Empress 701

Chapter 701: Hey, Fatty, Stop Singing

In the absence of the Sea Emperor, the Sea Emperor Hall represents the authority of the Sea Emperor.

To manifest authority, absolutely powerful armed forces and control over public opinion are both critically important.

The Priesthood, Administrative Court, and the Sea Emperor Guard of the Sea Emperor Hall are the three armed forces, each mastering a form of the Sea Emperor's legacy skills.

These are the Sea Emperor Hall's ace in the hole.

"Clearly, they place great importance on this ceremony."

Roland teased with a smile, focusing intently on the small palaces guided by four Sea Dragons, showing the innocent gaze of a country Tiger Whale seeing such a high-class thing for the first time.

Acting, he was a professional.

He was professional, and Sif and Alina were no less so.

Together, they looked towards the Sea Dragon Palace, continuously exclaiming in delight.

Although their voices weren't quiet, they weren't out of place for the occasion. For the surprise of others was more like a tidal wave.

Most marine creatures are intelligent animals that can only act on instinct, some haven't even evolved language abilities, let alone understand what order is.

They were merely responding to the call to attend this grand event and would spread the news to every corner of the ocean after the event ended.

Chaos? Chaos indeed, this is their true level; if they find it crude, they shouldn't invite them.

The Sea Emperor Hall did not mind the chaos on site, as they merely needed witnesses to serve as meat trumpets and did not care whether the ceremony was solemn or serious.

The Sea Dragon Palace stopped before the Pillar of the Sea Emperor, and the lead Priest Yedal was the first to exit the palace, with the accompanying warriors forming an orderly line to separate the somewhat chaotic crowd from the palace.

Once the lead Priest appeared, the previously somewhat chaotic scene gradually calmed down.

They all had heard of the Sea Emperor Hall's renown, realizing these guys didn't need much reason to kill.

A single disrespect was enough.

The marine creatures, who were itching to try, became obedient.

Yedal raised the Scepter, and his magnetic voice resonated through the seawater.

Ordinarily, speaking and transmitting sound underwater is limited, but his prowess, nearing Tier Four, made projecting sound over a distance not difficult.

Beside Yedal was a massive sea turtle with a lascivious face.

The sea turtle's appearance was unsettling, and its pitch-black eyes made anyone who met its gaze feel suffocated.

Everyone instinctively turned their heads, avoiding eye contact.

The gigantic sea turtle was the Ghost Pattern Master responsible for divination at the Sea Emperor Hall.

He excelled in divining through turtle shells, though he certainly wouldn't sacrifice his own, instead mercilessly extracting from those of his kin.

In the ocean depths, he bore a notorious nickname, the Shell-Stripper.

Of course, a turtle isn't a soft-shelled turtle, the latter term being a downgrade of his dignity as a turtle.

Apart from these two top combatants, the Sea Emperor Hall entourage included several with combat power comparable to Angelina.

Sif continuously observed the members of the Sea Emperor Hall, assessing the sides' combat strengths, feeling internally twisted despite lacking eyebrows.

Was this too risky?

Roland only brought a few people down, including Lisa, a Fire Mage whose underwater combat capability was less than one-fifth.

Judging from the current power comparison, not only was it unlikely to catch the culprit in one swoop, but even protecting Catherine seemed difficult.

"Don't panic, trust the Sea Emperor's influence," Roland leaned close to her ear, softly reminding.

Sif shook her front flipper, indicating understanding.

While Roland and Sif had their heads together conversing in whispers, on the seabed opposite them was a large family of dozens of streetwise Tiger Whales.

These Tiger Whales curiously watched Roland and Sif, faintly sensing something was off.

From appearances, the four Tiger Whales across from them were certainly kin from another family, yet for some reason, the lead matriarch kept feeling these four were a bit peculiar.

Their communication seemed overly civilized; having conversed for so long, they still used gentle tones, far from the directness that didn't stray far from profanity common among most Tiger Whales.

When did such polite Tiger Whales appear in the Undersea World?

The matriarch was curious, planning to approach the small family of four Tiger Whales after the appearance of the Sea Empress.

Life in the Undersea World wasn't easy; while it's good for the four Tiger Whales to care for each other, how would they handle danger?

If possible, she considered welcoming them into the family.

It wouldn't matter to the Nier Fjord family if a few more were added.

As everyone was lost in thoughts, the Sea Empress appeared.

After some impatience had developed from the long wait, she finally emerged amidst repeated calls.

All humanoid marine life were astounded by Catherine's beauty, and even the Celestial Eye Clan members were surprised; surprised that it was indeed Catherine.

Amid the hushed conversations, Yedal presented the Three Divine Artifacts.

When the chest containing the three artifacts was opened before everyone, all were stunned.

All three artifacts were dull and lightless, evidently without an owner.

The Three Divine Artifacts were equipment wielded by the Sea Emperor. As long as the Sea Emperor's soul remained, the artifacts wouldn't acknowledge a new owner. This was an ironclad rule.

Could it be...

That someone has stolen the Sea Emperor's artifacts?

Though incredibly shocked, everyone dared not think of the worst.

But what must come, will come. Yedal again raised the Scepter, signaling for silence throughout, then with eyes full of tears, he trembled while announcing the fall of the Sea Emperor.

The entire crowd was astonished, in uproar, followed by earth-shattering cries.

The Sea Emperor was the spiritual pillar of all Ocean Races.

Despite the mutual disdain and deep clashes among marine creatures, their faith in the Sea Emperor was steadfast.

A giant blue whale, over a hundred meters long, emitted a mournful wail, its sound heavy and distant as if from an ancient world.

Chapter 702 - 394: Hey, Fatty, Stop Singing

His crying caused more people to join in.

The wailing and sobbing made even Roland feel a deep sorrow.

Not only Roland disliked the crying, but Yedal and the others also felt on edge.

They once again felt the influence of the Sea Emperor's call.

Even though the old man has been gone for so long that his memory has turned into fragments, under the relentless propaganda of the Sea Emperor Hall, the glorious deeds of the Sea Emperor are known even to the fry of the most distant sea regions.

Yedal, for the first time, felt that his past dedicated publicity became a shackle.

Fortunately, this shackle would not bind him for too long.

He blew the horn and played the eulogy for the departing Sea Emperor.

Although Yedal had selfish motives, his outstanding ability made his eulogy resonate with Roland, causing the marine creatures present to wail, and inspiring Sif even more.

After comprehending the fourth movement of reincarnation, she never had creative inspiration for the fifth movement, as the fifth movement was a field that no Sea Demon had ever touched.

But now she was inspired.

