Empress 159

Chapter 159: Sister or Younger Sister? (2)

Nana's beautiful appearance and cold demeanor made Munina not dare to have the slightest doubt.

In the moment of waking, she did consider whether Nana was a despicable human, but upon seeing half of Nana's body being mechanical, she felt relieved.

Yet, she definitely didn't expect that this Room of Reckoning was a specially prepared interrogation chamber for her by Roland.

This place is a surgery room affiliated with the Norton Laboratory, which was requisitioned by Roland and simply remodeled according to his understanding of religious trials.

Mainly focusing on psychological suggestion and intimidation.

First, let Nana play the role of a Mechanical Angel to let Munina lower her guard, then let her rest for a night.

Of course, Roland wouldn't be kind enough to let her recover her energy.

That night, she would hear soft but clear wailing and prayers, causing continuous hallucinations and strengthening psychological suggestions.

Tomorrow, when Miss Munina starts to question her life, the Holy Judge played by Alina, the Faceless, will appear at the right moment to begin the trial.

Roland is very certain that Miss Munina cannot withstand this.

This is all by design.

Miss Siren has a really bad habit of talking in her sleep.

During her coma after the surgery, Norton used drugs to induce her to talk more in her sleep, exposing many secrets.

With Alina's ability, easily taking down the naive Miss Siren would be simple and pleasant.

The trial for the other Miss Siren wouldn't be so gentle.

Roland would personally take action.

To open a solo concert for her.

Munina knew definitely more than Munina did, and her strength was also superior, even grasping the singing method of the Chaos Overture, making her more valuable in every way.

But Roland wasn't confident about taming the Mermaid Princess.

Lightning is a good thing, not only can it light up a rainy night, but it can also expose people's hearts.

When Munina raised the giant crossbow and shot at her sister, the lightning happened to flash.

Roland saw her eyes.

This was a venomous and untamable wildcat—usable, but extremely hard to tame.

The hatred between her and her sister was something no one could resolve, only one of them could live.

An instant flashed through Roland's mind.

When the guards at the camp gate all withdrew, Munina came to the gate, but stopped at the entrance.

That was the absolute red line Roland had set for the Sirens.

Touch it and die.

If Munina had crossed the red line last night, Roland would have abandoned her without hesitation, choosing to tame the elder sister.

The elder sister was harder to tame but more valuable.

Valuable things require more investment; it's very reasonable.

But Munina stopped her steps.

No matter if it was a rational judgment or mere cowardice, she adhered to Roland's rules.

Roland liked obedient subordinates but did not reject capable and rebellious ones.

Which is it, sister or sister?

This is a difficult problem.

Roland wasn't in a hurry to make a decision, instead deciding to see the results of the interrogation.

Now, both the elder sister and the younger sister had the same score, 0 points each.

...

The interrogation for Munina and Munina began simultaneously.

Torturer Roland and Holy Judge Alina entered the interrogation room together.

Seeing Alina wearing a pure white robe and a mysterious mask, Munina trembled with excitement.

The Holy Judge has arrived.

Endless Purgatory or the Divine Land, the outcome was finally about to be decided.

Last night, she had continuously heard illusions, almost driving her insane.

"Are you the Holy Judge, sir?"

Munina, very weak, felt pain from the grotesque wound on her chest with even a slight movement, yet she still bit her teeth and bowed to Alina.

Alina showed no expression, silently taking notes in her heart.

"Reckoning target Munina Gram, welcome to the Room of Reckoning. As the Holy Judge, before the reckoning starts, I will first announce the rules to you."

"First rule, no speaking without permission, or you will lose points."

"I understand." Munina replied respectfully.

"Munina, your current score is -1 point, do you understand negative numbers? Simply put, your score is one point less than zero."

Munina’s expression was stunned, feeling aggrieved and trembling, almost in tears, yet dared not speak further.

Alina calmly continued after the announcement, quietly asking: "Reckoning target Munina, do you think you should go to the Divine Land or the Endless Purgatory?"

Munina remained silent.

During the rule explanation just now, she had roughly understood what kind of person the Holy Judge was.

