Empress 651

Chapter 651: In the Name of the Empress

The South Continent is not a good place; it is filled with the Barbarian Race, with very backward development levels, and the wild is home to many strange descendants of races from the Age of the Gods.

Calling the various ethnic groups of the Rodinia Continent the Barbarian Race was a term from the period of the Magic Empire.

Today's Rodinia Continent is the pinnacle of civilization worldwide, representing the highest standard of humanity in the Seventh Era.

The South Continent is different; it truly is a land of wilderness.

To be precise, this land is very fertile; it is the people who are backward.

This place is insulated from civilization; it is a place abandoned by the gods, a fertile land coveted and divided multiple times by major nations.

Even worse, it has already been tacitly acknowledged by Roland as the domain of the Dark Race.

After Roland and Milones reached a secret agreement, it was tacitly allowed to be managed by the Dark Race.

But that was an agreement between Roland and Milones, the Magic Empire naturally does not recognize it, and from there it's all about proving oneself through strength.

The Dark Race was defeated in the Second Era during their struggle against the gods, and after a grim victory over the Divine Punishment Legion in the first half of the Sixth Era of the Magic Empire, it withdrew from the stage of history.

Both are playing the revival match from the loser's bracket, who is nobler than whom?

After a detailed conversation with Anthony, Lisa gradually understood why the teacher chose such a path.

Survival is the basic need of all living beings, as with ethnic groups, nations, and all kinds of groups.

Seeing the teacher's relieved yet conflicted expression, Lisa knew he wished to persuade her to join the Magic Empire, yet couldn't bring himself to say it.

After all, it's a road filled with danger.

If Anthony indeed using the bond of mentor and disciple to persuade, Lisa would be troubled, but would still refuse, given she wants to enjoy the newlywed journey with Roland.

But Anthony didn't speak up.

Though very difficult, even having to cooperate with the incompetent Talia Imperial Family and Nobility, he didn't use the teacher's favor to demand repayment from Lisa.

He finally couldn't bear the thought of the most promising disciple following him on a path of no return.

Anthony sighed deeply, stood up, went to the bookshelf, took out a simple box, and handed it to Lisa.

"Child, this is my wedding gift to you and Roland. This is a Magic Ring once worn by a Chief Governor and his lover during the most glorious period of the Magic Empire."

"Though its power is slightly inferior to a Divine Artifact, it has special effects; by placing the ring near the ear, you can hear each other's voice within a range of five hundred miles. Unfortunately, it's only five hundred miles; if it were unlimited, it truly would be of Divine Artifact Level."

Lisa quickly stood up and thanked the teacher.

This is a token of the teacher’s heart; refusing it would be too distant.

She accepted the gift, suddenly remembering Roland’s left ring finger already has the Violet Ring.

She needs to give it to him quickly, lest Alina takes the spot first.

She thanked the teacher again, originally intending to say farewell and leave, but feeling a bit uneasy, she quietly asked Anthony:

"Teacher, are you confident in defeating the Dark Race?"

Lisa’s words left Anthony slightly taken aback, then instantly, the old figure burst forth with an awe-inspiring brilliant light.

The towering old Mage suddenly straightened his back, exuding the majesty of a War God, his long white hair and eyebrows moving without wind, his eyes sharp as thundering lightning.

"If the Dark Race were really formidable, they would have ascended to the Divine Domain."

His meaning was straightforward; if you’re down in the revival match already, there’s no reason to put on airs.

Yet as bold and unyielding as a War God, Anthony’s majesty only lasted a few seconds before he withered.

Considering the Demon Emperor’s combat capabilities and the Magic Empire’s lack of successors, he could only maintain a tough stance.

The return of the Dark Race requires a long process; for now, facing Milones, the remnants of the Magic Empire are enough to handle.

What happens when the Demon Emperor arrives?

Should we rely on Sura, who couldn't even showcase talent during the Magic Empire period as a student?

Sura is clever, loyal, sensible, and considered the bigger picture—everything is good, except personal combat ability is weak.

It can be foreseen that as the return day's Level increases, many powerful races will emerge to play revival matches; among the strong who can survive to this day, which one can Sura compete against?

If Roland or Lisa were willing to join the Magic Empire, it would be great.

This is Anthony's wish, but he knows Roland's first homeland is Sussex, there's no way, he is the husband of the Queen of Sussex.

Lisa? Her heart would only follow Roland. Though somewhat offensive, it's as if she's a bonus accompanying a dowry to the Sussex Empire.

The old man silently grumbles internally, ultimately giving up trying to recruit Lisa.

Some things, once said, can't be taken back; better to hold onto mentor-disciple affection, maybe it can leave a spark for the Magic Empire.

Watching the teacher from bursting with confidence to returning to reality, Lisa naturally knew what he was pondering, and calmly asked: "Teacher, are you worried about lacking high-end combat power?"

In Anthony's mind, at least fifteen types of cunning and evasive answers flashed, but under the disciple's eyes as pure as flames, any lie couldn't be uttered.

Thousands of words turned into one.

"Alas."

The old Mage laughed self-deprecatingly and shook his head, "If only we could find the mythical Super Divine Artifact Eden, they say it conceals the Magic Empire’s last trump card. Or we could have a super expert like Roland too."

"Regrettably, I’ve considered every method, from now on it’s left to fate."

Lisa stared at the teacher and quietly asked, "Teacher, have you considered the consequences of failure?"

"Lisa, if one cannot ascend to divinity, humans will eventually die, what difference does a few days make? As for the Magic Empire... it’s already perished, failure is merely failing to restore the nation."

Chapter 652: In the Name of the Empress (2)

Anthony’s voice suddenly grew somber. He opened his mouth, ready to entrust the last ember of the Magic Empire to Lisa, hoping she wouldn’t refuse given their mentor-student relationship.

However, before he could speak, Lisa gently asked, "Have you considered every possible solution? Yet you’ve forgotten to ask your disciple to serve you."

Anthony was stunned, looking at Lisa in disbelief.

Her eyes glimmered with complex emotions.

After a long gaze, Lisa said softly, "Teacher, without you, I might only remain a skilled Chef, eventually unable to keep up with Roland’s pace, completely falling behind."

"Teacher, do you truly believe that culinary skills can capture someone’s heart?"

Lisa casually lifted her long hair, and Anthony noticed that the roots of her hair had turned crimson, a sign of mastering Fire Magic to an extent that transforms one’s body.

He was gratified yet somewhat regretful; if Lisa hadn’t been so persistent, her achievements might have been greater, but without such dedication, she wouldn’t have mastered Flame Control to the extreme.

Anthony laughed with relief, even having the mood to joke with Lisa.

"Certainly not, I’ve never seen anyone prioritize choosing a Chef as a lover."

The two exchanged a glance, and the cheerful laughter dispelled the heavy atmosphere.

Lisa lowered her voice, speaking softly so only the two could hear:

"Teacher, Eden is with me."

