Empress 711

Chapter 711 Is Ascension to Divinity a Scam?

Has the Sea Emperor truly died?

From any angle, he appeared to be dead.

Yet, some still refuse to believe it.

After all, his death was somewhat hasty.

As a former Chosen One, of course, he could die, perhaps even lose a rebirth match, but to end so many years of patience over a moment's feud, does that make sense?

Tiya couldn't believe this was Poseidon, but she was very certain the Sea Emperor was dead.

Although her avatar only possessed one percent of her true body's strength, her perception ability was not much weaker.

Unless Poseidon had the ability to deceive Divine Perception.

Tiya immediately dispelled this possibility.

She'd rather believe in worldly justice and divine realm love, than to believe the Sea Emperor could deceive her perception.

She could clearly perceive the sound of the Sea Emperor's body being torn to pieces and the vibrations of his soul's shattering.

While physical death leaves room for resurrection, and soul fragmentation can be pieced back together, the shattering of a soul is utterly finished.

Unless the Creator God, who wields the Supreme Law, intervenes.

Tiya sighed in relief, not wasting effort mourning a confirmed death.

In fact, she had no time to delay; as she was deep in thought, a Chief Throne Angel under the Light Dominator Casomir appeared at the Divine Hall's entrance, prompting her to rise in greeting.

Chief Throne Angels have no combat ability; their duties are to glorify and convey edicts.

However, because they are constantly in the presence of the Dominator, no deities below the Main God dare to offend them.

The Chief Throne Angel appeared before Tiya, expressionless, holding a gold invitation in both hands.

"The Supreme Light Dominator plans to host a banquet to entertain other Dominators soon, and the Void Dominator has taken a keen interest in the Theia Plane, specifically inviting you as a companion."

"It's your honor."

Void Dominator?

Tiya's face slightly changed, and her breathing became somewhat erratic, yet she dared not speak, silently accepting the invitation.

This invitation is written in the Divine Realm's most common form of seventy-two line poetry; each section is a seventy-two line poem, with fixed format, lengthy content, and replete with long-windedness.

Even Tiya, accustomed to glorification and being glorified, found it rather tiring to read.

For this is a Dominator's invitation, it cannot be fast-forwarded or skimmed; it must be appreciated word by word, line by line, with sung praises at the Dominator's most proud moments.

Reading this invitation alone consumed an entire afternoon.

Even the most formal bureaucrats would call this an expertise upon seeing this invitation.

Tiya was used to expressing respect for the Dominator in this way, daring not to show a hint of dissatisfaction, not even in thought.

Perhaps seeing the Sea Emperor one last time made her reminisce some past affairs, and today she felt particularly exhausted.

Having been in the Divine Domain for billions of years, time flew by like a blink, as if nothing major had happened before it ended.

The first thing she did upon arriving in the Divine Domain was receiving admonitions.

At that time, a Chief Throne Angel announced the discipline to the Ascenders expressionlessly.

"There aren't many rules in the Divine Domain; if you can't remember them, just remember one thing."

"The Dominator is supreme, and that's the rule."

Tiya listened carefully, while someone with a quick tongue hastily posed a question before the Chief Throne Angel allowed it.

The result of asking was the ten Ascenders becoming nine.

The Ascender, who had been filled with aspirations for the Divine Domain moments ago, transformed into a brilliant light, blending into the surrounding backdrop.

"Remember, everything about you belongs to the Supreme Light Dominator, including your body and soul, completely belongs!"

The Chief Throne Angel assigned territories and palaces to the Ascenders, distributed servants and attendant angels, led them to claim their Divine Kingdoms, and register their Divine status.

Aside from the irreverent who were obliterated, the others were quite content.

Although "everything belongs to the Master" gave them an unpleasant taste of slavery, the Dominator is a busy entity, generally not bothering them.

Though they must be respectful and reverential before the Dominator, sweating profusely, in their own Divine Kingdom, they are the dominators.

There's no shame in maintaining humility before the mighty Dominator.

Even if they are but servants, they are at least the servants of a dominator standing at the pinnacle of power.

The Ascenders, having reached the Divine Realm with such difficulty, would naturally not let disputes over temper cost them their future.

They had great adaptive abilities, quickly beginning self-indoctrination.

"I'm the Dominator's subordinate! Yet the dominator of the Divine Kingdom!"

As long as there are those beneath, people's mentality won't easily crumble.

In Tiya's ninth millennium in the Divine Domain, she was chosen by the Light Dominator, favored for a few days.

Good news: Being with the Dominator felt extraordinarily wondrous, making her feel her prior life was wasted.

Bad news: The Dominator only chose her once.

Perhaps after trying something new, it was found unappealing, or maybe the Dominator disliked leftovers; regardless, it was just this once.

Tiya was saddened to the point of wanting to cry.

After all, being cast into cold storage is truly unbearable.

But she quickly found herself unable to cry.

Being used as an entertainment tool was more unbearable than being cast into cold storage.

In the thirty-one thousandth year of entering the Divine Domain, the Dominator's selection card was sent to the Divine Kingdom.

Tiya was so excited she nearly burst into tears, but the Chief Throne Angel reminded her with a cold voice.

"You are responsible for accompanying the Shadow Dominator, by the way, he likes to use the back door."

Tiya almost petrified for a whole day before snapping out of her astonishment.

She finally understood; she was neither the great Dominator's woman nor his servant.

She was merely an object, from the countryside, a novelty, a little pretty, something to entertain guests with.

Tiya's mindset broke down.

She finally understood what so-called Ascension to Divinity was all about.

Like an anteater sitting at the entrance of an ant's hole, watching little ants excitedly climb out of the burrow, then extending its long tongue to curl up the poor ants, satisfying its appetite.

Chapter 712 Is Ascension to Divinity a Scam? (Part 2)

Ascension to Divinity is a deception.

That's all there is to it.

The order of the Divine Domain was established long ago, with the Supreme God existing in every corner of the universe in the form of rules, yet without gender, body, or even a soul or consciousness.

Existence itself is its greatest meaning.

Below the Supreme God, the Dominators are the core of the Divine Realm.

And the seats of the Dominators were determined long ago, unchangeable, and not allowed to change.

This is how it has always been throughout the eons of the Divine Realm's existence.

Casomir was born as the Light Dominator, and no one even thought it was inappropriate.

Challenge a great Dominator?

The very existence of such a thought is the greatest joke.

The Dominators are the rules themselves, do you wish to challenge the fundamental rules that maintain the universe's operation?

They enjoy this world in their preferred manner.

The intelligent beings of this world are neither their subjects nor their descendants; they are merely part of what the Dominators enjoy.

Tiya realized it, but it was too late.

The Shadow Dominator expanded her body and broadened her awareness.

She had never witnessed such pure evil and savagery.

What the Shadow Dominator did to her would have warranted countless death sentences for any human, but he is the Shadow Dominator, thus it all seemed so justified.

Tiya drove him to madness, then kicked him away.

A great Dominator, of course, wouldn't waste his emotions on a woman of humble birth.

Tiya returned to the Divine Kingdom, bruised all over.

That night, she descended upon the Divine Kingdom, executing three thousand one hundred and ninety-five people out of anger.

This was exactly the number of her total scars.

The scars left by the Shadow Dominator would heal, but never truly vanish.

Her body was covered with various shadow runes, like a Rune War God.

A god representing Light, with a body covered in shadow runes—what a desecration.

Of course, the Light Dominator didn't care.

After all, Tiya's divine status only held sway on the Material Plane.

An Ascender may be a deity on the Material Plane, but in the Divine Domain, they are merely the personal property of a Dominator.

