Empress 127

Chapter 127: Sometimes the Military Intelligence Bureau Is Actually Useful

"What exactly is going on?"

At the emergency cabinet meeting, the Minister of the Army glared angrily at the vice admiral assigned to the protection mission and roared.

The vice admiral rebuked by him felt completely wronged.

What could he do?

After urgently rallying the escort team southward, he encountered a convoy returning on the road.

Sif didn’t give him a good look and directly ordered him to follow back to the Imperial Capital.

He sought out Jes from the vanguard team for an explanation, but Jes refused on the grounds that he wasn’t a direct superior.

So, he confusedly led over a thousand men back to the Imperial Capital.

Busy for days, achieving nothing.

After hearing the vice admiral’s report, the Minister of the Army also felt speechless.

Jes’s approach was flawless, only somewhat inflexible.

He had no choice but to summon Jes in for questioning.

Cavalry captain Jes strode into the cabinet meeting hall, looked at the ministers, saluted the Minister of the Army with an expressionless face, and then began reporting.

His report was incredibly detailed.

Whom Count Tyrone met, places he visited, all meticulously recorded.

The more the Minister of the Army listened, the more off it felt; he interrupted and angrily shouted:

"I also asked you to protect the accompanying personnel of the Count. What did they do?"

Facing the rather rude attitude of the Minister, Jes smiled slightly and recounted the actions of the Count’s escort team members.

In summary, everything was normal.

The Minister glared at Jes angrily, shouting: "Who’s concerned about these small fry, what about Roland? What is he doing?"

"I don’t know."

Jes calmly replied.

The Minister erupted in rage, reprimanding: "Jes, I asked you to keep an eye on the accompanying personnel, and yet you overlooked the most important person, Roland. Is this how you handle things?"

Jes calmly said: "Your command was to closely monitor the movements of the accompanying personnel. Captain Roland is not affiliated with Count Tyrone; rather, Count Tyrone is the Chief Instructor of the Knight Order, a position lower than Captain Roland. Therefore, Count Tyrone is Roland’s accompanying personnel, not the reverse."

Minister of the Army: "..."

His forehead veins bulged, in a fury, he grabbed his nearby teacup but did not throw it.

He was not the only minister present, careful not to lose composure.

Despite his extreme anger, he restrained himself and said coldly:

"Jes, you've performed excellently. The Three Overseas Provinces require a soldier like you who executes orders decisively. Pack up and prepare to report to the Hansa Province; the transfer command will be issued soon."

Jes calmly saluted and said to the Minister: "Thank you, Sir. I am eager to make achievements for the Empire; it's my honor."

Jes turned to leave.

During his departure, his gaze hinted disdain towards the Minister.

Such worm-like officials abound in the Imperial Capital.

He doesn't want to stay in the complacent Imperial Capital.

The Three Overseas Provinces are the battleground for soldiers to excel.

He's already twenty-one; no longer young.

If he can't make achievements within three years, he plans to leave the army and instead return home to inherit family wealth and live as a carefree idler.

Jes calmly left, but the Minister was so angered that he nearly suffered a stroke.

Definitely intentional.

Not careless.

Jes, in his early twenties, rising to Major in the Imperial Capital's guard forces, certainly isn't foolish. There's no way he missed the implication behind the Minister's words.

Only someone truly foolish would think Jes is oblivious.

After miscellaneous personnel departed, only a few cabinet ministers remained in the meeting hall, all firmly advocating weakening Imperial Authority.

They exchanged glances, questions lingering in their minds.

What exactly happened?

Why did Her Majesty the Empress leave the Imperial Capital under the guise of Count Tyrone to Dovor Port, and return overnight due to an attack incident?

She left the Imperial Capital independently, yet didn't reject their escort.

At Dovor Port, she did not proactively engage with officials and military personnel but angrily rebuked them after the attack.

It all seemed like the actions of an inexperienced young empress.

Could it be...

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, who hadn't spoken, coughed softly and slowly said:

"Perhaps Her Majesty was simply bored in the palace and wanted to go out for a break? Have you forgotten that she is only seventeen this year and previously lived worry-free as a Count?"

William didn't agree with this view, but he kept silent as other cabinet ministers were willing to accept it.

The Minister of Finance calculated the expenses of this operation, feeling a bit pained as he said: "Gentlemen, Her Majesty will undoubtedly travel more often as Count in the future. If each trip involves massive mobilization, the costs are too high."

Seeing the miserly Minister's pained expression, William only felt a headache.

Though the miserly minister wasn't wrong, William was not in the mood to hear about it.

As his headache reached its peak, the Minister of Foreign Affairs added fuel to the fire.

"William, whether Her Majesty acted impulsively or had other thoughts matters not; she didn't reject our military escort, and her whereabouts remain under control, indicating she still trusts us."

"Now we should consider the ensuing diplomatic conflicts. Alina was a Jin Yuan Kingdom noble; her father wielded immense power there. Her bizarre death in our country is hard to explain."

William gazed discontentedly at the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A person with a long-term overseas education background shouldn't have been appointed as a diplomat.

Damn coward!

Despite being tormented by the Empress's erratic actions, William firmly supported her in international affairs.

"Explanation? As a special envoy who concealed herself in a port city and attacked our high-ranking nobility, they should explain to us!"

While William rebuked the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Chief of Military Intelligence in the corner suddenly raised his head and softly but firmly said:

"Gentlemen, no need to worry about Alina. Her father is already dead. Within one or two days, Jin Yuan Kingdom will send a request for her capture and extradition."

"Ah?!"

The room was stunned.

Ministers stared at the Chief, taking a long time to recall that he always attended formal meetings.

With such stealth capability, no wonder he excels in intelligence.

Considering the dismal work performance of the Military Intelligence Bureau, ministers were skeptical yet relieved.

The Chief blushed, neck veined with anger, and vigorously defended: "Don’t look at me like that; our intelligence about Jin Yuan Kingdom is accurate."

Everyone relaxed.

The remark had merit; the inefficiency of the Military Intelligence Bureau varied by country.

Gathering intelligence on Vladimir Empire and internal affairs, they were clumsy like old ladies. When it came to Jin Yuan, Talia, and other countries, they operated like cold, efficient machines.

As the Chief assured, William was reassured.

He smiled and gestured for everyone to listen to him.

"Gentlemen, since Her Majesty is young and playful, no need to dampen her spirits. We could allocate her a dedicated escort team, ready to protect her during travels."

"Regarding the Jin Yuan Kingdom’s diplomatic envoy, our actions must be swift, questioning them before they have a chance to question us."