Empress 126

Chapter 126: The Empress's Wrath (Part 2)

The squad leader suddenly thought of the scandal between the Empress and Roland, and his face turned a little grim.

Damn it, Her Majesty the Empress probably doesn't know what that bastard Roland is doing outside.

He clenched his fist, silently feeling indignant on behalf of the Empress.

One day, Roland, that bastard who plays both sides between the Empress and the Count, will pay the price!

Imagining Roland being sentenced to death by the enraged Empress and dragged out to be hanged, the squad leader's anger finally subsided a little.

Just as he was imagining the soap opera of a love triangle, a piercing scream suddenly erupted from the Count's bedroom.

Then came the sounds of weapons clashing and an explosion.

The squad leader's blood nearly froze; he hastily issued orders and drew his sword as he charged in.

If Count Tyrone were to meet with an accident here, even several of his heads wouldn't suffice, and it could even implicate his family.

He didn't even notice when the small booklet for recording information fell onto the muddy ground and got trampled into a pulp.

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By the time the guards and cavalry rushed in for support, the fight was already over.

Count Tyrone and Roland looked a bit disheveled, but their clothes were intact, showing no signs of abruptly getting up from adultery.

However, that was not the main focus; people's attention was drawn to the corpse lying on the ground.

Jes was about to step forward for instructions but was interrupted by Sif on the spot.

"Everyone out, have the city government, Port Authority, and Fourth Fleet leaders come here at a run."

Seeing Sif's angry expression, Jes barely dared to breathe, quickly using the opportunity to relay the orders as an excuse to slip away.

His mind was in chaos.

Dovor Port was in chaos too.

City government and Port Authority officials were dragged out of their warm beds. Hearing the news, they hurried over, cursing while changing clothes.

Though the Count was indeed noble, it wasn't enough to make them lose face like this.

What scared these officials were the people behind the Count.

Count Tyrone was a trusted Minister of Her Majesty the Empress, and had substantial influence with her.

Even though the Empress had yet to actually govern, they dared not treat her as a puppet.

The Fourth Fleet reacted even quicker.

After all, they were professional soldiers, more vigilant than those fat-bellied officials.

The instant the explosion sounded, two deputy commanders of the Fourth Fleet were already awake.

Seeing the direction of the explosion’s flames, their expressions turned grave as they quickly put on their combat gear and headed toward Sif with their guards.

Sif’s face was frosty, coldly gazing at Alina, who was playing dead on the ground, without saying a word.

She remained silent, and no one else dared to speak.

When the members of the Fourth Fleet came over, her "anger" reached its peak.

She summoned the two temporary fleet commanders to a study for questioning.

No one knew what she said to them, but after leaving the study, both deputy commanders had somewhat odd expressions.

They quickly left with their heads down, not even looking at the anxious port and government officials.

These officials were even more puzzled.

They didn’t know that Sif had conveyed an inspiring message to the Fourth Fleet.

"The blood of the Imperial Navy will not be shed in vain; the Empress will get to the truth."

With such words, the two deputy commanders naturally understood the implications behind Sif’s words.

General Planck was a seasoned navy officer, selected as the Emperor's companion on his voyage.

The majority of the Fourth Fleet's main force also went to sea with him.

In the end, none returned.

While others were concerned about the Emperor's life or death, in the eyes of the Fourth Fleet, weren't the lives of the thousands of accompanying sailors lives?

They were their brothers!

If the truth isn't uncovered, the compensation and benefits for the deceased's families will be delayed by three years.

This only adds to the grievous pain of the bereaved families.

Sif reassured the two deputy commanders.

The Empress was deeply saddened and understood the feelings of the other families.

This matter won't just end like that; no one can gloss over it, and the truth must be uncovered.

Compared to the Minister of the Navy's evasive attitude, the Empress's stance was clear and inspiring.

The two deputy commanders, already displeased with the corrupt officials of the Imperial Capital, took the hint and swore on the spot to reaffirm their loyalty to the Imperial Family.

After seeing off the two deputy commanders of the Fourth Fleet, Sif breathed a sigh of relief and softly spoke to the large wardrobe behind her:

"How was my performance?"

A gentle voice came from the wardrobe, "I give you nine out of ten, deducting one point to prevent you from becoming too proud."