The Shadow Dominator didn't get to play for free; he paid enough to the Light Dominator.

A transaction was completed between the Dominators, but they didn't inform Tiya, as no one respects the right of a ball to have awareness when playing with it.

It has been seven hundred million years since the last time the Shadow Dominator sullied her body.

For these seven hundred million years, she lived as though forgotten; the Light Dominator no longer touched her, and the Shadow Dominator ignored her.

Forgotten, Tiya could enjoy being the exalted Goddess in her Divine Kingdom, and occasionally peek at her homeland for anything interesting.

In her Divine Kingdom, thirty billion citizens fervently worshiped their immaculate Goddess.

Their great Goddess, beautiful and sacred, was the pillar of their faith.

They would never know that their sacred Goddess trembled hopelessly under the Shadow Dominator's whip.

Ignorance is sometimes bliss.

Tiya's hands trembled as the contents of the invitation fully revealed themselves.

Seven hundred million years might be just a brief span between two gatherings to a Dominator, but to Tiya, it was extremely long.

So long that she almost forgot her own identity.

Humiliating memories stirred, and Tiya's body trembled.

Tears welled up in her eyes but didn't fall.

If given the chance to choose again, would she pick Ascension or a life with Poseidon?

She was somewhat lost.

Is Ascension to Divinity a deception? It both is and isn't.

Every promise made by the Divine Domain Envoy before Ascension was fulfilled.

"Upon ascending to the Divine Domain, you will possess infinite life until the universe's end."

This is true, although what meaning such infinity holds is hard to say.

"Upon ascending to the Divine Domain, you will have the chance to meet the great Dominators and hear their cultivation experiences."

This is also true, but the great Dominators do not cater to the realm's candidates, using an ancient language and delivering lectures with great freedom; how much you understand depends entirely on your ability.

Tiya reaped almost nothing.

"Upon ascending to the Divine Domain, you may be chosen by a Dominator to become their woman."

This is true.

But the Divine Domain Envoy didn't mention there was more than one Dominator, nor did he mention the Dominators' malicious habit of exchanging playthings.

"Upon ascending to the Divine Domain, you may have your own Divine Kingdom and tens of billions of devoted worshippers."

This is true, with no misdirection, but the progress offered by this Divine Kingdom pales compared to the natives of the Divine Realm casually cultivating.

The highest-tier Divine Domain natives hold lofty statuses, never needing to cultivate; their future paths are already well-arranged.

Without a word of a lie, yet weaving a beautiful web, luring little insects to willingly plunge in.

Tiya, in addition to feeling sorrow, felt somewhat indignant.

She was merely unlucky, working hard to get a ticket to become a slave.

No, not a slave, a plaything.

Would the Demon Emperor, Sea Emperor, and Frosty Winter do better?

They too were enticed by the Divine Domain Envoy, striving with all their might for Ascension to Divinity.

Sofia, why didn't you come?

A cold gleam flashed in Tiya's eyes as she selectively forgot the past, where her three sisters deliberately schemed to leave Frosty Winter behind.

People tend to selectively edit their memories, which is a form of self-protection.

Tiya returned to her chambers, opening the wardrobe, gazing at the five treasured Divine Robes, her eyes bewildered.

On the first day of Ascension, she was awestruck by the vast beauty of the Divine Realm; it wasn't until she was bestowed her first Divine Robe that she understood the gap between the mortal realm and the Divine Realm.

Divine Robes are seamless because they form naturally, not tailored or sewn together.

Divine Robes are spotless because the Dominator has the power to define them, and naturally, they are spotless.

Divine Robes are shapeless, for they must adapt to the shapes of all Ascenders.

Both lightweight and heavy, both splendid and rustic, both flamboyant and reserved.

Many completely opposite attributes are perfectly united on a Divine Robe; the moment Tiya donned it, tears stained her cheeks, and she felt that in her prior life, despite wearing countless clothes, she was merely running naked.

Yet she later realized that wearing a Divine Robe is true nudity.

Thinking of the Void Dominator's myriad tales and her body covered in shadow runes, she lost even the mood to choose clothing.

She had even considered a frightening possibility.

Would the characterless, instinct-driven Void Dominator, upon seeing her trampled body, casually turn her into Void out of anger?

She felt some fear, yet she had no choice.

Several days passed in this state of apprehension, and the Dominator's feast began as scheduled.

The feast's scale was grand, and the guests invited were not limited to just the Void Dominator.

The banquet hall was at the cloud's peak, the towering forms of the Dominators looming in and out of sight amidst the clouds, only partially visible.

The prepared delicacies were mere adornments, for no food could match the taste of intelligent beings.

As the entertainment unfolded, the Dominators' interests were piqued.

The Light Dominator, seeing the time was right, clapped his hands, and his grand voice echoed across the Divine Kingdoms, scattering into every corner of the Divine Domain with a tinkling sound.

The prepared main courses walked up themselves.

Tiya entered with a calm demeanor.

She chose the Divine Robe that concealed the most.

She was the Void Dominator's meal, naturally not meant for other diners to see the scars within the ingredient.

She assumed this would be her last day, then strove with all her might to find a way to survive.

Life is always difficult.

So is divine life.

If she could just get through today, perhaps she could again be the exalted Goddess for another seven hundred million years.

The food marched in order to their respective Dominator.

The clouds gradually darkened.

The Dominators sealed off separate spaces to begin enjoyment.

After their enjoyment, they might exchange delicacies, but for now, it was a time of private indulgence.

The Void Dominator sealed the space as well, leaving vast exclusive space for just him and Tiya.

Tiya knelt without hesitation, the Divine Robe scattering.

"Supreme Void Dominator, you may have already seen, my body..."

The sound of the Void resonated beside her ear, though Tiya understood none of it, she clearly grasped the Void Dominator's meaning.

"No need for words."

Tiya had to close her mouth, only to be shocked at her inability to do so.

Her alluring Red Lips stayed open, like a fish leaping out of water.

The Void Dominator's humanoid hand pressed against her head.

The Dominator's hand on her head pressed forcefully.

Despite all the runes, those enticing lips remained clean.

The power of Void converged from every corner of the world, forming a long whip that swirled indiscriminately.

The shadow runes vanished into nothingness.

The long whip lashed, meeting each inch of Tiya's skin.

Chapter 713 Life and Death, the Endless Cycle of Reincarnation

Everyone must have some pursuits in life, otherwise what is the difference between them and a salted fish?

The arrival of Return Day is quietly accelerating.

Based on normal understanding, the gap between the Fourth Return Day and the Third Return Day should be long, giving those with potential a chance.

But it seems as if time has been fast-forwarded, and the Third Return Day approaches earlier than most people anticipated.

Roland stood under the Golden Ginkgo Tree, welcoming the birth of the children with Sif.

Their children hung on the tree for exactly a year, not a minute more or less, as if it were fate's arrangement.

This mysterious feeling didn't bring Roland joy; in fact, it added some unease about being secretly arranged.

In any case, this was his first child, and Roland's mood was slightly excited.

More accurately, it was the first pair of children.

The Golden Ginkgo Tree perfectly completed the task of nurturing life in place of Sif.

Two completely translucent crimson fruits hung on the branches, serving as the sleeping palace for the two children.

This magical method of nurturing life differed slightly from the ancient tree nurturing method of the Third Era, which involved children of the Elf and the ancient tree. Now the trees merely serve as the venue.

The genes of these two children belong entirely to Roland and Sif.

Aside from a few human friends and relatives who witnessed the scene, the rest of the audience were from the Elf Race.