Anthony’s body trembled, his pupils rapidly contracting.

He was so excited that he stuttered, "R-real, really?"

But as soon as he spoke, he laughed, knowing such a thing couldn’t be a lie.

His breathing became heavy. After an indeterminate time, he finally laughed. His hearty laugh made the glass windows buzz.

All these years, his mood had always been repressed.

Worried about having no successor, worried that the Magic Empire had no hope, worried that the final return would become a slaughter for the Goddess’s return.

Now he could finally feel somewhat relieved.

Though the future was still uncertain, at least there was hope.

"Teacher, I've never seen you laugh like this all these years." Lisa smiled, infected by her teacher's joy.

"Nonsense, am I usually that serious?" Anthony deliberately put on a stern face.

"Teacher, your eyes have never smiled."

A false smile hung on his face; a genuine smile rippled in his eyes.

Anthony didn't ask where Eden was, since the Super Divine Artifact was in Lisa's hands, where it was kept didn't matter.

He quickly pushed aside the bookshelf, revealing the hidden study behind, and searched the floating library index in the void, finally finding the location of "Eden."

Reaching into the void, an ancient parchment scroll slowly floated up to him.

Turning to the first page, a line of small words caught his eye.

"Eden is not a blissful paradise, but a seed of hope."

With some reluctance, Anthony perused the scroll but finally gritted his teeth and gently pushed it towards Lisa, watching the precious ancient text float to her.

"Lisa, the Magic Empire's last secret is here. This scroll is the key to unlocking Eden's secrets. Take it and explore slowly. By the way, what position do you aspire to hold in the Empire?"

"Empress."

Lisa pondered for a moment before speaking seriously.

She raised her hand to stop Anthony from explaining, her eyes shining with unprecedented determination.

"The true golden age of the Magic Empire was under the Emperor's absolute rule. I admit the Governor system can concentrate collective wisdom, and it's better for civilization development in the long run. But in times of life-and-death crisis, collective wisdom often turns into mutual shirking."

"Even internal strife," Anthony helped her finish the unsaid half.

The Magic Empire was once so powerful that there were no opponents anywhere in the world, which is why their gaze turned to the distant gods and themselves.

Internal consumption was always the biggest obstacle to the Magic Empire's development.

"You're right, monarchy is a regression from the perspective of civilization's long-term development, but when decisions tough to make arise, if the orders come from someone wise, the effect will be better."

Under normal circumstances, Anthony, who grew up bathed in the light of civilization, would never accept such historical regression, but circumstances change.

If Lisa ascends to Empress, how could Roland idly stand by?

Anthony's old face gradually relaxed, as if ironed smooth. He felt emotional but spoke differently.

Ideal and reality are always vastly different.

After the Magic Empire entered a republican era, state power was divided among the Governors, but they didn't dare change the country's name. Just removing the surface remnants of monarchy cost too much effort.

"Sometimes stepping back is for better advancement."

Anthony could only comfort himself this way.

After talking freely with his disciple for a long time, Anthony finally asked the question he shouldn't have.

"Lisa, how do you plan to handle the Talia Imperial Family?"

Lisa didn't answer.

Silence is sometimes the best answer.

Although the whole of Talia was once the Magic Empire's territory, times have changed, and there are owners here now.

With the Talia Imperial Family still around, Lisa's ascent as Empress lacks legal grounds.

Anthony laughed self-deprecatingly, dispelling his worries, "You and Roland continue your journey; come back when you're tired, and there won't be any obstacles then."

Lisa nodded satisfactorily, but didn't forget to remind him.

"Teacher, your hands must never be stained with blood. In future history books, you will be the wise one who changed the Empire's fate."

After saying this, worried Roland was waiting impatiently, Lisa finally bid farewell and left.

Sending his disciple down to the Magic Tower in person, Anthony watched Roland outside the tower door, trying to maintain composure but betrayed by anxious eyes, feeling gratified yet melancholic.

It felt like an old father sending his daughter off for marriage.

Thinking of Roland having other wives, Anthony's emotions were indescribably mixed.

But it was mutual consent; Lisa herself didn't mind, so what could others say?

Did Lisa mind? Of course, she did, but there are too many things beyond one's control.

Walking out of the Magic Tower, holding Roland's hand towards Eden, she suddenly remembered when Roland first held her hand.

It was during a slippery snowy season, she accidentally fell, and Roland quickly grabbed her hand and pulled her, she then fell into his arms.

Recalling today, the accelerated heartbeat then wasn't out of awkwardness from nearly falling, but a sort of unexpected heart-throb feeling.

If she had realized sooner, she wouldn't have introduced those other women to Roland, perhaps they could have married long ago.

Work together at the post office, go home together, enjoying the busy yet pleasant life of ordinary people.

She also didn't know which life she yearned for compared to now.

However, as long as the wheels of fate turn, they won't stop.

As the keeper of Eden and the Last Emperor of the Magic Empire, she must lead the Empire through crisis and then relinquish power, or accompany this aging Empire to the grave.

Returning to the carriage, Lisa told Roland everything that had happened with nothing hidden.

Roland wasn’t very surprised, as if he’d already speculated everything.

Seeing Lisa’s confused look, Roland smiled and said, "What’s hard to guess? If the negotiations failed, you’d have been out long ago. Master Anthony couldn’t possibly harm you unless he intends for the Magic Empire to collapse now."

Roland’s domineering words might cause mature women from another world to laugh loudly, but Lisa wouldn’t.

She greatly enjoyed Roland’s protective and domineering speech.

In Roland’s arms, she murmured shyly, "I’m sorry, I made such an important decision without discussing it with you beforehand."

"This is the best choice. Rather than consulting me, I’m happier that you can make decisions independently."

That was Roland’s true thoughts.

A peculiar feeling surged in Roland’s heart.

Once Lisa ascends to Empress, there will be four Empresses in this world, three of whom are his wives and one his boss.

In the Name of the Empress, controlling the world, is somewhat of a subtle feeling.

Holding Lisa’s hand, he whispered, "Since your ascension needs time, let’s make the most of it. Start the journey from Talia, ending at the Magic Empire."

Roland’s words carried a double meaning, speaking of the journey’s plan and implying that soon the Talia Kingdom would turn into the Magic Empire.

"The Magic Empire has disappeared for too long; its glorious past is now legend, acceptance won’t be easy."

"To do good to the end, let me help you once more, the tour lectures on the glorious stories of the Magic Empire will start from the Eternal City."

Lisa lazily lay in Roland’s arms, softly asking, "What role do you want to play in the future Magic Empire?"

"Nonsense, of course, Prince!"

Roland laughed, holding Lisa tightly, and snapped his fingers.

"Tour lecture, start!"

Chapter 653: The Captain’s Sense of Service

In the Eternal City, at Venice Square, Roland is delivering a passionate speech.

On the surface, he is speaking about the glorious history of the Magic Empire, but in reality, he keeps hinting that the Talia People are the legitimate descendants of the Magic Empire.

