Empress 100

Chapter 100: You Really Understand Technology

"The Inspector General," a major work by the famous satirical Writer Gogol.

This work is like a mirror, reflecting the ugly nature of the dignitaries of the time, thereby exposing the darkness, decay, and absurd reactionism of the serfdom society.

The Vladimir Empire in this world is very similar to a certain serfdom Empire.

The same militarism, the same darkness and decay, the same Empress ruling.

Compared to the Vladimir Empire, Sussex is definitely considered incorruptible and ethical.

A smile does not appear from thin air, nor does it vanish without trace; it simply transfers from one person to another.

Seeing the Rurik People suffer more, the Sussex people would laugh happily.

They might not dare to curse their own country’s greedy officials to their faces, but they do have the courage to angrily denounce the Rurik officials.

And they would do it fiercely.

They would also associate it with their own country’s greedy tax officers, arrogant Sheriffs, and boorish and incompetent Cabinet Ministers.

What they’re cursing isn’t Rurik, but Sussex.

This is their legitimate way to vent their anger.

If it weren’t taboo to open champagne before the match, Roland would have wanted to open it now.

He still had things to do.

He also had to write a flowery and perfect ending for the Elf Empress, allowing the audience to immerse themselves in anticipation of beauty.

And localize "The Inspector General" as soon as possible.

To make the satire come on even stronger.

Finley invited Rurik actors to perform at Sussex’s celebration, while Roland invited locals to sharply satirize foreign absurdities, making it clear who was superior.

Roland hummed a tune as he returned to the Knight Order.

After returning from the Magic Association, he learned many secrets and felt the urgency as the Return Day approached.

The progress he yearned for wasn’t a change in position, but a breakthrough in power.

He was already the Knight Order Leader; the next step would be Grand General or a Cabinet Minister.

He was still young, and these things could wait.

The journey to the Magic Association had also opened the door to a new world for him.

Compared to the vastness of the Extraordinary World, he somewhat disregarded secular power.

The enjoyment that power brings is nice, but it’s like a sand kingdom by the sea.

When the tide comes, the exquisite sand kingdom will disappear.

A Tier Nine Transcendent, well-prepared and well-equipped, can oppose dozens of ordinary soldiers.

At this level, elite Warriors can achieve this, and possibly even better.

But they are still ordinary people.

Tier Seven is different; that's a qualitative change.

Sofia, at the pinnacle of Tier Seven, is rumored to be able to freeze rivers several kilometers wide and freeze several infantry phalanxes, attacking and killing enemy generals single-handedly.

Sussex's comprehensive national power is stronger than the Vladimir Empire, but no one can protect Sif from Sofia's full-force attack.

As long as Sofia is willing to pay a price, she can kill whoever she wants.

Roland didn't know the abilities of other Tier Seven strong practitioners, but he could more or less guess.

In front of these powerful individuals, secular power is useful but not much.

And this is just Tier Seven; when the Sixth Return Day arrives, more strong practitioners will join the battlefield, and ordinary people in their eyes would probably be no different from ants.

Roland didn't want to be an ant, didn't want to be casually reaped in the aftermath of the strong's struggle.

He wanted to progress.

This Radiant Day celebration is his opportunity, as well as Finley’s opportunity.

He had a premonition that the performance could not go smoothly.

This is a life-and-death struggle, not only a performance on stage but also an undercurrent of secret fighting.

He must be prepared.

When Roland walked back to his office, he happened to meet Mr. Norton waiting at the door.

"Mr. Norton, how long have you been waiting?"

Roland’s respect for this master of forbidden technology was sincere.

Norton looked at Roland, hesitated slightly, but gritted his teeth and said, "Leader, I need a research fund."

Roland opened the office door, gesturing Norton to come in and sit down to talk.

He personally poured Norton a cup of tea and handed it to him, "Mr. Norton, the group’s finances are very tight right now; even training equipment is being used sparingly. You should know this."

"I know Alchemy research requires money, but everything has priorities. Mr. Norton, please be patient for a few months, and you’ll surely get the large laboratory you want."

"Leader, I can’t wait!"

Norton’s old face turned red, and his voice grew a bit excited, "Leader, the earlier investment in Alchemy research, the higher the efficacy, you simply don’t understand technology."

Roland: "..."

He indeed didn’t understand Alchemy, but he always respected technical personnel.

However, respect is respect, and confidentiality is confidentiality. Such matters as going to sea cannot be leaked.

As he hesitated on how to subtly dispel Norton’s idea, he saw the pain in Norton’s eyes.

Roland understood.

The agony of losing his daughter tormented Norton constantly, and he had to numb himself with busy work.

Roland softly asked, "Mr. Norton, if I invest in you, what do you plan to do?"

"Leader, I have some private reserves, and on that basis, I can build a portable laboratory using spatial technology to hide the entire lab inside a carriage, ready for migration."

Norton calmly explained.

Roland’s eyes brightened.

If that’s the case, why didn’t you say so earlier!

He cleared his throat and slowly said, "Mr. Norton, I’ve always respected technology. Tell me, how much funding do you need?"

"Fifty thousand pounds," Norton said calmly.

Roland was almost shocked by this figure.

The funds he currently had amounted to only 300,000, all collected from Stanley and Sif's private savings.

This was the operating fund for the whole team, and he couldn't spend it recklessly.

Fifty thousand was no small amount.

He asked in a deep voice, "What return will there be?"

"A fully functional portable laboratory that can be moved at any time, and a Steel Warrior that is brave and fearless on the battlefield."

Roland looked at the increasing metal components on Mr. Norton and said earnestly:

"I'll give you the money, but I only want the laboratory, not for you to become a Steel Warrior."

"Roland!" Norton raised his voice in protest.

But Roland completely ignored his protest, coldly saying, "Mr. Norton, I'll say it just once. What I value is your mind and wisdom, not muscle and steel."

"As long as the funds are in place, there are plenty of cannon fodder willing to go to the battlefield, but not you."

"No one can replace your wisdom."

Norton was momentarily stunned, his bloodshot eyes glistening with tears, and his voice gradually choked.

"But I want to personally take revenge for my daughter."

"The enemy we're facing is very strong, and I need your wisdom more. Knowledge is power, a truth you surely understand."

Roland stood up, softly saying, "Mr. Norton, the technology to modify a Steel Warrior is excellent, but please don't use yourself as a test subject. The funds will be in place tomorrow, and I look forward to your results."

Norton suddenly stood up, trying to say something, but clumsy and speechless, he could only bow deeply to Roland.

His half-metal body creaked and groaned.

The Leader understands technology.

He was quite certain.