This magical way of life nurturing is likely to have a significant impact on the future fertility patterns of the Elf Race, driving the tribe to come out of curiosity.

The birth process takes approximately three days.

The time is mainly spent detaching the Life Fruit from the Golden Ginkgo Tree.

They must not harm the children, nor the ancient trees, while also laying a good foundation for future life nurturing. Caution is necessary.

As the current era's foremost Scholar, Roland was well-prepared for this birth ceremony.

He set the procedures after carefully reflecting on all available Third Era literature he could find.

Every step is pursued for perfection.

Frankly, now is not the best time to nurture offspring.

One more child may not add much strength but could disperse resources and waste energy.

But so what?

The balance of victory and defeat won't change because of two little angels.

The determining factors could be Roland's wisdom, Sofia's sword and acting skills, the brilliant cooperation of the wives, and the unified spirit of the resurrection personnel.

Any of these could be possible.

But Roland doesn't expect to give birth to a super genius to turn the tide.

He doesn't even intend to force the children onto the Transcendent path.

If they have talent, they should cultivate it; if they don't, they should be happy second-generation, enjoying life.

Even if they can't make it through the final Return Day, they could at least embark on the journey together as a family, missing no one.

The hymn began.

Waiting is always boring, but it poses no difficulty for the singing and dancing Elf Race.

They sang songs from the Ancient Era around the Golden Ancient Tree, dancing gracefully to liven up the grand ceremony.

Seeing the pure joy on the Elves' faces, Roland couldn't help but feel some admiration.

Truly, they are the laziest, most relaxed of the dominant races.

They calmly face danger, let alone the birth of an Imperial Family baby.

Roland was also infected by the calm ease of the Elves, his lips curling into a slight smile.

Seeing him finally less nervous, Alina, sitting on the left, smiled and asked, "Stop dawdling, have you thought of names for the children?"

This question, casually asked, troubled Roland.

The naming dilemma still plagued him, unchanged even in this realm.

"I've thought of a few, but they feel lacking. Why don't you help think of some?"

Roland tentatively asked.

He expected Alina to politely decline, but to his surprise, she looked at Sif and nodded naturally.

"Sif, do you mind if I name them?"

"It's an honor for the children and for me." Sif was clearly more nervous than Roland, her lips nearly pale.

This is a mother's instinct, even if they weren't born from her own body, they are ultimately her children.

The young mother was anxious about whether these little ones were healthy, whether they inherited their parents' unparalleled beauty, how clever they were, and so on.

She felt like she was opening a blind box with excitement and worry.

Watching his beloved wife's nervous demeanor, Roland held her hand and gently comforted her.

"There's no need to worry; even if they're not smart, we have enough to ensure their happiness and joy in life."

"What nonsense! My children cannot be fools!"

Sif glared at Roland, eventually biting his hand in mock anger.

Roland let out a soft cry but only smiled.

This reflected their differing philosophies.

Coming from an esteemed family, Sif naturally hoped her children would excel beyond each generation, ready to assume her role.

Is it really so stressful? Is there a throne to inherit?

Roland habitually mocked internally, then chuckled aloud.

This time there really was a throne to inherit, so it did require hoping the children would at least have normal minds.

Roland's interruption alleviated some of Sif's anxiety, but she still bit her rosy lip, clutching Roland's hand tighter.

Three days passed quickly.

The moment of natural fruition arrived, and the Golden Ancient Tree swayed its branches, reminding its Elf partners to pay attention.

Sif suddenly stood up, spreading her arms, welcoming the slowly falling Life Fruit.

The crimson fruit was fully ripened, turning milk-white.

She held the two fruits, feeling the strong, powerful heartbeats, and tears couldn't help but gently flow.

Chapter 714: Life and Death, the Endless Cycle of Reincarnation (Part 2)

"Dear babies, Mommy misses you."

Even the most majestic Empress is at a loss when facing her children.

The guests attending the ceremony offered their congratulations, except for one person.

As the most unusual guest, Sofia's feelings were particularly complex.

Is this what it feels like to be a mother?

Today, Sif was completely different from usual. Her frail exterior and resilient gaze clashed yet melded together seamlessly, surprisingly not at odds.

Sofia's thoughts drifted to the distant horizon.

Whether it was her in the Second Era or her in the later generations, it seemed her destiny was never tied to love or family.

In past lives, she remained single until death. In this life, she was bound to a loveless political marriage, hoping at least to leave behind descendants despite lacking affection, only to be humiliated once more.

Married for years yet still a virgin, it was not a glory, but an unspeakable shame.

If I had a child, it would...

Sofia shivered suddenly, a trace of astonishment flickering in her eyes.

She could hardly imagine having such absurd thoughts after awakening all her memories.

But she quickly realized that fearing bearing offspring as if it were a monster was the real mistake.

She is a mature and beautiful woman; what wrong is there in wanting a child of her own?

Her child would be born in a new era.

She did not want to head into the final battle with psychological burdens.

Sif is Sif, she is herself; they are not the same.

The clear cries of the baby broke Sofia's daydreaming trance, as she quietly placed a prepared gift box on the table.

When people looked up to find her figure, she had already disappeared.

Roland noticed Sofia's disappearance, but did not speak to restrain her.

He never understood Sofia, but occasions like this were indeed somewhat subtly awkward for her.

Leaving was just as well.

His gaze roamed through the crowd, seeing countless familiar figures and smiles, yet only one person was missing.

Sister Lisa didn't come.

Three months ago, she ascended the throne and was crowned the first emperor of the Seventh Era of the Magic Empire.

Since the coronation, he had not seen Lisa again.

She was always busy.

Busy practicing magic, handling state affairs, and orchestrating the South Continent conquest war.

Roland felt a vague sense of desolation.

The letter Lisa sent explained that Master Anthony was advanced in age and unwell, and she dared not leave lightly.

Although Lisa explained in detail, Roland still sighed in his heart.

She is unwilling to hold the baby belonging to Sif, isn't she?

If so, then find some time to visit the Magic Capital, Lazio, and have a child with the dear Magic Emperor.

Dispelling a hint of displeasure, Roland put on a smile because he spotted Alina walking over with a smile on her lips.

"Roland, the divination's result is very good. Your two children are both smart and healthy. Only the daughter resembles you more, the son resembles the mother more."

Eh? This inheritance seems a bit odd.

But it doesn't matter, everything is good.

Roland proudly puffed out his chest, full of pride.

If the Magic Mirror were willing to rank male charm, he would surely be in the top three. Sif had long been the reigning champion of the female list for years.

The daughter takes after the father, full of spirit; the son takes after the mother, handsome and delicate.

All in all, it's a good thing.

The wet nurses who were prepared in advance gave the two little ones their first sip of milk and then carefully brought them over.

Both Roland and Sif looked expectantly at Alina, waiting for her to name them.

Alina didn't hold back, straightforwardly explaining:

"The stars bring greetings, blessing the lovely little ones. The boy's name is Elvin, meaning the Wings of Freedom; the girl's name is Aurora, meaning Hope and Dawn."

The names are full of elven characteristics, not particularly outstanding, but the meanings are good.

Roland and Sif exchanged a glance, accepting Alina's arrangement.

Clearly, this was her insight after star-gazing, and also the invisible manipulation of fate's hand.

...

Some people come, some people go.

While Elvin and Aurora were hungrily sucking milk, a respected elder left this world.

With a smile, Master Anthony closed his eyes, quietly lying in a library's spacious bamboo chair, humming his favorite love song from his youth intermittently.

The love song halted abruptly at its last lyrics.