Sif’s lips slightly curled, smiling even more happily.

It was clearly a perfect score; why be embarrassed to say?

"What’s the next act?"

"You already have the answer; why ask me?" The voice from the wardrobe sounded a bit muffled.

Sif laughed, patted the wardrobe door, and strode out.

The next step required no acting, just being herself would suffice.

Deliberate acting would only seem overdone.

An excellent actor always knows when to easily immerse in and out of character.

The anxious Port Authority officials finally faced the stormy judgment.

Sif elegantly laid into them with a severe reprimand.

Not a single profanity was used, nor was her tone elevated, yet it shamed the Port Authority and city government officials to the point their lips turned purple in embarrassment, wishing they could shoot themselves.

Seeing it was about time, Sif changed her tone and began to console.

"Alright, don’t blame yourselves. The one who attacked me was a top agent from the Jin Yuan Kingdom, so it’s normal you missed her secret infiltration. After I leave, the cleanup is up to you."

The port director and mayor were somewhat flustered, sensing from Sif’s remarks that she didn’t even intend to stay the night, planning to leave overnight?

The two were thrown into chaos, repeatedly begging Sif to stay a few more days to give them a chance to uncover the truth.

Of course, Sif wasn’t staying; she was eager to go back and find fault with the Jin Yuan Embassy.

No matter how much the mayor and port director pleaded, Sif didn’t spare them a glance.

The arrogance of the old nobility from the Imperial Capital was wielded with precision.

Seeing the mayor and port director’s expressions as pale as death, the deputy mayor and deputy director hurriedly lowered their heads, fearing their smirking mouths would be noticed.

An assassination attempt on the Empress’s secret envoy, nearly costing her life, was a big deal.

To what extent had Dovor Port been infiltrated?

If it were not the envoy, but the Empress herself, could they bear that historical consequence?

Those around had already envisioned the fate of these two unfortunate fellows.

These two guys had served as officials in Dovor Port, this large port facing the Jin Yuan Kingdom, for years. Although their governing Ability was quite good, they weren’t clean beneath their positions; a probe would reveal problems.

Anyway, they’re in for trouble.

Thinking that lucrative positions would soon be vacant, the officials with a chance were eager.

Their minds were racing, thinking about who to approach in the Imperial Capital to smoothly climb up.

The mayor and port director exchanged a bitter glance.

As the main figures responsible for Dovor Port, they indeed amassed much wealth, but they weren’t useless idiots who only took money without doing work.

They had contributed to Dovor Port’s current prosperity.

However, words were useless now, watching Sif’s subordinates start packing, preparing to head north overnight, nearly made their heads explode.

Just as they were at a loss and their colleagues treated them like the plague, avoiding them as much as possible, someone they didn’t expect appeared.

Could it actually be Roland, the Empress’s lover?

Officials in a major port were well-informed. They quickly learned about what happened in the Imperial Capital.

Although they didn’t favor the pretty boy, they didn’t dare offend Roland and quickly greeted him.

"Aren’t you two going to write something to explain the situation to Her Majesty the Empress?"

"Huh?" X2

The minds of the mayor and port director nearly burnt out.

What more could they explain?

Seeing both of them in a daze, Roland checked the surroundings and kindly whispered a reminder:

"Idiots, reflect first and then express loyalty!"

The mayor and port director suddenly realized.

Roland was reminding them to write a statement of loyalty disguised as a situation report to the Empress.

Without a moment’s hesitation, they quickly ran to their offices.

They had no choice.

Whether or not this matter would be pursued depended entirely on the Empress.

If she felt it was nothing, then it was nothing. If she thought it was something, then they were doomed.

This was their only chance.

They must proactively disclose their flaws to have a chance at self-preservation.

Having no other path, they naturally wouldn’t let go of this opportunity.

Is there a difference between loyalty to the Empress and loyalty to the Imperial Capital?

If the Empress and the Ministers were in unity, there's no difference.

If not, then the difference is huge.

Fortunately, Roland is the Empress's lover, which might save them.

No, that's Her Majesty's private affair; it's not their place to discuss!

Her Majesty the Empress deals with myriad affairs, what's wrong with occasionally relaxing? It's only human.