Empress 153

Chapter 153: Frenemies or True Sisterhood?

"Roland, the Sea Demons... the Sea Demons have made no move."

Alina, with her new face, reported her work to Roland rather troubled.

As part of an exchange of interests, William loaded four hundred thousand pounds of gold coins onto the Monarch as the Empress's activity funds overseas.

Although the Empress's subsequent actions made him regret it immensely, the money had already been sent out and could not be retrieved.

The four hundred thousand pounds of gold coins were divided into portions, used for the construction of the Alchemy Laboratory and the establishment of an intelligence network.

Alina received the largest share of investment to start building the intelligence network.

Unfortunately, building an intelligence network takes time to accumulate; Alina's means of obtaining intelligence still relied on other underground intelligence organizations for the time being.

After obtaining the original material from the Mercenary Guild and Adventurer Guild, Alina racked her brain to sift through the vast amount of junk information for useful data.

She came to a very frustrating conclusion through intelligence screening, it seemed like the Sea Demons were going to abandon Munina.

"I didn't expect that Munina would be so ruthless to her own sister."

Alina murmured with a light complaint.

Roland smiled slightly, articulating the genuine thoughts for Alina: "Not necessarily ruthless, perhaps she just saw through my trap?"

"Miss Fuchou, I have thick skin and don’t mind bad reviews. I want to hear the truth. We are friends, you can speak candidly."

Alina remained silent for a moment, then slowly said: "Your bait plan is fine, it’s just that Munina’s mind is far superior to ordinary Sea Demons. She might think the rescue operation is extremely risky, so she chose to give up."

"Not accurately judging the level of the enemy commander also counts as a small issue?"

Roland teased with a smile: "You’re still not honest, Miss Fuchou. I admit, that fool Munina lowered my overall perception of the Sea Demon Race’s intelligence, this Munina is much smarter than her stupid sister. Seems to be a big fish."

After a brief thought, he quickly adjusted the bait plan.

The new plan was simple.

The fish still needed to be caught, just in a different way.

Let the word out that the new Governor Roland intends to take Munina as a lover.

Alina looked at Roland in surprise, momentarily at a loss for words.

"Will this work?"

"Of course it will."

Roland lightly teased: "Didn’t you ever hear the saying? Afraid the sister lives bitterly, yet afraid the sister... ahem, rides in the most beautiful carriage."

"Regardless of Munina’s decision not to rescue her sister, at least it shows that their sisterly affection isn’t strong enough to surpass the importance of their own lives."

"Superficial sisters."

Roland neatly summarized, restraining his smile.

"Munina is dead, Munina might shed a few tears and sing a dirge. But now that Munina is brought home by a human Governor to live a life of luxury, what would she think?"

Alina’s expression was complicated.

She really didn’t understand Roland, only he could come up with such a peculiar way of thinking.

He wielded the weaknesses of human nature in the palm of his hand.

Not only was there the bait plan, but also using titles to entice the officials in the Three Overseas Provinces.

In Roland’s mind, was she also a brainless fish driven by benefits?

Alina swiftly dispelled her worries.

Whether she was a fish did not matter.

What mattered was what Roland would do.

Through these days of close contact, she found Roland increasingly difficult to understand.

Each of his actions seemed absurd at first glance, but upon careful reflection, they made perfect sense.

He seemed to possess a level beyond the standard of officials in this era.

Could he really help her in her revenge?

The spark igniting in her heart was quickly snuffed out by Alina.

Wake up, Miss Fuchou!

Revenge must be exacted by one's own hand; leaving it to others incurs too great a debt.

After understanding Roland's intention, Alina took her leave.

Before leaving, a question circled in her mind, unspoken.

She wanted to ask Roland, though such a scandal might truly bait the fish, but what was the cost?

Even if he didn't care about his reputation, what would Sylph think?

Did she not care about Roland sleeping with a Mermaid?

Or did even Roland not care?

Alina shook her head, dispelling all these worries. In the intelligence field, the most taboo is getting personal feelings involved.

It severely affects the accuracy of judgment.

Watching Alina leave, a faint smirk appeared at the corner of Roland's mouth.

He was almost certain that Munina would take the initiative to come forward.

He had seen the eyes of this Mermaid Princess.

Filled with the pride perfectly fitting the stereotype of a superior.

She looked down on humans, and her foolish sister alike.

Such a detached identity, a female creature with some talent but not much, always had a peculiar confidence in her mental capacity.

She had no idea who she was dealing with.

Knowing her sister was about to become the lover of a human Governor, what would she think?

Anger, suspicion, or jealousy?

Through these days of exchanging singing techniques with the Sea Demons, Roland gained deeper insights into their mindset.

Jealousy and inferiority wrapped within fragile pride.

They preached that the ocean is the source of life, and marine life is the noblest, yet inside they longed to come ashore more than anyone else.

After being driven from their homeland, this mindset became more pronounced.

They would say things like "Oh, what’s so good about dry land, it’s dry and terrifying," and then racked their brains to find a way to get onto the land.

Attacking human ships was both the instigation of forces behind them and a stage to display their prowess.

Only by displaying their value could they hope to be recruited, accepted, and incorporated by humans.

Roland understood this mindset very well.

The Subs had taken many wrong paths back then, but ultimately became a branch of humanity through this route.

The seafood also wished to follow this path again.

Of course they could, but they’d have to pay a higher price.