**Empress 661**

Chapter 661: Between Two Slices of Bread

Cyrus was somewhat annoyed that a secret he had hidden for years was suddenly coaxed out by Roland.

His right hand slowly clenched into a fist beneath the table, and his nails instantly turned into pitch-black crow claws. However, it was only for a moment before he released his grip, returning to slender and elegant, white palms.

His hands were smooth as jade, not at all like those of a middle-aged man, but rather like a work of art.

Throughout the entire process of him secretly gathering power and then releasing it, Roland merely sipped his fruit wine lightly, as if he had no reaction whatsoever.

But Cyrus knew very well that Roland couldn't have been completely unaffected.

Cyrus felt a bit unsatisfied. Was there really such a large gap in power between him and Roland? The other party dared not to take any precautions at all.

Seeing Cyrus's slightly furrowed brows, Roland smiled and explained, "Mr. Cyrus, I may not be confident in defeating you on your home ground, but I have a good patron."

He raised his right hand, smiling teasingly, "If I encounter danger, I can summon Empress Sofia for a full-force strike."

Cyrus's face changed drastically, and he sighed deeply, shaking his head helplessly.

"Sorry, the pressure on Nubia and the Divine Court of Nature has been too great recently. You appeared out of nowhere without prior notice, and I had to take some precautions."

His reasoning was indeed quite frank, and Roland could understand.

After the Battle of White Mountain, the world's structure underwent tremendous changes.

On the surface, it was still the same countries, but the future leaders were no longer armies composed of ordinary people; they were the Transcendents.

The combat power of a Tier Five Transcendent could at least reach the level of Sofia before the Battle of White Mountain, and a Tier Six Transcendent could also cause significant damage to cities.

If Transcendents were not restrained, they would become mobile human destroyers.

So after the Battle of White Mountain, the Transcendents of various major forces met at the foot of the mountain and forged the White Mountain Agreement.

One of the covenants is that Transcendents shall not massacre ordinary people without reason. A small amount of killing is not restricted, but large-scale or gratuitous malevolent killing for entertainment will be subject to punishment by all Transcendents.

Covenant two, battles between Transcendents should be chosen to occur in the wilderness, away from residential areas. If it must take place in a residential area, the scale of battle must be controlled, and harm to ordinary people applies to covenant one.

Covenant three, in the face of crises targeting all humanity, the Transcendents should unite against it.

These three covenants constrained the behavioral boundaries of Transcendents and were acknowledged by all Transcendents.

In theory, Transcendents are unruly individuals, unlikely to accept such restraints, but they must accept them.

Because these three were summarized by Roland, supported by Sif and others, and fully endorsed by Empress Sofia.

Opposing it would mean thoroughly offending these top powerhouses, rendering one's path shut.

After the Battle of White Mountain, most Transcendents remained on the Rodinia Continent, believing it to be the main battlefield of the future, the most dangerous but also full of opportunities.

Multiple Transcendents also chose to return to their homeland.

They did not want to remain constrained on the Rodinia Continent.

Leaving Rodinia, one could be a small tyrant back in their homeland, better than being shackled on Rodinia.

The former takes risks, is constrained, but gains more opportunities; the latter gives up on rapid advancement, not even considering returning to the final stage someday.

Not everyone qualifies for the final act on the main stage.

If one cannot stand at the center of the stage, continuing the struggle has no meaning.

Sofia's awe-inspiring sword during the Battle of White Mountain cut not only through the White Mountain but also through the spirits of many Transcendents.

Their confidence shattered with a single slash, as they could never wield such a blade.

Without the prospect of scaling the peak, they might as well return home to enjoy life.

This self-destructive type of Transcendent accounted for more than a third of the total.

The Crow Sage, Cyrus, also chose to return to his homeland, but Roland knew he would not resort to despair. Instead, he opted to hold sway over his section, planning ahead, hoping for a decent showing on the eventual stage.

His earlier words were both an explanation and a kind of veiled apology.

After all, he had intent to kill Roland just a moment ago, even though it dissipated almost immediately.

Roland gave a slight smile, nodding to express understanding, "Mr. Cyrus, this matter is indeed my fault. Although I was traveling with Lisa, I should have informed you before passing through your territory."

Cyrus exhaled a long breath. Since Roland gave him a way out, he naturally accepted it with grace.

"Mr. Roland, you're too kind."

"Since it's a trip, may I offer you any assistance?"

As Roland wasn't here to stir up trouble, everything was easy to discuss, and a few more smiles appeared on Cyrus's face.

It wasn't false politeness; he genuinely wanted to entertain Roland well.

This was surely a distinguished guest.

Since Cyrus was willing, Roland naturally wouldn't refuse. He nodded and seriously said, "Mr. Cyrus, I enjoy being in the limelight, and I intend to give public speeches wherever I go. Would you be willing to provide this opportunity?"

Cyrus was stunned.

He had considered that Roland might ask for lodging, travel escorts, guides, or even travel expenses, but he hadn't expected Roland to request a platform for a speech.

He wouldn't reject such a request from someone else, but Roland's request left him feeling a bit uneasy.

"Mr. Roland, I really shouldn't refuse, but you should know, I am a Guardian of the Divine Court of Nature, and you are an Honorary Knight of the Divine Court of Light. Our identities are quite sensitive."

"If I wanted to give a speech in the Holy City or Holy Spring Square, would Christine agree?"

Cyrus's concerns were quite reasonable.

Religious followers are fanatical, and Roland's public speech could potentially lead to serious consequences. Even if no one caused trouble, Cyrus wouldn't want a heretic brazenly delivering a speech in the sacred land of the Divine Court of Nature.

Chapter 662: Between a Rock and a Hard Place (2)

Roland resolutely shook his head, then nodded, leaving Cyrus a bit baffled. What does it mean?

Roland smiled and explained, "If it's a religious speech, Christine certainly wouldn't agree and might even duel you. But I'm speaking as an individual, and not involving religious content."

He held up three fingers and earnestly said, "First, I will exchange sufficient secrets; second, you can review my speech outline in advance; third, in return, you can carry out missionary activities in my non-Faith in Light territories."

Cyrus stood up abruptly, and looked at Roland in disbelief.

"Mr. Roland, are you serious?"

"Very serious." Roland's eyes sparkled with a peculiar brilliance.

Cyrus pondered for a moment, as if using all his strength to say, "These are irresistible terms, I agree. But I will offer secrets of equal weight in exchange, not taking advantage of you."

"Oh? Mr. Cyrus is quite straightforward." Roland and Cyrus locked eyes, both of them laughing.

Bargains aren't that easy to gain.