When Yedal put down the horn, Sif let out a long cry and then hummed a new melody.

The fifth movement - Eulogy.

When Sif's movement played, most of the onlookers were not physically uncomfortable, but the entourage from the Sea Emperor Hall felt their souls stirred, unbearably.

Yedal finally couldn't bear it, pointing the scepter at Sif.

"You, fatty, stop singing!"

Fat, fatty?

A fierce killing intent flashed in Sif's eyes.

Although tiger whales had somewhat plump figures, that was a disguise, not real.

Her figure was perfect, even the most critical sculptor and painter could not find any flaw.

And yet someone called her fat?

You are dead, old bastard!

Sif marked Yedal for death.

Yedal didn't dare delay, directly asserting that all Sea Empresses were chosen and approved by the Sea Emperor in life, carrying legal effect.

Since the Sea Emperor has passed, his legacy should naturally belong to...

Yedal cleared his throat, just about to announce loudly when Catherine, who hadn't spoken all along, finally uttered a clear and deadly voice.

"The legacy of His Majesty, the Sea Emperor, does not belong to any individual or organization, but to the entire ocean, belonging to every marine life."

Yedal's face turned green.

Wait a minute, isn't this different from what was scripted?

His mind raced, quickly trying to salvage: "Empress, His Majesty's legacy naturally belongs to the entire Ocean World, but someone must properly manage it, you are most qualified to safeguard it for everyone..."

"Yes, it's me, I have the obligation to safeguard His Majesty's relics, to eliminate His Majesty's enemies."

She drew out a dagger from her chest, whose presence there was a mystery, pointing it at Yedal.

"Traitor Yedal, scheming to harm the Sea Emperor and embezzle His Majesty's legacy."

"All subjects of the Sea Emperor, hear my command, apprehend the traitor and protect the legacy of the Sea Emperor! Anyone who can capture Yedal and his minions will receive a generous reward from the Sea Emperor's treasury!"

Roland couldn't help but nod toward Catherine.

As expected of the Red-haired Female Pirate, who once led an invincible fleet, her power of persuasion was indeed formidable.

Yedal was also an eloquent master, of course, he would not be easy to catch.

He laughed heartily to stall for time, just as he thought of a cunning method to launch a counterattack, the Three Divine Artifacts suddenly lit up.

A deep blue light emitted from the tops of the Three Divine Artifacts, illuminating the somewhat dim sea area around.

And the focal point of the convergence of the light from all three was directed at one person.

Catherine.

Sea Empress, veritable and worthy.

The sea creatures no longer hesitated at all, surging forward, pouncing on the traitor Yedal.

Chapter 703 - 395: Rewards for the Devout

Beneath the dome of the Golden Spire Cathedral, the statue of the Goddess extends her arms, her face graced with a holy smile, embracing the entire world.

Before the gigantic statue of the Goddess, a girl cloaked in Holy Light crosses her hands over her chest. Holy verses softly escape her lips as sacred chants echo throughout the Holy Hall.

Yet, besides her, there is no audience.

The hymns sung today are devoted to the Great Goddess, and none other has the right to listen.

As the song ends, there is no response.

A sigh of helplessness sounds, and the girl slowly opens her eyes, her expression gradually turning stern.

It's been a long time since she last heard the Goddess's response.

Here lies the Holy City, and she is the Pope who oversees the faithful of this realm; previously, her prayers were always heard by the Goddess, with occasional responses.

But since she became the Pope, the blessings from the Goddess have ceased.

Could it be that the Goddess does not recognize me? Or perhaps the Goddess questions my devotion?

Christine's gaze became somewhat bewildered.

Amidst her confusion, a hint of bitterness formed at the corner of her lips.

Compared to a few years ago, her faith had indeed undergone some changes.

At that time, if the Goddess ordered the assassination of Roland, she might have hesitated but would certainly carry it out.

If the same decree were issued now, she would defend Roland.

This is probably why she hasn't received responses from the Goddess.

Christine walked to the window, recalling events from a few days prior.

Several anonymous letters reported to her, accusing the Knight of Light of impure faith and falling into darkness, insisting on purification.

There were even people who reported openly.

These whistleblowers were all Ascetics.

Ascetics hold a very special position in the Divine Court. They do not participate in any factions nor hold specific powers, but their rank is high, and they are highly esteemed.

Ascetics are a group of dedicated and powerful cultivators with little desire, renowned within the Divine Court, whose opinions Christine cannot ignore.

To silence these voices, Christine chose the most straightforward way to prove Roland's innocence.

She activated the Crystal Ball to record the scene, and openly used the Palm of Light on him.

If Roland had fallen, this would surely impact him.

If Roland hadn't fallen, this palm would become a long-lasting buff, enhancing Roland's affinity with Light.

Reality speaks louder than words; Roland withstood the test, and her last shred of worry disappeared.

Following that strike, Christine placed Roland on the list of devout believers.

She cast the Crystal Ball before everyone alongside her command.

"Anyone daring to slander the Knight of Light again will face execution by fire!"

She could silence the skeptics, but not her own heart.

Christine wasn't naive; she was well aware of how much "devotion" Roland truly had.

This person was long accustomed to adaptability; if someone offered the right price, he'd abandon his faith without hesitation.

His flexibility had always been like this.

Christine might overlook Roland's flexible bottom line, but the Goddess would care, unless Roland achieved undeniable feats.

For example, assisting her in suppressing rebellious tribes before the Goddess's arrival?

A faint, gratified smile appeared at the corner of Christine's lips.

No matter how scarce the tickets to the Celestial Kingdom might be, she would save a seat for Roland.

Simply because Roland once saved a passage for her.

During the Battle of White Mountain, without Roland, she would have long been a heap of frost.

She dislikes owing favors to friends.

...

Beneath the dome of the Golden Spire Cathedral, the statue of the Goddess extends her arms, her face graced with a holy smile, embracing the entire world.

Before the gigantic statue of the Goddess, a girl cloaked in Holy Light crosses her hands over her chest. Holy verses softly escape her lips as sacred chants echo throughout the Holy Hall.

Exhausted from singing, the girl slowly opens her eyes.

Her pupil-less eyes, with skin as smooth as jade, burn with Holy Flame; her delicate features are perfectly sculpted yet lack a certain vitality.

Evidently, the girl is not human.

She sighed, "O Most High Lord of Light, you are so holy and benevolent. We are descendants of the Divine Punishment Sixth Legion, and we need your guidance, we..."

Still, there was no response.

The girl seemed slightly disappointed, stood up, and sighed quietly, "Great Lord, please protect your follower, Erin. I have a premonition that danger is near."

