Empress 691

Chapter 691: The Weak Can Only Keep Going All-In

The strength of the Divine Punishment Legion is beyond doubt.

Since the Third Era, they have won three out of four Wars of Divine Punishment, losing only slightly once. Even without the descent of the Goddess, they have a high probability of leveling the main plane with their might.

Fortunately, the Divine Punishment Legion is not a monolith internally.

According to the era of descent, the Divine Punishment Legion is roughly divided into several forces.

The Sixth Legion, which was defeated, suffered the greatest losses, its remaining forces are the weakest, placing it in a very awkward position within the Divine Punishment Legion.

They are even unwilling to live in Lisenburg and instead built a Moving Island to live in seclusion.

Although the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Legions won, only the Fifth Legion's victory was decisive. The other two legions suffered significant losses. Several eras have passed, and although the number of frontline warriors has somewhat recovered, it is challenging for the elite ranks to bounce back.

Currently, in the Divine Punishment Legion's camp, the Sixth Legion is isolated overseas, forming its own faction, and is estranged from other Divine Punishment descendants. The Third and Fourth Legions have allied against the Fifth Legion, all residing in Lisenburg.

"This is the general situation of the Divine Punishment Legion."

Milones introduced the basic situation of the legion to Roland, his tone somewhat helpless.

"The Day of Return limit is a law set by the universe to maintain the stable operation of the plane, supreme and inviolable. This also suppresses the strength of the powerful within the Divine Punishment Legion, currently on par with us."

"By the second Day of Return, the Tier 2 Demigod level powers within the Divine Punishment Legion will immediately regain their strength. If the Demon Emperor does not descend in time, we will be under immense pressure."

Roland stared intently at Milones, "Is it certain that the Demon Emperor cannot descend in time?"

Milones dared not meet Roland's eyes; he turned away, brewing for a long time, but could only let out a sigh.

Is that not obvious? If the Demon Emperor had any chance to descend on time, why would he negotiate with Roland to divide the territories originally belonging to the Dark Race?

The situation is stronger than people.

Milones's expression betrayed everything.

Seeing his discomfort, Roland did not press him but said softly, "Since we have a common enemy, there's a basis for cooperation. It will depend on your sincerity next."

"The Demon Emperor's followers include many races whose combat abilities are average but excel in other areas. These pieces of intelligence come from them." With no choice, Milones disclosed this information.

Roland understood that the special race Milones mentioned were the Enchanting Demons.

The fake Enchanting Demons seduce men by stripping naked, while the real ones strike directly at the softest part of the soul to achieve harmony from spirit to flesh.

Queen Sisi, alone, caused results in the Tirol Kingdom surpassing an entire army. Were it not for Sofia's straightforward way of canceling her influence, she would have opened a channel for the Demon Emperor's descent in the heart of the Rodinia Continent.

This is the real Enchanting Demon.

Seductive gestures are a must, but the key lies in touching the soul.

The Enchanting Demons dispatched to the Divine Punishment Legion would certainly not be lower in rank than Queen Sisi. The descendants of the Divine Punishment Legion do not have complex inner worlds; they have inevitable pursuits and cannot resist the temptation of Enchanting Demons.

With accurate intelligence, formulating targeted tactics becomes quite simple.

Milones spoke softly, "You should have a strategy ready, right?"

"Yes, how about we write our answers on slips of paper to see if we're on the same page?"

Roland thought of a certain anecdote and wanted to use this method to diffuse the previous tension between them.

The two casually wrote down a few words, unfolding them in mutual understanding.

"Establish a defense line while the Divine Punishment Legion is divided, and the Goddess has not descended!"

"Launch a surprise attack while the Divine Punishment Legion is divided, and the Goddess has not descended!"

Milones: "..."

Roland: "..."

Their answers could not be said to be very similar, at least not even remotely related.

Usually appearing adventurous, Milones suggested a pragmatic solution focused on steady victory. In contrast, Roland's proposal was as proactive as always.

Milones looked at Roland with a complicated gaze, not knowing what to say for a moment.

Afraid of his wild thoughts, Roland quickly continued, "If playing it safe worked, you wouldn't have come looking for me."

Milones could not refute and could only present difficulties, "The Divine Punishment Legion is very cautious and never stays in one place for long. Our intelligence personnel lose contact quickly after transmitting information. The locations of Lisenburg and Divine Punishment Island are unpredictable, making an assault impossible without a strong navy."

"Leave that to me." Roland smiled confidently.

Milones eyed Roland, weighing his words carefully, "Roland, though your country's navy is the pinnacle among human nations, its technical standards are not high enough to support large-scale oceanic operations. Though unpleasant, it's a fact."

"As I said, leave it to me," Roland impatiently cut Milones off.

Given Roland's assurance, Milones could only accept.

A fierce flame kindled in his eyes, and his hands clenched tightly.

If not for the dire situation, who would prefer conservatism?

As long as Roland could solve the crossing-the-sea-and-landing issue, he would definitely seek blood vengeance for the Dark Race's ancestors.

The Dark Race was not driven out of the Theia Main Plane until the end of the Fourth Era, their vendetta with the Three Goddesses and their lackey, the Divine Punishment Legion, is an eternal blood feud.

Efficient as always, Milones departed swiftly after agreeing on the general plan of action, heading back to the Dark Race base to assemble the troops.

Roland also busied himself, immediately summoning Rivers to announce the negotiation results.

"The Skyrim Province remains entirely intact. The boundary of your nation's influence with the Dark Race is the same latitude line as Rama Town. From there, a hundred kilometers northward is the Yehu reservation and a buffer zone between both parties."

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"Can your country accept this result?" Though Roland was certain the other party would accept, he still asked out of politeness.

Rivers stood there dumbfounded, not reacting for a long while. After confirming repeatedly, he was overwhelmed with tears of excitement.

"Chairman, my gratitude is beyond words, I..."

He hesitated for a moment, then, as if making up his mind, he said solemnly, "This incident has exhausted me mentally. After returning home, I will immediately resign and seek a job that will allow me to be with my family. Mr. Chairman, my family lives in Val City where the Alliance headquarters are located. I wonder if the Alliance would accept a retired official?"

Roland burst into hearty laughter, further raising his opinion of Rivers.

After the events in Skyrim Province, Rivers could indeed no longer mix in the political scene of Prudon Kingdom.

If he'd lost Skyrim Province, he would have made a grave mistake, possibly even costing him his head.

Now, under the pressure of the Dark Influence, he managed to preserve the entire Skyrim Province, making a significant contribution that would inevitably disrupt the original political landscape.

If it were Rivers from three days ago, he would surely ambitiously head to Pine Forest City to face the challenge, but after several days of torment, he was suddenly relieved.

What continent upheaval, races competing for dominance, human-god battles, all seemed like stories from another world.

He desired nothing but to spend his remaining years peacefully with his family.

Life must go through great ups and downs to mature, and Rivers was no exception.

Ambition must match ability, Rivers was not a Transcendent; he did not belong to the final central stage. Given this, opting for the wisest choice early by finding a strong ally was also sensible.

He understood Roland's thoughts. Communication among the intelligent was straightforward — respond with heartfelt recognition to assist kindly, ensuring everyone maintained dignity.

Having resolved the issue in Skyrim Province, Roland needed to find a ship.

As Milones said, the current strength of the Sussex Navy was more than enough to swagger within human circles, yet setting sail long distances to ambush drifting, moving enemies was nearly as difficult as ascending to heaven.

