Empress 154

Chapter 154: Frenemies or True Sisterhood? (Part 2)

Roland doesn't need seafood that can haggle, he only needs Ocean Warriors who execute commands decisively.

Perhaps in Munina's eyes, her sister is pure but foolish, but in Roland's view, the relatively simple Munina is easier to control.

He needs a positive example to demonstrate the benefits of obedience.

He also needs a negative example to show the harm of resistance.

The simple and foolish Munina is obviously easier to control.

A cold glint flashed in his eyes as Roland took out a brand-new performance evaluation form from the drawer.

Using performance assessments to psychologically manipulate subordinates is management experience ahead of its time.

Taking it to an otherworld that has just entered industrial civilization is simply an overwhelming strike.

The recently spread rumors have boosted the morale of the officials of the Three Provinces, but merely making promises is not enough; these officials are just far from central command, not chosen for their intelligence, and they are not fools.

To keep them continuously excited, promises must be made very skillfully.

He designed a complete set of performance evaluation mechanisms for the promotion of these officials.

The conditions for promotion of civil servants and military generals differ, which took him several days to devise.

According to his calculations, it would take at least half a year of hard work to get promoted to baron.

Promising too far into the future would just starve people to death.

Promising immediate results would seem too cheap.

Half a year is just right.

After half a year, he would grant the baron's domain as a reward, boosting spirits.

He very much wanted to rename this baron's domain to Glamorgan.

But that was just a thought.

He did not want his dark humor to expose his identity.

Besides, the names of imperial titles are strictly regulated, they must conform to inheritance law and heraldry.

Leaving the Governor's Mansion, Roland switched to horseback and headed to Seafood Camp No. 1.

He wanted to check the situation with the bait.

Seafood Camp No. 1 was located at Crow Lake, south of Hansa City.

This lake is not large; it can accommodate several hundred Sea Demons.

At the seafood camp, one squadron of the Knight Order and two hundred local defense troops were stationed.

Around the camp, barbed wire was raised, and trenches were dug.

The trenches were filled with lake water injected with special alchemy potions as a barrier.

This kind of alchemy potion doesn't harm humans much but can make Sea Demons scream involuntarily.

Five days ago, a seafood attempted to escape.

While crossing the barbed wire, he endured the pain but let out a piercing cry when entering the trench.

His end was being beaten to death, his body hung like a dried fish on a post at the camp entrance.

His squad leader was also executed due to shared responsibility.

This was the collective punishment Roland thoughtfully designed for the Sea Demons.

If one person escapes, the leader is punished; if two escape, the whole team is buried.

After this incident, a chain of suspicion formed among the Sea Demons within the camp, afraid that their companions might escape thoughtlessly.

If you run, it's fine, but implicating your brothers is unforgivable.

Roland's personal inspection at the camp left Boen, who was on duty tonight, flattered.

He knew very well that Captain Roland's identity was completely different now.

Though the position of Knight Order Leader is high, it holds little real power, managing only a few hundred knights and a small budget; it's more about esteem.

But being a Governor is different.

Roland now manages the overseas Three Provinces with millions of people and nearly a million square kilometers of land.

He thought Roland wouldn't be too concerned with Knight Order affairs after becoming a governor, but didn't expect Roland to personally inspect the work.

Seeing Boen's uneasy expression, Roland smiled and patted his shoulder, loudly encouraging:

"Boen, your performance this month is good, ranking second among the Golden Knights."

Boen was overjoyed.

The captain actually remembered these trivial matters!

There are seven Golden Knights, but only two slots for deputy leader, so of course he wants to advance. To advance, he must work hard to excel.

Second is not enough; he wants to be first! The very first!

Seeing the fire burning in Boen's eyes, Roland was very satisfied.

He liked young people eager to progress.

Though Boen is older than him by over a decade, it does not impede him from maintaining a high posture to guide work.

Boen’s strength is his strong execution ability.

When Roland instructed him to be ready for battle, he didn’t ask questions or make any comments but patted his chest to promise.

Roland nodded in satisfaction, then entered the camp area.