The thick hand slowly dropped, the book in his hand falling to the ground with a muffled thud.

Lisa and Sura, waiting by his side, didn't rush to shake Anthony's body but let tears roll down their cheeks.

The teacher accurately predicted the time of his passing, calmly waiting for life's end, leaving in peace and illness-free; it was, for some, a joyful departure.

But in Lisa's heart, she would have preferred the teacher to live awkwardly than leave gracefully.

Master Anthony shouldn't have passed away so early; he worked too hard.

Lisa obtained the Super Divine Artifact, Eden, allowing him to ease his heart.

The Empire's future had hope.

For over two hundred years, he hardly had a peaceful moment, either worrying about the Magic Association's development or seeking opportunities to grow stronger.

Sura was his most diligently nurtured disciple; he worked extremely hard, yet his talent was limited.

This was Anthony's greatest pain.

Effort determines the lower limit, talent determines the upper limit.

Climbing to the peak of human power, the differences talent can make are vast, not something sheer determination can easily overcome.

Anthony's talent was not extraordinarily outstanding, considered a once-in-a-century genius, and Sura's talent ceiling was even slightly inferior to Anthony's.

Relying on the master and disciple, don't mention rebuilding the glory of the Magic Empire, just maintaining the Magic Association's mere survival was not easy.

As the day of return grew closer, Anthony's anxiety heightened.

Until Roland appeared.

Anthony once saw Roland as the hope for the Magic Empire's resurgence, yet while he relied on Roland, Roland saw the Magic Empire as merely a bargaining chip.

Roland's identity was excessive, his bottom line too flexible, and openly refusing to practice magic, greatly disappointing Anthony.

When Roland recommended Lisa to him, he initially had no expectations, thinking of it only as a transaction.

During the routine magic aptitude test, the Magic Stone was flooded with crimson and exploded on the spot.

At the same time, Anthony's bias shattered.

He was so excited he nearly fainted.

Lisa's talent for Flame Magic was top-notch in the history of the entire Magic Empire.

And Lisa's heart was simple, focused only on Roland and magic, which deeply gratified the old man.

Volcanic rebirth, artifacts choose their master, the Empire reborn.

Anthony glimpsed dawn, yet in his heart, there remained a slight sense of loss.

The disciple's success certainly brought comfort, but his inability to keep pace with the times left him deeply frustrated.

Since Lisa could control the Magic Empire's future, Anthony's mindset shifted slightly.

Previously, he prioritized stability and shunned risks; now, what did he have to fear?

After reviewing numerous ancient texts, Anthony set his sights on Emperor Sorrensen, a famous figure in Magic Empire history.

This Emperor Sorrensen was a very unconventional Mage.

He possessed the combat techniques of a lion and tiger, the strength of a raging bear, and the immense vitality of a Giant Dragon.

He created the Combat Mage branch and ascended to the summit with it, becoming the strongest Mage of his time.

Integrating magic into combat techniques, using instant-cast high-explosive magic fused with martial skills, instantly tearing enemies apart—this was Emperor Sorrensen's fighting style.

Anthony, though lacking Emperor Sorrensen's massive, mountain-like physique, was still comparably brawny to ordinary people.

He chose the path of the Combat Mage, daring to merge with a Demon Artifact left by Sorrensen to quickly grasp the essence of combat techniques.

This merging indeed led to trouble.

The Soul Fragment of Emperor Sorrensen, hidden in the Magic Ring, attempted to seize control of his body.

After multiple futile struggles, Anthony despairingly chose self-destruction.

He intended to destroy Sorrensen's soul alongside himself.

Exerting all effort to expel Sorrensen's Soul Fragment, his life also reached its end.

He had countless things he wished to say to Lisa and Sura but couldn't utter a word when they reached his lips.

When Death God's hand gripped his throat, he was suddenly awakened.

He had an abundance of failure lessons, yet lacked much in successful experiences.

Since that was the case, why pass on his errors to the next generation?

He smiled with relief.

He left no last words, only singing a song to Lisa and Sura.

A love song easily missed in youth, leaving endless regret for the future.

Chapter 715: Fish That Drink Milk

Time weaves like a loom, burying all the past invisibly.

The upheavals of the fourth return day are already stories of the past.

Some live, some die, and in the blink of an eye, the Theia Plane has welcomed a hundred years of the rebirth epoch.

Nations and powers divide and reunite, forming a completely new landscape.

The Rodinia Continent still sees several major powers coexisting, with no significant changes.

Over the past century, wars led by ordinary people mainly occurred outside the Rodinia Continent, while disputes within the continent were primarily resolved through negotiations and trade.

After all, these countries share a common Prime Minister, Roland.

At his busiest, he served as the Prime Minister/Cardinal Minister/Chief Executive Officer of Sussex, Jin Yuan, Vladimir, Prudon, Tirol, and the Magic Empire, and he was also the most trusted Honorary Knight of the Pope of Light.

His extensive resume would even make Lu Bu call him brother.

Since these countries are governed by him, there is no reason for deadly conflicts.

These are internal disputes that can be talked over slowly. If they really can't reach an agreement, they go to the Arena of Truth to let strength speak.

Under Roland's leadership, the major nations achieved territories that were not perfect but satisfactory through territorial exchanges and overseas province expansions.

Not perfect, but better than before, and that is enough.

Wars mainly erupted on the New Continent and South Continent.

The South Continent was contended by the Dark Race, Magic Empire, and Nubia.

As the numbers of the Dark Race increased, they gained the upper hand in the war, but the combined forces of Nubia and the Magic Empire were not to be underestimated.

After the discovery of a rare super Magic Crystal Ore Vein in the northern desert of the South Continent, the power of the Magic Empire rapidly expanded, bringing the sides back to the same starting line.

After several brutal wars, the three factions were exhausted and had no choice but to accept each other's presence.

As for the indigenous peoples of the South Continent, they became spoils of war.

The opposition of the spoils was fierce, but no one cared.

The situation on the New Continent was initially simple; both sides reached an agreement as traditional colonial countries gradually withdrew and marine forces came ashore, to everyone's joy.

The opinions of the local indigenous people were likewise disregarded.

However, the expansion process on the New Continent unexpectedly faced unexpected issues.

The Moving Island Lisenburg suddenly descended, and the Divine Punishment Legion landed on the New Continent to expand their sphere of influence.

Perhaps the annihilation of the Sixth Legion made them feel a survival crisis, or there was a Divine Oracle from the Divine Realm; in any case, they came.

The strength of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Legions of Divine Punishment was absolutely not comparable to the Sixth Legion.

After their arrival, they quickly dealt with the aboriginal slave owners and primitive monarchs, spreading the Lord's glory on this fertile land.

To be fair, although the Divine Punishment Legion was arrogant and prejudiced, and very cruel to enemies, compared to the New Continent, still in the slave society or even primitive tribes, they were almost like sages.

Without comparison, there is no harm; the indigenous people of the New Continent lived lives worse than beasts under the dual oppression of local slave owners and foreign colonists. With the sudden arrival of the Divine Punishment Legion, bringing them civilization and freedom, and spreading the Goddess's glory, how could they not accept it?

If the central part of the New Continent hadn't been cut off by a narrow land bridge, the glory of the three Goddesses would likely have swept across the entire New Continent in a short time.

To the south of the land bridge, the area belongs to the Sea Emperor Hall and marine life.

Marine life shouted slogans of "Landing, landing" and waded ashore with their wet steps, embracing the sunshine and fresh air they had long dreamed of.

Unlike those races landing for the first time, the Sea Demon People were returning home.