He needed outside assistance.

Roland headed north once more, traveling to Adri Port, intending to proceed from there to Haidi Undersea City.

Before going to the Undersea City, Lisa couldn't help but ask, "Roland, why are you sure your wife's stepmother will help?"

"Aren't you afraid she'll detain you to blackmail Sif?"

Lisa usually wouldn't speak so directly or with a hint of aggression, indicating her genuine worry.

Roland shook his head with a smile, "If it were Sif coming, she might do something foolish, but this time it's me."

Detaining him to blackmail Sif was a good idea, but what if Sif didn't accept? Would Adina really dare to tear up the ticket?

Seeing Roland's confident smile, Lisa inexplicably felt a bit irritated, recognizing an unspoken rapport, not needing words or glances, that belonged to Roland and Sif.

Only they could fully understand each other.

Precisely because Sif had a cold-blooded, ruthless potential, she could better protect Roland.

If it were her instead of Sif, Adina would detain Roland without hesitation.

She wouldn't dare to gamble.

Watching Lisa's disappointed expression, Roland restrained his smile and gently explained, "Actually, I'm not absolutely sure either. You can't assume all enemy actions based on common sense."

"If the enemy doesn't act as expected, is there anywhere to complain? So, Sister, it's unnecessary for you to come with me underwater."

Lisa's heart skipped suddenly, her emotions slightly getting out of control, "Why? Can't I help at all? Am I so much worse than Sif?"

Her questioning still echoed within the carriage, yet Roland couldn't reply.

Such questions Sif wouldn't ask, and Lisa couldn't understand.

This wasn't an issue of Sif, nor of Lisa. Roland could feel their passionate love for him was genuine without impurity.

Ultimately, it's just a matter of different education.

Lisa, having witnessed numerous intrigues over the years through ear and eye, was no longer that young girl who understood nothing, but she wouldn't risk losing everything due to a mistake.

But Sif would.

In the journey with Roland at sea until the counteroffensive, a wrong decision could lead to complete defeat.

Weaklings have no margin for error; every failure could result in being cleared entirely from the field, leaving only to go all-in.

Every battle is a decisive battle, which is the situation for the disadvantaged.

Knowing an adventurous opportunity, Milones decisively chose to go all-in, Sofia wagered everything to counter the Three Goddesses, Sif struggled with all her might for survival rights, Alina seized the scarce chance for a strong counterattack.

They were all gambling.

"Sister, the more consolidated your power in the Magic Empire, the safer I am. Even if Adina wants to kidnap me, she must consider not only Sif but also you."

Lisa sighed in relief, smiling as she assisted Roland in finishing, "Also Alina and Sofia."

Although putting Sofia and Alina together was a bit strange, Roland did not object.

Indeed, Sofia was also his support.

Sister Lisa's reference was understood; these women stood behind him. He'd dare to go not only to the Undersea City but also to Lisenburg where the Divine Punishment Legion was stationed!

Roland and Lisa parted ways at Adri Port, Lisa driven most swiftly to return to the Magic Empire.

The carriage moved quickly, soon disappearing beyond the horizon.

Lisa looked back reluctantly, her longing and attachment for Roland vanished completely the moment she turned.

A trace of sharpness flashed in her eyes.

Though Roland had no malice, the previous comparison to Sif still hurt her.

She was the Empress of the Magic Empire, awakened by the Phoenix bloodline, controlling the Super Divine Artifact, Eden, yet in Roland's heart, she was still inferior to Sif.

Lisa nearly ground her teeth down, imagining that annoying perfect face, her anger slowly dissipated and replaced with relief.

Roland was not wrong. Even though her destructive power on the frontline was higher than Sif's, the sense of oppression against enemies was still far less.

The inherent impression of being kind and weak isn't easy to alter.

Then let it start now, from the rebirth of the Magic Empire.

She would use the enemy's blood to change all this.

...

A day later, Roland visited Haidi Undersea City as an ally and a guest.

Adina greeted him with courtesy at the highest level, but halfway through the banquet, she excused herself due to discomfort.

A strong figure of such caliber feeling unwell?

The absurdity of such an excuse almost equated to a elephant getting cut by a blade of grass and bleeding profusely.

Though the excuse was exaggerated, Roland didn't mind.

Adina not detaining him was already a good start.

With the Sea Witch's departure, besides accompanying officials from Ocean City, only Roland and Edward remained in the banquet hall.

"Uh, is Sylph okay?" Edward noticed the atmosphere was a bit awkward, so he resorted to an even more awkward topic.

Edward's relationship with Sylph was indeed awkward.

They were Imperial father and daughter, the former Emperor and the current Emperor, coexisting with potential of continuing to contest for the throne.

More awkward was Edward enjoying love with Adina undersea, bearing plentiful fruit.

Only pregnancy could slightly halt the energetic old man and the unfulfilled young girl.

But this was the topic most able to draw him and Roland closer.

"She's well, and she often misses you, just busy with affairs and can't come to see you."

"I miss her too, but I need to look after the children." Edward sighed, his old face blushing slightly.

Roland nearly couldn't help laughing.

Looking after the children? The old fellow was truly humorous; he's a Prince of Undersea City, would he really have to mind the children?

It's all just excuses.

Of course, Roland wouldn't tear apart the guise; maintaining poise was better than blushing.

Edward's old face flushed red, awkwardly murmuring, "Earlier, Nana didn't intentionally ignore you; she's already four months."

"Again?" Roland was surprised, but then he understood.

No wonder Adina was impatient and refused to drink.

"Congratulations!" Roland was genuinely happy for the old man; losing power and being forced to hide underwater as a retired emperor, having offspring with a great beauty like Adina was indeed something enjoyable.

As the father and son-in-law chatted while drinking, urgent footsteps were heard outside the banquet hall.

No glass breaking, but the Blade Axe Hand arrived.

Adina stood at the door, calmly stating, "By command of the Sea Empress, Sir Roland is requested to visit the Sea Emperor Hall immediately!"

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Faced with such a display, most people would likely be startled or angry, but Roland was no longer the inexperienced youth of years past. The teacup in his hand didn't even tremble.

"Adina, you really know how to scare someone. I thought you brought so many people to kill me, turns out it was just to invite me as a guest."

Adina bit her lip, saying nothing.

She had always disliked Roland's style of speaking and acting. Compared to the witty, humorous, elegant, and handsome Edward, Roland, although seemingly noble in manner on the surface, was a rogue inside.

Not as good as Edward.

This was Adina's assessment of him.

Roland certainly didn't care what his stepmother thought. In his eyes, compared to Sylph, Adina was just a fish worth a glance or two.

Except for that old guy Edward, who loved endlessly, who else with any sense would get involved with a fish?

In this atmosphere of superficial politeness and mutual disdain, Roland calmly blew away the froth from his teacup and casually asked, "Who is the Sea Empress?"

"You'll know when you meet her. She is now the most powerful person in the Ocean Race, even surpassing Haiyan Marshal Plaiden."

Roland was a bit surprised; he indeed had never heard of the Sea Empress before.

Judging from Adina's tone, the Sea Empress hadn't appeared for long.

He was somewhat curious, but still shook his head.

He certainly wanted to go to the Sea Emperor Hall, but not in this manner.

"Inviting a guest with over a hundred fully armed samurai surrounding them, is this how the Sea Emperor Hall treats guests?"

Roland spoke coolly, not openly refusing, but his attitude was clear.

Adina frowned slightly but still patiently assured Roland.

