discussing with Milones, no one noticed a lady with a cold demeanor sitting in a café across the square, quietly watching all that was happening on the square.

The café owner actively evacuated customers after the battle on the square began, everyone ran away except her, who they couldn't persuade, unwilling to drive away a guest, the owner simply abandoned the café and left.

If you won't leave, I'll leave!

The owner's logic was very clear, achieving reverse eviction without driving away customers.

Sofia rated the café owner highly, she discreetly placed two gold coins on the plate holding pastries as a tip, pleased she laid down the empty cup she had finished, and got up to leave.

There are many ways to solve problems, the real world isn't a math problem, answers aren't singular.

She observed Sif's tension very clearly, could roughly guess what Sif was worried about.

A high-level observer often needs only the most simple and straightforward skills.

If the distance is too far to see clearly, then get a little closer.

At this distance, drinking coffee and enjoying the show is indeed a good pastime.

Sofia lazily pulled up her collar, walking towards another alley like an ordinary citizen, as if she had never appeared.

Chapter 627: Tirol Iron Fist

The negotiation between Roland and Milones ended quickly.

The main direction was already determined, and both sides could only pull on insignificant details, so the speed was swift.

After all, it's a major event concerning the future of the realm, negotiations must show some attitude, it can't just be casually agreed upon.

After the agreement was confirmed, no written documents were left.

Who would want to sign such a clandestine agreement, who are weighty figures?

Once something goes wrong in the future, it's assured to peg someone as a traitor or insider, impossible to wash away.

The only guarantee for this agreement is power, and only power.

This fragile agreement is based on the mutual balance of power between the Lord of the Dark and Sofia.

If there is too great a disparity in strength, one could easily wipe out the other, rendering any agreement useless.

The agreement is only valid until it is torn apart.

Even in times of peace, when there's a huge disparity in strength, agreements can't protect the weak, like in the days of the Val City State.

Sofia felt they were unnecessary, and they were wiped out.

Roland and Sif felt supporting them would be beneficial against Sofia, and they lived again.

Regarding their own opinions, they didn't matter at all.

An agreement needs only a general framework.

After Roland and Milones' intense negotiations, the agreement stipulated that the Dark Race must completely withdraw from the Rodinia Continent, and Sofia generously gave them the South Continent she didn't want.

During the Age of Gods, the existing continents were still a whole, and the ancestral home of the Dark Race remained on the South Continent after the tectonic drift.

Although being expelled from the Civilized World is somewhat displeasing, Milones did not object.

The great Demon Emperor's strength was not inferior to that of the peak Sofia, but he is the Demon Emperor, he wouldn't dare go against Sofia.

The Dark Race believes in the supremacy of strength, Milones did not find Sofia's dominance problematic; he even found Sofia overly benevolent.

Being able to return home was enough, as for whether the civilization of the South Continent is developed, Milones did not care.

He even thought it better for the local natives to be more ignorant, easier to develop the Secondary Dark Race.

The only question was how to migrate the spatial rift?

Sofia did not say, and he dared not ask.

Just as he hesitated about whether to ask Roland for help, Roland's expression suddenly became solemn.

"The great Her Majesty Saint Sophia is about to arrive, be prepared for her reception."

Milones hurriedly put down the warhammer in his hand, let his hands droop, and bowed his head respectfully, waiting.

In the Dark Side world where the strong are revered, a powerhouse like Sofia could give orders as she pleased; Milones wouldn't dare go against a superpower comparable to the Demon Emperor.

He wasn't aware that Sofia's current power, while exceeding his and Roland's, was limited.

Sofia had determined her future path but had to let go of her former peak to start from scratch.

Reality proved that the range of the word "soon" is very broad.

It could be one minute, or it could be a long time.

Those who often wait for leaders to inspect the work know how long this wait can be.

Sofia could of course arrive immediately, but she had already lied to Roland, saying she had some matters to attend, she couldn’t just say she’ll be there soon and arrive quickly.