"My child, I have heard your prayer."

Erin's body trembled strongly; the Holy Flame leapt wildly like a flame under a fierce wind.

She knelt, trembling, hardly believing her eyes.

As she was too excited to speak, a ray of Holy Light descended, enveloping her.

"Go, my child, receive my blessing and embrace your battle."

Erin wept with joy, allowing the Holy Light to wash over her.

The blessing of the Great Goddess arrived just at the right moment.

As she knelt and received the blessing, a tremendous roar tore through the long night, awakening the drowsy Divine Punishment Island.

This was the garrison of the remnants of the Divine Punishment Sixth Legion.

The Sixth Legion failed the Divine Punishment mission in the past, retreating to recover here.

Bad news: They are all Elemental Life, unable to reproduce by plundering human women.

Good news: They are all Elemental Life and can create life with pure Elemental Cores.

Even better news is that the nearby ocean is rich in Water and Wind Elements. The Sixth Legion has thus been reborn through these resources.

However, the reborn Sixth Legion's strength is much diminished, forcing them to strive to regain their power.

Chapter 704: Rewards for the Devout (Part 2)

In order to quickly recover strength, they had to lower their standards and accept some devout human followers as honorary members of the grassroots.

These human followers undertake the complicated work and hard labor on Divine Punishment Island.

With the workload these followers bear, paying them wages would amount to an astronomical figure.

But the Divine Punishment Legion never planned to pay them.

This is serving the Great Goddess, and you still want to get paid? Your faith is seriously questionable.

Under various PUA techniques and military intimidation, even if the servant followers sense something amiss, they don't dare to resist.

Divine Punishment Island is a floating island; once you come in, you can't leave, and they have nowhere to escape, only able to live a tragic life like slaves.

As of now, Divine Punishment Island has more than a thousand elements and over 500,000 human slaves.

After many generations, the descendants of these slaves have been oppressed since childhood, having no fondness for the Divine Punishment Legion which holds power over life and death and doesn't regard them as human, nor any faith in the goddess.

Divine Punishment Island thus became the weakest link in the global average faith strength.

This outcome was unforeseen even by the high-ups of the Divine Punishment Legion, but they didn't care.

They have whips and butcher knives aplenty; do these lowlifes still want to resist?

The first half of the Sixth Era ended 1800 years ago until now, leaving them little time, thus making them the weakest existing Divine Punishment Legion.

Yet they still didn't think the internally conflicted humans would dare to provoke them.

They were more worried about the arrival of the Dark Race.

Just a few weeks ago, an Enchanting Demon who snuck into Divine Punishment Island disguised as a follower slave was discovered.

These Enchanting Demons were rather strong-willed, ending their own lives knowing they were doomed, giving no chance for interrogation.

But they didn't know that even corpses can speak.

After extracting memories from the corpses, the names of the Dark Race and Demon Emperor surfaced.

After a meeting and research by the high echelon of the Sixth Legion, they unanimously believed that the Dark Race would use Divine Punishment Island as a coordinate to launch a descent offensive.

Since the Dark Race could win the revival match, they surely need a foothold in the material plane.

The Divine Punishment Legion set up fortifications at various key points on Divine Punishment Island to prevent the Dark Race's descent, but they never dreamed that the threat would come from the sea.

When hundreds of warships fired simultaneously, Divine Punishment Island was stupefied.

Their defense setup was all for internal air defense, but it turned out to be a beach landing, so how could they defend?

Due to a shortage of manpower, Divine Punishment Island's coastal defenses could only be set up in key areas, but the enemies this time did not follow the rules at all, landing directly on the beach, rendering their defense arrangements completely useless.

Legion Commander Savis furiously crawled out of bed, his entire body cloaked in Holy Flame, roaring loudly and sounding the war drums to call his clansmen to battle.

Even if he didn't call, others were awakened by the sound of bombardment.

The Divine Punishment Legion's elemental lives formed supervisor teams, compelling the follower slaves to act as cannon fodder and die.

Let them eat the shells!

Let them fill the lines!

It's the duty of the supervisor team.

Just as they herded the slaves to charge ahead to their deaths, the battlefield's bombardment came to an abrupt halt, and the night was eerily quiet as if nothing had happened.

This strange and fearful silence made the supervisor team's hair stand on end.

Their ominous premonition quickly came true.

The ambush arrived unexpectedly.

Meteorites rained down relentlessly, smashing the water elements and wind elements mercilessly.

Water counters fire, but when the fire is plentiful enough, it also counters water.

Lisa cast spells with all her might, and these newly created elemental people, having never seen such a scene, were directly stunned.

Some water elements couldn't even turn into waves to escape before being evaporated into water vapor.

Elemental people don't need to follow the rules of fleshy life, but they are suppressed by the rules of the universe.

As long as the temperature is high enough, water can't remain liquid, and the combat effectiveness of water elements is greatly reduced.

With the annihilation of the supervisor team, Roland began his psychological warfare.

Under his suggestion, Sif and Munina sang the Siren's Song together, starting to control and brainwash these poor follower slaves.

They are members of humanity, pitiably enslaved by these damned elemental people, yet they possess a combat will beyond ordinary humans, and bear the trait Roland admires the most.

They have lost everything; everything they had was destroyed by the damned elemental people.

They have nothing else to lose except their shackles.

They fear nothing, their will is strong, and with just a bit of training, they could become an invincible iron army.

The Divine Punishment Legion must be completely annihilated, while preserving as many follower slaves as possible.

This was Roland's battle strategy.

He only needed to make the orders, and Fleet Commander Catherine would execute them.

After gaining recognition of the Sea Emperor's Three Divine Artifacts, almost all intelligent life in the Undersea World acknowledged her as both the imperial consort and heiress of the Sea Emperor.

Since the imperial consort is the successor to the Sea Emperor, whoever she names as traitors are traitors.

After a one-sided battle, the conservative forces of the Sea Emperor Hall were dismantled in just one day.

Catherine did not expand the scope of her strike, only executing a few main culprits, while those below the middle-level cadres of the Sea Emperor Hall were characterized by her as misled victims.

The special amnesty she signed provided the Sea Emperor Hall with peace of mind.

The Sea Emperor Hall's killings were controlled within limits, but her grandfather's betrayal was unbearable for Catherine.

She hadn't returned to her tribe, nor met Plaiden.

She feared that upon seeing Plaiden, she wouldn't be able to resist delivering a swift slash.

Regarding that old man who betrayed his granddaughter for benefits, her attitude was cold and direct.

"Abdicate or die."