"Roland, you don't need to worry about safety. The Sea Emperor Hall holds the highest position in the Ocean World and would never be discourteous to a guest."

Roland said nothing, simply staring at the hundreds of "blade axe hands" behind Adina.

Adina hesitated briefly, then gestured for the samurai to stand down.

The Sea Emperor Hall required Roland to attend, and to ensure his compliance, had specially dispatched over a hundred elite Sea Guards to "escort" him.

But she understood Roland; this guy had no real principles and wasn't the kind to maintain dignity at the cost of his life.

Roland could handle both tough and gentle approaches, but would not do anything without benefit.

She understood Roland, but these Sea Guards did not. They were used to being domineering in the sea; they had never seen anyone dare refuse the Sea Emperor Hall.

Roland's attitude angered them.

Though the Sea Emperor Guards retreated one by one, the Guard Captain leading them stared intently at Roland, his stout hands instinctively reaching for the blade at his side.

He wanted to lash out but restrained himself.

Roland's formidable reputation had been built through strength; even the Sea Emperor Hall, usually indifferent to outside news, knew him well.

Thinking of the Sea Empress's strict order to bring Roland in no matter what, the Guard Captain took a deep breath, setting aside the arrogance he had long held.

On land, humans are invincible, but this is the seafloor.

The Ocean World is not a place for humans to act arrogantly.

The Guard Captain, in as friendly a tone as possible, extended the invitation once more to Roland.

"The Imperial Consort has commanded... the Imperial Consort invites Mr. Roland to visit the Sea Emperor Hall. She said you absolutely won't regret this meeting."

Being often responsible for external communications, the Guard Captain, though accustomed to arrogance, could discern the gravity of the situation and maintained composure.

In his view, Roland sought nothing more than so-called "respect." Now that he had given as much face as he could, Roland had no reason to refuse.

However, Roland still shook his head.

"Sorry, I have passed the age of liking to adventure everywhere. I have a family, a career, and won't easily take risks."

This statement almost choked Edward.

You claim not to like adventure? Then were your travels across two continents a road trip?

But he didn't expose Roland, just took a sip of wine to calm himself.

He had accepted his fate, accepted that his daughter would inherit the throne early. He even liked Roland because of his affection for her.

After all, he was the former Emperor of the Sussex Empire, and his heart was still with the homeland.

Adina's expression turned somewhat unpleasant.

Roland's meaning was clear: he was concerned about safety and didn't want to go to the Sea Emperor Hall.

This statement was somewhat doubtful of the Sea Emperor Hall's intentions; Adina sighed inwardly, knowing the Sea Emperor Hall's envoy wouldn't accept such a tone.

Sure enough, as she expected, the Sea Guard Captain exploded instantly.

In outrage, he tightly gripped his longsword, his complexion turning deep red, like a shrimp being boiled.

"Roland, you are insulting the Sea Emperor Hall!"

"Insulting? You plan to wash away the shame with my blood? Fine, I accept a duel to the death."

Roland looked at the Sea Guard Captain with a hint of disdain, a teasing smile in his eyes.

This was clearly not a simple invitation. It was a negotiation in the guise of a guest invitation.

He couldn't see the sincerity from the other side, only arrogance with a hint of seawater.

Such negotiation was unnecessary.

Or rather, this was also a part of the negotiation.

He and the Sea Empress he had never met were already engaged in a showdown across the air.

Roland's mind raced, quickly reaching a bold conclusion that the Sea Emperor Hall was not as removed as most thought, indifferent to the changes in the outside world.

Although they didn't have to undergo the frequent Day of Return trials like the Land Transcendents, they too faced ultimate challenges.

The resurrection of the Sea Emperor, the descent of the Goddess.

If the Sea Emperor could not be resurrected, the fate of the Ocean Race would inevitably be tragic—at best, a choice between braised or steamed seafood.

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But the Ocean Race is full of confidence in the Sea Emperor's resurrection, linking it to the Demon Emperor's revival, Roland also assumes the Sea Emperor can win the returning resurrection match.

Since the Sea Emperor's return need not be worried about, and the Goddess's descent is useless to worry over, Roland could not figure out what the Sea Emperor Hall wanted to discuss with him.

Could it also be the Divine Punishment Legion?

Roland squinted his eyes, his thoughts becoming increasingly bold.

As he fell into deep thought, the Sea Guard Captain who had been mercilessly mocked by him almost fainted from anger.

He wanted to challenge Roland to a duel, but rationality controlled his mind, and he gave up.

It's definitely not because he couldn't win; he just didn't want to disappoint the Imperial Consort.

The Sea Guard Captain's lips turned white from anger, his face flushed, but he forced himself to calm down.

"Mr. Roland, I apologize for my earlier discourtesy."

"This is a formal invitation from the Council, and we hope you will accept."

The Sea Guard Captain respectfully took out an invitation from his pocket, his face as sullen as someone who had just lost both parents.

After all, there were instructions from some important figures that he couldn't fulfill.

Since he couldn't meet some important people's requests, he had to fulfill others' instructions, the captain thought silently.

This invitation was indeed very formal.

Not only formal, but it also broke Roland's stereotypical impressions of the Sea Emperor Hall.

Just the long list of titles before his name made him look at them in a new light.

These guys actually wrote down all his titles, even including some less well-known Viscount territories.

The Sea Emperor Hall really knew him well.

This invitation was also very sincere, very courteously inviting Roland to visit the Sea Emperor Hall soon, even guaranteeing safety in the name of the Sea Emperor's subjects.

Roland was very touched but still declined.

As the Sea Guard Captain stood stunned, not knowing what to do, Roland smiled, put away the invitation, and returned an invitation to him.

"As the leader of the Rodinia Alliance, I prefer to hold this meeting in Friendship City Val."

"Please give me the opportunity to warmly entertain your esteemed personnel."

Roland spoke as if it were a trifling matter, "I've had a quite pleasant interaction with Miss Catherine, she should know my character and that it's absolutely safe with me."

"How dare you..."

The Sea Guard Captain's words stopped abruptly, sweat streaming down his forehead.

He almost blurted out, the consequences of which he couldn't even bear to imagine.

Both parties had no objections to the meeting, but there was disagreement over the location. Though the Sea Guard Captain's words grew more polite, his stance remained unchanged—Roland had to go.

Otherwise, he would be opposing the entire Ocean.

He wouldn't say it directly, but the implication was clear.

Roland's face was full of a fake smile, continually thanking the Sea Emperor Hall for the invitation, but still not going.

He had his reasons for not going—there were no benefits.

He wasn't concerned about so-called face and dignity, but very practical benefits. He had long since ceased to be a youthful boy, and disputes over pride didn't interest him.

As long as the benefits were sufficient, even an invitation as forceful as Sofia's would be gladly accepted.

Without enough benefit, even if begged, he wouldn't go.

His time was very valuable and couldn't be wasted.

Seeing the deadlock between both parties, Adina had to step in as a mediator.

"Mr. Roland, Captain Karas, you are both my guests, and I hope no unpleasant events occur in my city."

"I have a compromise suggestion: what about holding the meeting in Petit?"

"This is my city, and Edward's home; Petit also hosts thousands of human members. It's a city co-built by land humans and the Ocean Civilization. Such a location is the fairest for a meeting."

Adina cast a gentle glance at Roland.

Her meaning was clear—stop arguing, or do you want to make the entire Ocean your enemy?

Fair? Roland didn't agree with this viewpoint.