Sitting in the café across the street to watch the show isn’t something she would admit to.

Sofia simply went out for a circle before floating back from over a hundred miles away.

After about an hour of waiting, this Empress, who walked from across the square taking a detour of over a hundred miles, finally arrived late.

"Sorry, it seems I’m late."

Sofia said with a blank expression.

The tone did not seem apologetic; instead, it reminded those present that this delay should not be mentioned any further.

Roland certainly wouldn’t bring it up, even though waiting for an hour was somewhat agitating, though being stood up by Sofia felt somewhat unpleasant, he knew Sofia always pretended to be reasonable, never taking it seriously.

He observed Milones' reaction from the corner of his eye.

If the third Governor of the Dark Race showed even a hint of impatience, Roland's evaluation of Milones would lower significantly.

However, Milones did not; his respect was not feigned.

"Respected..."

Milones just began to speak, but suddenly found himself in a big problem, how should he address Sofia?

"Ms. Sofia."

Fortunately, Sofia did not wish to trouble him, helping him solve the dilemma.

The formal titles have significant connotations.

In the human civilized society, countries generally referred to her as "Her Majesty Sofia," and her own citizens would honorably call her Majesty.

Roland alone was the exception, allowed to address her by first name directly.

Besides Roland, another outlier even dared to call her by the discriminatory nickname "Old Spinster."

Having Milones call her Ms. Sofia seemed respectful, yet distanced.

She didn't even wish to acknowledge that the Dark Race were human members, hence their title could only be Ms. Sofia.

After all, Milones was a mature diplomat and a senior official of the Dark Side, the sense of distance embedded in the title was well understood by him.

But he still compliantly accepted it.

He bowed to Sofia, with his posture lowered greatly, "Great Ms. Sofia, His Majesty the Demon Emperor sends his regards, and he would also like to know if the agreement from back then is still valid?"

Milones was somewhat nervous.

Although he asked politely, it carried a bit of questioning, and it was uncertain if Sofia would give face to the Demon Emperor.

Sofia’s half-closed eyes exuded an aura of destruction, making Milones shiver in fear.

Just as the Dark envoy was about to collapse, Sofia then calmly said, "The agreement is valid, but only for dealing with Tiya and others; Dark and I were not friends before, nor will we be in the future."

Chapter 628: Tirol Iron Fist 2

Dark is the true name of the Demon Emperor.

Back in those days, she was at the same power level as the Demon Emperor, so calling him Dark felt natural, but Milones was terrified.

It was the first time he heard the true name of the Demon Emperor, and he immediately knelt down on one knee, silently confessing to the Dark Side.

The status of the Demon Emperor in the hearts of the Dark Race far surpassed that of the Goddess in the hearts of ordinary religious believers. After all, the Goddess was far away in the Divine Domain, while the Demon Emperor was nearby.

A god in the distance is no match for a demigod by one’s side.

Sofia no longer paid attention to Milones; she approached the space rift, observing the loosened space under Christine’s attacks, with a slight frown, scrutinizing carefully.

Just when Milones felt his heart about to stop, Sofia casually raised her hand, gently pointing, and a dark aura enveloped the space rift.

"This is just a coordinate used to anchor the Theia Plane."

Sofia made her judgment.

Milones was stunned; he hadn’t yet digested Sofia’s explanation when he saw her sever the rift and surrounding space as if dismantling a house.

The space rift, which carried the hopes of countless Dark Race members, was thus disconnected from the surrounding space and fell straight to the ground.

The pitch-black rift didn’t break apart, but Milones’ heart did.

Can a space rift disconnected from the surrounding space still be useful? Sofia said it was a coordinate, but what if her judgment was wrong?

He now only wished he could faint on the spot, but he couldn’t.

His trembling voice even carried a hint of a sob.

"Miss Sofia, this, this is..."

"I dismantled it for you."

Sofia looked at Milones as if he were an idiot.

"If my judgment is correct, just bring the rift body to the South Continent and place it in the area with the densest dark aura, and it will be operational again in a few months at most."