After a slight contemplation, the old marshal finally bowed to reality and voluntarily chose retirement.

Joking, even the Sea Emperor Hall couldn't stop his good granddaughter; what could he do?

By conceding now, his family branch would just temporarily step away from the power's main stage, with opportunities in the future.

If he really resisted, wouldn't that ungrateful granddaughter unhesitatingly perform the duty of justice by eliminating him?

The old marshal helplessly accepted the conditions, and the Celestial Eye Clan smoothly realized a power transfer process without firing a single gun or drawing a single sword.

The reason Catherine could reconcile with the Sea Emperor Hall and her grandfather was mainly because they were outstanding members of the Ocean Race, and executing them all would be a significant loss.

But the Divine Punishment Legion was different.

These guys were truly die-hard elements that must be eliminated.

Amidst the raging flames and ethereal siren song, Legion Commander Savis was surprisingly delighted to discover a flaw in the invaders.

To ensure the effect of the Siren's Song, the invading fleet did not use artillery during the song.

This was the best opportunity!

Just as Savis was about to issue orders, he suddenly felt a familiar and powerful aura approaching.

He turned his head and saw that it was Saintess Aileen of the Divine Punishment Legion.

Many religions like to have saints as figureheads, and Aileen's position was such.

Her power wasn't exceptional, but it was something.

Her intelligence wasn't keen, but it sufficed.

At least, being a decoration was simple.

However, Aileen's appearance this time felt somewhat unfamiliar to Savis.

She seemed no longer just a decoration? This judgment made Savis uneasy.

Aileen pressed down with one hand, signaling everyone to listen to her.

As the elemental people awaited the outcome expectantly, Aileen spoke words that thrilled them all.

"I have heard the call of the goddess and received her benevolent gift. The Great Goddess even prophesied the battle tonight."

To enhance the credibility of her words, Aileen raised her arm, displaying the goddess's blessing.

Her right arm bore a mark in the shape of an angel.

This mark multiplied her strength, forcing her to adapt to her new identity earnestly.

The appearance of the Angel Mark turned the elemental people from a loose collection into the most unified team.

Their morale surged as they picked up weapons, assembling into groups and engaging the invaders even without Aileen's exhortation.

Watching the appearance of these elemental people, Savis's expression was rather complex.

Everything was out of control, completely out of control.

The goddess's place in the hearts of these elemental people was almost omniscient and omnipotent.

With Aileen representing the goddess, could he still remain the legion leader?

Judging from everyone's behavior just now, his position had been magnificently ignored.

Savis, feeling gain and loss, ran out with the crowd, but he was unaccustomed to mingling with the young soldiers, trailing alone at the back.

It's over; how could he solidify power now? The future is so long, he couldn't wait any longer!

Indeed, he didn't have to wait.

While he was lost in thought, a Holy Light Warhammer descended from the sky, smashing open his head.

The white, red, and yellow matter gushed out; the pitiful Savis only realized until his death why he, whose strength wasn't very strong, was chosen as the leader.

Just cannon fodder.

Chapter 705: Song of Life

"Commander!"

Erin's lament was the last memory of Savis's life.

Although honored as the commander, he was only strong in organizational ability, adept at balancing various forces, but individual combat capability was not his forte.

After the battle began, command authority was not even with him, but it belonged to the three generals like Vios.

These three generals were all excellently trained commanders, who, despite being ambushed, were not flustered in the slightest, skipping the process of exchanging opinions and each leading their respective battalions to resist.

Apart from the three battalions, there were also the combat priest team and the ascetic team.

After Erin displayed the power of the Goddess, these two teams gathered around her without hesitation and set up a defensive line.

The three battalions were on the offensive, while the combat priests and ascetics were responsible for defense, support, and assistance.

The brief advantage brought by the sneak attack caused only minor casualties and did not cause the Divine Punishment Legion to collapse directly.

After a brief chaos, the Divine Punishment Legion quickly organized an effective resistance.

As their formation stabilized, the casualties on the attacking side kept increasing.

Since the landing forces were already entrenched with the defenders, ship artillery could easily cause friendly fire, so it was temporarily halted.

In terms of individual combat power, the elemental people of the Divine Punishment Legion could fight one against three or even five, quickly gaining the upper hand.

Catherine, who was commanding the navy, felt a bit uneasy and sharply looked up at Roland.

Is the combat power really enough? Was there a misjudgment?

She felt a bit of trepidation.

Offense is inherently more difficult than defense, and the Divine Punishment Island, which has been fortified by the Divine Punishment Legion for nearly two thousand years, is a bastion they know intimately, where night only causes difficulty for the attackers.

Seeing Catherine's panic from the corner of his eye, Roland's lips slightly curved upwards.

If he couldn't foresee even this bit of difficulty, he should hang himself on the gallows as a commander.

He forcefully slammed down the Holy Light Shield, using the recoil to soar into the sky; Lisa's cast of the Floating Skill took effect naturally, drastically slowing his descent, like a feather gently falling.

Roland did not miss this perfect timing and released the [Strong Holy Light Skill].

This skill is not offensive; its primary uses are illumination and comfort.

The present Divine Punishment Legion soldiers were devout Light Believers; even the highest-damage Holy Light Element skill could hardly harm them.

Roland used the Strong Holy Light Skill not with the intent to kill enemies; he merely aimed to guide the bombardment direction.

Catherine swiftly put on sunglasses, observed the enemy positions, and her brain worked rapidly calculating the artillery setup.

This was a piece of cake for her.

In less than three seconds, she marked the densest locations of the combat priests and ascetics.

She quickly issued orders to adjust the artillery's positions.

The frontline combat zone cannot be bombarded, or the frontline's morale would collapse.

But the enemies behind the line are all targets to harvest.

The artillery released a piercing whistle, with orange-red flames erupting from the cannon mouths, sending numerous projectiles screaming skyward and slamming down hard.

This salvo wasn't loaded with explosive shells but with specially crafted heavy projectiles.

With speed constant, the greater the mass, the greater the kinetic energy.

The physical constitution of combat priests and ascetics is indeed much stronger than ordinary humans; they are not even carbon-based lifeforms, yet ultimately composed of fundamental elements of the universe, far from being unshakable.

Though these shells rely entirely on faith for accuracy, their power is formidable, inflicting death or injury upon impact.

Screams and wails sounded one after another.

Seeing the effectiveness of the bombardment, Catherine did not hesitate to give the rapid-fire order.

"Do not spare the life of the gun barrels! Pound them hard, this is the decisive battle!"

Even if all the fleet's cannons are worn out, and the ship gunners suffer heavy losses, so what? This is a life-or-death battle, allowing no hint of mercy.