Edward was Adina's husband, nominally co-governing the city with her, and indeed assisting Adina, but this was ultimately an Undersea City.

One couldn't just regard it as an extension of human territory due to the presence of a former Emperor and a few thousand unwilling to return companions, could they?

This was somewhat self-deceptive.

But he also knew this was the Ocean Race's bottom line.

Having the Sea Empress come ashore to meet him was unrealistic, and the Sea Emperor Hall would never agree.

He nodded and accepted the compromise plan.

Roland was not very satisfied, but Captain Karas was quite displeased.

He was hopping mad, with words of denial on the tip of his tongue, until he caught sight of Adina's gaze.

Whether the Sea Emperor Hall intended true negotiations or hostages, there was no substantial difference here and at the Sea Emperor Hall.

Roland attending the meeting was more important.

Karas grudgingly accepted the compromise plan and left in a huff.

He departed with the Sea Emperor Guard, leaving behind a sound of angry snort.

Watching his back, Adina felt a bit helpless and had to explain for these arrogant people.

"Roland, don't bother with these minor figures. The high-ranking members of the Sea Emperor Hall are clear-minded; they recognize your strength, which is why they're setting up this meeting."

Roland merely smiled, saying nothing more.

He even exaggeratedly raised his hands, jestingly saying, "In the coming days, should I wear shackles and a Magic Banning Ring?"

Adina glared at him, snorting, "Roland!"

"Alright, alright, I won't run away. I might as well spend some time reading in the library."

Adina initially wanted Roland to stay in a certain palace with restricted movement, but Roland preemptively spoke, making any subsequent suggestion of soft detention seem impolite.

"You are my friend and of course can move freely within Petit. But to avoid delay when the Sea Empress arrives, please don't wander far."

Although it was still a form of house arrest, the range of activity was the entire city, which was much better than before.

Roland nodded, got up to leave, and as his back disappeared through the banquet hall door, he paused and said calmly:

"If I were to leave forcibly, would you stop me?"

"Of course not, but I can't guarantee about the people from the Sea Emperor Hall." Adina was honest.

Her stance was determined but she avoided Roland's core question.

Roland's concern was whether, if the negotiations broke down, he would not sit still, and during the breakout, would Adina's subordinates act?

This was a choice question.

Yet Adina chose "or" between "yes" and "no."

Roland said nothing but already knew the answer.

Abstention came in many forms.

Rejection but unspoken abstention, support but unable to publicly express support, rejection and open abstention, support and open abstention, reluctance to express an attitude of abstention.

And "or."

Roland cooperatively moved into the luxurious palace arranged by Adina, enjoying the sea's delicacies and experiencing a different culinary culture.

The taste was good but had a faint fishy smell.

This was the characteristic of Ocean cuisine.

No fishy taste, no ocean.

The Ocean Race didn't reject this pure sea flavor.

Moreover, these foods were primarily raw, emphasizing original flavor, even lively and jumping.

Roland could only sigh at this.

If Lisa were here, at least he wouldn't suffer in terms of dining.

Since food couldn't satisfy the stomach, spiritual nourishment would have to satisfy the mind.

Fortunately, the collection at Petit Library was very rich. Last time, Roland read about the Sea Emperor's failed love story here.

Though a bit servile when pursuing Tiya, once the Sea Emperor awakened, he proved capable.

In the decline of the Ocean Race, before he fell into slumber, he tried every means to send Tiya's kin on their path first, killing all the elders and talented youth of Tiya's kin.

Roland was very curious about what kind of person a powerful being like that would choose to marry as the Sea Empress.

He found the relevant records.

The Sea Emperor Hall did not hide the records of the Sea Emperor taking a consort.

The Sea Emperor's failed romance hit him hard, and after a long period of silence, he finally realized.

Even without love, with his status and position, he could effortlessly have the best women.

He did not marry, yet he acquired...

A full five hundred Imperial Consorts.

Some consorts lived during the same period, others never met.

Their common feature was not holding external power.

Roland closed the manuscript, falling into contemplation.

The current Sea Empress was markedly different from the previous five hundred Imperial Consorts.

What special charm did she possess to be selected by the Sea Emperor Hall to become the only real power-holding Empress?

He was very curious.

Chapter 695: Do You Have a Dream?

"You're talking nonsense!"

Catherine shot up like a cat with its tail stepped on.

Her cheeks flushed a deep red, her slender fingers pointed fiercely at Roland, trembling violently.

Roland remained silent, his gaze gentle.

Catherine weakly stepped back a half step, collapsing back into her seat.

She could no longer hide the panic in her heart, covering her face as she began to sob uncontrollably.

"Roland, I'm so scared. How can His Majesty the Sea Emperor not return? He's the god of the Ocean World, he's invincible, he must come back. How could he fall on the way home, I can't accept this."

Roland did not speak, because the truth was hard to hear.

If the Sea Emperor were invincible, he wouldn't have been played around by Tiya. At least his mind wasn't invincible.

The senior officials of the Sea Emperor Hall knew the Sea Emperor best.

As long as there was any possibility of the Sea Emperor's return, they would be unfailingly loyal.

Since it was certain the Sea Emperor couldn't come back, these people got the news in advance, naturally wanting to divide his inheritance.

But the Sea Emperor's status in the Ocean World was akin to that of a god; a brazen division wasn't possible, they would be torn apart by the angry military and civilians.

At least it had to appear reasonable and legal on the surface.

They came up with the method of selecting a Sea Empress, and the chosen one was Catherine.

Why her, because she was outstanding enough, choosing her as the Imperial Consort had the least controversy; also because she was born into the Celestial Eye Imperial Family, which meant a lot of scruples in doing things; furthermore because she had seen the outside world before, her heart had already grown wild, perfect to imprison her through this opportunity.

It was three birds with one stone.

After Roland's simple analysis, Catherine instantly sorted out her thoughts, her face also looking particularly unsightly.

She seemed like an orphan abandoned by the entire world.

The Sea Emperor Hall was using her as a guise to legally seize power, and her grandfather treated her as a pawn to exchange benefits.

With the Sea Emperor gone, these people's true faces were fully exposed.

"Even if His Majesty truly cannot return, shouldn't we inherit his will and fight the demigods to the end?"

Catherine murmured, her face void of any color.

As she spoke, she even laughed at herself.

Such words sounded inspiring but were mere empty talk.

If even the great Sea Emperor couldn't return, who could the Ocean Race rely on?

On the Sea Emperor's Hall corrupted by power? On the Sea Witch Adina consumed by love? Or the grandfather who sold out his granddaughter for benefits?

Catherine wanted to laugh but couldn't.

Seeing her unwilling and frustrated expression, Roland's devilish voice sounded in her ear.

"Catherine, have you ever lived for yourself in this life, ever fought for your dreams, even if like a moth flying into the flame, even if only for a moment of burning?"

Catherine looked at Roland with some vigilance.

Although she regarded Roland as a friend, she did not think Roland was a good person.

No one would be overly attentive for no reason, usually not a good person.

"What do you want to do?"

Roland pressed down with both hands, like a soul-stealing devil beginning to tempt, "Catherine, have you ever thought, you don't have to be the Sea Empress."

Catherine stepped back several steps, almost falling to the ground.

Her worst fear had finally come true.

Roland's demonic claws indeed reached out to the helpless her. She resisted weakly: "Roland, I am the Sea Empress chosen through a witness process, the wife of the Sea Emperor, you can't do this."

Roland paused for a moment, speechless.