"The so-called rift merely determines the destination for space traversal."

Milones finally couldn't help but ask, "Miss Sofia, if you guessed wrong, what severe consequences might there be?"

"It's not much, just that the final return day will have no Dark Race," Sofia replied as if discussing a trivial matter.

Milones finally couldn't help but spit blood, his face looking as grim as an Azure Demon.

He held back his anger, finally swallowing it down.

He sorrowfully shouldered the now blackened body of the space rift, his gaze vacant, unsure what to do next.

Seeing his desolate state, Roland kindly reminded him:

"Mr. Milones, there's no point in wild speculations now. I suggest you set sail immediately and find a suitable placement spot in the South Continent."

"I can deploy a fleet to escort you."

Milones finally recovered from his dizziness, casting Roland a grateful glance but still refusing Roland's offer.

He didn't think any foes other than Sofia posed a substantial threat to him.

Moreover, he didn't want to accept goodwill from Sofia's camp.

The Dark Race has pride too!

He slowly shook his head, calling out to the surviving native Dark Race members, preparing to leave.

Before departing, he glanced back at the ruins of the concert hall, feeling inevitably sentimental.

He had been in the Tirol Kingdom for some time, and compared to the harsh living conditions of the Dark Side, it was like paradise.

He enjoyed a luxurious life here, savoring the glory brought by power and being surrounded by fragrant human girls. Life was simply wonderful.

Although female allure was just a decoration in his life, ornaments from the Theia Plane were more beautiful.

He was lustful but never laid hands on Queen Sisi.

Though Queen Sisi fit human aesthetics as the world's top beauty of the previous generation, in Milones' eyes, she was nothing more than a high-class prostitute.

He was a noble member of the Dark Imperial Family!

His spouse could only come from one of the highest-ranking families of the White Demon Race.

An Enchanting Demon? The farther away, the better.

These beings, who enhanced power by extracting masculine energy, although decent-looking, exuded a nauseating aura.

The keen senses of the Dark Imperial Family could clearly detect the stench of the Enchanting Demon's soul filth, not a bodily odor but an evil of the soul.

But human girls were different; they were much cleaner.

This was the real reason Milones never touched Queen Sisi, not out of self-restraint or face concerns, just purely finding them inferior to human girls.

The feeling of being in a human kingdom was so quite wonderful that he had long considered Tirol Kingdom his second home.

Living in Tirol was joyful; he had no desire to return to the Dark Side.

This time leaving Tirol brought a certain sorrow of leaving home.

But he had to go; the entire Rodinia Continent was Sofia's domain, and all internal conflicts among humans had nothing to do with him.

Carrying the teleportation coordinates and taking the surviving Dark Race members, Milones summoned a carriage, prepared to leave.

Seeing him about to depart, the abandoned secondary Dark Race members grew anxious.

Every country dealt with traitors differently, but being a traitor like them would surely end badly.

Thinking about being tied to a stake as barbecue ingredients, the secondary Dark Race members began to tremble.

Among all the secondary Dark Race, only Meinette was confirmed safe.

Making the right choice at a critical moment and decisively switching sides guaranteed future prosperity.

A charming thirty-something-year-old female secondary Dark Race member, seeing herself abandoned, desperately clung to Milones' leg, her chest tremblingly pressed against Milones' back, whispering in a seductive voice:

"Lord Milo, haven't I served you attentively enough? Please take me with you. I'm willing to do anything for you."

Milones' expression stiffened, suppressing the urge to curse, coldly asked:

"Willing to do anything?"

The charming woman saw a glimmer of hope and nodded frantically.

Seeing her anxious look, Milones nodded and asked aloud: "Please prove the Nagano conjecture or the Wardma conjecture using the method you see fit."

The female secondary Dark Race member looked up at Milones, bewildered and shaking her head after confirming he wasn't joking.

"Lord Milo, I don't even understand what you're saying, how do I prove it?"

"So you're deceiving, deceiving the great Dark Imperial Family, damned!"