His reasoning is simple: in this world, only the Magic Association and the Talia People have brown-black eyes and hair of similar color.

Other countries in Rodinia mainly feature blond hair and blue eyes, with flaxen and pale red hair as complements.

The appearance of the Talia People is very similar to that of the legendary Magic Empire people. Since they live in the core zone of the Magic Empire, and the leader of the Magic Association acknowledges it, they must be descendants of the Magic Empire.

As for the truth, no one cares.

Roland's tour of speeches began at the Eternal City and ended at the southern coast.

Thanks to his propaganda, more and more Talia People acknowledge they are descendants of the Magic Empire, not Talias without history.

The Talia People have very flexible bottom lines; they are willing to do anything that benefits them.

Roland is just one person with flexible bottom lines, but the Talia People as a whole are like this, no wonder they thrive amidst various storms and waves.

Not only do they label themselves with the Magic Empire's prestigious name, but they also maintain amicable relations through Lisa and Roland, achieving benefits from both sides.

The agreement states that they must not disrupt the existing borders of Rodinia's countries, which the Talia People have no psychological barriers accepting — they even regard it as a help to them.

After all, they are surrounded by strong nations like Tirol and Jin Yuan, none of which they can provoke.

Not altering the existing maps of Rodinia's countries is the foundation for the formation of the Rodinia Alliance, breaching this line is to challenge the entire system he has built.

The Talia People are quite shrewd and naturally won't be so foolish.

Their focus is on the South Continent, which was also once a land of the Magic Empire, and they consider the backward barbarians there easy to manipulate.

After Roland left, a frenzy of major nation ideology swept across the Talia Kingdom, with no one publicly or privately calling themselves Talia People anymore, but openly claiming to be part of the Magic Empire.

This sight left Sura stunned, and even Anthony was dumbfounded.

The mentor and apprentice were silent for a long time before finally returning to reality.

Conquer the richest areas in the northern and eastern parts of the South Continent, as the foundation for the Magic Empire's southward expansion, joining the Rodinia Alliance as a support.

If they can use their skills to secure a ticket to the new era, great; if not, then they'll firmly hold onto the big wig, and are still qualified to board.

Of course, they are not ingrates; if they secure the ticket, they will also take Roland, which is also the basis of Roland's personal negotiations with Anthony.

If they lack even this bit of sincerity, Roland wouldn't bother to negotiate with them.

After seeing Roland off, Sura took a deep breath and energetically began preparing for the southern expansion.

He felt grateful to Roland, luckily, with him around, Anthony the teacher wouldn't become too reckless.

The teacher's ambition has been ignited, so naturally, as the student, he must serve the teacher.

Anthony assigned all surface tasks to Sura but was determined to handle the secret disappearance of the Talia Imperial Family himself.

Anthony has a clear understanding of this student.

Outstanding abilities, good talent, greatest strength is integrity, greatest weakness is too much integrity.

"If only this kid had Roland’s flexible savvy, even just a third, no, a fifth would do!"

Anthony shook his head, dispelling the regrets.

Eliminating the Talia Imperial Family isn’t difficult; the challenge is ensuring the blood doesn’t spill onto himself.

Fortunately, over the years, the Talia Imperial Family has also made plenty of enemies. With some effort, it’s always possible to find a family they have persecuted nearly to extinction but not entirely.

Anthony thought expressionlessly.

This is a political struggle, not a dinner invitation, but a ruthless game where the winner takes all.

The Talia Kingdom originally had no qualification to participate in the final stage of the grand performance, but thanks to Lisa and the Magic Empire’s heritage, they now have that qualification.

Nothing in this world comes without a price.

It’s just that some prices are too heavy to bear.

...

"Lisa, nothing in this world comes without a price."

Facing Lisa’s curiosity, Roland calmly explained.

Just three days ago, they set off from Naples Port, boarding a luxury ship together with their carriage.

This made Lisa very curious because the captain had refused her request just five days before, causing a two-day delay in their Naples itinerary.

Fortunately, this city is a famous tourist destination, with sunshine, beaches, and blue waves.

They found a secluded stretch of coast to enjoy their harmonious world of two.

While hard to leave, the journey must go on.

Just as Lisa was struggling with how to find a ship to carry them and Eden, Roland intervened.

He took only five minutes to persuade the captain and even arranged for the ship to carry only the two of them.

Lisa was very curious about what kind of superpower Roland used. Did he reveal his identity to pressure the captain? But thinking about it, that couldn't be the case, because Roland was not that kind of person.

While she was pondering this, Roland calmly said, "Cash ability. Simply put, I hired the whole ship. This ship can carry a total of three hundred passengers, with thirty in first class and the rest in second and third classes; although there are many people, the ticket price is not expensive. I hired the entire ship and even negotiated a 20% discount; it's not a loss."

Chapter 654: The Captain's Sense of Service (Part 2)

Lisa widened her eyes.

She was somewhat confused about Roland. If he wanted to save money, why book the entire ship? If he didn't care about money, why insist on an 80% discount?

Facing his sister's question, Roland's expression was serious as he straightforwardly said:

"Because it's a commercial transaction, it must follow commercial logic. I don't want unrelated people disturbing our honeymoon trip, so we must book the entire ship. But booking the ship can reduce their

waiting time at the port, indirectly reducing their costs. Asking for an 80% discount is not unreasonable, right?"

Looking at Roland's serious expression, Lisa couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"You're still such a talker."

Roland also laughed along, "You used to always scold me, 'So good at talking, why haven't you snagged a pretty girl?' Now I've not only snagged one but also..."

The sentence abruptly stopped halfway.

If he married three wives abroad, his sister might be happy for him. But if those three wives included Lisa herself, that comment would be terribly insensitive.

He somewhat hated his quick tongue for saying everything.

Dammit, he would never say this in front of Sif and Alina.

Sure enough, Roland's words struck a nerve with Lisa; her face paled, and her fingertips trembled slightly, clearly extraordinarily angry.

When Roland was still a minor, Lisa would often pinch his ear and teach him a lesson until he understood.

But things are different now; she can't pinch Roland's ear anymore.

Even if Roland indulged her and didn't argue, it wouldn't be right anymore.

Lisa took a deep breath and asked softly: "Do you boast like this in front of them too?"

No sooner had she spoken than Lisa wished she could slap herself.

How foolish, why compare herself to them?

While she was conflicted, Roland bashfully smiled, "I don’t know why, some words tend to slip out so easily only in front of you."

"Because we’re family."

Lisa exhaled deeply, identifying the reason behind both Roland’s and her slip-up.

"That’s right, because we’re family. You’re my only relative and also my beloved, so your position in my heart is the highest!"

Roland quickly retrieved his previously vanished emotional intelligence from thin air and declared.

They are certainly family, even if these feelings have somewhat changed.

Both simultaneously breathed a sigh of relief, laughing once more as the earlier awkwardness dissipated.