They finally set foot on the land countless generations yearned for.

The Sea Demons also had their own territory, with many wetlands and lakes becoming their new territories.

Here, they could maintain their basic lifestyles while easily trading with humans, a survival path summarized by pioneers like Munina.

The seafood that landed was ecstatic, only to be sun-dried shortly after.

They gradually discovered that land was not as wonderful as expected. Or rather, though beautiful, it was not suitable for them.

Having adapted to the moist undersea world, their residences couldn't be far from water sources, so they preferred to live near large lakes, rivers, and wetlands.

Years later, after countless struggles, the Sea Demon People and Sea Demons finally paused to re-examine the world, their doubts finally welling up from their chests.

What exactly were they struggling for?

The seafood that landed finally realized they had only moved from a larger water body to a smaller one.

Millions of years of obsession, the hard work of countless generations, the sacrifices and blood of warriors only to achieve a journey from ocean to pond?

Some things cannot be thought about in detail, the more they ponder, the more confused they become, and they fell into deep contemplation.

Some even wanted to return to the ocean, to their familiar but sunless homeland.

The winds and waves there were fierce, full of dangers, there were neither delicacies nor tall buildings.

But it had the life rhythm they were used to.

These elder Sea Demon People and Sea Demons, nostalgic for the ocean, were mocked by the young, who said they were old dogs unable to adapt to land life.

The young had strong adaptability; they could adjust to relatively arid land and urban life.

Many were confused, not understanding why there was such a divide between the younger generation and the previous one.

...

"Because when a fish is ashore, it's no longer a fish."

Roland calmly answered the beautiful guest sitting opposite him.

As a leader among Scholars and a disseminator of knowledge, answering questions for esteemed guests was also a part of the service.

Chapter 716: Fish That Drink Milk (Part 2)

Sitting across from him, Catherine's eyes emitted an unusual brilliance, looking at Roland with disbelief.

Roland was right; although these two generations don't look different from the outside, their thinking modes are as different as fish and humans.

The older generation of Sea Demon People and Sea Demons don't like being called fish, but at their core, they are just talking fish.

The younger generation is different. Most of them have very vague memories of the ocean. They grew up eating the delicacies of human civilized world, living in buildings made of concrete and steel, and even traveling by train or car.

This is just the first generation of those who came ashore, and there is still a bit of the ocean's scent in their lifestyle.

The second and third generations are even more outrageous.

It's said that cow's milk helps children grow strong, so many affluent Sea Demons trendyly buy milk for their young ones.

Even Roland, who had a strong capacity for acceptance, found this scene magical.

The offspring of egg-laying ocean residents being fed cow's milk.

Unmammals nurturing their young with mammalian milk because they heard it was good for children.

Both mammalian and non-mammalian beings were silent at this scene.

Yet, this magical and absurd image is just a small glimpse of the strange realities of the Seventh Era.

With more and more powerful beings winning the resurrection battles, returning to their familiar homelands only to find that while things have remained, people have changed, Roland has many problems to face.

It's not just powerful beings of various races winning the resurrection battles but also the technological tree.

Originally, due to the depletion of oil, the industrial technology tree had a massive gap between steam engines and electricity.

Although Roland pointed scientists toward the development path, jumping directly from steam engines to generators, his conjecture was sneered at by scientists, and he was subsequently barred from participating in high-level natural science conferences.

Just in the second year after the Academy banned Roland, a Magic Crystal Ore Vein was discovered in the Death Desert, and scientists delightfully found that magic civilization could fill this gap.

The gap left by internal combustion engines was filled by Magic Crystal technology, finally leading humanity into the electric age.

Roland was extremely excited watching the first light bulb that shone for only five minutes before going out.

Others didn't understand the value of those five minutes of light, but he certainly did.

The Age of Gods is an era where technology and superpowers developed in parallel, a period of a hundred flowers blooming.

Although the Ascension to Divinity of the Three Goddesses had nothing to do with technology, Roland believed that only a brilliant civilization could nurture the opportunity for divine ascension.

Under Roland's guidance, the people of the new era were moving toward the broad avenue, albeit with some detours but heading for the same endpoint.

Meanwhile, remnants of the old era clutched the winner's medals from the resurrection battles as they returned.

The time they won the resurrection battle roughly corresponded to when they exited the stage.

The Sixth Era's powerful beings were the first to return, followed by the Fifth Era, and then the Fourth Era.

The returnees of the Sixth Era were not the many mighty monarchs of the Magic Empire's history but their enemies.

The warriors were labeled as barbarians by the Magic Empire.

Returning to their homeland, they were shocked to find that the land was still familiar, but their nation was gone.

Their former countries had all fallen on the path of the Magic Empire's conquest, becoming the cornerstones of magic civilization.

Having barely escaped from Hell, they had hoped to enjoy a beautiful life with their fellow countrymen, only to find out that all their kin were gone, a feeling not easy to bear.

If that were all, perhaps they would have felt bad, but not lost control.

However, they soon jubilantly discovered that the Magic Empire still existed.

Although the New Magic Empire is strictly speaking a different nation from the former Magic Empire, they didn't care; they sought revenge.

Their people and nation turned to dust in history, yet the Magic Empire thrived; why should this be?

The returning strong of the Sixth Era, driven by common foes, banded together to form the Law Breaker Alliance, rallying a batch of marginalized small countries to stand against the Magic Empire.

To pacify the emotionally charged Spellbreakers, Roland made every effort to mediate but was bluntly rejected by the Law Breaker Alliance.

"Was your country and people destroyed by the Magic Empire? If so, join us. If not, shut up."

Faced with the Law Breaker Alliance's righteous questioning, even Roland, with his thick skin, found it hard to refute.

One shouldn't urge others to endure suffering without having suffered themselves.

Roland also detested those who talked while standing painlessly, so he said nothing.

Since he had nothing to say, he could only firmly stand with the Magic Empire.

In a harmonious society, one could support reason over kin, but in these turbulent times, everyone sides with kin over reason; he is no exception.

Fortunately, the Law Breaker Alliance's homeland and people have perished; they cannot destroy the Magic Empire through secular warfare, only rely on individual power for attempts.

After years of a tug-of-war, the Law Breaker Alliance finally realized that if the current Magic Empire had a power level of ten, at least half resided in their Emperor.

Enlightened, they changed their tactics.

The Law Breaker Alliance's final showdown with the Magic Empire unfolded in the form of a relay duel on stage.

Each of the seven-nation alliance of the Spellbreakers selects a champion to represent their respective former countries and tribes.

On the Magic Empire's side, the Magic Emperor and the Executive Officer entered the fray, with an equal number of participants.

This world-renowned confrontation took place at the Arena of Truth's ruins.

At the peak of the Magic Empire's years, this Arena of Truth had seen the burial of countless renowned figures.

At least four emperors, over fifty Central Level executives, hundreds of scholars, and countless more generals walked the final leg of their lives in this arena.

This arena likewise bid farewell to hundreds of barbarian kings and chieftains.

Conducting a "debate of truth" there was indeed fitting.

Glancing up at the clock as the "debate of truth" was about to begin, Catherine flicked her fingertips, and the live scenes of the duel appeared in the illusion.

While waiting for the start, her thoughts drifted far away, falling into contemplation.

In the past few decades, the world outside Rodinia Continent was very chaotic.

A Magic Crystal Ore Vein was discovered in the Death Desert of the Northern South Continent, surpassing the Magic Empire's peak scale, and the mining difficulty was low.

Magic crystals are the bedrock of magic civilization, more important than oil is for industry.

Without oil, there's at least coal to leap directly to the misshaped technology tree of electricity.