Following the judgment of the word "damned," Milones' warhammer smashed down like lightning, shattering the secondary Dark Race member's head.

With her fall, those secondary Dark Race members who wanted to step forward for an explanation were dumbfounded.

Lord Milo indeed didn’t intend to accept them.

Little did they know, Milones did want to take them, but he dared not.

Sofia was right here, taking away traitors in front of her was courting death.

Milones apologized to Roland and Sofia for the earlier chaos, then set off again.

He thought there would be no further opposition, but a young man suddenly dashed out, tightly clutching Milones’ leg, loudly accusing:

"Milones, are you selling us out to secure your own position?"

Milones glanced down at the person holding his leg, noting his swollen eyes—the hallmark of someone accustomed to indulgence from a well-off family.

He wanted to say something but couldn’t recall the fellow’s name.

In short, do not engage.

He simply swung his iron fist, punching the pleading Dark Race member away.

"Scram!"

He walked on without looking back, leaving the stunned secondary Dark Race members behind.

The secondary Dark Race members felt unwilling, shouting to Milones, "Lord Milo, have you forgotten those experiences of freedom and restraint?"

Milones paused but didn’t turn back, calmly saying before leaving:

"I've discussed with Sofia; you must go through the reconciliation process, but unless your sins are grave, the rest will receive lenient punishments."

"If you wish to shore up quickly, then report others to Roland soon."

In summary, spaces are quite abundant, and based on the principle of eliminating one-tenth, at least one tenth of them will be executed.

Amid the chaos, Roland quietly approached Sofia, informing her of the plan to implement the one-tenth execution; Sofia couldn't help but softly remind:

"Only killing nine out of ten people, isn't that a bit too lenient?"

Chapter 629: Greed Kills

The darkness waned, leaving only pain and confusion for the Tirol Kingdom.

The Dark Race could leave, but the Secondary Dark Race couldn't, because they had another name—traitors.

They might all have had their reasons, but that didn't matter.

As the day of return drew closer, the struggle was no longer a petty squabble between nations, but a life-and-death struggle between races.

Any crime might be pardoned, except for betrayal.

Although Sofia was somewhat extreme, Roland still accepted her suggestion.

After all, this was one of the rare occasions Sofia and Christine agreed on.

Christine not only suggested executing all the traitors but also volunteered to carry out the executions herself.

Thinking about these people tied to the pyres, consumed by the Holy Flame, Roland inexplicably felt a chill down his spine.

Christine, taking charge of dealing with the traitors, certainly had her own agenda.

After this upheaval, the Tirolean people's hatred of the darkness would reach its peak.

In the concert hall incident, her steadfast suppression of the darkness would undoubtedly make her the hero in the hearts of the Tiroleans. As long as the trading of light was appropriately promoted, the Goddess's glory would bathe this city ravaged by darkness.

She had two more things to implement immediately.

The first was the purification of the Secondary Dark Race. The pyres were already being made overnight. No one meant for the pyres would escape.

The second was to visit the injured masses and artists from the concert hall incident; winning people's hearts was a basic skill of the clergy, and Christine naturally wouldn't neglect it.

In short, she was very pleased with the outcome of this action, with only one small regret.

Roland seemed not too concerned about dealing with the Secondary Dark Race, even having thoughts of recruiting some of them, which puzzled her.

Could these scum, tainted by darkness, really have any use?

This was her and Roland's biggest disagreement.

Roland prioritized benefits over stances and could even accept people changing sides.

Christine could never accept these human traitors defiled by darkness.

With some resentment, Christine personally presided over this purification barbecue ceremony.

In front of the concert hall ruins, the solemn, commanding voice of the judge representing light echoed over the square, unable to settle for a long time.

The judge had no hesitation in condemning these people to an everlasting unredeemable fate and sending them to the pyres.

As Christine threw down the first torch, the pyres flared up one by one.

Amidst the burning of the holy flames, the Secondary Dark Races let out tormented wails.