The exchange terms Roland offered indeed outweighed the gains. The first two items are just appetizers; allowing the Divine Court of Nature to preach in his non-Faith in Light territories is the main course.

The Light District is Christine's forbidden zone, no one can touch it. What she can't chew, Roland doesn't mind trading.

He has no camaraderie with the Divine Court of Fengrao, not even because his switch to Light has caused tension.

Not friends, even potential enemies, Roland certainly wouldn't be polite.

The benefits he gave up are many, but they are empty promises, he doesn't lose. Cyrus also knows this, but he focuses on the future.

As long as Roland remains, the promise stays valid.

With Roland's territorial expansion, his non-Faith in Light territories would only increase, making the agreement promising for the future.

Cyrus doesn't mind taking advantage, but he knows Roland.

Those who want to take advantage of Roland usually end up badly, he doesn't want to offend anyone.

After reaching a cooperation intention, Roland throws out the first appetizer.

"Mr. Cyrus, have you heard those four prophecy verses?"

"Of course, Miss Christine is eager for the world to know she's conveying the Divine Oracle, who hasn't heard?"

He said somewhat dismissively.

The religious belief contest is a contest for discourse.

Christine's four prophecy verses are gradually becoming a reality. Once her conveyed "Divine Oracle" becomes reality, who can doubt her exalted status?

Other sects' believers couldn't help but waver.

The gods they worship are silent while the Light Faith Gods not only protect the mundane but can also convey the Divine Oracle through Christine.

This is hugely important.

Gods are mighty, but not every god is sufficiently generous.

Followers fear not worshiping evil gods but worshiping gods who don't refuse or respond.

Even if evil gods are willing to listen to their prayers and respond, it's considered good.

The strength and powers of the Three Goddesses are at the same level, but their response to followers is not at the same level.

Since Christine possesses the ability to listen to the Divine Oracle, attracting followers is naturally easier.

Thinking of this, Cyrus' face contorted in pain, and he couldn't help but argue:

"Although Miss Christine insists it's a Divine Oracle, the content might not be entirely accurate."

"'In the night, shadow tentacles weave the net' evidently targets our Divine Court of Nature's Dr. Crow, utterly ridiculous. Dr. Crow, although wearing a crow mask to hide his identity, does so at the cost of healing abilities through sacrificial rituals."

Cyrus, unwilling to accept, said, "If only because the Crow Doctor group hides their identity, equating them with other saboteurs, I cannot accept."

Though it's somewhat impolite to disparage Christine in front of Roland, Cyrus didn't back down.

He understands Roland, although a Knight of Light, he isn't religious, his essence is still a secular lord.

Saying certain things to Roland not only conveys emotions but doesn't completely lose control.

Seeing Cyrus' agitated expression, Roland motioned him to sit with one hand.

It's clear that while the Crow Sage seems emotionally agitated, his mind remains sharp.

While others assume Roland and Christine's interests align, Cyrus keenly senses their differences.

Facing Cyrus' questioning, Roland calmly explained, "Certainly not related to you. Although your Crow Doctor organization looks like a target described in the prophecy, it's someone else."

"Have you heard of the Dark Race?"

Cyrus was stunned, eyes bewildered, breath a bit chaotic, "Mr. Roland, please speak."

If the Dark Race can be mentioned in prophecy verses, they surely have formidable power. His complete unfamiliarity with them naturally makes him tense.

Roland sternly said, "Do you still remember Queen Sisi? She's an Enchanting Demon of the Dark Race."

"Enchanting Demon? You're talking about the Demon Race?!"

Cyrus stood up again, eyes wide open.

The news Roland brought challenged his perception, he strove to calm his emotions, gradually easing.

"Enchanting Demon? No wonder she captivates men so easily. Several young talents of the past generations fell hopelessly for her, even ruining their great futures, turned out to be those damn Demon Race!"

Roland shared information related to the Dark Race with Cyrus.

While he narrated, Cyrus wanted to ask questions but restrained himself.

Upon hearing the Dark Race's high-tier councilors dared to ambush Sofia in the Arctic Icefield, his face turned notably unpleasant.

Though the Dark Race's move failed, their astonishing actions and bold adventurous style still made Cyrus tremble.

Luckily these guys are far away in Tirol, far from him.

He exhaled deeply, relieved with a gentle sigh, "I heard you've settled Queen Sisi, truly worthy of you, so easily resolving the Dark Race crisis."

"No, the Dark Race crisis isn't resolved. Although Queen Sisi is dead, the Dark Race remains, even the space rift connecting the Dark Side and main realm was reinforced and relocated."

Cyrus' heart beat wildly, though he heard some of the Demon Race's formidable reputation.

These mad folks fought for survival space with the Goddesses' kin during the Age of Gods, despite being at a disadvantage, their power is evident.

If not for the unexpected appearance of the Three Goddesses, it's uncertain if their kin could defeat them.

He retracted his schadenfreude, concernedly asked, "Mr. Roland, with such hostile neighbors, you must have it tough, I'm willing to abide by the White Mountain Agreement, offer help."

"Mr. Cyrus, I appreciate your sentiment, but I probably don't need it."

Roland couldn't help but raise his lip corner slightly, calmly saying, "Mr. Cyrus, with such hostile neighbors, you've had it tough. I'm willing to abide by the White Mountain Agreement, offer help."

Cyrus was stunned, Roland this guy is actually mimicking what he just said.

He's somewhat irritated, such behavior indeed isn't very polite, but he couldn't complain.

While he felt displeased about Roland's mimicry, he suddenly thought of a possibility, standing up abruptly.

"Mr. Roland, you mean..."

"Yes, the Dark Race failed in the contention with Rodinia, they're no match for Sofia, resorted to plea for Sofia to stop. The final agreement results in the Dark Race retreating from the Rodinia Continent to develop in South Continent."

Cyrus almost spat an old mouthful of blood.

The Nubian Kingdom's territory spans Rodinia Continent and South Continent, although the wealthiest Sky City is in Rodinia, most lands are in the South.

If the Dark Race settles in South Continent, how should he handle it?

His vision dimmed, Cyrus nearly fainted, but managed to stand firmly.

A bitter smile appeared on his lips, he self-deprecatingly sighed, "Mr. Roland, if you have more bad news, say it all. I can handle it."

"There's another piece of news, albeit not entirely bad. Talia Kingdom is about to become New Magic Empire, their direction of expansion is..."

Roland took a deep breath, calmly said, "Southward."

Chapter 663: Land of the Forsaken or Land of the Blessed?

Cyrus felt completely numb.

Although he had been striving to enhance his personal abilities and organize the internal affairs of the Divine Court of Nature, the disadvantage of it being far from the world's center of civilization was not something personal efforts could easily change.