He never guessed a woman's mind correctly, this was no exception.

Isn't that crazy?

He glared at Catherine in annoyance and sneered, "Is that what I am in your eyes?"

"What I mean is, have you ever thought of becoming the new Sea Emperor?"

Catherine froze in place, dumbfounded.

After a few seconds, her face turned deathly pale, devoid of any color, she shook her head desperately, as if proving her loyalty to the Sea Emperor destined not to return.

"I'm not, I'm not, don't talk nonsense! My loyalty to the Sea Emperor surpasses my own life."

"Roland, take back your words immediately, or we can't even be friends!"

"I beg you, I'm willing to do anything, except this."

Including the way you're most worried about not being the Sea Empress?

Roland internally griped but didn't say it aloud.

Catherine was emotional now, any excessive words might provoke her.

He had to stabilize her emotions first.

After waiting for her to finish venting, Roland coldly delivered a final blow, "If even you have no fighting spirit, who will inherit the Sea Emperor's will? Did you just say those words casually?"

"Screw you!" Catherine couldn't help but curse.

Though she had long dominated the ocean as the red-haired female pirate, deep down she was still of nobility, usually very mindful of her manners.

But Roland's words were truly unbearable, especially concerning the Sea Emperor, she really couldn't hold back.

Fiercely curse back, her emotions got released, gradually calming down.

Roland was right, if everyone else was unreliable, she could only rely on herself.

Considering talent alone, only the former Adina could compare to her under the sea.

But Adina got caught up in the web of love, busy having children, neglecting cultivation for several years, she couldn't keep up anymore.

"This is destiny choosing you, and you choosing destiny."

Recalling the mystic words Alina often said in his mind, Roland began to imitate, deceiving just so.

The mystic words indeed worked; the riddles that seemed meaningful but said nothing made Catherine's body tremble slightly.

She bit her lip, the fear, confusion, and hesitation in her eyes vanished, replaced by tumultuous waves.

Chapter 696: Do You Have a Dream? (Part 2)

In her third Celestial Eye, it was a sea filled with blood.

"Help me, Roland!"

She finally made up her mind.

Roland had been waiting for these words. He nodded, indicating Lisa to sit closer to him.

Leaning closer to Lisa, he lowered his voice and said:

"Lisa, I have a few questions. Please answer truthfully."

Lisa nodded, a bit nervous.

Roland pressed down with one hand, signaling her to relax, and casually asked, "How many people know about you becoming the Sea Empress, and when will it be announced?"

"Currently, only a few members of the Celestial Eye Clan and the Sea Emperor Hall know. The plan is to announce it to everyone at the plaza where the Sea Emperor Trident is placed, in a week."

Roland nodded in satisfaction and continued to ask, "In the eyes of the common people under the sea, to what extent does the Sea Empress represent the Sea Emperor? Are they willing to fight for the Sea Empress?"

"That, I'm not sure. I believe someone will be willing, but I don't know how many." If asked this question before being confined by the Sea Emperor Hall, Lisa would proudly say everyone.

But now, she lacked confidence.

"At least there will be one." Roland pointed to himself and said seriously, "Some matters need someone to take the lead. Once there is a leader, others will follow."

"Remember, the public ceremony for the Sea Empress is the moment to act. This is also our only opportunity."

Roland said in a deep voice, "To avoid arousing their suspicion, I can't deploy experts from the land. We can only rely on the Sea Emperor's lingering power."

"It's a gamble." Catherine pointed out sharply.

She then showed a hint of relief and smiled, "We have no other choice."

She blinked and softly asked, "What if we fail?"

"I'll try my best to break through, and you..."

Roland hesitated. He himself had an instant-use Teleportation Rune Stone, which could transport him near the sea surface, allowing him to escape when the opportunity arose. But this rune stone was made by Lisa, soul-bound and could only be used by Roland, not transferable.

Once the coup fails, Catherine's chance of escaping is zero.

The wise approach, of course, would be to sell her out and escape immediately, but these words would be impossible to say out loud.

Catherine looked at Roland, her expression unusually relaxed, "Thank you for even seriously considering the possibility of taking me with you in a breakthrough. That's enough. I am a daughter of the sea; if I am to die, I will die in the sea."

"Don't worry, taking my life won't be so easy. They'll have to pay a sufficient price."

Catherine's sensibility touched Roland somewhat.

Although this was the best choice, there was still something...

No, why think about failure? Shouldn't the focus be on winning with all efforts?

Why should a gambler worry about the outcome of failure? Could it be worse than facing the Goddess's judgment on the final return day?

After determining the general plan of action, Roland presented the ultimate weapon originally intended to persuade the Sea Empress.

"This is intelligence gathered by the Dark Race."

Catherine was somewhat puzzled. What intelligence was worth storing in a top grade Crystal Ball?

These crystal balls were generally produced during the pre-Magic Era, were invaluable, and because they could no longer be produced, their value increased over time.

Such a one-of-a-kind item would never record useless information.

With some curiosity, Catherine stared at the crystal ball, somewhat anticipating the important intelligence.

As the crystal ball activated, the shrouding mist gradually dispersed, revealing a peculiar island.

This island wasn't very large compared to super islands, but from the crystal ball's perspective, it seemed endless, like an isolated continent.

Looking at the unique flora, fauna, and architecture on the screen, Catherine inexplicably felt a bit nervous.

As the image zoomed in, the moving dots gradually turned into humanoid forms.

"Elemental Life?"

Catherine's expression was somewhat complex as she recalled some past events.

The Theia Plane was primarily made up of carbon-based organisms, but Elemental Life was not absent. In the early Age of Gods, several powerful primordial Elemental Lifes were born.

Some of these Elemental Lives possessed intelligence no less than humans, while others acted purely on instinct.

They had powers far exceeding those of early humans and animals, making the early Age of Gods seem like Hell.

Some intelligent Elemental Lives were displeased with the tyranny of the mindless elemental beasts and taught the methods of manipulating the Power of Elements to the naive early humans.

With the mastery of the Power of Elements, early humans, utilizing their robust reproductive abilities and creativity, underwent various frenzied modifications, resulting in the early Power of Star Path and Magic.

As humans controlled more and more power, the elemental beasts acting purely on instinct were gradually eliminated.

After suppressing these Elemental Lives, early humans discovered they could obtain Elemental Crystal Cores from them, and their gaze towards Elemental Life became increasingly greedy.

The Elemental Lives that guided humans towards civilization also got labeled as evil beings and were slaughtered together.

Simply because they possessed treasures.

This is the bloody history of the first half of the Age of Gods.

This piece of buried history is unknown to others, but as the Sea Empress, she had the right to read the Sea Emperor's Notes and pieced together this history from the scattered records.

A history impossible to be recorded in annals.

A history that is not very ethical but very human.

After sharing this information with Roland, Catherine sighed faintly, "Didn't expect these unfortunate fellows to have descendants left behind, wondering if they still remember their ancient grudges."

"I understand now." Roland suddenly realized.

"What do you understand?" Catherine was bewildered.

"I understand the origins of the Divine Punishment Legion."

"Divine Punishment Legion?! Those sinners' servants?" Catherine sat up abruptly, looking closely at the increasingly clear humanoid Elemental Lives on the screen.

In the Sea Emperor's Notes, there wasn't much written about the War of Divine Punishment. After all, he was the loser, beaten into slumber on the spot by the Divine Punishment Legion, leaving no time to record.