Lisa’s mood was like the weather on the sea, fluctuating every second.

Just minutes before, it was a clear, cloudless sky, but now it had transformed into an overcast gloom, threatening rain at any moment.

Although with their abilities, a mere rainstorm couldn’t affect them, their clothes didn’t possess the hardiness of an Extraordinary Great Mage; they would surely get soaked, so Roland and Lisa had no choice but to return to their cabin.

Through the small glass window of the top cabin, they could see the waves growing increasingly fierce, the luxurious cruise ship Diamond Princess rocking like a leaf amidst the waves.

Lisa felt a bit unwell, so she lay in Roland’s embrace, closing her eyes to suppress her seasickness.

With her balance ability, she shouldn’t have been seasick, but these waves were indeed formidable.

Just as the two remained silent, a knock sounded on the door, faint amidst the furious sea winds, yet Roland heard it.

He opened the cabin door, somewhat surprised, seeing the captain struggling to hold onto the protruding handrail to avoid being blown away.

Roland quickly pulled the captain inside.

"Captain Robinson, why come over in such strong winds and waves?"

"It’s mealtime, and I noticed you two hadn’t come to the restaurant, so I brought two servings of seafood fried rice."

He awkwardly smiled, retrieving a lunch box from his arms.

Seeing the captain looking somewhat embarrassed, Roland was also at a loss for words. Though this guy charged hefty ship fees, his service mentality was quite forward-thinking.

Roland felt a bit more favorable towards Captain Robinson, smiling as he said, "Captain, you went to such trouble. With the windy danger outside, don’t do this again."

"It’s not dangerous."

The captain sighed, smiling as he explained, "I've seen greater wind and waves than this. Thankfully, under the protection of the Sea God, every time we've been able to turn peril into safety. Right now, these winds and waves haven't exceeded the red alert standard."

Just as the captain boasted about his sailing skills, a deep and long horn echoed from the deck.

The penetrating horn sound pierced through the gale and floated into each cabin; Roland and the captain both heard this distinctly warning horn.

The captain's expression subtly changed, clearly displeased.

"Which fool raised the alert level without permission? I'll deal with them later. Dear guests, no worries; it's now only a yellow alert level, merely a reminder to be cautious, but it's nothing serious."

"I'll need to go back to keep an eye on these rascals, you two enjoy your meal."

Since it's the captain's duty, Roland didn't hold him back but escorted him to the cabin door, speaking in a very low voice: "If there's truly danger, please notify us promptly."

The captain initially wanted to question what notifying them would accomplish with two landlubbers, but considering their generous behavior in hiring a carriage for boarding and even booking the ship, he recognized their status as nothing short of wealthy or noble.

Adhering to the principle of not offending major clients, the captain immediately offered a smile and nodded earnestly.

"Rest assured, ensuring the safety of guests' lives and property is the creed of the Diamond Princess."

Roland only half believed this.

If the Sea God appeared and claimed sacrificing passengers would ensure safety, how many captains could resist the temptation?

In this era, private ships removing their flags and hoisting the pirate flag for a stint as pirates during ocean travel was no longer news.

Chapter 655: The Captain's Sense of Service (Part 3)

Even regular fleets from countries like Sussex sometimes moonlight as pirates.

Even the direct subordinates of Haiyan Marshal have turned to piracy; everyone is pretty much the same.

The captain is only courteous because of the generous reward, relying on their professional ethics is a joke.

Even in civilized times, there's been the tragedy of a fishing boat returning with only a few people. In the tense environment of the ocean, the evil in human nature is only magnified.

Roland hinted to the captain that he was quite capable himself, hoping the captain would not take risks.

He couldn't pilot the ship, nor did he wish to swim hundreds of miles to shore.

Human nature cannot withstand tests, especially in times of danger.

The captain's judgment was indeed correct, before long the weather returned to normal, and the Diamond Princess didn't suffer too much damage in the storm.

Originally, this passenger ship was a standard large sailboat, but it was modified after earning enough money.

Now, the ship had not only a dozen heavy cannons but also armor plating on important parts.

According to Roland's discerning eye, the ship's firepower was nowhere near a second or third class battleship, but its overall combat power far surpassed that of an ordinary cruiser.

However, he did not care.

These days, the sea is full of pirates, encountering pirates at sea is not a good thing. Pirates who leave half your goods are considered goodhearted; the more ruthless ones kill all the men and take away the women and cargo.

Perhaps in the eyes of these cruel pirates, women are also a kind of cargo, premium goods for their brothers to relieve their desires.

With women around, they need not painstakingly study which fish mouth is smoother.

To make pirates retreat, one must be fiercer than the pirates; this is the creed everyone who makes a living at sea follows, including Captain Robinson.

This heavily armed Diamond Princess has safely returned over a hundred times out at sea, thanks to its strength.

The sea returned to sunny weather, Roland and Lisa came out to enjoy the breeze again.

The Diamond Princess sailed ahead safely, barring any unforeseen events, it would arrive at Adri Port in three days, docking at the largest port on the South Continent.

After earning this money, Captain Robinson would not skimp on his crew, planning to take the brothers to Curfew Cave at Adri Port for a good time to dispel the loneliness of the past period.

Just as the captain was idly content, even forgiving the first mate for raising the alert level on his own, the shrill warning whistle sounded.

The captain’s heart sank, he saw the observer on the mast’s hopeless expression.

He sighed deeply, seeing the flag signals from the observer.

"There is a fast-moving Eye of the Storm ahead!"

Eye of the Storm?!

The captain’s heart and lungs suddenly stopped, almost passed out with vision going black.

Ships escaping from the Eye of the Storm are extremely rare. As he knew, the last ship to escape was thirty-five years ago.

It’s over! The captain lamented in his heart.

He initially wanted to inform Roland, but thinking they were about to die, the intention to serve waned.

Telling this newlywed noble young master wouldn’t help! Would he be able to...

Robinson’s eyes lit up.

This noble young master might be useless, but his wife is a mage!

The Talia Kingdom’s most trending profession now is becoming a mage. Even wearing the white apprentice mage robe allows one to walk sideways, and this beautiful girl is evidently a mage.

Though she’s wearing casual clothes, the hem still retained the emblem of the Magic Association.

This is an emblem no one dares to forge.

In the past few months, three nobles and more than a dozen illegal merchants were sentenced to death by the Magic Association for forging mage identities, and the execution method was the brutal elemental explosion.

It’s said the unlucky victims’ screams could shake the whole city.

Robinson, experienced and knowledgeable, recognized Lisa’s undisguised mage identity.

Smiling more freely, considering the refined maintenance of this beautiful girl, she’s surely born of high nobility, not to mention her robe is embroidered with gold edges.

This is a true mage!

The sense of service reclaimed the captain’s mind, he quickly dashed towards Roland’s upper cabin quarters.

Chapter 656: I Shall Ignite the Storm

Captain Robinson’s sense of service has always been there, after all, Roland is a rare straightforward client, a super VIP that must be maintained with care.