The Nubian Kingdom's attraction to young talents was still far inferior to that of the various nations on the continent.

The greatest dream of Nubian youth was to acquire skills and seek development opportunities in Sussex, Jin Yuan, or even the Vladimir Empire.

For them, Sussex and the Jin Yuan Republic, which had a greater focus on ocean development, were practically sacred lands.

In such an unfavorable situation of talent outflow, Cyrus was still able to rectify internal conflicts, allowing the weakest of the three major religions, the Divine Court of Nature, to not lose in momentum, which could be said to be quite remarkable.

However, the development of an organization depends not only on personal efforts but also on the changes in the international situation.

He was waiting for an opportunity.

Waiting for the chance when the internal conflicts within Rodinia left corpses strewn everywhere and the countries' powers were greatly weakened.

The fierce battle between the two camps in Rodinia last year had once made him think the opportunity had come.

Although he longed more for a maritime civilization like Sussex, he still insisted against the opposition on having Nubia join the Holy Alliance camp.

He did not have confidence in the Holy Alliance, but he trusted Sofia.

Besides that, he had no choice.

The Nubian Navy was ranked second in the world, and its ecological position overlapped with that of the Sussex Empire.

Joining the Freedom Alliance, even if victorious, would not yield the largest gains, but joining the Holy Alliance was different.

As long as they won the war, they would have the chance to replace the Sussex Empire.

He had calculated everything, except he didn't predict the war would end in a manner almost like a farce.

The Nubian Kingdom, which lost nearly its entire navy, became the real loser of this war.

That was also why Cyrus dared not offend Roland.

For the Nubian Kingdom to restore its peak naval capacity would take nearly a hundred years.

Of course, they couldn't sit idly for nearly a hundred years, so they ambitiously set their sights on the Southern Continent.

Although the people here were ignorant and development lagged, the place was rich in resources, with fertile land capable of supporting hundreds of millions of people.

Most of the Southern Continent had indeed been divided among major powers as colonies and protectorates, and the Nubian Kingdom had to race against time to seize the last blank territories while other countries were still recovering.

But were even these remote areas being contested?

This was shameless.

Seeing Cyrus's remarkable expression, Roland felt somewhat sympathetic toward him.

Sympathy was one thing, but in his heart, Roland was still more inclined towards Anthony and the Magic Empire.

Clearing his throat, Roland couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Cyrus, what do you intend to do if the Dark Race invades from the north?"

"Construct a defensive line along the Nubian River and hold tight," Cyrus said, somewhat exasperated.

Although he didn't want to appear weak, lying in front of Roland would only make him appear weaker.

"And if the Magic Empire advances south?"

Cyrus's face twitched slightly, but he still put on a brave front, "Talia Kingdom's navy isn't particularly strong. Even though our navy has lost its combat effectiveness, it's not difficult to fend them off by relying on coastal defenses."

"What if they join forces?" Roland pressed on without hesitation.

Cyrus's face changed drastically, deciding to lay it bare, "Mr. Roland, our country is, after all, a signatory to the New Continent Pact. Do you really intend to sit by and watch foreign forces annex us?"

"Of course not."

This was the attitude Roland was waiting for; he said seriously, "Your country is not only a signatory to the Continent Pact but also a member of the Rodinia Alliance, and I must be responsible for your country's security."

Cyrus hadn't expected Roland to agree so readily.

Despite his delight, he felt a tinge of wariness. Unsolicited offers were rarely free of ulterior motives.

Roland might not be a notoriously evil bastard, but don't count on him being a paragon of virtue either.

Fortunately, his actions still had some bottom lines; even if a price had to be paid, it was better than annihilation, Cyrus thought silently.

He asked solemnly, "What is the price?"

Dealing with Roland, one should never expect to profit; a small loss would be considered a huge gain!

Cyrus knew Roland all too well, knowing that those who tried to take advantage of Roland ended up with nothing but grass on their graves.

"According to the agreement between Empress Sofia and the Demon Emperor's representative, the countries of Rodinia would gradually withdraw from the Southern Continent. The existing colonies must be dealt with within thirty years."

"I am now Sofia's executor, so the countries I serve cannot violate her decision."

Roland's enticing voice sounded like a demon's whisper, "But you are different; you do not need to adhere to this secret agreement. Similarly, the Magic Empire also does not need to comply."

"Among the three forces, the complete form of the Dark Race is the strongest, your country is next, and unless a miracle occurs, the Magic Empire is the weakest."

Roland's words pleased Cyrus, but he still modestly exchanged a few polite words.

"Mr. Roland, you're kidding. Though the Magic Empire is currently the weakest, their foundation is the deepest, and as long as they can discover new Magic Crystal Ore veins, their potential surpasses ours by far."

After pondering for a moment, Cyrus slowly said, "I'd like to ask Mr. Roland to help make introductions. I wish to speak with the Magic Empire's representative privately."

Roland smiled and said, "I will arrange it as soon as possible."

Though Lisa could also make decisions on behalf of Master Anthony, Roland did not intend to involve Lisa in this matter.

The treacherous complexities of politics were too much for her, and Roland, having personal motives, did not want Lisa entangled too deeply with the Magic Empire for now.

In his view, the era of the Magic Empire had ended, now just a brief resurgence before the ultimate decline.

Chapter 664: Land of the Forsaken or Land of the Blessed? (Part 2)

Roland even disagreed with Lisa becoming the new Empress of the Magic Empire.

It was only out of respect for his sister that he reluctantly accepted this outcome.

Facilitating the Magic Empire's alliance with the Divine Court of Nature to deal with the Dark Race was his way of standing up for his sister.

But only this once.

He would rather secure passage on the ship to a new era for Lisa and Anthony than help the Magic Empire regain its glory.

Everyone has their own desires, and he is no exception.

Cyrus didn't hesitate much before accepting Roland's arrangement.

He had no other choice.

The Nubian Kingdom was caught right between the Magic Empire and the new Dark Race. If they chose wrongly, they wouldn't even qualify as pawns but would directly become the board instead.

After reaching a secret agreement, Cyrus placed no obstacles in the way of Roland's speeches.

He didn't even read the speech that Roland drafted but nodded in agreement.

He trusted Roland to handle it well, and he also trusted in the steadfast faith of the Natural Believers.

However, Roland's public speech still gave him a headache.

Half a month after the secret agreement, Roland's journey spanned from the northern Adri Port to the southernmost Ogaden Region, and his speeches caused a sensation even he found surprising.

He did not conceal his identity; this time, he chose to speak as the Imperial Cardinal Minister of the Vladimir Empire.

But he did not expect the crowd's cheers to be mostly for "Governor Roland."

After all, most of his achievements were made under the title of Overseas (Northern Rodinia) Governor.