As long as we win, all losses can be replenished.

If lost, everyone involved in the raid will die, none will survive.

The Divine Punishment Island is seven thousand miles from the nearest land, with no retreat if defeated.

Catherine stood on the bridge, calmly issuing one order after another.

The fleet's artillery was fierce, but the shore batteries also recovered and began a vicious counterattack.

Catherine remained expressionless, ordering damaged warships to immediately beach themselves and continue firing madly as beachhead batteries.

Even when the beached warships became sitting ducks under artillery fire, she was unfazed.

"Those who fight to the end will have their families receive double the compensation; those who desert will have their families punished as well!"

At this point, she directly resorted to the most brutal yet effective oversight system, demanding each soldier fight to the death.

Roland, lighting up the sky as he descended, noticed the highest artillery platform on Divine Punishment Island.

This platform was composed of more than thirty elemental people and several thousand slaves.

This is a perfect opportunity!

He blew a whistle and turned his gaze toward Sif.

Sif and his tacit understanding transcended language, a glance was enough to convey intentions.

Assault the highest artillery platform, turn the cannons to bombard below.

Having the enemy's artillery bombard their own Holy Hall, now that is the most devastating blow.

Sif unhesitatingly grabbed Munina, who was still immersed in the singing performance, and leaped towards the highest platform like a rocket.

Each of her steps could leap tens or even dozens of meters.

Before the enemy could react, she had already reached the summit.

Erin noticed the highest artillery platform under attack and immediately redirected the nearest first battalion for support; the attackers, too, charged madly toward the highest platform.

The warriors participating in the battle were mostly Transcendents or elemental people with comparable combat strength, their mobility far surpassing ordinary soldiers.

Within just a few dozen seconds, both sides completed their deployment, fighting fiercely from the mountain foot to the peak.

Chapter 706: Song of Life (Part 2)

Both sides knew this was a life-and-death war, no rallying was needed, and everyone was blinded by the kill.

Some Transcendents, knowing they would die, embraced the Elemental People and rolled into their own ranks, trapping the Elemental People at the cost of their own lives, detonating them instantly.

As the bloodlust of the human Transcendents was aroused, such extreme life-for-life combat techniques became increasingly common.

The Elemental People were a bit bewildered.

They didn't understand how humans dared to embrace the Power of Elements with flesh and blood.

This was courting death, and indeed they died, but before their deaths, they changed the course of the battle.

"Are they crazy?"

An Elemental Person shrank back, mumbling to himself.

How precious his life was, he still wanted to serve the Goddess, why perish together with these lowly humans?

On the brutal battlefield where countless warriors had fallen, Roland, Sif, and Munina finally reached the summit.

"Sing."

"Lord Governor, which movement should I sing?" Munina asked timidly.

Although she was now Norton's adopted daughter, and Roland was very polite to her, the memories of how she was created back then were vivid, and she feared Roland.

The first five movements of the Siren's Song flashed through Roland's mind, and he felt a bit lost.

None of these five movements seemed suitable.

The Charm was hard to take effect, and other negative emotions were meaningless to these slave followers who had become numb.

What to use to awaken these fools?

Roland's heart pounded fiercely, he stared intently at a young slave, looking at his lifeless, numb eyes, filled with rage.

Grabbing the young slave's collar harshly, Roland roared: "Do you plan to be a slave for the rest of your life? Stand up for me!"

Wait...

Roland's body trembled slightly, he suddenly knew what song to sing.

He shouted gently to Sif and Munina: "I'll lead, you two accompany!"

Munina was dumbfounded.

Although she feared Roland like a tiger, she still didn't have high expectations for Roland's singing skills.

Others sang for money, he sang for life.

Was he planning to fight poison with poison, using a special song to awaken these slaves?

While Munina was in a daze, Sif had already set up an array to amplify the song, applauding Roland.

Before applauding, she discreetly stuffed two clusters of goose down into her ears, ensuring that Roland's death song would harm her as little as possible.

Even though Roland was her beloved, this was the one thing she wasn't willing to agree on.

Bad singing is just bad singing, no need to pretend otherwise.

She was very curious, was Roland going to push these slaves to the breaking point?

Clearing his throat, Roland began to sing the "International Song" from another world.

Though singing this song in the language of the Divine Realm felt a bit odd, like a Pope singing in a robe with strong disharmony, he had no choice but to risk it to awaken these fools.

With the amplification array's blessing, Roland's resounding yet terribly unpleasant roar echoed.

His wails even caused a momentary pause on the battlefield.

Erin, commanding the attack from the Holy Hall, turned pale. She didn't understand what Roland was singing about, what was this talk of starving slaves, it was slanderous!

Even though these followers had lost their freedom, their food and clothing were provided according to the standards of the Early Stage Defense Army...

Erin suddenly realized she had been away from the lower echelons for too long.

These believers indeed faced hunger and cold.

Although the Divine Punishment Legion allocated funds for them, where the money went was unclear, these unfortunate followers were forced to work in thin clothes, their emaciated faces revealing that they often didn't have enough to eat.

After this battle, there must be a thorough investigation!

This was the money of the Divine Punishment Legion, meant to serve the Goddess, equivalent to the Goddess's money!

Damnable rats, daring to pocket the Goddess's money, these rats must die!

Erin thought through gritted teeth.

She never considered failure.

What a joke, the Goddess had blessed her, how could a Blasphemer sully the Goddess's glory.

Erin furiously thrust the Scepter into the ground, holy light split the earth, spreading towards the mountaintop.

She intended to compete with Roland for faith.

Roland wanted the follower slaves to awaken from their long-standing brainwashed numbness, while Erin represented the Goddess, offering promises of mercy and light.

Erin's gentle voice echoed in the depths of the slaves' consciousness.

"Followers, don't be swayed by the sweet words of demons, those are all illusions. We are all followers of the Goddess, there's no difference, as long as..."

Roland increased his singing intensity without hesitation, as the slaves writhed in agony and revealed ferocity, holding their heads and howling, he roared aloud:

"Comrades, don't be fooled! That's just a Demigod!"

"The true God of Light is benevolent and kind, how could they enslave devout believers, if they did so, they would not be worthy to represent the Light!"

Erin was stunned.

She just wanted to compete with Roland, but hadn't expected Roland to cut to the quick, denying even the Goddess of Light.

The Blasphemer dared to be so arrogant!

Erin felt a chill all over, her fingers trembled uncontrollably, her mind went blank.

Her shock caused cracks in the mental control over the already severely shaken slaves.

A slave lifted his head, weak yet resolute, looking at Roland.