Previously, he thought they were certainly doomed, so his sense of service faded.

With a chance to survive now, he certainly wouldn’t slack off.

In the VIP cabin, Captain Robinson made an effort to calm down and quickly described the emergence and danger of the Eye of the Storm.

Simply put, it is a very strange superstorm, seemingly controlled, specifically targeting new ships at sea.

Ships targeted by the Eye of the Storm are virtually unable to survive.

After hearing Captain Robinson’s description, Roland almost confirmed that this was a controlled storm.

He let out a sigh of relief and smiled to reassure the captain, "Mr. Robinson, leave it to me. You go down and control the ship well, calm everyone, and don’t panic."

Although Robinson didn’t understand where Roland’s mysterious confidence and strength came from, this confidence had still infected him.

He swiftly disappeared at the door, returning to his post.

Facing the anxious first mate and others, his expression was calm with a touch of disdain for their panic.

"Why panic? The esteemed guest said it will be fine."

The first mate couldn’t help but mutter softly, "Captain, do you actually believe the words of that young dandy?"

"You don’t have to believe his words, but his female companion is not ordinary."

The captain confidently made a judgment, "If I’m not mistaken, she must be a Great Mage. It’s said that mages can summon the wind and rain, very powerful."

Compared to the captain’s full confidence and the first mate’s pessimistic attitude, the second mate’s reaction was much more realistic.

He interrupted the argument between the two and softly advised, "We have no other choice now, we can only pray to the Sea God."

The captain also fell silent. The Eye of the Storm is moving, and it particularly likes to chase fast-moving targets, the faster it runs, the faster it comes.

He had issued the order to drop anchor and lower the sails immediately and ordered all sailors to hide in the captain’s cabin to avoid wind and rain.

Now he was helpless and could only hope that the female mage would display her divine power.

Of course, he did not object to the second mate's suggestion to pray. After all, most people instinctively pray to gods when faced with difficulties, even if the Sea God has long been asleep, unable to hear prayers, and never protecting any fortunate soul.

As the captain and sailors were anxious in the cabin, Roland's greatest concern disappeared.

While the captain and sailors feared the Sea Demon controlling the Eye of the Storm, Roland was not afraid.

He had even slain an Ocean General, so what was a mere Sea Demon?

His greatest fear was that this thing was a real super typhoon.

Before the fury of nature, humans are so insignificant.

A gentle sneeze from the ocean is a super tsunami capable of destroying everything to humans.

If it were truly a super typhoon, Roland could only pray for Halsey's protection, to pass through the typhoon safely.

Fortunately, it wasn't the wrath of nature.

Compared to the irresistible nature, ocean creatures, although mysterious, are really far inferior.

Roland turned his gaze to Lisa and smiled, asking, "Lisa, do you have any thoughts?"

"I want to summon a Flame Storm to force open the Eye of the Storm."

Roland: "...."

He was speechless, unable to help reminding, "Sister Lisa, what is our ship made of?"

"Oak... Oh, you're worried the ship might catch fire?"

Lisa's lips slightly curved, revealing a seemingly mysterious smile, "Dear brother, you know nothing about the vast Magic World. I am not only a Mage but also a Transcendent, the wild flames are as obedient as a little orange cat in my hands."

"If I want, I can even control flames to freeze the enemy."

Roland looked at Lisa with new respect.

Since the Battle of White Mountain, he had hardly seen Lisa in action, the few times she did, she displayed the wild power of Flame Magic, never demonstrating precise control over fire.

Unexpectedly, Lisa had grown to such a level, Roland was somewhat looking forward to her performance.

Perhaps Roland was too eager to see the confrontation between the Flame Storm and the storm, or perhaps the second mate's prayer didn't reach the Sea God, anyway, the Eye of the Storm's moving direction locked precisely onto the Diamond Princess, rushing quickly.

The captain observing the situation in the captain's cabin saw this scene and his face changed dramatically.

Even though the young dandy out with his beautiful wife made a promise, despite the young lady being a Great Mage, she was still too young.

Magic is not like other fields; even super geniuses need a long time to cultivate.

People always have a stereotype about mages, believing that age brings deeper accumulation. Just like seeing a young doctor always raises doubt in the heart, seeing a young mage also brings unease.

Such a young and beautiful girl, could she have obtained the title of Great Mage through connections or even other means?

If not for remembering the group of unlucky ones who impersonated a mage and were executed a few days back, the captain might have almost convinced himself.

He bit his lip, letting a sailor go up to notify Roland.

Just after issuing the order, he called the sailor back.

"Wait, I'd better go myself!"

He knew these high-standing young dandies too well. They may not be very capable, but their arrogance is undeniable.

Even if some young dandies seem approachable and kind, gentle and elegant, it is all an act.

They do so to want others to cooperate with their performance, to help them build a good image.

If someone really takes this approachable attitude seriously, they will certainly suffer.

Chapter 657: I Shall Ignite the Storm (Part 2)

Captain Robinson cursed under his breath as he braved the strong winds, rushing towards the uppermost cabin.

When he arrived breathlessly inside the cabin, he found Roland and Lisa leisurely sipping coffee.

Judging by their slightly flushed faces, it was clear they were drinking more than just coffee; perhaps even sharing a kiss.

The captain had no time to scoff, quickly explaining the dire situation to Roland and humbly requesting his assistance.

Just as he expected, Roland merely nodded lightly with a hint of arrogance in his tone, dismissing the captain.

"I'm already aware of the situation, leave it to me."

While speaking, he cast a "pleading" glance at Lisa, further convincing the captain that he was nothing more than an incompetent dandy.

The captain hurriedly took his leave, inwardly scornful of Roland, viewing him as a freeloading pretty boy.

Watching the captain leave, Lisa couldn't help but laugh, "Roland, you play the role of a dissolute noble so well, how do you do it?"

Roland chuckled, not saying a word.

Which transmigrator doesn't dream of being a carefree rich heir? The dissolute noble is many people's ultimate fantasy, although they won't admit it.

There's no need to act in this role, just follow the truest call of your heart.

Lisa changed into a special mage robe, casting Phoenix Feather, Floating, and other enhancement spells on herself, ready for action.

Roland also put away his smile, solemnly bestowing a variety of shelter blessings upon her, multiplying her damage resistance.

After repeatedly confirming Lisa's status, Roland led her to the front of the deck, where a heavy crossbow cannon was raring to go.

He cranked the winch, raising the launch angle of the crossbow cannon to at least thirty degrees, finally reaching the maximum firing angle.

Lisa stepped onto the giant crossbow arrow, spread her arms, and let out a soft cry into the storm.

For some reason, Roland suddenly felt as if he'd seen this scene in a cinema.

Without hesitation, he jumped onto the crossbow cannon, embracing Lisa from behind; the broad chest and hot breath leaving Lisa a bit flustered, almost responding to his passion.