Without magic crystals, magic civilization couldn't exist at all.

These magic crystals turned the Death Desert into a cradle of life, making the Northern South Continent the backyard of the Magic Empire.

Magic civilization filled the gap from steam engines to electricity, blending magic and technology in an awkward yet harmonious manner.

An ugly yet exquisite technology tree.

This is Roland's appraisal of this rapidly developing world.

Of course, he only kept these thoughts to himself; in public, he would speak seriously.

Having been Prime Minister for so many years, he naturally knew how to speak the official talk.

The conflict between the Magic Empire and the Law Breaker Alliance had existed for too long, already an inextricable mess, beyond resolution.

No one could mediate.

Even if one wanted to trace back to the origin, people don't know from when to start tracing back.

Should it start from the Magic Empire's large-scale conquests of surrounding regions? Or when the Magic Empire rose? Or even earlier, from the Seven Nations Struggle of the former Magic Empire era?

Their conflicts resembled this world greatly.

The hatred had prolonged for so long that people only remembered the hatred but forgot where it originated from.

There were too few like the Elves and Earth Spirits, who, due to dwindling to the point of just maintaining their tribe, had to abandon their hatred.

Most of the time, forgetting was only physical.

Lisa accepted the duel invitation from the Law Breaker Alliance, but she sought no help; instead, she publicly announced that no matter how many people the Law Breaker Alliance had, she would face them all.

Although this had been their intention, Lisa's provocation made the Law Breaker Alliance even more determined to kill her during the debate of truth.

Despite their prior intentions, Lisa's challenge had left them with not a trace of hesitation.

Even before this, that was their intention, but Lisa's provocation intensified their resolve during the truth debate.

As the debate of truth was about to begin, Catherine glanced at the clock.

She then pointed her fingers at the strongest Spellbreaker.

"He can be immune to almost all magic and increase the caster's consumption through mental attacks. Is Miss Lisa going to be okay?"

"Sure to win. People can be magic-immune, but the environment can't. As long as you shatter the environment, you can slay the magic-immune; that's basic operations for a Mage."

A battle between the magic-nullifying Spellbreakers and Mages—indeed, a fight to behold.

Chapter 717: Not a Single One Left Behind

Magic is not omnipotent, but it is very close.

Lisa intends to use this live-streamed "Arena of Truth Debate" to demonstrate this to the world.

A showdown that breaks people's perception.

Seven warriors from the Law Breaker Alliance, one mage from the Magic Empire.

No matter how you look at it, the warriors are at an advantage, not to mention these warriors are fully equipped with anti-magic equipment and have been rigorously trained for assaults against mages.

Their specialized combat techniques are designed specifically to counter the Magic Empire.

It's not surprising that Lisa dares to accept the challenge, after all, she is the Emperor of the Magic Empire, and in this strength-revering nation, the Emperor must be the top mage.

But her choice to face seven alone was puzzling to many.

Has she gone crazy?

Of course, she hasn't gone crazy; she has simply unlocked the third level of Eden's abilities.

Projection descent.

No matter where you are, as long as you are on this plane, the functions of Eden can be provided to the user.

In the eyes of the Spellbreakers, her equipment is the Sequence Device Robe, the Crown of Order, the Emperor's Scepter, and the Arcane Ring, but Roland knows very well that at this moment Lisa is not much different from sitting inside Eden.

Even if he personally made a move, it would be difficult to forcibly break her defense under the protection of the Super Divine Artifact.

Of course, Eden is just a trump card, and Lisa certainly wants to achieve complete victory without triggering Eden's protective mechanism.

Catherine is also somewhat curious about how Lisa plans to defeat the enemy.

By burning up all the oxygen in the air, or by directly breaking the spatial field?

It's indeed a good approach, but the process of a Tier Four-class strong person suffocating to death due to lack of oxygen is very long.

An Eighth Tier Transcendent is merely a reinforced version of a human body, while the bodies of Seventh and Sixth Rank Transcendents begin to evolve, pushing physical capabilities to the limits of ordinary people's imagination.

The hardness of the bodies of Transcendents above Tier Five can be comparable to special materials; they are impervious to blades and resistant to water and fire, bearing some characteristics of legendary beasts.

If one surpasses Tier Three, the body of a Transcendent will gradually acquire divinity, allowing them to fly with the flesh, roam the seas and skies, and control the elements. This stage is also called the Holy Sanctuary.

The Holy Sanctuary represents the peak of the mundane and a ladder to the Divine Realm.

When this endless long stair reaches its end, the mortal body finally transforms into a divine body.

Attacks from the Material Plane are almost incapable of harming the divine body.

The hard strength of the seven Spellbreakers roughly amounts to the pinnacle of Tier Four, only a step away from the Holy Sanctuary.

In fact, they have already inwardly accepted themselves as being at the Holy Sanctuary level, merely awaiting their day of return, which is forcibly restrained by the world's inability to bear the destruction of Holy Sanctuary beings.

Isn't it just an easy fight for seven Holy Sanctuary Spellbreakers to take on one mage?

This is an unfair contest.

The Law Breaker Alliance even feels somewhat unscrupulous in their victory.

But what they don't know is that they are the ones being played.

The duel at the Arena of Truth begins as scheduled.

As everyone knows, truth is never argued out; you can never persuade someone whose heart is filled with stubbornness, unless you use a fist as big as a sandbag to advocate for the truth.

The Arena of Truth is a place where truth is debated with fists.

Since you refuse to listen to reason, I am well-versed in the language of sword and magic.

This is quite reasonable.

Lisa's attire is very formal, the standard costume of past emperors of the Magic Empire when participating in Arena of Truth debates.

When she elegantly handed her scepter and crown to the attendant and casually tossed her cloak to the crowd of supporters outside the arena, the cheers thundered.

In the past, she has proven her strength through her actions, laying the foundation for the founding of the New Magic Empire.

She overcame opposition to seize the Death Desert, a campaign once considered not worth the gain, but with the discovery of a Super Magic Crystal Ore Vein, no one dared to oppose it.

Her decision was seen as strategic foresight with a visionary outlook, and those who once opposed her became clowns.

The citizens of the New Magic Empire are filled with confidence in her, their fervent worship comparable to faith in a god.

Our Emperor can do anything!

This is the consensus among the citizens of the New Magic Empire.

Except for one person, Lisa's fellow apprentice, Sura.

He watched Lisa grow from a Magic Apprentice, becoming stronger step by step until reaching the pinnacle.

He knows Lisa; her extraordinary talent and relaxed mindset are her greatest advantages.

She is not invincible, and magic is not omnipotent. Sura can guess that Lisa must win the duel by destroying the environment, but he still worries.

The Arena of Truth has witnessed countless eras, buried several Magic Emperors, and seen more than one battle of Saint Mages and Tier Two Transcendent-level combats.

Such a level of combat can easily destroy a city, yet it cannot shake the moss-covered green floor stones of the Arena of Truth.

No one knows who built the Arena of Truth, nor does anyone know its origin.

There are many legends about it, but they are all speculative, with no reliable evidence.

Yet this does not prevent it from being a perfect place for Arena of Truth debates.

Representing the Magic Empire, Empress Lisa, and the seven chieftains and kings of enemy nations of the Magic Empire conduct the most grand Arena of Truth debate.

Both determining right and wrong, as well as life and death.

The war between the Magic Empire and the Barbarian Race has continued for tens of thousands of years, and after the long bloodshed, the cause of the war has long become insignificant, as the wars of the past have already determined victory and defeat.

The Magic Empire, which represented the advanced productive forces of the time, achieved victory.