Their agony would inevitably be much heavier than that of ordinary sufferers.

Christine prepared the Holy Water, constantly sustaining their lives, then continued the burning.

The first to be judged on the pyres was Marshal of the Army Mattson, with an outstanding physique, weighing over two hundred pounds. His thick fat gave him immense strength on the battlefield, making him both an excellent Commander in Chief and a warrior capable of facing a hundred men alone.

These thick fats usually provided ample energy and cushioning, a hallmark of might in the era of cold weapons.

However, in this barbecue feast, this fat became the source of his misery.

He screamed miserably for three full hours without dying.

Christine continually healed him, keeping his last breath.

The Holy Water was abundant, so was the pain.

This was Christine's attitude towards the Dark Creatures.

She wanted to intimidate those who opposed her in this manner, to show them whom they were dealing with.

The wails from the other pyres lasted no more than about an hour; only Mattson suffered continuously.

When the Holy Flame first ignited, the onlooking crowd cheered loudly, excited that the murder of their loved ones had been avenged.

The traitors' screams became their greatest comfort.

To their ears, these screams were more pleasing than the concert performances.

But after half an hour, the mindset of those watching began to shift.

Was the execution not over yet?

They might have been deeply sinful, but the death penalty should suffice to offset their crimes, that should be enough.

Killing criminals is just, but is prolonged torture?

Some fell into contemplation, some couldn't bear to continue watching, but no one dared to step forward to intervene.

Christine exuded a holy light, dignified like the descent of a Goddess.

As long as the Goddess hadn’t descended to the mortal world, her behavior as the Goddess’s envoy represented the light.

Who would dare oppose divine punishment?

Just as Christine kept dousing Mattson with Holy Water, finally, someone couldn’t stand it anymore.

Roland appeared from nowhere, pressing Christine’s hand.

"That’s enough, let him be freed," he said softly.

"Is that an order, my Liege?" Christine asked, lowering her voice.

In theory, she was indeed Roland’s vassal, but Roland was also her vassal.

They were conjoined sovereign and subordinate.

If Roland ordered her as her liege, she would naturally obey, albeit...

"Can I make a suggestion as a friend?" Roland looked at Christine’s fervent gaze, feeling slightly troubled.

He was never good at dealing with women, especially fanatical female clergy.

If Christine insisted, he probably wouldn’t persist.

Looking at Roland’s complex gaze, Christine was only silent for a moment before picking up the Long Spear beside her and throwing it out.

The spearhead pierced Mattson’s heart accurately, ending his suffering.

"Okay."

Her voice was exceptionally gentle, the fervor in her gaze gradually dissipating.

Roland had an illusion that at that moment, Christine seemed to return to the naive candidate Saintess when they first met.

Chapter 630 Greed Kills

Filled with expectations for the future, her pure gaze was as clear as a spring.

Yet, this pure gaze now turned into a fleeting glimpse.

Perhaps this is the price of growth.

Christine fulfilled her wish to become a formal Saintess, even prompting the Old Pope to willingly hand over power.

Moreover, she gained the Goddess of Light's recognition, receiving divine power, her strength surpassing what it once was by an unknown measure.

Roland wanted to ask her, is this what you wanted?

But he didn't, because he'd known the answer long ago.

Of course it is, Christine at least has one thing unchanged, her devotion to the Goddess.

Indeed, she was still the simple Christine, it was just that he had unabashedly held certain expectations.

A Saintess with devout faith is normal, the kind easily swayed by men with a love-struck mind and Holy Water overflowing is what would be considered an odd Saintess.

Roland instantly felt at ease.

At least Christine cherished the friendship between them, and that was enough.

He smiled and said, "The dirty soul has been cleansed by the Holy Flame and already sent to the Netherworld, it's over."

Christine loved hearing this.

She had really been worried earlier that Roland would say something to make things difficult for her.

Her faith in the Goddess was unshakeable, yet she equally didn't want to have a disagreement with Roland.

After all, she had few friends, and the only one she could confide in was Roland.