Since the Battle of White Mountain, although he's done a lot, he has done so without seeking fame, and the public is unaware of his deeds.

Some even believed that since being kept by Sofia, his actions were far less spirited than before.

The public's cries of "Governor Roland" carried a tinge of lament for a hero past his prime.

Faced with public enthusiasm, Roland's schedule changed repeatedly, turning the originally planned week-long journey into one that dragged on for over half a month.

But even the longest journey has an ending.

The Ogaden Region was the endpoint of his speaking tour.

Choosing this place was also a carefully considered decision.

Although Ogaden is located in the central part of the South Continent, its ethnicity and civilization system remain part of Pan Rodinia civilization.

Tracing back thousands of years, the southern boundary of the Magic Empire at its peak was also here.

The borders of the great human empires in history also mostly stopped here.

Everyone did this, and of course, there are deeper reasons.

"So why are they unwilling to venture beyond Ogaden?" Lisa propped her chin in her hands, her curious eyes resting on Roland's confident face.

The Celestial City of Ogaden is the southernmost central city of Pan Rodinia civilization.

Though its population is only around three hundred thousand, it ranks among the top five large cities in the Nubian Kingdom.

Further south is a wild land, truly untamed.

It's said that even the radiance of the gods does not shine south of Ogaden, hence it is also called the Celestial City.

Since even the divine radiance refuses to grace it, the lands south of Ogaden have earned the fearsome moniker, "Land of the Forsaken."

The saying goes that there are no mistaken names, only mistaken nicknames. Truly, the southern part of the South Continent, south of Ogaden, is remote from the center of human civilization.

Here, there are no enduring nations, and most regions still exist in the form of tribal and factional alliances.

If someone else asked such a silly question, Roland wouldn't bother answering, but Lisa was different.

Even if she asked why the sky was blue, Roland would patiently explain and try to help her understand.

Lisa was no longer the postal worker who did not know the vastness of the world; she is about to become the Empress of the Magic Empire, having seen much.

She certainly knows that Ogaden is the boundary between civilization and wilderness.

Roland knows this is his sister's gentle way of giving advice.

Given his current strength, as long as he doesn't act recklessly, he can protect himself even if danger arises. Plus, with Eden, unless Sofia acts personally, no one can stop them.

Just by being cautious and not reckless, even with danger, it won't be fatal.

But for a young and ambitious person, saying "be cautious" is easier said than done.

Can someone still be called a young person if they're not bold?

Fortunately, Roland is past the age of youthful arrogance. He smiled slightly and said calmly, "Thank you for the reminder; I won't be careless."

"There are many reasons Ogaden became the dividing line between civilization and wilderness, including geography, culture, history, and ethnicity. It's not something that can be explained in a few sentences. If you're interested, this can be a story for the journey."

Lisa's eyes curved into crescent moons, looking exceptionally beautiful.

She smiled contentedly and said softly, "Great, the next city—or rather, the settlement—is still a few hours away. I indeed need an interesting story."

Roland's status and position are entirely different from before, but he is still the brother who listens to reason.

Lisa's gentle reminder prompted Roland to acknowledge it candidly, which, in a way, made her seem slightly unconvinced of him.

Relieved, Lisa poured Roland a cup of thirst-quenching floral water, smiling as she listened to Roland storytelling.

Roland's story was a long one, beginning from the Fifth Era.

In the early Fifth Era, the South Continent once entered the core circle of human civilization.

At that time, there were nations and civilizations south of Ogaden.

However, these civilizations faded away like the tide. Even the Alamanni Empire of old never ventured southward to Ogaden; their advance stopped at Adri Port.

The Alamanni Empire, although once at its height, never had a powerful navy. The land part of Adri Port connects to the main body of the Rodinia Continent, marking the southernmost point they could control.

Chapter 665: Land of the Forsaken or Land of Divine Blessing? (Part 3)

"I only know about the decline of the South Continent, but I don't know the specific reasons. In those days, the South Continent also had several civilized countries, including the Ivory Kingdom, the Ocean Kingdom, the Golden Kingdom, and the Sun Kingdom, which frequently interacted with the countries of Rodinia and had seemingly integrated into the circle of human civilization."

"However, they declined overnight. The books from that era only recorded events simply, without detailed records."

Lisa didn't like Roland's sigh and said casually, "Is it because they were abandoned by the gods?"

"Perhaps, but even if the gods abandoned them, they wouldn't decline overnight; there should be a process of chronic decline. Such a decline is just like sudden death."

Fearful of Roland becoming entangled in these thoughts, Lisa quickly advised, "We're about to go there, maybe we'll discover something new."

"True, I have a feeling that as the Day of Return approaches, the mystery of the South Continent's decline will also be unraveled, and it will be a very important part."

Roland temporarily put aside these doubts and continued to narrate.

After the Alamanni Empire, there was no hegemon on the Rodinia Continent until the Magic Empire appeared.

During the previous blank years, the southern border of the mainstream civilization circle was near Adri Port.

The once Celestial City of Ogaden had been abandoned for a long time.

The Magic Empire created a brilliant civilization, even bringing many tribes that were originally still in primitive society into modernization, but they also abandoned the southern part of the South Continent.

The Magic Empire did not believe in gods; they believed more in themselves, and they certainly didn't care about the term 'Land of the Forsaken,' yet they didn't move south, indicating that this place truly is a desolate land.

So what is the reason they were unwilling to go south?

Lisa slowly shook her head, "I don't know, and Teacher Anthony doesn't know either. He only said that the former Magic Emperor ordered a prohibition on southern expansion and designated this place as unsuitable for conquest."

This answer was within Roland's expectations; if Anthony really knew, he would surely tell him.

He smiled and said, "You already know what happened after that. The Nubian Kingdom, unable to expand northward, expanded all the way south, even once crossing the Ogaden Line and stepping into the Land of the Forsaken."

"I don't know what troubles they encountered, but they actually gave up on southern expansion."

Lisa said casually, "Perhaps a Divine Oracle? After all, only the will of a god can persuade fanatical believers."

Roland was stunned for a moment. He had considered this possibility during his brainstorming but quickly dismissed it.

Gods would not empathize with the lives of ants; if expansion were profitable, they would surely reveal a cryptic Divine Oracle to inspire followers to blaze a trail with their lives and blood.

Forbidding fanatical believers from heading south must meet one premise: heading south does not align with the gods' interests.

Disregarding the cost but still stopping, there are only two possibilities.

The first is that they believe there is no chance whatsoever.

This is obviously impossible; after all, humanity once created civilizations south of Ogaden.

The second possibility is that the gods are trying to hide some unspeakable truth.

Roland closed his eyes, lost in thought.