"Light, haha, she is not worthy to represent the Light!"

"She is not worthy!"

The hysterical screams vented the tragedy and pain of decades of enslaved life.

No matter how devout one's faith was, after being treated like this, if there was even a trace of blood left in them, they would pick up weapons and resist.

Roland sighed in relief, continuing to bellow his chant.

With the appearance of the first awakened person, the mental link controlling the slaves collapsed like a breached dam.

More and more people began singing along with Roland's voice.

The lyrics of this song were very straightforward, and in this theocratic era, it was practically heretical, but for those who had died once, there was nothing left to lose.

Chapter 707 - 396: Song of Life (Part 3)

They knew very well that if they couldn't annihilate the Divine Punishment Legion tonight, it would be their death.

Death does not belong to true Light Believers!

The awakened slaves launched a frenzied counterattack, tearing the remaining overseer squads to pieces.

These believers were firm in their faith, and naturally not weak in strength. They had only lost themselves gradually due to brainwashing and control.

Now that they had finally awakened, their combat will and strength were imaginable.

Seeing the surge of awakened believers, Roland felt a chill in his heart.

Wait, awakening halfway is enough, don't fucking awaken completely.

Roland thought of himself as a decaying feudal lord and felt a chill down his spine.

He hurriedly patched things up frantically.

"The ones who represent the Light are praying for you in the Holy City, not in the Divine Domain. After this battle, I will lead you on a pilgrimage!"

Some slaves were moved, while others seemed like light sprinkled into the night, ignoring Roland's words and launching a charge.

The highest cannon tower changed hands, and Erin was pushed back by the surging counterattack believers before she could climb the mountain.

Her face was ashen as she covered the retreat of the Elemental People into the Holy Hall.

She had one last card up her sleeve.

The Goddess's avatar descended.

Although it was just an avatar and was suppressed to the equivalent of Tier Four, a God is still a God, unshakable by mortals.

Reluctantly using her last ace to save herself, Erin was unwilling, but she had no choice.

If Roland liberated all the slaves, just the sheer numbers would be enough to drown the Divine Punishment Legion.

Erin summoned the Ascetics to guard her, and retreated to her main formation, muttering incantations.

At the moment she cast her spell, Lisa transformed into a Firebird and flew overhead.

The scorching Silence Domain descended, interrupting the Holy Light Techniques chanted by the Ascetics around Erin, except Erin herself remained chanting normally.

She sneered at the Firebird with disdain.

This is the Divine Descent Skill, irreversible, uninterruptible.

Even if she herself died, it wouldn't stop.

The Goddess's avatar descended, and just the Divine Power alone could dispel most of the enemies, reversing the slave transformation process.

Mortal killing Gods, dream on!

Tiya's phantom gradually solidified.

In the night sky, a faint Light swept in with unstoppable momentum.

Her features became more distinct, her eyebrows slightly trembling.

Roland had a feeling that once Tiya's avatar descended, the situation would become irreversibly bad.

To break the power, it would take an existence of the same level.

Should he use the ace given by Sofia?

A sapphire Protective Talisman came to his palm, with his palm slightly sweating.

Just as he prepared to crush the talisman, the sound of a tsunami suddenly echoed beside him.

Everyone's attention was drawn by this earth-shattering force of Nature.

This is...

Some were puzzled, but some were excited.

Catherine felt the Three Divine Artifacts she carried leaping for joy.

It's the Sea Emperor, it's him, he's back!

The tsunami formed a gigantic water column, crashing towards Tiya's phantom.

Tiya's avatar slowly opened her eyes, staring intently at the handsome man at the center of the water column.

"Poseidon, after all these years, you still can't let go."

"Bitch Tiya, fuck your mother!"

Perhaps in Tiya's mind, both sides should reminisce a bit and exchange pleasantries before acting, but Poseidon didn't play by the rules and went straight for personal attacks.

Tiya's eyebrows slightly furrowed; such an insult was strong for ordinary mortals but nothing to her who had ascended to the Divine Domain.

The breaking defense index was far less than Roland's words at the Holy Spring Revival Ceremony.

What Tiya couldn't understand more was why the Sea Emperor chose to forcibly awaken.

He could indeed break her avatar, but the cost would be never being able to resurrect.

This was the Sea Emperor's final strike.

Catherine, with tears streaming down her face, cried out, "Your Majesty Sea Emperor, don't!"

The Sea Emperor turned to look at her, a hint of a smile appearing on his fierce face.

He flicked lightly, a azure light falling and embedding into her forehead.

When the Sea Emperor turned back again, he laughed wildly, bidding farewell to this world.

He was going, but Tiya wouldn't get her way either.

The difficult revival race made him understand the final stage didn't belong to him.

Since he had to leave sooner or later, he might as well go out in a blaze of glory.

At last, let him escort the young once more.

The torrential rain poured down.

The Goddess's avatar just condensed and then vanished.

Lightning and thunder rained down, illuminating the entire sky.

On this night, the Sixth Divine Punishment Legion was completely annihilated, Divine Punishment Island was seized by Roland and others, over four hundred thousand Light Believers were liberated, most of whom headed to the Holy City for pilgrimage, while a few abandoned their faith in the Gods and sought truth among mortals.

On this night, countless people wept.

Some wept for death.

Some wept for liberation.

Only Catherine was genuinely heartbroken.

This was the first and last time she saw the Sea Emperor.

Chapter 708 - 397: Light Belongs to Everyone

The Sea Emperor is dead.

The proud genius, once a domineering hero overlooking the land from the crest of the waves, is dead.

Died like a joke.

An ethereal aura of spiritual energy shrouded the magnificent palace.

On the gigantic throne, the goddess's body appeared exceptionally petite.

Tiya silently gazed into the void ahead, still reminiscing about last night's battle on Divine Punishment Island.

She had calculated everything, except for the Sea Emperor's madness.

The descendants of the Divine Punishment Legion did not know that in the eyes of the goddess, both the failures and successes of divine punishment missions were seen as nuisances.

They had fulfilled their mission, and their continued existence would only provide opportunities for blasphemers to touch the goddess's power.

Just like this war on Divine Punishment Island.

They didn't understand that they were merely disposable. Once the mission was over, regardless of success or failure, they should just die.

Last night, the only thing that truly made Tiya's heart flutter was Poseidon.

He won the resurrection match and then decisively overturned the table.

"Do you hate me that much?"

Tiya chuckled self-mockingly, her golden hair flowing through her fingers like the wind over the sea, the clouds drifting past the moon, exceptionally smooth.

Ascending to the Divine Domain brought countless benefits; this was just an added bonus.