Even the revival of the Barbarian leaders cannot change anything, but hatred drives them to oppose the Magic Empire.

Since I can't build an ideal nation, neither should you.

Chapter 718: Not a Single One Left Behind

Their idea is just that simple and direct.

Step into the Arena of Truth, and once the Bell of Truth tolls, skip the pre-battle trash talk and start fighting straight away.

Lisa takes the first move, casting a series of illusions before teleporting to a corner of the arena to start setting up ground magic.

From the outside, the Arena of Truth looks about the same size as a regular stadium—magnificent yet not overpowering.

But those in the center of the arena understand that it is an independent small space, allowing any size of combatants to battle within it.

Mage against Warrior, distance is life.

Once a warrior gets close, even a mage can only activate various survival tactics.

As a seasoned mage, Lisa naturally wouldn't give the Barbarian Seven the chance.

After all, she's a "proper mage," and being approached by a warrior would be dangerous.

This is a globally televised duel with countless eyes watching. If the Barbarian Leader got close and couldn't touch her, the secrets of Eden would be prematurely revealed.

If she relied on Eden to win, what's the difference from losing?

Lisa has her pride too.

Those who can afford to buy tickets for crystal ball broadcasts are either rich or noble, and among these audiences, people like Roland are sure to be present.

She definitely doesn't want Sif or Alina to see her embarrassed.

While traversing, she glimpsed the gleaming black ring on her right ring finger.

This is her winning trump card for today, the Ring of Destruction.

This ring doesn't have any special effects, except it can continuously reduce the enemy's resistance to magic.

Magic Immunity?

That's the most ridiculous joke Lisa's ever heard.

Magic Immunity is like insulation, not an absolute law.

Any insulator has a breakdown voltage, and as long as the potential difference is large enough, the insulator can be instantly pierced through.

The same goes for magic immunity.

The essence of magic immunity is absorbing magic damage and additional effects through various equipment and skills, visually simulating the effect of magic immunity.

Absolute magic immunity does not exist.

As long as the power gap is large enough, a mage can still overcome it.

Contrary to traditional mages who confront magic immunity and high magic resistance enemies mainly in space destruction, she never intended to do it that way.

Not because she's worried about breaking the environment—no matter how damaged it gets, the Arena of Truth can always restore itself; after all, it's made for fights. She's simply not interested in winning by such means.

Winning by splitting space and extracting air doesn't count for much.

The victory belongs to the laws of space, the fundamental flaws of carbon-based life, not her.

She wants to blatantly shatter the Barbarian Race's last hope, crush their psychological defenses, and show them how the Magic Empire won past wars.

This is important.

Roland once said more than once that war is bleeding politics and must serve politics.

She is now practicing Roland's philosophy.

She doesn't just want to win but to achieve a crushing victory that allows the people of the New Magic Empire to raise their heads and cheer loudly.

Ditching, collapsing, and sucking the air definitely won't work.

After setting up all the arena's enhancement magic, the nearest Barbarian Leader had already broken through the illusions and was now less than thirty meters in front of her.

This distance is extremely dangerous.

A powerful warrior can cover the span in a very short time, turning distance to zero with a fearless charge to start a killing spree.

And a mage's spiritual power can hardly sustain multiple consecutive blink teleports.

Not to mention the seven Barbarian Leaders could spread out to capture Lisa's landing spot.

She could only face it head-on.

The Barbarian Leader, laughing wildly, seized two giant swords, his whole body sanguine, directly entering the Bloodthirsty Frenzy state.

Bloodthirsty Frenzy allows one to sacrifice their already meager intelligence in exchange for predatory instinctual slaughter capabilities.

In simple terms, it's sacrificing intelligence for control immunity.

The Barbarian Leader, clad in heavy anti-magic armor, launched a charge.

His wild laugh was both to boost his morale and signal his comrades that the damned mage had been cornered — come and hunt!

This is meant to be a slaughter feast, not one less.

...

Catherine stood up nervously, watching the scene of Lisa facing the Berserker head-on with disbelief.

"Roland, she, she..."

"She's grown."

Roland smiled gratified, unable to help but clap for Lisa.

She chose the hardest strategy, yet it also promises the greatest reward.

In fact, it's the only solution.

The emergence of the New Magic Empire is so abrupt that its own citizens were sourced from the Talia Kingdom.

The older generations of imperial citizens still can't shake off the identity of the Talia Kingdom, and the younger generation lacks allegiance to the empire.

The glorious history of the Magic Empire? The immense power of successive Magic Emperors?

Give me a break—those are tales from ages past.

Was the Magic Emperor formidable? So is our Emperor!

It's as simple as that for young people's admiration for strength.

The New Magic Empire is founded on powerful strength and convenient magic civilization, lacking much identity and belonging.

Lisa intends to use the heads of these seven brutes to lay the foundation for the shallow-rooted Magic Empire.

The idea isn't the problem; it's about execution.

Roland is also curious about how Lisa plans to break through magic immunity.

He knows Lisa has a Ring of Destruction that can reduce an enemy's magic resistance, but that's far from enough.

The Ring of Destruction works only on attacking enemies and needs stacking.

Will the enemies give her the time?

The battle between warriors and mages hinges on time and space.

Distance is the lifeline.

Though Catherine doesn't know much about magic, she understands these basic principles.

Chapter 719

She couldn't imagine the fate of a mage being surrounded by seven red warm berserkers with magical immunity.

Just as she unconsciously stood up and clenched her fists, Lisa made her move.

To be precise, she was moving her feet while she cast her spell.

Moving casting?!

This time, it was Roland who stood up.

His understanding of magic far surpassed that of ordinary people, so of course, he knew the flaws of a traditional mage.

Fragile and short-legged, spellcasting requires chanting and guidance, and being in close range is a dead end.

Fragility can be compensated with various equipment and magic shields, or by following Anthony's path of being a muscle mage.

Short legs can be managed with blink and teleportation to create distance.

Those are easy to solve.

The chanting of spells, however, is the mage's Achilles' heel.

To shorten the casting time, mages spend their lives researching how to chant quickly, how to reduce chanting syllables.

Every millisecond of improvement could mean the difference between life and death.

The secret to rapid casting is a mage's most treasured skill, not even easily taught to disciples.

Throughout the long history of the Magic Empire, countless sages racked their brains to solve the chanting issue.

Ultimately, they explored three solutions.

The first was the radical group, who, finding chanting cumbersome, decided not to chant and cast instantly. This group of mages took inspiration from the magic patterns of the Elf Race and the Demon Race, continuously inscribing magic patterns on themselves, becoming rune war gods.

No matter how hard they tried, they could only achieve instant casting of low to middle tier magic, and instant casting couldn't be sustained but had a cooldown period.

The second was the inventive group, who thought, since stationary casting is vulnerable to attacks, why not move while casting? No one had stipulated that spellcasting had to be done standing still; it was just a rule discovered while mastering magic.

Imagination is combat power, and this group indeed had fruitful research results.

They successfully developed the art of walking casting before the Magic Empire's fall, but unfortunately, their walking speed was very slow, roughly equivalent to a crawling baby.

At this level of moving casting, enemies would more likely die of laughter than be killed.

The theory wasn't flawed, but in practice, it was equivalent to zero.

The third was the conservative group, who thought that if instant and moving casting were unreliable, then shorten the chanting time as much as possible. As long as they enunciated clearly, they could focus their spirit and accommodate casting.

This faction eventually became mainstream.

Their speed of speech was astonishingly fast, making even the Synthesizer Vocaloid Hatsune Miku's "Disappearance" seem clumsy by comparison.