The execution ceremony concluded, and the crowd dispersed orderly.

Almost everyone walked out with their heads down, not daring to look around.

The Dark was certainly not good, but was the Light really good?

Some Tiroleans had occasionally pondered such questions, but these doubts quickly vanished as Mattson's howls echoed in their ears.

Though reluctant to admit, Roland was well aware that this barbecue feast established the superior position of the Divine Court of Light in Tirol.

The other two major religious sects would find it much harder to covet this place.

Roland had not noticed, as the people exited one by one, that Mr. Meinette sitting on the chair on the podium looked as pale as paper.

If someone approached, they would even smell the stench emanating from beneath his seat.

He truly felt endless fear.

All the Secondary Dark Race, except for him, were burned to death, and considering many of those people were once his colleagues, he felt a bit sentimental.

Fortunately, he made the correct choice, hitching on Roland's wagon early to escape this disaster.

Being adept at making choices is also part of success.

Roland hadn't stayed long in Tirol City.

The problems of the Tirol Kingdom were simply too many, and couldn't be solved by appointing a Prime Minister for a short period.

Roland could only offer Meinette some advice, allowing him to make arrangements on his own.

He already served as Prime Minister for five nations, even with five fingers it would be hard to do them all equally well, let alone five countries.

He spent more time touring around the Tirol Kingdom, giving speeches.

He knew what the Tiroleans most wanted to hear, such as the glorious past of the Odin Empire, but Roland did not pander to them, he spoke not of the Odin Empire but the superpower Alamanni Empire of the Fifth Era.

The Odin Empire unearthed only a portion of the Alamanni Empire's relics, yet could become one of the top-tier powers of its time.

They claimed to be the successors of the Alamanni Empire, and the Tirol Kingdom claimed to be the successor of the Odin Empire.

In that case, why not bypass the middleman and claim to be the successors of the Alamanni Empire directly?

Roland wouldn't say this outright, he would only imply.

He traveled from the north to the south of the kingdom, with few followers, only accompanied by books.

Everywhere he went, he won the applause of the people through his speeches, and then distributed books introducing the Alamanni Empire to them.

These books and his speeches were like sparks, falling on the barren prairie, and very soon would blaze intensely.

Before the appearance of the Dark Race, Roland stood on the Sussex Empire's side, eager to compete with other nations.

But after the Dark Race appeared, Roland realized that internal strife among the Human Race was meaningless.

Only by consolidating the strength of the entire Human Race could they have the ability to fight against powerful races like the Dark Race.

Only by using irresistible power to intimidate these strong races could they unify the forces of the entire dimension to battle the Divine Punishment Legion to the end.

He completely understood Sofia's mentality in allowing the Dark Race to return.

Sofia was filled with absolute confidence in herself, she believed she could defeat any enemy, even if the opponents were Goddesses, and not just one or two.

This was the mark of a true strong person.

Roland certainly didn't want to be left far behind by Sofia.

He had his own plans, he firmly believed in human potential, firmly believed in his own potential.

Perhaps the path of knowledge-star wasn't the most combative, but it was certainly one of the paths with the most rewards, and the most enjoyment.

By spreading knowledge to gain more knowledge and power, then continuing to disseminate the newly acquired knowledge, in turn gaining more knowledge and power.

During his time in the Tirol Kingdom, he obtained many rare badges of the path of knowledge.

[Ancient Empire Legacy], [Master of Time Legends], [Outstanding Orator]...

Whether the Tirol Kingdom was a descendant of the Alamanni Empire was unimportant; as long as they believed they were, that was enough.

When Roland finished his nationwide tour and returned to the Imperial Capital, he saw the music hall reconstruction work continued round the clock.

Unfortunately, the new building wasn't a music hall but the Divine Court of Light.

Roland naturally understood Christine's reasoning.

Using the Power of Light to permanently suppress the dark fissure was an undeniable legitimate reason.

Though some knew the dark fissure had been dragged away by Milones, those informed wouldn't openly expose her.