The remaining twenty-plus Sea Demons changed into specially tailored clothes, looking quite human.

If the Sussex Evening News were to report on this, it might be, "Governor Roland kindly visited the Sea Demon tribe residing in Camp No. 1, encouraging them to quickly learn human language and characters, and strive to integrate into human society. After the meeting, Governor Roland affirmed the hygiene and diet conditions of Sea Demon Camp No. 1 and made an important speech..."

If the Sussex Sun were to report, the tone might change to, "For whom does the charming Sea Demon’s sorrowful song sing at midnight? Sisters turn against each other for a man, is this a distortion of human nature or a fall of morals? What is the real truth behind the scenes? Stay tuned for our exclusive report, ’Mermaid’s Love’."

But the truth was Roland neither kindly visited Sea Demons, nor was there any Mermaid’s Love.

He merely walked into the camp, scanned every Sea Demon with a cold gaze, then turned and left.

Throughout, he didn’t say a word, nor did he acknowledge the forced friendly smile of the temporary head, Munina.

However, his arrival left all the Sea Demons shivering with fear.

They completely abandoned the thought of escaping.

Isn’t living good?

Many Sea Demons wore human clothes and lived in human houses for the first time.

Though humanity’s condescending attitude filled them with humiliation, what could they do?

The tribe doesn’t care about them; could they break out on their own?

Don’t be ridiculous, the sea is at least a hundred kilometers away!

Though there is a canal leading to the sea, that’s human territory and impossible to escape.

Munina watched Roland leave, sighed, and closed her eyes.

Maybe this is where she will be buried.

Compared to those tribe members who died miserably that night, her end was already good.

The human called Roland was nothing short of a devil.

She would rather have her internal gills removed and be thrown into the sea to drown than be this terrifying guy’s enemy.

Even the most tragic death of a Sea Demon is better than listening to Roland sing.

She glanced back at the twenty-some Sea Demons in the camp.

Seventeen females, nine males.

This number of tribespeople is simply not enough to propagate and continue the species.

She also didn't want their descendants to always be slaves.

Quietly live, quietly die. Just like this, and it's pretty good.

Miss Munina didn't know that the human demon in her heart didn't go far, but stayed in the Knight Order office beside the camp.

Roland was waiting.

He believed Munina would come for sure.

She may not be willing to rescue her sister, but she definitely wants to silence her.

Sustained suspicion would distort this proud Mermaid Princess's mindset.

Why did her sister receive favor from humans? She must have sold out secrets that shouldn't be sold.

She had to come to silence her.

These days are the off-season for canal shipping; it's also the best time to come from the sea to Crow Lake.

Roland did not have to wait long.

Late at night the next day, he looked up at the thick clouds in the overcast sky, very certain that a heavy rain was coming.

In a torrential rain, the flintlock rifles the human soldiers rely on won’t be of use; it’s the best chance for Sea Demons to come ashore.

On a stormy night, they can exert more than ninety percent of their combat power.

The weather favored the Sea Demons, they had to come.

Roland stood with his hands behind his back, standing behind the thick curtains of the office window.

A bolt of lightning tore through the sky, illuminating most of the sky, then flashed away.

The thunderous sound of "Ka-rara" broke the night’s oppressive silence.

Inside the Sea Demon camp, Munina lay by the window, staring blankly at the pouring rain outside, her small hands covered with fine scales clenched tightly until they turned white.

If her sister wanted to save her, a rainy night was the best opportunity.

Would her sister come?

She didn’t know whether in her heart she hoped her sister would come or not.

She admired her sister greatly, seeing her as the smartest Sea Demon in the world.

Until she met Roland, she didn’t realize her own naivety.

Her sister was definitely not a match for these despicable humans.

Munina’s contradictory emotions were suffocating her.

Just as she prayed, a thick bolt of lightning, like an enraged dragon, tore through the night's silence.

The brief moment of bright lightning illuminated the dark earth.

Munina saw a figure leaping up from the canal.

Her tribe was here!

Her sister had come, she finally came!