The strongest mages could recite in one second what others would take over ten seconds to finish.

As the last Emperor of the Magic Empire, Lisa's choice, of course, was...

All of them.

She felt the three were not in conflict.

Instant casting of low tier magic required strong spirit, which she had; rapid chanting of high tier magic required a nimble tongue, which was no problem for her; moving casting required exceptional magical coordination abilities, which she excelled at.

Thus, the barbarian leaders were faced with a monster capable of instant casting first to middle tier magic, unleashing high tier magic like a storm, and casting while moving.

What left them dumbfounded was that Lisa's moving casting was already at a running pace.

Is this still a mage?

The barbarian leader, who had charged forward only to hit empty air, stared blankly at the ground in front of him. Where's the mage? Such a large mage was just chanting spells?

Of course the mage was there, just over thirty meters ahead of him.

The barbarian leader raised his head warily and witnessed a spectacle he had never seen in his life.

Countless bathtub-sized giant fireballs were linked in a line in the air, hurling towards him.

Flame Burst Skill.

The foundation of fire magic, commonly known as the big fireball,

gathering surrounding fire attribute elements to form a massive fireball, then smashing it down hard.

The advantage is powerful destructiveness, the drawback is that aside from powerful destructiveness, it has nothing else.

Ordinary mages have to prepare in advance, concentrate their spirits, and exert all their strength to release it, and must rest after casting.

The big fireball is a mage's dream, but in practice, they prefer quick magics like burning and scorching heat.

How many mages dream of an enemy willing to stand there and take a big fireball?

Lisa's fifteen consecutive Flame Bursts shattered everyone's understanding.

First, she used a pre-stored sequencer to instantly cast three Flame Bursts, then her tongue vibrated like an electric motor, rapidly unleashing another fifteen Flame Bursts.

The threshold of the magic immunity limit was pierced through.

The magic resistance armor turned to scrap metal.

The seventh Flame Burst destroyed the barbarian leader's magic immunity, the eighth fireball heavily injured him, the ninth one burned him to death on the spot, and five of the following six Flame Bursts whipped his corpse, with the last one forcibly directed by Lisa to explode in the sky, transforming into a display of fireworks.

Under the fireworks was the barbarian leader's grand funeral.

This was a slaughter feast, with not one less.

Chapter 720

Lisa's victory plunged the Magic Empire into a collective frenzy and terrified the small nations that had joined the Law Breaker Alliance.

These small countries quickly left the Law Breaker Alliance and even sent envoys to the Eternal City to apologize to Lisa.

The rhetoric was more or less the same: coerced by villains, involuntary participation, and the like.

Lisa didn't make things difficult for them; she just asked them to pay a compensation sum to settle the matter.

The envoys from the small nations were dumbfounded but could only accept.

If the money is lost, it can still be scraped together; if life is lost, everything is gone.

The crystal ball recording this epic victory became a best-seller on the black market, loved not only by the citizens of the Magic Empire but also by those in other countries.

This victory also led many to ponder.

Could someone who won the resurrection tournament be so easily defeated?

Laws Breakers were supposedly the nemesis of mages, so why were they pierced head-on by mages?

People continuously revised their understanding of the Magic Empire, gradually seeing it transform from an old, decaying zombie into a rejuvenated force.

Lisa's execution show reassured Roland and delighted her allies but also gave her enemies a headache.

At the same time, it made the Dark Race and the Nubian Kingdom, who had signed agreements with the Magic Empire to divide the South Continent, feel fortunate.

This debate over the truth achieved the result Lisa wanted and also made Roland question the credibility of the resurrection tournament.

How did those guys manage to get through the resurrection tournament?

Roland couldn't figure it out, so he decided not to overthink it.

It wasn't his fault; unlike the common belief that ancient times were stronger, the era is truly advancing.

Sofia had the most authority on this matter.

Faced with Roland's confusion, she calmly said, "Don't doubt; this is their level. They have even progressed compared to the past."

"As for me now, my strength also exceeds what it was at the same level back then. With your strength and potential, if you could travel back to the Second Era, you would have a chance for a ticket to Ascension to Divinity."

Sofia chuckled self-deprecatingly and said softly, "But then again, maybe not. Your personality doesn't seem like someone who would be a slave. Perhaps you would also be eliminated."

Roland's doubts were dispelled, and he chuckled, half-jokingly teasing, "That might not be the case. Just one word from you, and I ran to become a Cardinal Minister. My bottom line is quite flexible."

"Do you yourself believe that?" Sofia's words left Roland speechless.

A flexible bottom line does not mean there is no bottom line. Ascending to the Divine Domain as a servant is not as carefree as being in the Material Plane.

Having one's soul controlled is more tragic than death.

Seeing the heavy atmosphere, Sofia switched to a lighter topic.

"Let's talk about something else. Do you think we can deceive them?"

As expected of Sofia, she pulled Roland out of the gloom with just one sentence, which was replaced by despair.

The surprise raid on Divine Punishment Island, the debate over truth, and many battles between the old and new Transcendents of the Ancient Era all prove one thing: the times have changed.

The Three Goddesses will also adjust their evaluation of the Theia Plane's strength.

If they are too cautious and bring an overwhelmingly powerful army, then what's the point of playing?

But they can't pretend with the entire plane either.

As everyone knows, most people's acting skills are barely enough to make a living, let alone deceive gods.

"Do your best."

Roland said calmly, "Even if it means death, it's better than having your soul controlled and losing freedom. Redemption given by others is not needed."

He wasn't speculating about gods with the worst intentions but judging by common sense.

Sofia knew the Three Goddesses best. Saying they are vile to the core might be an exaggeration, but calling them kind and merciful is certainly a joke.

The Three Goddesses always put on a compassionate face to the faithful while spreading their doctrine, which made Roland dismiss their words as nonsense.

Even if they swore by pointing at a certain river, it wouldn't be credible.

A beautiful vision covered by lies is a trap.

Seeing Roland's somewhat uneasy expression, Sofia calmly said, "We will win."

"Why do you say that?"

"I have never lost to them, and this time will be no exception." Sofia looked at Roland seriously.

Roland: "..."

Faced with Sofia's confidence, he had nothing to say.

An unbeaten record is a psychological advantage, but it's also a burden. After all, past victories don't influence the next battle.

Seeing that Sofia was no longer interested in continuing the conversation, Roland stood up to take his leave.

Just as he was about to leave, Sofia suddenly asked, "I heard your family recently had another adorable little one?"

"Yes, he's technically a great-grandchild of mine and Alina's."

The great-grandchild's status made Roland feel a bit disoriented. His appearance was still youthful, his strength and energy abundant, definitely a young genius among Transcendents, yet according to human ethical standards, he was indeed a great-grandfather.

"Do you understand now?"

"Perhaps." Roland nodded and smiled.

Sofia's words seemed like a riddle, but Roland understood them.

Sofia was talking about the difference between humans and gods.

Humans have a desire for procreation, a genetic instinct, a need to pass on and continue the bloodline.

But gods don't need that.

Gods possess infinite life, but they are not immortal. Their primary need is to live, not to nurture offspring.

Sofia had once been infinitely close to a ticket to the Divine Domain, so she understood gods.

Sofia reached out, and a black-and-white gemstone appeared in her palm.

"A gift for the little one, take it."

Roland took the gemstone, just about to thank her, when he realized the spot in front of him was already empty.

He didn't think much of it, turned around, and left.

Sofia chose to live in seclusion after going into hiding, her whereabouts mysterious, with no one knowing what she was doing.