Empress 172

Chapter 172: Don’t Be So Extreme (Part 3)

"Too slow! Roland, you speak." Sif was somewhat dissatisfied with Stanley’s method and directly indicated that Mouthful should speak on her behalf.

Roland cleared his throat and said with a smile, "It’s not easy to establish new laws, we must persuade Cabinet Ministers to agree, and then get approval from the parliament. When we don’t have absolute power, it all requires a trade-off of interests, the cost is too expensive."

"The cycle from passing new laws to their implementation is long, we can’t wait."

"We must deal with them within the existing legal framework."

Roland pondered a bit and said slowly, "Samaritan merchants like to stick together, we should find a way to gather them all in Hansa and then catch them all in one go. As for..."

What charge would be appropriate?

Bribery charges would implicate officials from the Three Provinces, which would not be conducive to unity.

The Empress has already pardoned them, pursuing them further would be inappropriate.

This certainly won’t work.

Then let’s find crimes they commit in business.

For example, unfair competition, disrupting the business environment, or some arbitrary charge like stepping through the door with the left foot first.

While Roland was contemplating, Sif was already growing impatient.

"What nationality are these Samaritans now?"

"Well... they have no homeland, they don’t join any mainstream country, they claim to be descendants of the ancient nation of Samaria."

Sif gently tapped the table, stood up, and paced back and forth, her eyes suddenly lit up.

"Gather them in Hansa, and then launch a Holy War!"

"Huh?" X2

Stanley and Roland looked at each other, somewhat stunned.

Sif snorted lightly, her eyes burning with fiery intensity.

"When the Magic Era New Calendar began, all countries overthrew the Magic Empire and established the Old Heresy Pact, whereby the signatory countries are obliged to launch a Holy War against Old Heresies."

"Samaritans are remnants of the old times, for over a thousand years, they have never willingly integrated into the new era, still longing for the old glory, believing in heresy; they deserve death!"

"Launch the Holy War, kill these greedy rats, confiscate their ill-gotten wealth, this is our sacred right granted by the pact."

Sif proudly raised her head high, shining like a vengeful goddess.

Stanley looked at Sif, shocked, feeling a chill down his back.

He suddenly thought that he was not so extreme.

Looking at Sif’s fanatic eyes, Roland coughed lightly and reminded:

"Launching the Holy War is possible, but we must target only the Samaritan merchants, there’s no need to affect ordinary Samaritans."

Even with the perfect reason of the Holy War, Roland could not accept indiscriminate slaughter.

Expanding the targets of war will make the war completely out of control, putting the Sussex Empire on moral low ground.

Sif gently looked at Roland and nodded.

"Of course I understand, you think I want indiscriminate slaughter? We are a civilized nation, even a Holy War has its limits."

"The target of the Holy War... shall be set on people with assets over five hundred pounds."

Sif said calmly, "With assets over five hundred pounds, killing all of them might be unfair, but if ten are killed, surely one will escape."

Roland accepted her standard.

In this era, amassing five hundred pounds through hard work is simply a pipe dream.

Stanley’s understanding of Sif was refreshed.

Previously, Sif pardoned his crimes, left him a part of settling funds, giving him a chance, making him assume she was simple and kind.

Now he finally understood, people change.

After staying by Roland’s side for a long time, the once pure and kind Empress had long changed.

He did not know, Roland was wrongly accused this time.

This was entirely Sif’s idea; even the Old Heresy Pact was new to him.

After all, the last time this excuse was used to launch a Holy War was over seven hundred years ago, an old matter.

Sif and Roland were different; her early years were spent as an idle Count, having received systematic noble education.

She was very clear on some important but unknown incidents.

Seeing the atmosphere on the scene was somewhat heavy, Sif didn’t continue the topic, instead, she asked with a smile:

"Mr. Stanley, I recognize your abilities very much, what position would you like to hold?"

Stanley smiled and shook his head, "Although Your Majesty pardoned my crimes, there were still marks of disloyalty, it would be inappropriate for me to hold a government position, I hope to become an Imperial Merchant and gain some convenience."

"Is it just to gain some convenience?" Sif was somewhat curious, Stanley took a huge risk to meet, sparing no effort to display abilities, was it just for that little benefit?

Stanley stood up and said sincerely:

"Lord Count, after leaving the Imperial Capital, I reunited with my true family, my mindset has changed a lot. Now I just want to provide a prosperous life for my family."

"Not enough."

Sif calmly said, "Only wealth is far from enough, you also need identity and status. Think about these Samaritan merchants, if targeted, no amount of wealth is useful."

"This..." Stanley was somewhat hesitant.

Sif's attitude earlier had indeed made him understand this.

Only wealth is far from enough, just like those Samaritans, no matter how much wealth they possess, it is difficult to integrate into mainstream society.

"Roland, you are the Governor, what do you think Mr. Stanley is suitable for?"

"I do have an idea; government officials cannot engage in commerce, but we also need proxy merchants, Mr. Stanley is most suitable, while we can hire him as a senior advisor."

Sif instantly understood.

Government officials must not engage in commerce ≠ A big merchant cannot be an Imperial advisor.

Roland extended his right hand to Stanley.

"Mr. Stanley, the Hunting Operation requires a lot of preparation, we need your help."