Empress 125

Chapter 125: The Empress’s Wrath

Alina’s gaze was complex.

Now she was at the end of her rope, with no room to bargain.

Whatever price Roland set, it was entirely up to his conscience.

Based on the intelligence analysis, she had a general understanding of Roland.

He had a conscience, but not much of it.

According to her guess, Roland would definitely propose the most stringent terms, such as forcing her to swear allegiance, or even compelling her to offer her body and soul.

Yet Roland did not.

He treated her as an equal, like a friend, and did not demand an exorbitant price just because the friend was down on her luck.

This offer was very fair, even somewhat generous.

Her nervousness was replaced by relief, yet the huge contrast left Alina a bit bewildered.

Seeing her hollow eyes, Roland knew what she was thinking.

He smiled and reminded her, "I have a friend who gave me a fair price when I was so distressed that I almost wanted to jump into the sea but was too scared of the cold water."

Roland reached out his right hand to Alina.

"Even the devil walking on earth has a soft spot; my character is better than that of the devil, right?"

Roland’s words reminded Alina of the handsome young man sitting on the dock railing and the indiscernible fate that gave rise to her desire to recruit him.

Memories like clouds, vividly vivid.

Alina’s nose tingled, and her trembling right hand grasped Roland’s.

Her hand was icy cold, like lifeless jade.

Roland took her other hand, clasping both, enclosing Alina’s cold little hands in between to convey warmth.

There was no suggestive meaning, only warmth.

Alina, who had been hiding and fearful these days, could no longer hold back; her stubborn strength was shattered by the tears at the corner of her eyes.

"If you want to cry, just cry, but this is the last time."

Roland gently reminded.

Negative emotions need to be released, and being able to cry is a good thing.

Alina nodded vigorously.

Roland was gambling, gambling on her father’s political inheritance, gambling on her future, gambling on her not breaking the agreement.

Her chips were few, but her enemies were many, making Roland’s choice very risky.

Alina’s heart became as warm as her hands. After a while, her brain, which had been frozen and numb, gradually began to work again.

"Roland, my mind is in chaos right now, can you help me think, what should I do?"

"Don’t contact your former subordinates. Maybe they were once your father’s or your loyal followers, but times change. Under coercion and temptation, they are likely to turn."

"They are not like you; they have families and they are in Jin Yuan."

The words were unpleasant, but they were true.

People with ties cannot act with impunity.

Alina’s whole family was gone; her hatred was the most intense, and her fighting spirit the most exuberant.

Right now, she was a soul of revenge consumed by flames.

"Even people who have suffered similar experiences as you cannot be contacted."

As if seeing through the slightest unwillingness in Alina’s heart, Roland coldly added.

Alina was startled but didn’t argue, silently nodding.

As an experienced intelligence officer, she naturally understood Roland’s meaning.

Hatred is also a relationship.

The decoy strategy is not a rare skill; it has happened countless times in history.

"I'll listen to you."

Since her mind was in chaos, Alina simply gave up thinking completely and temporarily stored her brain, following Roland's arrangements entirely.

That's the right way.

Roland nodded appreciatively.

Doing what needs to be done, that's Alina's strength.

Roland spoke in a deep voice, "First, let the Jin Yuan Kingdom believe that you are already dead. I see you have quite a few demonic puppets at home and probably understand alchemy."

Alina first nodded and then shook her head, "I know what you mean, creating a lifelike corpse to deceive the authorities of Jin Yuan Kingdom. But that's unrealistic; no matter how realistic the prop, it can't stand up to scrutiny."

"A simple autopsy would reveal the truth."

"Who allows them to perform an autopsy?"

Roland "burst into anger" and said, "The envoy from Jin Yuan Kingdom openly abducted a high tier noble and a branch member of the Imperial Family from our country, only to be shot dead on the spot. I'm considered restrained by not settling accounts with them; how can they have the nerve to point fingers?"

"Of course, the body cannot be returned to them; it must be made into a specimen and displayed at Sheffield Palace. But before making the specimen, I will invite people from the Jin Yuan Kingdom embassy to identify it."

"Wouldn’t that give it away?" Alina was somewhat puzzled.

"No, because lying there will be yourself. If you don’t have the technique, I know..." Roland calmly spoke.

"I have it. I can create a lifelike alchemy puppet and have a temporary death-inducing potion."

Alina’s eyes sparkled, and she whispered, "Roland, when inspecting the body, don’t let any man touch me."

"I understand."

Roland gestured for Alina to come closer and carefully instructed her by her ear.

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Late at night, the light cavalry patrolling outside watched Roland walk into Count Sif’s room, somewhat at a loss.

They didn’t know whether to record such an event.

While they hesitated, the leading captain had already taken out a small notebook and began documenting under the streetlamp.

At 22:25, the Captain of the Imperial Knight Order, Roland, entered Count Tyrone’s bedroom.

The squad leader closed the notebook, as if nothing had happened, and barked at the cavalry staring at him:

"What are you looking at, get to work!"

As a frontline executor, don’t think it’s such a rarity to have a brain; just follow orders.

An hour later, the squad leader took out the small notebook, glanced at the big clock at the front of City Hall, sighed, and continued to record.

Although Count Tyrone was the Empress’s shadow, he was ultimately not the Empress.

If it were the Empress, she would never...