A cold wind blew, awakening Lisa from her reverie; she gently nudged Roland, biting her lip as she softly reminded, "The captain's cabin can see us."

"Then let them watch!"

Roland leaned close to Lisa's face, softly saying, "Dear sister, if you jump, I will..."

"No, you have to operate the crossbow cannon, plus you can't glide, you'd fall into the sea."

Lisa, afraid Roland might really follow her into the sky, hurriedly dissuaded him.

Roland shrugged, said nothing, but obediently went to operate the crossbow cannon.

As the crossbow cannon fired, Lisa shot into the sky with a whoosh, the Phoenix Feather spreading, suspending her in the updraft, perfectly positioned right in front of the Eye of the Storm.

While Roland was cosplaying some playboy from another world, everyone in the captain's cabin was dumbfounded.

"Is this what the nobles of Eternal City are like?" The first mate couldn't help but mutter.

"Probably... yes. You know, their lives lack regrets, so they seek thrills. If it weren't for that female mage holding him back, our patron would have likely flown out as well."

"Oh, Sea God above, I completely don't understand what that powerful and beautiful female mage sees in our patron." The second mate couldn't help but scoff.

This time, it was the first mate's turn to argue back.

"Idiot, don't you think our patron is quite handsome?"

The second mate fell silent; he could maliciously speculate about Roland's identity and abilities, but he couldn't find a single flaw in this dandy's appearance.

The guy was like those timeless classic statues in Venice Square, full of masculine charm with features as exquisite as sculptures, a strong body, and an attractive smile.

Too bad he's just a good-looking waste.

In their routine bickering, both the first and second mate thought simultaneously.

Perhaps due to their initial stereotypes, or maybe since Roland let Lisa handle the Eye of the Storm while he stood at the crossbow cannon and watched, they had long assumed Roland was just an attractive shell, living a life of eating, drinking, and playing.

Ms. Mage, save us!

This was the heartfelt plea of everyone, from the captain to the sailors.

With everyone's anticipation, Lisa precisely grasped the airflow fluctuations through temperature differences, elegantly standing on the cloud's edge, letting half her red hair flutter in the wind.

A hint of a smile appeared at the corners of her mouth as she inexplicably recalled something her teacher once said.

"Lisa, a Mage must master a broad range of knowledge, learn as much magic as possible. Even if your Fire Magic is well mastered, if you don't understand Wind Magic, you can't give yourself the wings of the wind, and you'll never learn to fly."

Anthony wasn't exaggerating; throughout the long history of the Magic Empire, there have been too many Mages with severe biases in their studies.

These people were even hailed as geniuses in the early stages of Magic Civilization because they advanced quickly in their specialized magic fields, but they soon discovered the drawbacks of being a crippled Mage. Perhaps they could play an important role in wars, but they didn't possess the comprehensive abilities of a Mage.

Such Mages quickly became outliers and were reduced to jokes in the eyes of All Powerful Mages.

There was even a historical farce involving a Fire Element Holy Sanctuary Mage who couldn't fly; in fact, with the strong magic power and precise control ability of a Holy Sanctuary Mage, as long as they slightly learn magic and add the wings of the wind to themselves, they could ride the wind and fly.

However, Lisa chose the same path as that fire woman, thinking that her disciple would also become a Holy Sanctuary Mage unable to fly was a great pain for Anthony.

Despite his subtle and overt persuading, Lisa was unmoved.

In the end, Lisa couldn't bear to see her teacher disappointed and promised him that if her research in the field of Fire Magic encountered obstacles and her progress slowed down, she would consider studying Wind Element as well.

Anthony held great hope for this, since no one can continuously make progress, yet Lisa's rate of progress still left him stunned.

She was like a Flame Elf, freely soaring in the Flame Kingdom.

"See? Teacher, a Flame Mage might not fly freely, but I'm still a Transcendent adept in temperature control."

Fire Magic is violent and fierce, with the strongest attack power, but the downside is the worst functionality. However, the Temperature Controller brilliantly compensates for this.

Now, Lisa has long stepped into the Tier Five Realm, obtaining the "Scorching Flame" position, achieving a new level of control over flame temperature.

Even the smallest temperature fluctuations cannot escape her control.

She can easily deduce airflow changes through temperature fluctuations and thereby play with Fire Magic to exhibit the flavor of Wind Magic.

The path she insisted on finally saw dawn.

One magic mastered, all magics understood. Now she is no longer the ordinary Transcendent of the past who could only enhance cooking skills. As Roland said, star paths have no assistants; every star path practiced to the extreme becomes a main force.

She doesn't need to be anyone's assistant.

Now she is the brightest star in the field.

A Flame Storm appeared out of thin air, igniting the sea in dazzling brilliance.

Roland was shocked by this stunning visual impact, but upon careful observation, he understood the details.

Flames can't ignite the sea but can ignite the combustibles carried by the storm and the mysterious creature controlling the storm.

The Flame Storm swept away, and the originally violent Eye of the Storm suddenly became distorted.

Amidst the roaring winds, Roland vaguely heard a sinister growl from within the wind.

Clearly, the mysterious creature controlling the Eye of the Storm was injured.

Roland shouted at the sky without hesitation, "No need to capture alive, kill it!"

Lisa didn't turn back, only the corners of her lips slightly lifted.

She understood Roland's meaning, wanting her not to endure any danger, not even a little.

But she wasn't about to give up so easily.

The living Eye of the Storm controller is more valuable than a dead one.

As long as it's a carbon-based lifeform, it can't withstand the scorching of flames. Unfortunately, the cunning creature actually wanted to escape to the seabed.

Lisa smiled gently, thinking of a solution.

She pointed her fingertip toward the location of the mysterious creature, pressed hard, and the flames rushed towards the sea, forcefully tearing open a gap on the sea surface.

The mysterious creature revealed its true form.

It was a peculiar life resembling an octopus but with fierce facial features, very close to human features.

Roland felt his scalp tingling; deep within his heart, a voice seemed to roar, don't let it go back!

His gaze locked onto the giant crossbow cannon at the bow, the most suitable weapon.

Accompanied by a roar, Roland forcibly snapped the crossbow cannon, took out the second crossbow arrow, swung his long arm in a perfect arc, coordinated his whole body, and the crossbow arrow flew out like lightning, piercing the sea at the moment the gap was opened, precisely hitting the forehead of the mysterious creature.

"Thud!"

The muffled sound of the piercing was swallowed by the waves; the mysterious creature's eyes widened in death, body slowly sinking into the deep sea.

Chapter 658 The Secret of the Deep Sea Giant Demon

"What on earth is this monster?"

This question lingered not only in Roland and Lisa's minds but also left the crew on the ship dumbfounded.

They were all seasoned sailors who had seen all sorts of storms, yet they had never encountered a scene like this before.

Despite their confusion, the sailors began to cheer.

After all, the last known survival case from the Eye of the Storm was over thirty years ago, so they felt incredibly lucky to have survived.