Cold and ruthless.

She knew even more clearly that the following words would decide her future, so she was mentally tense, not daring to speak.

After a long while, she slowly said: "I don’t know, my life has been laughably short, but I ask myself if I haven’t intentionally harmed anyone."

She whispered, "I once participated in the attack on the human fleet, but I was only following orders. The sin should be borne by those who gave the orders..."

She explained in detail the events of the day the fleet was attacked, with more details than what Roland had confessed.

The Holy Judge listened silently, as if hearing an insignificant matter.

As Munina explained, the Holy Judge kept taking notes without saying anything.

After overcoming her psychological barriers, Munina’s words became more fluent.

Perhaps it was the last chance to speak freely, and she talked incessantly.

Including how her heart's abnormal position led to her status dropping sharply within her group.

She also recounted all her actions that infringed on others' interests.

Mostly unintentional, but some deliberate.

She did not defend her actions.

But she believed the Holy Judge would understand.

Survival often comes at the cost of other lives.

To live, one must eat.

The food consumed, whether animal or plant, is life.

If survival means depriving other creatures of their right to live, it is neither good nor evil, merely a natural phenomenon.

Infringing on others' interests is the same.

The survival and development of any life inevitably encroach on the interests' space of others, to some extent.

Within a certain framework, she didn't see this as a sin.

The Holy Judge remained silent.

Until Munina’s mouth became dry, the Holy Judge slowly asked:

"One last question. If paying a sufficient price could send Munina to the Endless Purgatory, would you do it?"

"Yes, of course!"

Munina, who had just been calm, suddenly looked ferocious.

Anger made her cheeks puff up, her inner gills blood-red.

"I mean any price."

The Holy Judge reminded slowly.

Munina gritted her teeth and said, "Of course I know, I don’t care. Even if the price is going to the Endless Purgatory with her, I will do it."

"I understand. The interrogation is over, you should rest now."

The Holy Judge packed up his things and left the Room of Reckoning.

Munina collapsed entirely.

The eyes that had been wide open expressing her will just now, now seemed drained of all strength, not even the strength to cry remained.

She lay there dazed, looking up at the ceiling painting, her eyes full of confusion.

Unlike Alina’s quick completion, Roland’s interrogation did not go smoothly.

Munina quickly broke down under his noise attack, indicating she would confess, but during the interrogation, she sneakily played mind games with Roland.

Her words were always a mix of truth and lies, full of misleading information.

These tricks did not escape Roland’s eyes.

He was carefully observing Munina.

When people lie, they always have subtle body movements, and careful observation can identify them.

Munina’s words were ninety percent true and ten percent false, making them difficult to distinguish.

Since it was hard to tell, Roland didn’t bother to distinguish.

Munina had more information than Munina, but this extra information was not enough to change Roland’s decision.

Munina knew the group was forced to migrate, Munina knew more, knowing there was a certain Ocean General’s command behind the migration, but she didn’t know which General.

Munina knew the group attacked humans under someone’s direction, Munina knew more; she could even describe the envoy’s general appearance, but that was all.

Compared to this extra information, just determining its authenticity made Roland spend more time with her.

The continuous fatigue interrogation, with occasional noise attacks, and repeated question bombardment finally broke through Munina’s tough psychological defenses.

She had to confess to Roland.

After Roland announced the end of the interrogation, she slid to Roland, hugging his leg, begging bitterly.

"I can do anything, please spare me, I am truly useful..."

She had twice attempted suicide but cherished life immensely after surviving.

Her identity, her beauty, her voice, she would offer it all.

As long as she lived, there was hope.

"Did you feel guilty when you killed your sister?"

Facing Roland’s question, Munina’s gaze was somewhat scattered, she murmured softly, taking a long time before saying in a low voice:

"She was my sister, and the pain in my heart when I acted was no less than hers. You simply don’t understand the bond between sisters!"

Roland continued, "One last question, would you exchange your place in the Endless Purgatory to let your sister go to the Divine Land?"

"I would!" Munina answered without hesitation.

Roland stood up, said nothing, and directly left the interrogation room.

Sister or sister, he already had the answer.