The Goddess of Light inexplicably recalled sharing with her childhood friends how soap wort washed hair without causing hair loss or leaving an unpleasant smell.

Truly naive and foolish memories.

She frowned in disgust because there was someone in her youth a hundred times more annoying than Poseidon.

The youngest and also the smartest, Frosty Winter.

Right, that person has now changed their name to Sofia.

Recalling all that Sofia had done, Tiya couldn't help but laugh.

Abandoning the proved power of Frosty Winter that was sufficient for Ascension to Divinity, starting from scratch again, indeed showed great courage.

Not only courage, but she even achieved it.

If given a million years, Tiya couldn't guarantee she would have the courage to return home for the harvest.

"You're out of time, Frosty Winter."

"If you are smart enough, you should learn from Poseidon to end yourself. I'm not a forgiving person, after all."

Tiya smiled with a hint of delight, a point of her finger, and all memories vanished with the fluctuations of space.

She closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, no hint of mortal emotion remained.

In any case, Poseidon really did die.

He used his death to prevent her form from consolidating, rendering less than one percent of her power usable in the mortal realm.

Perhaps it was foolish, but it indeed changed the course of the battle.

The army assault that was supposed to be wiped out achieved victory, while the Divine Punishment Legion she sheltered was completely defeated.

An exquisite performance, but at what cost?

Farewell, Poseidon.

Tiya's slender hand traced a perfect arc in the air, causing the space to ripple like the surface of the sea, and a delicate notebook appeared in front of her.

Biting her index finger until it bled, the Goddess of Light drew a slightly menacing cross over Poseidon's name with a drop of blood.

"Poseidon, you're the first, but you will not be alone."

...

"His Majesty has passed!"

This time it was real.

In the Undersea World, countless intelligent marine beings gathered in the Sea Emperor Hall, tears wet their cheeks, soon merging with the seawater—the salty taste indistinguishable between sea or tears.

Catherine endured her grief, fainting thrice during the funeral.

The Sea Emperor Hall's upper echelons, who previously plotted to divide the Sea Emperor's inheritance, were sentenced to death, using their blood to pay tribute to the Sea Emperor.

The Minstrel composed the most magnificent verses for the Sea Emperor, and the Sea Demon maiden offered ethereal dirges. Billions of fish-folk bid farewell, making the Sea Emperor's departure exceedingly grandiose.

But no matter how bustling, his fate couldn't be changed.

He died completely.

...

"Poseidon is dead."

In the Holy City, within the Great Cathedral's Prayer Room.

Roland sat straightforwardly opposite Christine, introducing the Battle of Divine Punishment Island to her.

Some matters couldn't be concealed.

Pretending nothing happened in such a significant event was unrealistic.

Since it couldn't be concealed, they might as well be open about it.

Roland directly sought out Christine to test her reaction.

Although Christine had a fervent belief in the goddess, it didn't mean she had a favorable view of the Divine Punishment Legion.

In fact, they were even in a competitive relationship.

Everyone working for the goddess, who is more noble than whom?

The descending gigantic hand of Light at the parting moment, seemingly purifying evildoers, was actually providing a buff.

Before telling the story, Roland expressed his gratitude straightforwardly, but Christine dismissively waved her hand.

"No need to thank me. If you truly fall into the dark, I won't hand you over to others; I'll deal with it personally."

Seeing Christine's serious expression, Roland rolled his eyes at her with displeasure.

"Should I thank you for your sincere purification grace?"

Christine did not answer, just smiled slightly.

Roland often prayed by her side; she knew best how much darkness lingered within him.

A slightly blackened conscience, a somewhat loosened bottom line, but his nature remained Light.

That's Roland.

Such people, Christine had seen many in the Divine Court of Light, hardly worth making a fuss over.

As long as the goal could be achieved, the means were not important.

Even the Great Goddess frequently plotted against others in the night before ascending to the Divine Domain, so what about that?

Christine didn't mind Roland exterminating the Divine Punishment Legion; she was even glad.

But after all, they all believed in the Light, so she couldn't say they deserved it, only sighing as she skipped the topic.

Roland opened his mouth, almost asking a question they always avoided.

"If the goddess issued a Divine Oracle, 'Christine, eliminate Roland,' how should they interact?"

Some words couldn't be spoken; once voiced, there was no going back.

Roland feared facing this question, and so did Christine.

Chapter 709: Light Belongs to Everyone (2)

Seeing Roland's hesitant expression, she quickly changed the subject, "By the way, tell me about that devout believer, I'm curious about her."

Roland breathed a sigh of relief and used his eyes to express his gratitude to Christine for her thoughtfulness.

Christine was referring to Erin.

To be fair, her faith was even firmer than Christine's.

She even moved the Goddess, prompting the Goddess to bestow Divine Power.

Roland took out the crystal ball that recorded the battlefield situation and handed it to Christine.

Like a video recorder, the crystal ball also has a limited lifespan.

The advantage of the crystal ball is its high clarity, 3D high-definition with no blind spots, but its downside is that it can only be played a very limited number of times.

Christine took the crystal ball with both hands, infused it with the Power of Light, and the crystal ball slowly activated.

The brutal battlefield unfolded before Christine's eyes.

With just one glance, she was infuriated.

"Who is the idiot commanding this?"

She couldn't stand anyone missing opportunities or giving reckless orders on the battlefield.

As she cleared her throat, ready to start her tirade, she caught a glimpse of Roland's strange expression, and her heart skipped a beat.

Oh no, could that idiot be Roland?

She cleared her throat lightly, trying to think of a way to bail Roland out.

Before she could speak, Roland had already elegantly shifted the blame.

"The Sea Empress was responsible for the command."

"I knew it, you've been with me for so many years, you couldn't be this incompetent. These idiots from the Ocean World treat warfare like hunting, cluelessly rushing in!"

Since it wasn't Roland, Christine had no qualms about unleashing her critique.

She unhesitatingly pointed out the biggest issue of the battle.

The strategic objectives were chaotic, which could be charitably described as adaptable, but frankly, it was just disorderly command.

She patiently detailed the command issues in the battle plan, causing Roland to break out in a cold sweat.

Although the battle was commanded by Catherine, his military skill was on par with hers.

If he had been in command, it might have been a little better, but not by much.

The surprise attack on Divine Punishment Island was ultimately decided by the battle between Transcendents, not battlefield command.

Roland, somewhat unconvinced, spoke up for Catherine.

"Actually, the key to victory in this battle wasn't here."

Christine didn't like hearing that.

She solemnly tapped the table with her fingers, "Will the Goddess and Sea Emperor appear in every war?"