He didn't know how long it had been before, just as Lisa was about to fall asleep, he suddenly opened his eyes, remembering a loose end.

"The remnants of the Divine Punishment Legion!"

"They did not completely destroy the Magic Empire, but neither did they entirely fail; the last Divine Punishment War ended with a small portion of the Divine Punishment Legion defeated and escaping to hide."

"If I'm not mistaken, the Land of the Forsaken is where the Divine Punishment Legion is hiding!"

Hearing the name of the Divine Punishment Legion, Lisa instinctively felt fear.

After all, they are a super legion capable of destroying even the Magic Empire, a strength beyond Lisa's imagination.

No one knows how much of the Divine Punishment Legion's remnants are left, or what they've evolved into over the years.

She suddenly sat up straight, her voice trembling, "Roland, let's turn back, the South Continent is not suitable for traveling."

"No, I think it's very suitable, too suitable."

A flicker of killing intent flashed in Roland's eyes, "On the Day of Return, all beings are equal, and the combat power of the remnants of the Divine Punishment Legion is also suppressed by the Supreme Law, unable to exert themselves. This is the best time to eliminate them."

Chapter 666: Pulling Back from the Brink

Although it was just speculation, Roland vaguely felt that this was very close to the truth, and he even thought that the fourth line of the prophecy poem referred to this hidden Divine Punishment Legion.

Unlike Christine's wishful thinking, Roland's conjecture was well-founded.

Although Christine considered herself devout, there were countless others who were more devout than her. The path of fanatics was the most competitive in this era, without even needing to add more to it.

Roland remembered the world before he crossed over. Even without gods, there were still people who would give everything for faith.

The Theia Plane truly had gods, and when real zealots became fervent, even Christine would be afraid.

The line in the prophecy, "In the Divine Hall, devout believers sing epic hymns," might not necessarily refer to Christine.

Roland didn't know if this was a good thing or a bad thing, but he knew that if the devout believer in the prophecy wasn't Christine, her psychological defenses would certainly collapse.

He had to find out the answer first.

Let's first determine the location of the Divine Punishment Legion.

Roland and Lisa left the Ogaden Region, heading southward, crossing the Oga River, and entering the South Continent in the true sense.

This was the territory of the centaurs.

Although Roland had seen this magical and distorted race in the foreign legion of the Jin Yuan Kingdom, and witnessed their heroic bearing galloping across the plains, compared to the native centaurs of the South Continent, the centaurs of the Jin Yuan Kingdom still seemed overly civilized.

Just as they entered the South Continent, Roland encountered centaurs blocking the way.

Hundreds of centaurs came roaring, trampling the knee-high grasslands with earth-shattering force.

Roland and Lisa curiously poked their heads out of the carriage to observe these reckless creatures.

They didn't care about these creatures, only curious about the marching style of the native centaurs.

After a brief observation, Roland revised his evaluation of them from "disorderly" to "wild beauty."

They didn't maintain cavalry formations while running at high speeds, more like wildebeest herds galloping across the prairie.

Chaotic yet without collision, loose yet not affecting speed.

They achieved the best effect with the most chaotic formation.

Filled with the wild beauty of nature.

Roland marveled silently, thinking of an inappropriate example: the centaur mobile units raised by the Jin Yuan Kingdom were like domesticated and specialized large dog breeds, impressively combative but unable to survive in the wild.

If the centaurs of the Jin Yuan Kingdom were sent back to the vast grasslands of the South Continent, they would also not survive.

They had become accustomed to living with humans, merely returning to a half-cooked barbaric lifestyle would make those urbanized centaurs suffer terribly.

No fireplaces in winter, no pools to cool off in summer, it was simply unbearable for them.

These centaurs were different; they wore simple burlap and pelts to cover their bodies, while the high-status chieftain centaurs wore a set of tattered chain armor scavenged from somewhere.

Compared to the urbanized centaurs, their equipment was as shabby as beggars.

But Roland vaguely felt that an equal number of urbanized centaurs simply weren't a match for these wild centaurs.

A wild tribe losing its wildness loses its most significant characteristic.

Roland curiously observed them, and Lisa was also scrutinizing these fellows.

The Centaur Leader raised his hooves, preparing to launch a deadly charge when he suddenly saw the unicorn horns atop the four white horses pulling the carriage.

He hesitated, abruptly halting his hooves and at the same time commanding his clansmen, who were charging forward, to stop.

Although he didn't recognize unicorns, intuition told him that these horned white horses were not to be trifled with.

The white horses were not to be trifled with, nor were the northern humans who could harness the white horses.

The Centaur Leader raised his hands to stop his clansmen and, after a brief hesitation, swiftly approached Eden.

He raised his empty hands and let out a powerful, resonant cry to indicate he bore no hostility.

Roland was somewhat surprised. These fellows clearly initially intended to intercept, so why the sudden change of heart, for what reason?

It certainly wasn't to give face to him and Lisa.

In the eyes of these wild tribes, isolated humans who strayed into their territory were like sheep delivered to their doorsteps, with no reason not to be robbed.

The only thing that can civilize barbarians is power.

"It seems it's because of the unicorns," he murmured softly, suddenly realizing.

Bloodline suppression is ingrained in life's bones.

A big dog would also fear a little tiger, roughly in this way.

Ordinary centaurs' intelligence is between that of humans and animals, but Centaur Leaders often possess intelligence close to humans.

They are not fully enlightened, but under the guidance of the tribe's wise men, they barely touch the edge of human civilization.

The Centaur Leader chuckled, trying to shout to Roland.

Unfortunately, Roland only understood a little of the centaur language, not enough to communicate.

Seeing the communication barrier, Roland had a flash of inspiration and shouted in Jin Yuan Language.

"Friend, can you understand what I'm saying?"

The Centaur Leader's smile froze on his face. Clearly, he understood, but the Jin Yuan Language struck a sore spot.

In that brief moment, many images flashed through Roland's mind.

There were many special groups raised by the Jin Yuan Kingdom that came from outside the Rodinia Continent, including centaurs.

Roland had perused notes left by Alina's father, Mr. Carlo, which only briefly mentioned the taming of centaurs, with no detailed process.

Yet even these simple records inadvertently revealed much conflict of interest and bloodshed.

For dogs, being with humans is a step backward, but for wolves, it is a leap in status.

Dogs are wolves with rank, wolves are dogs waiting to come ashore.

This is reality.

Well-fed human writers often love to extol the beauty of wildness, unaware that the greatest wish of intelligent wild life is to eat every meal to satiety and sleep peacefully every night.

Chapter 667: Turning Back at the Brink (Part 2)

A proud lone wolf never becomes a dog, unless offered endless egg tart.