Catherine's thoughts quickly processed, soon connecting the dots.

Elemental Lives equally resented humans, but the Three Goddesses transcended human categories, becoming Gods. They could easily control these Elemental Lives filled with hatred towards humans, accepting them into the Divine Punishment Legion.

No wonder they could easily breach the plane barriers and execute divine punishment missions on the Material Plane.

"Are these our enemies? They do seem formidable."

Catherine nodded and softly said, "Roland, if you don't mind, I'd like to continue our previous alliance to face them together."

Roland nodded, smiling in agreement.

The previous alliance ended due to changing circumstances, and now it resumes also due to changing circumstances.

He neither bore a grudge for Catherine ending the alliance nor relied too heavily on a mere agreement.

After all, a contract is only effective when it is beneficial to oneself.

If the cost of breach is less than the losses incurred by continuing the contract, the contract spirit turns into a spirit of breach.

Perhaps seeing through Roland's thoughts, Catherine bit her lip, seemingly determined, drew her short sword, and stabbed fiercely towards her wrist.

Drip, drip, blood dripped down. She reached out with her other hand to catch it and smeared it on her face, chanting in direction of the Sea Emperor Hall using an odd language.

After completing the oath ritual, she softly said, "I swear to the Sea Emperor, to stand by your side and fight to the end, to battle Sea Emperor's enemies to the end."

Roland nodded, pleased with Catherine's attitude.

Though he understood the reasons and difficulties behind the previous cessation of the alliance, a breach is a breach, and it left some discomfort within him.

A blood oath sworn by the Sea Emperor is the highest vow among the Ocean Race, one that none dare to break.

Even though the Sea Emperor will not return, the power of the oath remains effective.

This was Catherine's sincerity.

Looking at the densely packed Divine Punishment Legion in the image, Catherine also felt her scalp tingle.

"By the second Return Day, many of them will successfully advance to Tier Two. Just thinking about it is daunting. Even if we establish a solid defense line, it most likely won't hold against them."

She shook her head painfully, sighing helplessly.

"Yes, so we must strike first, eliminating them before Return Day."

"Are you crazy?" Catherine couldn't help but shout.

"See, even you don't believe I'd dare approach them now. Could they think of it?"

Roland smiled and clapped his hands, "A sneak attack is meant to have such an effect."

Chapter 697: Never Harm

The strong push forward with a bold line, while the weak have no choice but to go all in.

Roland doesn't like endless adventures either, but he has no other option.

Sure, he could call on Sofia to go on a killing spree, and he believes Sofia could easily lead them to annihilate the weakest remnants of the Divine Punishment Legion, but at what cost?

The Three Goddesses, alert to Sofia's transformation, would certainly go all out to obtain more powerful force from the Divine Domain to suppress Sofia.

Roland does not believe that the Material Plane can resist the power of the Main God's gaze from the Divine Domain.

This is a cascade of gambles, with no room for the slightest mistake at any stage.

He will bring all the experts he can to the Independent Floating Island, Divine Punishment Island, where the Sixth Legion is.

As long as they could surprise the enemy, there is a great chance of total defeat.

Through the reconnaissance of an enchanting demon scout, he already has a general grasp of the information. As long as allies can deploy elite forces, this will not be a difficult battle.

Adhering to the principle of giving the enemy the benefit of the doubt, he immediately left the Undersea City to gather his troops.

The first step is to conceal his identity to help Catherine consolidate power before using the fleet to transport the special operations team.

The biggest challenge in this operation is speed, accuracy, and decisiveness.

Any problem at any stage could lead to complete failure.

Roland first decided against seeking help from the Sea Demon People.

His relationship with Lord Edward and Adina was somewhat delicate.

Sylph has to participate in this operation, giving Adina an opportunity. Although Roland doesn't think she has any chance, theoretically, as long as Sylph is killed, it would allow Edward to return to Sussex.

Human nature can't withstand tests.

If you cherish something, never test it.

Even assuming Adina has no ill intentions, she is already four months pregnant; there's no need to let her take risks.

He indeed lacks people, but he's not heartless enough to send a pregnant woman to battle.

There's no need since men aren't all dead.

After some thought, Roland first found Lisa.

Lisa's enthronement ceremony is being prepared, and various publicity campaigns to boost her prestige are underway. How to arrange for the Talia Imperial Family also has someone to take care of.

Becoming the Empress of the Magic Empire, her actions will also be somewhat restricted.

This is her last time for free action.

Lisa certainly wouldn't refuse Roland. She smiled and said, "The second level feature of Eden has also been activated. I can summon four fierce beasts to fight for me, and their combat power is not inferior to mine, just their battle skills are slightly lacking."

"That impressive?" Roland felt a bit surprised.

The emergence of the Super Divine Artifact Eden was quite suspicious. He felt somewhat uneasy, but now he urgently needed combat power, so he had to use it despite the unease.

Lisa showed Roland the four fierce beasts.

Among them was a Desert Giant Scorpion, a Swift Whip-tailed Dragon, a Dual-headed Chimera, and the most cunning and ferocious Aquatic and Terrestrial Cyan Tiger.

The Desert Giant Scorpion excels in stealth attacks, the Swift Whip-tailed Dragon is extremely fast, the Chimera is cumbersome but quite lethal, and the Cyan Tiger is invincible at night, though its combat power is slightly weaker during the day.

Fortunately, the surprise attack was scheduled for nighttime, a perfect fit for the Cyan Tiger to excel.

These four fierce beasts are not listed in the collected animal register, indicating a hidden feature.

Roland was somewhat curious; the Super Divine Artifact surely has more capabilities than just this. Perhaps activating the third level feature could yield more benefits.

Without Eden, Lisa's combat power is inferior to Sylph and others, but with the enhancement from Eden, they are a match.

Although the paper strength is similar, Roland still favored Sylph.

It's not partiality; it's an accurate evaluation of both sides' combat techniques.

Sylph's combat talent is comparable to Sofia before the Battle of White Mountain, at the Strong Divine Selection Level. Her battle talent is even slightly higher than Alina and Christine.

However, they each have their own areas of expertise.

If Christine could join, it would be great. Her direct involvement, along with the highly disciplined and determined Holy Hall of Light, would be a formidable force.

But that's clearly unrealistic.

The Divine Punishment Legion was sent by the Three Goddesses, and Christine's assault on them would be akin to striking the Goddess herself.

Better not trouble Miss Christine.

Roland shrugged and abandoned the trip to the Holy City.

His second stop was the observatory located at Mont Blanc.

Alina was there.

Since the Battle of White Mountain, Alina gradually delegated power to her most trusted subordinates.

Bad news: These people have a strong desire for power.

Good news: They belong to different factions.

Trying to unify Jin Yuan is a fool's dream.

With political factions like the Academic Faction, Ives Port Faction, the Northern Faction, and the Overseas Faction forming, Alina reassuredly divided power, handing it to these ambitious individuals to let them mutually check and balance each other.

She herself went to the observatory closest to the stars, indulging in stargazing and unable to extricate herself.

Roland's arrival did not surprise her. Her stargazing skill grew increasingly powerful, long since breaking through to Tier Five in the Eye of Wisdom rank.

She could not only perceive the movement of stars and the fluctuations of fate but also possessed an Eye of Wisdom, allowing her to see through many things that were previously unclear.

The Eye of Wisdom is different from Sylph's Insight Eye, focusing more on external ability analysis, while the Insight Eye directly penetrates the soul, discerning the soul's fluctuations.