When Roland returned to the cabin, he found the captain awkwardly standing at the door, holding a large money bag.

"Captain Robinson, what does this mean?" Roland asked with a smile.

"Honored guest, I cannot accept your fare."

Although Robinson was a bit embarrassed, his tone was firm.

His life had been saved by Roland, so he felt uncomfortable taking the money.

However, Roland just smiled and shook his head, declining Captain Robinson's offer to refund the money.

To him, this sum of money was indeed a fortune a few years ago, but now it was no more than what one would spend on a meal.

Can't ruin one's reputation over a mere meal charge.

Seeing Roland's refusal, the captain quickly changed his tune, "Honored guest, I know this money is just a small amount for you, but it's my insistence. Consider it a fee for hiring you to protect the fleet."

With the captain's words, Roland found it hard to refuse.

"Since you insist, I won't disappoint you. The safety of this ship, I will ensure."

It's still a few hundred nautical miles to Adri Port, who knows what misfortune might follow. Although Roland and his party needed a ship to cross the sea, the captain was willing to add an extra layer of security.

Thus, Roland embarked on the journey to the South Continent without spending a penny.

For the next three days, the seas were calm, leaving Roland somewhat disappointed as he had planned to show a few tricks after receiving the money.

During these days, he diligently sifted through all sorts of texts and finally found a creature similar to the Eye of the Storm controller.

Unfortunately, this creature was not from the deep sea but came from the land.

This common Fifth Era spiritual magical creature could control tornadoes on land to attack human towns, even causing the tragedy of city destruction.

Compared with the tornado monsters of the past, the Eye of the Storm controllers had significantly less power and appeal.

It's like a nine-headed serpent evolving into a three-headed one, each generation inferior to the last.

Roland drew both types of controllers, carefully comparing their differences.

Just as he was struggling to find any connection between them, Lisa approached, leaning against his cheek and pointing with a smile at the drawn creatures.

"They all taste good."

Really? Roland put aside his fruitless frustration and smiled, asking, "How do you know?"

"Soft-bodied, shelled, the taste shouldn't be too bad. If I'm not mistaken, they should taste similar."

Soft-bodied, shelled? Roland's brows furrowed slightly as he finally found the commonality between the two creatures.

Neither of them were vertebrates; they both had large soft bodies.

Only, the tornado monster from the Fifth Era had its soft body encased in a large shell, while the Eye of the Storm creature of this era was purely a soft-bodied animal.

With the imagery of soft-bodied animals appearing in his mind, Roland sketched out two simple concept diagrams.

This was his hypothesis of the intermediate form for the evolution of the two.

He once again browsed through the Encyclopedic Sea of Consciousness, searching for answers.

As he continued his lectures, expanding his reputation and knowledge, the encyclopedia that came with the Scholar's Path was continuously unlocking new content.

He could now view over 50% of the contents of this encyclopedia.

With such rich records, finding known creatures wasn't difficult.

Soon, he found the two intermediate forms, along with three branched evolutions.

The commonality among these creatures was their ability to manipulate Wind Magic, making them born magical entities.

After explaining to Lisa, Roland put away the encyclopedia and the drawings, ready to end this unsolvable topic when Lisa suddenly stood up.

"Roland, come with me to Eden."

Seeing her unusual expression, Roland said nothing and immediately stood up.

Inside Eden, there were thousands of plant and animal species stored, along with countless life backups ready to replicate a biosphere when the time was right.

In Eden, Lisa led Roland to the top floor and opened a secret room.

"This is the Eden library; there are many precious documents here, including catalogs of numerous life backups."

"Perhaps we will make new discoveries," Lisa whispered.

Roland's eyes lit up, this was exactly what he needed.

The catalog was indeed remarkable; it not only included the already discovered Eye of the Storm creatures but also many other element-controlling creatures, not just of the Wind Element, but of others as well.

However, a small line of text recorded at the end of the catalog caught his attention.

"No observed samples available, presumed extinct."

Presumed extinct? Roland and Lisa were bewildered.

Lisa murmured, "It doesn't make sense; those capable of creating a Super Divine Artifact are not ordinary people. Eden's original owner must have had profound knowledge of biological sciences, surely they wouldn't make a mistake."

"But how can something extinct reappear?"

Lisa was puzzled, but Roland had no doubts, "No need for doubt, they were truly extinct back then, but their reappearance now is also real, there's no contradiction."

"On the Third Day of Return, more and more monsters will surface."

Lisa's expression was complex; she softly said, "Roland, I originally intended to accompany you throughout the journey, but time waits for no one. After the voyage to the South Continent, I plan to return to the Eternal City. By then, the teacher surely will have arranged everything."

Chapter 659: The Secret of the Deep Sea Giant Demon (Part 2)

All arranged?

Roland didn't ask Lisa what she arranged; he just held Lisa's hand and gently comforted her:

"Whether it be a postal worker or the Empress of the Empire, you will always be my sister."

Lisa loved hearing this. Since they couldn't determine the identity of the monster for now, it was best not to worry themselves.

"One shouldn't give up present pleasures because of future troubles, my dear, this is your..."

Lisa's words were interrupted by Roland's kiss.

These were the words he had said before.

Tomorrow will certainly bring many worries, and if you worry today because tomorrow might bring trouble, life becomes unbearably bitter.

Let tomorrow's troubles be handled by tomorrow's self. Tonight, he intended to enjoy himself.

...

At Adri Port, the Diamond Princess was slowly approaching but got blocked by a patrol boat.

Standing on the patrol boat were dozens of armed policemen, which made Roland feel uneasy.

Sure enough, after inquiring about Captain Robinson's whereabouts, the patrol leader immediately ordered the officers to point their rifles at the captain.

He regarded Robinson as if facing a great enemy and harshly shouted: "Wind Demon Servant, you've hidden well, but unfortunately, Master Sage anticipated your arrival, you've been exposed!"

"Take them all away!"

Robinson nearly slipped off the deck in panic, but he quickly remembered his trump card and looked pleadingly at Roland who was watching the scene unfold.

The patrol leader also realized that the one in charge on this ship wasn't the captain but Roland, and he furrowed his brows, hesitating.

He didn't recognize Roland's identity but could tell that this guy was calm and composed, while his female companion was wearing mage's casual attire, obviously not to be trifled with.

After a slight hesitation, he motioned for the officers to put away their weapons and somewhat awkwardly saluted Roland.

"Honored guest, welcome to Adri Port. I hope you and your lady enjoy a wonderful stay here."

"The Adri police will not hinder your activities; please proceed ashore promptly. This ship is the only one that has crossed the Land Sea in the past three days. I suspect the captain is related to the recent frequent storms and he must undergo investigation."

The patrol leader then gave Robinson a stern look, the warning clear.

Roland regarded the patrol leader with a curious gaze, reassessing him.

Being able to quickly determine whom to provoke and whom not to is a talent.