Centaurs are smarter than wolves, and of course, they long for a better life.

Those centaurs who go to the Jin Yuan Kingdom to enjoy good food and drink, if given the chance to return home, will naturally flaunt the sturdy armor, gourmet food, and fine wine they received from their masters.

The scars on their buttocks from being harshly whipped for not meeting their masters' demands, they naturally cover up tightly.

In a place where communication is mostly shouting, a returning sleek horse often receives envious glances from the local rough horses.

In the quiet of the night by the small river, mare admirers might even eagerly throw themselves into their arms.

Centaurs are also intelligent beings, and the famous scenes in human society play out among them as well.

Roland quickly imagined in his mind a melodramatic TV series called "Grassland Horses in Golden Kite" and then the centaur leader's attitude didn't seem strange to him anymore.

He smiled and greeted the centaur leader.

"Chiron race friends, we are just passing by. The Jin Yuan language I spoke earlier I learned during my travels in the north, and if it offended you, please forgive me."

Chiron race friends?

This address slightly eased the centaur leader's expression.

Although they also have hooves, they also have somewhat rough but distinct hands different from cattle and horses.

These hands are also their qualifying standard for human certification.

As high-level horses that have separated from cattle and horses, the last thing they want is to be called centaurs.

Chiron is a revered term for centaur heroes in mythological legends.

Calling centaurs Chiron is akin to calling humans "children of God."

No one resists flattering words, and centaurs are no exception.

The centaur leader visibly relaxed, and he smiled and responded to Roland in clumsy Jin Yuan language.

"Honored northern traveler, I am Ironhoof Tolsen of the Tolsen Tribe, welcome to the Tolsen Grassland."

"Human traveler, you are bathed in the radiance of wisdom. If you could visit our tribe, it would be our honor."

The Tolsen Grassland, adjacent to Ogaden, is the front line and the place most exposed to northern civilization.

Although the mainstream civilized zone generally divides the South Continent into two regions along the Ogaden River, the South Continent south of Ogaden is vast and not much smaller than the western Rodinia Continent in terms of area.

Even among the Barbarian Race, there are differences; the closer to the Ogaden Line, the higher the degree of civilization enlightenment.

The Tolsen centaurs are clearly a highly enlightened group, and the centaur leader's ability to observe and understand is very close to humans from the civilized world.

To make an accurate judgment at the sight of a unicorn and to "pull back before it's too late" to nip any criminal intent in the bud is considered quite outstanding even among humans in the civilized world.

Since Mr. Ironhoof extended the invitation, Roland had no reason to refuse.

Even if faced with ten thousand centaurs, they wouldn't stand a chance against him backed by Eden, so this rare opportunity to understand the true situation of the centaurs was not to be missed.

Ironhoof guided the way ahead, with Eden disguised as a carriage following, advancing another thirty miles until finally reaching Tolsen... village?

Though Mr. Ironhoof proudly called his home the Tolsen Metropolis, in Roland's eyes, it just barely qualified as a village.

In Sussex or Jin Yuan, this level of a town only had a sheriff and an administrative officer, and sometimes neither a tax office nor a permanent post office, and no direct highways, thus categorizing it as a third-class town.

First-class towns are smaller cities, second-class towns are between rural and urban areas, and third-class towns are large villages.

Upon hearing the name Tolsen Metropolis, Lisa quickly retreated back into the carriage, dropped a sound insulation barrier, and couldn't help but lean back and forth laughing.

Backwardness is not scary; what is scary is not realizing one's backwardness.

Lisa seldom laughed at others, but this time was an exception.

Roland didn't burst out laughing like Lisa; instead, he stepped down from the carriage and, introduced by Captain Ironhoof, curiously appreciated the centaur architecture.

In fairness, it was very crude, but Roland's gaze was full of admiration.

This large village built by the Tolsen centaurs through their own skills, along with the surrounding satellite villages, housed tens of thousands of people. In centaur society, it was indeed metropolis-level.

This "metropolis" boasted an architectural style entirely different from northern human civilization.

Though less glamorous than the autonomous region of centaurs in the Jin Yuan Kingdom, which was built according to human aesthetics, here was the standard centaur aesthetic.

When humans design cities for centaurs, many traces of human thinking remain, whereas self-built centaur cities are completely different.

Centaurs naturally do not need to consider human aesthetics; they only need to satisfy themselves.

First, let's talk about housing construction.

Located in the tropics, the Ogaden Line experiences high temperatures year-round, with extreme cold temperatures still above seven to eight degrees, and no frost period all year long. Although it's challenging to efficiently develop agriculture due to different rainy and hot seasons, planting potatoes and yams in the spring provides ample roots to eat in the autumn.

Because it's not cold and there's little wind, wind shielding needs are low, and all walls except load-bearing walls are removable.

Because centaurs have four legs, climbing stairs is a torment for them, so they use spiral ramps rather than stair-type steps to go to the second floor.

Watching centaur children happily chase each other on the spiral ramps, Roland thought of a toy called a merry-go-round.

Chapter 668: Turning Back at the Brink (Part 3)

This kind of spiral ramp in human society would be nothing less than a hazard for the old, weak, women, and children. In winter, it's particularly slippery—this is the difference between human architecture and Centaur architecture.

This difference is reflected in all aspects.

As Roland toured around, he marveled at the wisdom of the Centaurs.

They might not be as intelligent as average humans, they may not have received education, have carpenters, masons, and even saws are rare, but they have managed to build a...

Metropolis!

After seeing the public restrooms and sewage system, Roland acknowledged this term.

A willingness to meticulously craft the unseen details, this is civilization.

Roland recalled the scenes when he surveyed the remote areas of the Jin Yuan Kingdom and Sussex Country.

Toilets? What toilets? Isn't relieving oneself addressed as it comes?

Remembering that small town in Jin Yuan which turned into a waterlogged mess after torrential rain, where falling into the water meant swimming amid filth, Roland's evaluation was that it was not even as discerning as the Centaurs.

Reading ten thousand books and traveling ten thousand miles are both ways to broaden one's horizons.

Without coming in person, Roland could never imagine that south of the Ogaden Line, there was a group of "Four-legged Barbarian Race" creating civilization in their own way.

A tribe aspiring towards civilization deserves a wonderful tomorrow.

When Roland conversed with Ironhoof, the term Chiron gradually became a habit rather than a compliment.

Mr. Ironhoof had a keen sense of observation, able to detect Roland's emotional changes. In his pride, he was somewhat embarrassed, rubbing his big hands and grinning modestly:

"Northern traveler, you must be joking. You've been to big cities like Sussex City, West City, Saint Rurik Palace, and you must find our countryside place backward."

