Empress 174

Chapter 174: Roland's Untainted Sanctuary

The recruitment of talent continues.

After all, the Empress is the legitimate monarch of the Empire and has strong appeal.

The timid still worry about the outcome of the power struggle between the Empress and the Cabinet, while the radical have already transformed into the Iron Blood Imperialist Faction.

The Cabinet? Brothers don't care.

Without the Empress's authorization, what is the Cabinet?

Half a month later, the first phase of the recruitment fair ended. Except for some positions that continued to recruit long-term, most positions had candidates who were adequate, albeit not outstanding.

In Roland's eyes, most people were usable.

It's not that no one was willing to support the Empress; it's just that the average level of this era was like that.

The truly capable were nobles and elites.

They wouldn't choose sides easily.

Compared to the seasoned Cabinet Ministers with years of experience, Sif was very immature, with a weak foundation.

The team Sif assembled seemed to be a makeshift group in their eyes.

Six months ago, a young postal worker at the Imperial Post Office transformed into a high-ranking governor in charge of three provinces.

Officials at the Governor's Mansion were mostly marginalized people who struggled to find success.

This makeshift group wasn't worth the attention of distinguished gentlemen.

Roland didn't care if they didn't come; he even felt fortunate.

His Governor's Mansion needed young pragmatists.

Lack of ability was not a problem; they could be trained. But the attitude must be correct.

He offered these people competitive compensation, and his demands were also high. He did not welcome gentlemen who were delicate and troublesome.

Centered around him and Sif, with trusted confidants as the core, provincial officials as the backbone, and promising young recruits as the grassroots, the foundation of the Governor's Mansion was quickly established.

Externally, the Empress seemed young and impulsive, without scheming. But in Roland's view, the Empress was smart, eager to learn, and growing rapidly.

Externally, he appeared to rise in rank through his connection with the Empress. But in Roland's view, he was a chosen one whose fate could not be discerned.

Externally, the officers of the three provinces seemed greedy and incompetent. But to Roland, they were flawed yet redeemable individuals.

Whether labeled as a makeshift group or a promising foundation, the Governor's Mansion began to operate like this.

While Roland was busy establishing various orders, an unexpected person appeared.

"Ah... Miss Fuchou, it’s rare to see you actively seeking me out in broad daylight."

"I have something to discuss," Alina whispered.

"I know you have business; you wouldn’t seek me out otherwise."

Roland personally poured tea for Alina, smiling and praising, "Your disguise today isn’t bad; you appear quite pitiful."

"Most of my father’s disciples and followers were killed in the coup, but a few escaped. They are now wandering and in dire straits. Can you... take them in?"

"Your father’s followers?"

Roland’s eyes lit up.

Alina’s father had achieved great success and retired behind the scenes but never gave up remote control of politics.

His disciples were all carefully cultivated talents.

Roland lightly patted the table, smiling as he said, "Since they are talents introduced by you, I’d be more than happy to welcome them. How could I refuse?"

Despite Roland’s straightforward agreement, Alina’s face didn’t show much joy. She sighed slightly, somewhat helplessly saying:

"It’s not just my father’s disciples but also many of their families. They’re currently stranded in nation-states near Val Lake, and their situation is dire."

"How many people in total?"

"About thirty to forty thousand, mostly elderly, women, and children."

Roland paused slightly, understanding the reason for Alina’s difficulty.

Such a large number of people, most of whom are considered valueless by rulers, and merely bringing them over would be troublesome.

Val Lake is almost two hundred kilometers from Hansa Province. Fortunately, there is a river connection, allowing travel by water. Otherwise, many would surely perish during a land migration.

Even traveling by water would cost some lives who would remain on the journey forever.

Welcoming these people would also stretch the already tight finances of the Central Mansion under its jurisdiction.

More dangerously, it would bring ensuing diplomatic pressure.

The Jin Yuan Kingdom is slightly weaker than the Sussex Empire, but the main gap is in the navy. In terms of the army alone, they are not inferior to Sussex.

If a diplomatic conflict arises, the strength of the Three Overseas Provinces wouldn’t withstand military intervention from the Jin Yuan Kingdom.

In terms of diplomacy, politics, or economy, accepting these tens of thousands of people seems to be a losing deal.

Alina bit her lip tightly, speaking softly, "Roland, I know this is difficult, and I have no right to ask anything of you, but it is because of my father that they ended up in such a situation, I..."

The words stuck in her throat mid-sentence, and all that remained was a sigh.

Transactions must be equal.

She had no sufficient bargaining chips.

She hesitated briefly, her eyes a bit vacant, finally making up her mind.

Her slender right hand reached for the first button of her shirt, trembling slightly as she tried to unfasten it, but her hand was shaking badly.

She never dreamed that the proud Alina would end up using herself as a bargaining chip.

Fortunately, her appearance and figure were sufficient for the transaction.

Just as Alina’s hand trembled, unable to unfasten the first button, Roland lightly patted the table and said aloud:

"Miss Fuchou, this is a significant matter. We must carefully arrange everything to ensure everyone can safely reach Hansa."

He looked up at Alina, who was struggling with her buttons, causing him to laugh.

"What are you doing? Is it so hot in here?"

Alina: "..."

Her hand froze in mid-air, her voice choked up, her eyes slightly red, "Th-thank you. I will never forget your kindness."