Surprised that such a talent was merely a patrol leader at Adri Port, with the rank of captain, he was indeed underutilized.

Roland waved his hand, and a note flew out, drifting towards the patrol leader.

"Take this letter and serve in the Sussex Empire, Vladimir Empire, or Jin Yuan Republic, and I guarantee you a bright future."

The patrol leader instinctively caught the flying note, yet was taken aback by Roland's words.

He instinctively wanted to refuse but suddenly thought of someone, his body trembling slightly.

Young and handsome, with a stunning companion, daring to make such a promise at the drop of a hat, could he be the ruler of the Rodinia Alliance, Roland?

The patrol leader's breathing became somewhat rushed, his mind blank. He nearly accepted the invitation on impulse, but the refreshing breeze brought him back to clarity.

Would it really be a bright future?

Who would respect someone who switches allegiances so easily?

He took a deep breath, not even opening the drifting note, and handed it nonchalantly to his deputy.

"Honored guest, please respect yourself. I'm an official of the Nubian Kingdom and would never betray my country."

Roland shrugged, saying nothing.

In truth, he hadn't held much hope. After all, this patrol leader seemed to be around twenty-four or five years old, likely already settled in life and unlikely to switch jobs casually.

His main intention was to remind the other of his noble status, to deter aggression.

His objective was indeed achieved; the patrol leader no longer insisted on taking Robinson away but warned him not to wander off and to wait until the Wind Demon incident was clarified before leaving.

Robinson naturally wouldn't refuse; in fact, he didn't dare leave the port in the short term.

If the Eye of the Storm could appear once, it could appear again, and next time there might not be a mage lady to cover them.

Just as things settled and everyone dispersed, Roland, about to board the carriage, suddenly stopped.

He sensed someone approaching, and it was a super strong individual.

A clear voice came from behind, a young female voice.

"Lord Roland, Prime Minister of the five nations traversing the Rodinia Continent, actually enticing officials from other countries in public—is this how you recruit talent?"

"Haha, Miss Enya, long time no see."

Roland slowly turned around, looking at the plainly dressed, forest-auraed female druid, inexplicably reminded of her teacher, the Crow Sage.

Enya's raw strength could rival Angelina's, but in front of Roland and Lisa, it wasn't enough.

The Crow Sage was what kept Roland cautious.

A crow lurking in the dark, waiting to strike, was more terrifying than a claw-baring eagle.

The Crow Sage, initially not favored by the Judges, still achieved an excellent rank in the Battle of White Mountain, advancing to Tier Five.

No one knew what he excelled at; Roland didn't even notice him during the Battle of White Mountain, yet he picked a peach without a trace.

Enya knew Roland was thick-skinned and couldn't do much with him; she had to reveal her true intention.

"Teacher wishes to see you."

"Is it the Crow Sage? That's great; I've long wanted to exchange and discuss with him. Lead the way."

Seeing Roland quickly agree, Enya inexplicably felt something was off. This guy Roland always acted unpredictably, and she couldn't help but worry.

Chapter 660: The Secret of the Deep Sea Giant Demon (Part 3)

But she quickly breathed a sigh of relief.

With the teacher here, not even Roland would dare cause trouble in Adri Port.

She led the way in front, with Roland and Lisa following behind, all remaining silent along the way.

The three walked for a few kilometers and stopped at a treehouse outside the city.

"Lord Roland, the Crow Sage is just a nickname. The teacher's real name is Cyrus, you may also call him the Great Sage."

"Alright, I understand."

It's nothing to call him the Crow Sage behind his back, but calling him that to his face would indeed be impolite.

Just as Roland was about to ascend the treehouse, the trunk of the towering ancient tree gently opened, and a slender figure emerged from within.

"Roland, Lisa, welcome to the Mist Forest. I was occupied earlier and couldn't personally greet you at the port, please forgive me."

The Crow Sage gestured invitingly, warmly welcoming the two.

"Come, come, the dishes and fruit wine are ready. Let's eat and chat."

Lisa couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Cyrus, did you know we were coming?"

The Crow Sage couldn't help but chuckle, "I know a bit of astrology and was aware that esteemed guests would be arriving. Combined with Mr. Roland's travels, it wasn't hard to guess, right?"

"If you two came and I had no idea, that would be too rude. Please!"

The Crow Sage's reasons were ample, but Roland felt he wasn't telling the truth.

Roland didn't think much of it. After all, they didn't even count as partners, and were even enemies before.

The Nubian navy was completely destroyed under the combined strike of the Sussex Empire's Navy and the Red Clothed Pirates.

Though the Crow Sage seemed calm, who knew his true thoughts?

Entering the treehouse, it was a completely different scene inside.

The large tree, appearing to have a diameter of only three meters outside, was extraordinarily spacious inside, with a diameter of at least a hundred meters.

Space magic or a divine artifact? Roland leaned towards the latter.

Seeing Roland and Lisa only curious but not surprised, the Crow Sage's heart tightened, pondering deeply.

He cleared his throat lightly, smiling as he invited Roland and Lisa to the guest room.

The Nubian cuisine, already prepared, was served dish by dish, quickly filling the long dining table.

"I've heard Miss Lisa's culinary skills are outstanding. I wonder if you'll like the flavors here."

Nubian cuisine mainly consists of meat, barbecue, and flatbreads, with few vegetables.

Lisa professionally tasted the food, giving it high praise.

Nubian and Talia cuisines each have their characteristics, using stronger spices and flavors, but quite delicious.

With Lisa's compliments, the atmosphere at the table became much more harmonious.

Seeing Roland in a good mood, Cyrus tentatively asked, "Did you encounter the Eye of the Storm coming from the north?"

"Unfortunately, we happened to encounter it," Roland said calmly.

"Then you..." An unusual sparkle flashed in Cyrus's eyes.

"I killed the controller of the Eye of the Storm, which you call the Wind Demon."

"Killed?" Cyrus's surprise was evident, "Are you sure?"

"Very sure," Roland said solemnly.

Cyrus's breathing became a bit heavy. After an unknown amount of time, he slowly said:

"Roland, beneath the deep sea, the giant demon is gradually awakening. The ocean will only become more violent, and I..."

As Cyrus pondered how to continue, Roland asked solemnly, "What is the status of the giant demon?"

"Well, I'm not sure either." Clearly, Cyrus didn't want to continue the topic.

Roland was sure that Cyrus knew who the Deep Sea Giant Demon was.

He didn't rush to ask further but waited until Cyrus took a big gulp of the fruit wine to hide his feelings, then suddenly asked:

"Is it Sea Emperor Poseidon?"

"Yes, no, what nonsense are you talking about!"

Cyrus, choked by the wine, turned completely red, coughing fiercely but still desperately denying it.

Their gazes met, and sparks flew between them.

Clearly, the giant demon from the prophecy poem was indeed the Sea Emperor himself.

What caused the protector of the ocean to become a Deep Sea Giant Demon? Roland was quite curious.