Roland, with a serious face, said earnestly: "Mr. Ironhoof, when humans first descended from the trees, they couldn't even make fire or cook. No one is born civilized. In my view, this city is worthy of being called a metropolis."

"The Chiron Race fully deserves to stand in the Civilized World."

Roland was not flattering, yet Ironhoof blushed, smiled awkwardly, scratched his head, and, taking advantage of the harmonious atmosphere, hastened to apologize to Roland.

"Honorable traveler, in fact, I initially wanted to collect a toll, but seeing your extraordinary skills, I gave up such a stupid idea. I hope you can forgive my rudeness."

He believed Roland could see through their initial malice, so he decided to speak openly.

Some things, if left unsaid, become thorns in the heart; once said, they often just result in mutual smiles.

Roland looked at Ironhoof with newfound respect.

Toll? It was clearly robbery, yet he could use such a sophisticated term—worthy indeed of an official in charge of external affairs.

But he wasn't angry.

After all, who hasn't indulged in a bit of robbery before?

The Sussex Empire, spanning over twenty overseas territories across many time zones, wasn't gained by mere negotiation; it was all taken from the hands of the indigenous peoples.

Roland felt more goodwill towards Ironhoof. Smiling, he said, "Since it's about borrowing the road, collecting a bit of toll seems reasonable. I'm curious, how much were you originally planning to collect?"

Ironhoof's old face flushed slightly red, he chuckled and said, "Your wagon is of considerable value, so I was intending to charge 100 Nubian Dinars or 50 Su Pounds."

That really is quite steep, but Roland thought he couldn't say anything.

Compared to murder and robbery, the Tolsen tribe still had some standards.

"I can give you 100 Su Pounds, but I want to know where you spend your money. I noticed earlier that in the tribe, only a few esteemed elders and women with children have clothes, while others just cover themselves with animal hides for modesty."

Roland's gaze fell on Ironhoof, the implication obvious—even as an official for external affairs, his clothes were ragged, showing that their living conditions were quite poor.

"Pots, iron pots. Pots are very expensive, but they are essential. Apart from that, there's salt, and these things are really too costly."

Ironhoof laughed in embarrassment, quickly explained.

Roland suddenly understood, iron pots and salt are indeed life necessities that surpass what's available to these primitive societal levels.

With iron pots and salt, they could stably cook cooked food. Access to quality protein allows brain development to continue, ensuring a future for them.

As to why pots are expensive, it's naturally because middlemen earn a cut.

After pondering for a moment, Roland seriously said, "If you have iron ore, I can refine it on the spot and make you three thousand large pots and more small pots."

"How, how many?" Ironhoof was so shocked his four legs went limp, he could hardly believe the number.

His breathing became somewhat erratic.

Roland shook his head with a smile, "I see your tribe has at least fifty to sixty thousand people, three thousand large pots might even be a bit too few."

"It's enough!"

Ironhoof suddenly spread his limbs, with all four hooves and a fifth foot hidden by his leather garment touching the ground simultaneously.

This was the highest form of Centaur etiquette—five-body prostration.

Chapter 669: Your Time Is Extremely Precious

The difficulty of making a batch of pots is not particularly high or low.

Built to the standards of rebuilding after the world's destruction, Eden is an end-times paradise that resembles a small city. It has both ecological preservation zones to save various species and industrial parks that can accomplish basic industrial production.

Pots are crucial daily industrial products, and Eden has ready-made production molds.

If it weren't for concerns about drawing too much attention, Roland could make this batch of pots in just a day.

Roland stayed with the Tolsen Tribe for five days before presenting the batch of iron pots that were enough to change their lives to the eagerly waiting centaurs.

Seeing the neatly arranged pots there, the Tolsen Tribe's chief and elders were dumbfounded.

"This is simply a miracle! Praise the great gods!"

The centaurs also have beliefs in native deities, the Mother Earth.

Although no one has ever seen this elusive deity, people need some spiritual support to live. Other tribes have gods watching over them, and if you don't, wouldn't that make you look foolish?

Lisa reluctantly accepted Roland's explanation.

Before becoming a Mage, she too followed the crowd in worshiping Feng Rao, often attending services at the Divine Court of Fengrao.

Though the gods never responded to any of her requests, her faith remained strong.

But Mages never believe in gods; they only believe in their own ability to ascend to godhood.

Without believing in deities, Lisa's worldview became noticeably broader, and the vastness of the Magic World made her realize how muddled she used to be.

But these thoughts were far too profound for the centaurs, who had become accustomed to worshiping the Mother Earth.

And the Mother Earth indeed left quite a few relics and knowledge, proving she was a powerful existence that truly lived.

According to Roland's estimate, Mother Earth should have been a powerful being that rose during the Fourth Era, though whether she had the chance for a final comeback remains unknown.

Three thousand pots were a mere hand gesture for Roland, but to the Tolsen Tribe, they were a gift that changed the fate of their future.

Although Roland claimed it was fate and asked for nothing in return, the Tolsen centaurs were unwilling to accept kindness without repaying it.

The teachings left by Mother Earth required them to reciprocate every good deed.

After discussing, the chief and elders decided to open the Mother Earth's relic to Roland and allow him to take a holy artifact if he was destined to do so.

Roland initially wanted to express disinterest, but seeing the centaurs' sincere yet pained expressions, he couldn't refuse.

He couldn't very well say that their most cherished items were trash.

He could only express with high emotional intelligence that visiting was fine and whether to take something would depend on fate.

"This is a gift Mother Earth left for you, I don't wish to shamelessly possess it."

The Tolsen Tribe sent their eldest elder to accompany Roland into the underground relic known as the Heart of the Earth.

The centaurs had some opinions about Lisa wanting to follow, after all, according to their logic, women are not qualified to appear in formal occasions, but Lisa crushed their doubts with a single question.

"Could you tell me, is Mother Earth male or female?"

The centaurs fell silent.

They had never considered the issue from this angle before, but Lisa's blow left them unable to refute.

They couldn't very well say Mother Earth was a "dad mom," could they?

The accompanying Rock Elder was over 130 years old.

This age in a centaur race with an average lifespan under forty is practically an immortal existence.

Though the old fellow's hair appeared white, his spirit was still quite sharp and his speech was clear, looking as though he could live much longer.

Before entering the relic, Roland smiled and asked him for longevity secrets, to which the Rock Elder replied without hesitation:

"Eat more meat, drink more wine, enjoy young companions like the young do."

Lisa was dumbfounded, and Roland laughed heartily.

Eating more meat, drinking more wine, and sleeping with more women may not guarantee longevity, but the old fellow genuinely had a healthy and happy mindset.

Lisa instinctively categorized the Rock Elder as an old scoundrel who had not repented, even considering advising Roland to stay away from such unreliable characters.