As Roland approached the observatory, the heavy gate slowly opened.

Although there was no one, Roland knew Alina was waiting for him.

The Demonic Puppet recognized Roland and did not hinder him. It merely stood obediently at the door, vigilantly scanning the empty area behind.

Chapter 698: Never Harm (2)

The height of Mont Blanc is second only to White Mountain, making it the second highest peak on the Rodinia Continent.

But unlike White Mountain, this place is covered with snow year-round, serene and tranquil, making it ideal for Stargazers to settle long-term.

Stargazer star paths are very different from other star paths, as they do not rely on brute force for victory but test affinity and insight.

Either it works, or it doesn't, there's no other way.

More cruelly, only one fate toucher is allowed to exist in each plane, and with Alina's elevation to Tier Five, the path of advancement for other human Stargazers is virtually cut off.

Unless they can kill Alina, forcibly seizing her star path.

However, the powerful Stargazers of this plane are not limited to Alina, the Sixth Legion has cultivated their own Stargazer.

Seeing the hint of killing intent beneath Roland's calm exterior, Alina becomes more convinced of her judgment, smiling as she asks, "Is a battle about to start? I sense a fateful confrontation awaiting me."

"Divine Punishment Island, Sixth Legion's base." One doesn't need to waste words with one's own wife.

Even though Alina insists on only being his lover, Roland still views her as his beloved wife, second only to Sif.

To them, a secular wedding holds no real significance; according to Roland's idea, just inviting friends and relatives for a small gathering to make their relationship public is enough—no need for fanfare.

But given their high level, a wedding wouldn't be simple; Roland is willing, but the country can't afford the disgrace. Preparations are exhausting and costly, better not to do it.

Taking the floating teacup, Roland lightly sips and says with a smile, "Since you've calculated everything clearly, you've spared me a lot of trouble."

"Not necessarily, Stargazing Skill isn't omnipotent, and prophecy can't be entirely accurate. For example, I still can't calculate when we'll have a lovely child."

Alina's cheeks flushed slightly, her eyes gazing out the window.

Jin Yuan girls are bold and romantic, their pursuit of love is always open and bright, unlike the Sussex people who are so reserved.

You're reserved, while competitors are bold, accomplishing things in a night; how can you compete?

Seeing Alina's blushing cheeks, Roland's heart raced after being repressed under the sea for so long.

Facing imminent blood battle, he indeed needs some release.

He lifted Alina, flying towards the bedroom in the back amidst her sweet cries.

Want a child? It's too simple, just a Seed of Life.

...

When the midday sunlight the next day awakened Roland's aching body, he finally realized he was somewhat careless.

Planting a Seed of Life truly isn't hard, but Alina was playing tricks.

She persistently claimed Roland failed to plant the seed, demanding retry after retry.

If it weren't for Roland's strong physique, he might have been exhausted a long time ago.

When Roland took his leave, Alina, full of radiance, could clearly feel the Seed of Life successfully implant at the moment the star light was most dazzling.

Star Spirits and humans are not the same species, yet miraculously there's no reproductive isolation; they even look very similar.

As long as they don't actively expose themselves, no one would notice their identity.

But traces exist wherever there's presence; Emperor Bonaparte's Star Spirit identity was discovered by his remarried wife, who later leaked it.

Emperor Bonaparte faced siege from human nations at the time, ultimately unable to endure, he was exiled, his soul forever barred from reincarnation.

His tragic fate cautions Alina.

Such secrets she will not share with anyone.

Star Spirits possess innate affinity for Stargazing Skill; once a Star Spirit embarks on the Stargazing path, the human Stargazers' path is virtually cut off.

And Stargazers happen to be the most explored profession among Transcendent star paths.

The Great Prophecy Skill is tremendously powerful, irresistible. Even if climbing the highest peak fails, learning Stargazing Skill benefits the future.

Stargazers are born adversaries, their struggles far more intense than those on the royal star path.

When Roland approached, she had already calculated his intent, even vaguely sensing the opportunity to break through to Tier Four amidst this blood battle.

Divine Punishment Legion might intimidate ordinary people, but Alina scorned it.

You are failures too; what's there to be proud of?

Roland didn't conceal the god-making plan from them, but only he and Sofia knew the part about deceiving Divine Domain.

Though the concealment made him feel a subtle sense of guilt, he insisted on keeping it.

If the secret's leaked, everyone dies.

Sofia's secret belongs to him and Sofia.

Alina's secret belongs to him and Alina.

He knows they have their own secrets but never questions them.

Everyone has untellable secrets; it's not about mistrust.

When Roland appeared before Sif, she slowly opened her eyes and waved at Roland with a smile.

"You're here just in time; the tribe migrating north and the Earth Spirits will arrive in Val City tomorrow, I plan to settle them there. Earth Spirits in the hilly area south of White Mountain and the tribe in the Great Canyon north of White Mountain and Flower Sea I control. What do you think?"

"Do as you say."

Roland nodded, expressing no disagreement.

Sif briefly introduced the tribe's migration, gently gazing at Roland, whispering softly:

"How nice, I finally have a tribe as the Elf Empress, no longer a commander without troops. I plan to appoint Rupert as Speaker, to manage daily affairs on my behalf."

"Though Grand General Aivir's personal combat skills are decent, their mind doesn't seem too sharp, making me uneasy about her leadership."

Sif spoke casually, seeing Roland's slightly surprised expression, she asked puzzledly:

"Is there a problem with my arrangements?"

Chapter 699: Never Harm (3)

"No, that's very reasonable."

Roland said with a smile, of course he couldn't say how strange it was for the critique of "not being too bright" to come out of Sif's mouth.

After all, during the escape, Sif was the epitome of "not too bright."

She has indeed grown.

As if she understood Roland's look, Sif bit her lip and softly defended, "Earlier, I hadn't awakened my memories, my whole self was shrouded in mist, so..."

"I know, my wife is the best, if Aivir had even a tenth of your wisdom, it would be great."

Even though it was praise, it still sounded somewhat strange.

Sif wanted to ask Roland if she was even better than Sofia, but she didn't ask.

Because she knew the answer.

Whether in political skill, individual combat ability, potential talent, or ambition, she was slightly inferior.

She wasn't convinced, but she accepted the facts.

She neither wanted to hear unpleasant truths from Roland nor desired falsehoods, so she didn't ask.

Looking at Roland's composed face, Sif curiously asked, "Who are you planning to take with you?"

"You, me, Lisa, Alina, and Duke Reinhardt's special forces."

It wasn't surprising to take these people. Roland and the others were the high-end combat force responsible for executing the leader. A special forces unit of five thousand people was responsible for assisting Lisa in cleaning up the small fry and tidying the battlefield.

Sif hesitantly asked, "Are you sure it's enough combat power? Shouldn't we have some of our elites join the action?"

"No need, they've traveled far and need to recuperate. Before the third return, I don't plan to let them fight. Our people are down to just a few hundred thousand, far too few."

"Then should we have the Earth Spirits send people to join?" Sif held no good opinion of the Earth Spirits.

"No, if the Elf doesn't move, neither should they." Roland didn't continue to explain, believing Sif would understand.

Sif said nothing, just nodded. Roland was thinking in the long term, hoping that the Earth Spirits would recover their strength soon and regain the glory of being one of the dominant forces of the Third Era.

Having a broad vision and extensive plans, Sif certainly wouldn't disrupt it.

"Isn't Sofia participating in the battle? If she doesn't come, it will be hard to cover if something unexpected happens," Sif said worriedly.