"If neither of them showed up, this victory wasn't guaranteed."

"Anyway, there's still time, let's have an exhilarating war game."

War game? Spare me.

Roland wanted to concede immediately, but under Christine's serious and eager gaze, he chose to surrender.

Oh well, it's not the first time I've been crushed, one more time won't hurt.

At the pinnacle of any field, talent is what matters.

Hard work is certainly useful, but it's just a way to realize talent. Without talent, what can hard work achieve?

Some people, without a day of military school, can force the surrender of three thousand defeated warlords with just a few hundred students in their debut battle.

Some people, in their first command, can inflict an epic defeat like the Battle of Changping.

Roland wasn't particularly talented in military strategy, but at least he was a military history enthusiast before his transmigration, so he wasn't entirely useless.

Under Christine's tutelage, his command level was roughly...

Between a satisfactory and good tactical commander.

This was Christine's objective evaluation of him.

Roland and Christine switched roles, each playing the human land-sea coalition and the Divine Punishment Legion.

The result was not surprising.

The coalition and the Divine Punishment Legion fought to a draw, with Christine defeating Roland 2:0.

Joking aside, once in the military realm, Christine never held back.

After being thoroughly educated twice, Christine finally let Roland go.

Before Roland took his leave, she left him with a seemingly random remark.

"Remember to call me next time. Transcendents are extremely valuable, and I don't want them wasted by an idiot commander."

"If there's nothing else, hurry and leave, I have to pray."

Christine didn't look at Roland throughout; she just gazed up at the dome, her voice soft, but she knew Roland could hear her.

Roland nodded, feeling a warmth in his heart.

He never doubted Christine's devotion, so he also knew that the Goddess would always rank first in Christine's heart.

Today, he came bracing himself for a reprimand, hoping it wouldn't be too harsh.

Unexpectedly, Christine didn't lash out.

Perhaps she was changing too?

Before leaving the Prayer Room, Roland boldly brought up a topic he would never dare touch before.

"Light doesn't belong to any individual; it belongs to the entire world, to all living beings. Gods can represent the Light, which is why they are Gods."

This was somewhat blasphemous, but Christine didn't react.

Unlike those who profess devotion but speak nonsense, she was very familiar with the classic texts.

This sentence was on the front page of Goddess Tiya's work, the "Book of Light."

But only in the full edition was it on the front page, only in her pre-Ascension works was it there.

After gaining promotion eligibility to the Divine Domain, this sentence permanently disappeared.

Christine only saw the original manuscript by chance after becoming Pope.

This sentence shocked her as if a nuclear bomb exploded in her mind.

To be fair, there was nothing wrong with the sentence itself; it would surely inspire the lower-level believers if quoted in a speech.

The problem was that Tiya deleted this phrase right after her Ascension to Divinity.

Before Ascension, questioning the Gods.

After Ascension, blocking the questioning path for successors.

This kind of thing happened countless times in reality, Roland did it too.

But Roland was an ordinary person; Tiya was a Goddess.

Chapter 710: Light Belongs to Everyone (Part 3)

Roland did so, and Christine just smiled knowingly, without a word.

When the Goddess did so, Christine's worldview collapsed.

The words on the first page of the "Book of Light" were erased, causing her admiration for the Goddess's character to crumble.

The Battle of Divine Punishment Island was shattered by the Sea Emperor's sacrificed life, causing her admiration for the Goddess's strength to crumble.

Countless sincere prayers went unanswered, this act of defiance caused her admiration for the Goddess's generosity to crumble.

Three collapses in one day made her have to question how much difference there was between the Goddess and her.

Or perhaps, as Roland once said.

Gods are just mortals who have ascended to the Divine Domain, we are all the same.

Christine clenched the tome in her hand, her fingertips piercing the pages without even realizing it.

...

"Poseidon is dead?"

In the cold voice, there was uncharacteristically a hint of concern.

Roland looked at Sofia, it was the first time he had seen such an expression in her eyes.

"Don't be surprised, Poseidon and I were on quite good terms. I thought there would be a chance to catch up before the final day, but I didn't expect him to be so extreme."

"To sacrifice precious life just to shatter an incarnation that Tiya could gather at any moment?"

Sofia furrowed her eyebrows slightly, somewhat puzzled.

Roland's battle analysis did not interest her much.

The tears of joy over the liberation of slaves left her unmoved.

The tragic fall of Erin, who fought to the end and turned into countless points of light, stirred no emotion in her.

Catherine's clumsy command went unnoticed by her.

Only Poseidon's unusual behavior surprised her a bit.

She knew this old friend, although he had moments of fiery temperament, he would not let his temper affect his decision-making.

Poseidon knew very well that he had poor emotional control ability, so he never made decisions in anger.

Was it due to emotional outburst or careful consideration this time?

Based on her understanding of Poseidon, it must have been the latter.

But the matter of Poseidon's dormancy had been too long, could it have drastically changed his nature?

Sofia fell into contemplation, Roland did not disturb her but instead went to the bookshelf beside them to pick out a novel and flipped through it to pass the time.

It was unknown how long it had been, but Sofia was still at a loss and simply delegated the problem.

"Roland, what do you think?"

"I don't know. After all, I'm not well-acquainted with the character of the Sea Emperor. Generally speaking, there's a ninety percent chance it was a decision made after thorough contemplation. Among these, it could be categorized into planned action that ultimately failed and everything being under control."

Roland pondered for a moment and said slowly: "From another perspective, the downfall of the Sea Emperor might not be a bad thing for us."

"He was too assertive, it was very difficult for him to convince himself to be on equal footing with us younger ones. Furthermore, the fall of the Sea Emperor brings several benefits, firstly..."

Sofia was somewhat speechless, Roland was too adept at using diplomatic language.

She wanted to hear the truth when she asked for his evaluation, but he treated it like an official assessment?

But she quickly realized.

The fact that Roland could respond with such empty rhetoric proved at least one thing.

This was nothing major, no need to delve deep.

Sofia indeed did not continue to linger on the matter, she filled the three empty wine glasses in front of her with freshly opened red wine.

One glass for the past. To pay respect to her former self who stood proud by her capabilities.

One glass for the present. After the Battle of White Mountain, she reclaimed the memories of being the Chosen One, and then under the admiration and attention of all, she chose a new path.

One glass for Roland. This guy who always manages to create miracles.

Sofia slowly spoke: "If ever there's a need for the strongest of this plane to act in the future, just come find me. But do not interfere with my personal life."

In her heart, she silently pondered, "A new power fills my body, who will be the new target?"