But she also thought that being able to eat meat and drink large cups of wine at an advanced age is a happiness in itself, thus softening her disdain for the old man.

The Rock Elder had no name; he used the tribe's name as his surname and "Rock" as his name, but in the tribe, he's called the Earth Elder.

In Roland's presence, he dared not use that title and insisted Roland call him "Rock."

"Rock Sage, are you sure this is Mother Earth's relic?"

Lisa finally couldn't resist asking.

If it weren't for the old fellow leading the way adeptly, she would even suspect it was just a regular underground cave.

Other than winding and twisting underground passages, there was nothing.

The Rock Elder smiled without speaking, continuing to lead the way ahead.

There is a significant difference in size between male and female centaurs, and female centaurs' combat strength is far less than males, so their status within the tribe is extremely low. Besides household care and childbearing, they have nearly no power at all.

The Rock Elder, considering Roland's presence, dared not disdain Lisa, but couldn't really show much respect either.

Perhaps in his elder's eyes, Lisa was merely Roland's tool for breeding.

Lisa was inexplicably annoyed, if not for worries about Roland's safety, she truly didn't want any dealings with these centaurs of limited mental capacity.

She took a deep breath and dispelled some of the anger.

These barbarians have a long way to go before being civilized. Female centaurs don't possess production resources, and their combat abilities are weak, so their current status indeed matches their power.

Feeling Lisa's displeasure, Roland said nothing, only held her slightly warm hand in his palm, transmitting coolness to her.

Chapter 670: Your Time Is Extremely Precious (2)

This is a side effect of practicing Fire Magic. The temperature during the red warm phase is higher than other practitioners, and the complexion appears redder.

Feeling the coolness in Roland's palm, Lisa's mood improved somewhat.

She clenched her other fist and made a hammering motion in the air, venting the last trace of negative emotions, and a smile returned to her face.

At least Roland knows how to respect and care for her, and that is enough.

Unsure how long they had been walking, the path leading underground became more damp, and the corridor floor was somewhat muddy. The Rock Elder stopped, looked back at Roland and Lisa.

"Ahead is the Earth Court. I'm old and my legs aren't good, so I won't go further. Please go and explore on your own."

"The Earth Court holds three Holy Artifacts left by Mother Earth. Unfortunately, no one has ever been able to activate them. If you can activate a treasure, you may take it, but only one."

Roland was a bit curious, were the Centaur Race really this generous?

According to their descriptions of Mother Earth, stripping away the exaggerations, Roland believed that Mother Earth had nearly Tier Two hard power.

Just half a step more, she could become a Chosen One.

Such a powerful being, yet her followers have descended into such a state as the Centaur Race now, which is quite lamentable.

The Rock Sage had no intention of going in with Roland.

This is a miracle, and also a place of heartache for the Centaur Race.

The more one sees the past glory, the more one feels sorrow for the present decline.

The once glorious civilization hidden a thousand meters below the ground, a race that left a brilliant chapter in human history, now needs travelers passing by to even make a pot, bringing a sigh from the Rock Elder.

He estimated that Roland would stay below for some time and simply unfolded the backpack he carried, setting up a makeshift tent as a temporary resting point.

His estimation was accurate, as Roland was struck with awe the instant he saw the underground ruins.

Beneath the muddy ground, there was actually a complete Underground Palace hidden?!

Compared to the scattered and incomplete underground relics of the Alamanni Empire, the relics of Mother Earth were incredibly complete.

The giant guardian statues at the entrance were lifelike, with majestic postures and massive weapons deterring those with ill intentions.

Roland had no ill intentions, but he didn't come with high hopes either.

He even instinctively believed that the legends of Mother Earth were overstated.

Even without exaggeration, how much could she have left after several eras?

During the Age of Gods, there were many grander complexes than the Earth Court, but most have been gradually destroyed in various wars and disasters, long gone.

The relics of the Third Era vanished in the devastating War of Divine Punishment, with only the Golden Ginkgo and Flower Sea seemingly whispering tales of past glory.

The Fourth to Fifth Eras were times of the gods' departure, when Elves and Earth Spirits withdrew from the scene.

This was the most chaotic era, an era where heroes rose up.

There were many powerful beings in this era who touched the edge of the Divine Domain, but invariably, they all fell.

Roland also couldn't tell how many powerful beings like Mother Earth still existed whose legacies could not continue.

Meeting by chance is fate, he bowed respectfully to the main gate of the Earth Court, then stepped in boldly.

No matter how powerful Mother Earth once was, she is now history.

In the center of the Earth Court, Roland saw the three Holy Artifacts of Mother Earth.

A warhammer forty meters long, an Earth Disc as large as a spaceship, and a set of Earth Attribute Battle Helmets.

No wonder the Rock Elder dared to boast that you could take it if you could.

Could humans even use these things?

Basing on the size of these weapons, Roland deduced that Mother Earth, in her combat stance, reached a height of twenty-seven or eight meters.

Based on the scale of the murals and other leftover armor, the Centaur Race at its peak had bodies comparable to an elephant's, their charges literally earth-shattering.

Even in the Fourth and Fifth Eras, only Giants could rival warriors of such scale, no wonder they left behind such a splendid history.

Amazed as he was, Roland was not overly stunned.

In the Age of Gods, there were even grander races of war machines, including super giant humans around seventy to eighty meters tall, and prehistoric giant dragons with wingspans over a hundred meters.

Everyone has their moment of glory, but don't take the past as eternity.

Humanity's moments of past glory are too numerous, Mother Earth and the Centaurs are just a splash in an ocean of history.

Very impressive, but no more than that.

Roland's greatest gain was instead the murals and inscriptions on the walls.

The Centaur Race's massive size made it difficult to produce books suitable for reading.

It's hard to imagine the amusing scene of a giant seven or eight meters long holding an A5-sized book to read.

To facilitate the passing down of knowledge, Centaurs preferred to inscribe their knowledge on stone walls.

It's a shame that the ancient Centaur language has been lost, and current Centaur descendants lack the ability to decipher ancient texts.

Roland, at least a Scholar, had read many texts from the Fourth Era, but could only understand a very few words.

Nevertheless, it is valuable knowledge, in Roland's view more precious than the three Holy Artifacts displayed in the hall.

Earth Attribute Magic Weapons, although suitable for Holy Knights, were too large to be used at all.

Having toured the Underground Palace, Roland found nothing else of value.

It makes sense, if something truly valuable existed, the Tolsen Tribe would have taken it long ago; wouldn't have left it for outsiders.

He spent about a week copying every mural and inscription he could find, using a Magic Crystal Ball to record images of those difficult to trace.