Though she didn't like Sofia, she never doubted her combat prowess.

"No need. If we can't even handle the small fry, the final return day will forever be a side note."

Sif thought this made sense as well and didn't insist further.

Three days later, Roland and Sif set off, disguising themselves before heading to the Undersea City.

The special forces wouldn't participate in the first phase of action, only he and Sif with a few elite fighters would escort Catherine.

Just as they were about to reach the port to go underwater, a silhouette stood in the middle of the road.

This silhouette appeared slender but gave the illusion of being exceptionally tall as if blending into the environment.

Christine?

Roland's heart skipped a beat.

If Christine blocked their way, could he draw his sword?

Hardly thinking about it, he handed all his scepter and accessories to Sif, removed his helmet, and dismounted to walk towards Christine.

He opened his hands to show he meant no harm.

Even if Christine stood there in a battle-ready stance.

"Christine, long time no see."

He forced a smile as he approached to greet her.

Just as he thought Christine would question him, she made her move.

A huge Palm of Light descended from the sky, hitting Roland precisely.

Roland was taken aback.

Being a Holy Knight, his physique was of Half Light Attribute, Christine's attack couldn't harm him; it would even grant him a buff.

Sure enough, after the Palm of Light descended, every pore in his body felt a wave of comfort; the weariness from days of battle vanished, and he felt rejuvenated enough to battle several tigresses for three hundred rounds.

"Christine, I..."

"The Holy Light couldn't judge you; is it my miscalculation or misinformation? Roland, if you still have Light in your heart, you must come to the Holy City to find me!"

Christine retreated a few steps, disappearing at the end of the road.

Sif quickly rushed over, looked at Christine's retreating figure in surprise, and asked puzzled, "What was she doing?"

"Adding a buff."

Roland watched Christine's figure leave, silently expressing gratitude.

As the representative of the Goddess of Light on earth, how could she not know that the Palm of Light couldn't harm an enemy with a Light attribute?

She was just showing mercy.

Chapter 700: Hey, Fatty, Stop Singing

Pillar of the Sea Emperor.

It's said this was the last resting point before the Sea Emperor's fall.

He thrust the Trident, capable of freely changing sizes, into the ground here in its grand original form, left a last message on the stone pillar, and then vanished.

His message was very brief, only mentioning that Demigod Tiya took away the Ascension to Divinity that was rightfully his, asking the ocean descendants to avenge him, without mentioning the embarrassing events of being deceived by Tiya due to his infatuation.

Everyone cares about their image; the Sea Emperor was no exception.

At the end of the message, he emphasized that he would definitely return.

It was clear he had full confidence in the resurrection event, yet accidents always come unexpectedly.

Unfortunately, he lost the resurrection event.

The Eternal Day Pearl he left in the Sea Emperor Hall lost its luster, the Abyssal Sea Lamp extinguished with two-thirds of the Dragon Whale Oil remaining, and the writings in the Ocean Secret Scripture he left disappeared completely.

These three Divine Artifact level treasures were all soul-bound to the Sea Emperor; as long as his soul wasn't extinguished, they still belonged to him.

Even if one or two of the treasures failed, the Sea Emperor Hall could continue self-deception. But when all three treasures failed, even the most stubborn individuals had to admit the Sea Emperor's demise.

It's already a fact that the Sea Emperor fell; dwelling on the details of the resurrection event's failure is meaningless, and after shock and grief, the people in the Sea Emperor Hall began contemplating new issues.

How to split the massive inheritance left by the Sea Emperor in a reasonable, lawful manner?

The division itself isn't difficult; after all, the Sea Emperor's soul shattered, resulting in complete death, and the three long-sealed treasuries within the Sea Emperor Hall automatically opened as evidence.

The Executive Officers of the Sea Emperor Hall drooled over these rare treasures, but they still retained some sense.

The Sea Emperor's influence was too massive; dividing his inheritance without solid reasons would surely lead to the furious citizens tearing them apart.

The idea they came up with was to find a legitimate heir for the Sea Emperor's inheritance, then control the heir as a puppet, using her authorization to legally divide the inheritance.

As long as they weren't consumed by the initial public outrage, any later doubts would be just background noise.

The Sea Emperor Hall devised the plan clearly and immediately sought out Haiyan Marshal Plaiden to discuss cooperation details.

Plaiden, having received benefits, naturally wouldn't object, but he had one request. The Sea Empress must be his most promising clanswoman, Catherine.

The Sea Emperor Hall was aware of the old guy's private motives but agreed anyway.

The division of the spoils depended mainly on strength; the Celestial Eye Clan might be formidable, but compared to a super organization like the Sea Emperor Hall, they were still insignificant.

Even if Plaiden had ideas, Catherine was controlled by the Sea Emperor Hall, rendering him helpless.

The Sea Emperor Hall and Haiyan Marshal reached an agreement with their own hidden agendas, without considering Catherine's opinion, nor did they consult her.

In their view, what difference would Catherine's opposition make?

The unpleasant meeting with Roland at the seabed infuriated the Sea Emperor Hall, leading them to issue the sternest warnings and admonitions to Catherine, warning her against any unnecessary thoughts.

"As long as you cooperate well with us, your future days will be much easier, after all, we need you to make frequent appearances, and your grandfather has high expectations for you."

The Sea Emperor Hall's chief priest Yedal warned Catherine both coercively and seductively.

Catherine nodded silently, saying nothing.

She wasn't the best actress, unable to produce convincingly fake effects; against an old fox like Yedal, instead of exposing her true thoughts through exaggerated acting, she chose silence.

She only needed to show hesitation, struggle, and confusion; as for what Yedal thought, that was his business.

The Sea Empress unveiling ceremony proceeded as scheduled.

Before the Pillar of the Sea Emperor, ocean races from various sea regions gathered in this area, all somewhat curious.

They were curious to know why suddenly a consort was being chosen for the long-dormant Sea Emperor, and more curious about who the damned lucky person was.

Since the message about the Sea Empress had never been publicly disclosed, there was no news even on whether she had been chosen, leading many young females to hold unrealistic fantasies.

Maybe it would be me?

Even those non-human-shaped sea dragons, giant whales, and shark maidens were eager to give it a shot.

After all, the Sea Emperor's true form was the Deep Sea Giant Dragon, and his past consorts did include non-human beings.

In an unobtrusive corner, several doe-eyed tiger whales gathered sneakily, whispering among themselves.

No marine creature wanted to approach them.

These street-smart ocean vagabonds boasted substantial combat prowess and outstanding intelligence, favoring team actions; most marine life fled upon encountering them.

Once deemed hunt-worthy and delicious by these folks, one was unlikely to escape their deadly hands.

Although other marine creatures knew these fellows wouldn't hunt during the Sea Empress unveiling ceremony, they still kept a distance.

If targeted by them, judged as "Mate, you're so appetizing," one's life would be over.

The shunned tiger whales didn't mind much, occupying a small area and waiting casually.

The marine creatures were unaware that these tiger whales weren't genuine tiger whales but a few humans in disguise using secret methods.

If approached closely enough to observe carefully, perhaps the truth would be revealed.

"Roland, they have arrived."

A female tiger whale with fiery red eyes softly murmured.

Roland didn't need her reminder; he sensed it too.

As everyone remained focused, filling this sea area with their various thoughts, the people from the Sea Emperor Hall finally appeared.

Their entrance was always infused with prestige and an aura of superiority.

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