Empress 178

Chapter 178: Great Script, Bad Actors

Since Roland had spoken, Bridges naturally had no reason to stop it, so he let Jes bring the "drenched" Bishop and several attendants aboard.

The ship slightly slowed down, allowing the rescue boat to come alongside.

A rope ladder was thrown down, hitting the rescue boat with a dull thud.

Bridges stood silently at the edge of the deck, coldly watching these clergy members.

He was a devout believer of the Goddess of Fengrao, with little goodwill toward the Light Believers. This farce of falling into the water was obviously self-directed and self-acted, giving him no reason to be pleasant.

Fortunately, Lord Governor was perceptive and immediately saw through their little tricks, so there was no worry of being deceived by these religious charlatans.

As time went on, Bridges grew increasingly fond of Roland.

The Empress would eventually marry, so why couldn’t it be Roland?

Roland had no family background and was a genuine Old Sussex person, making him an exceptionally suitable candidate for Prince, no matter how you looked at it.

Once his thoughts changed, everything about Roland seemed agreeable.

Moreover, Roland was always a little lucky charm, always managing to stir up trouble whenever out and about with him.

Bridges wasn’t afraid of trouble, but rather afraid of calm.

How else could he show his capabilities without trouble?

Unfortunately, this mission was in an inland river, so the Monarch couldn't sail upstream to shove cannonballs down the throats of those idiots at Val City State.

But that didn't matter, for the sailors were warriors even on land.

Bridges was determined to make noteworthy accomplishments on this Val Lake adventure.

He must not lose to those army folks!

...

Inside the cabin, Roland and Sif received the drenched Bishop and two accompanying personnel.

Even though their deliberate fall into the water was exposed, the Bishop showed no sign of embarrassment and familiarly began introducing himself.

"Lord Governor, I am Blackthorn Bishop of the Divine Court of Light, this is Pastor Andrew, and this is Miss Christine."

Roland and Sif's eyes shifted past Blackthorn Bishop to focus on Christine standing behind him.

The Divine Court of Light advocated for gender equality, with examples of females taking on roles as Bishops or even Pope, so bringing a Female Priest wasn't surprising.

But instinct told them that Christine was the main character of this trip.

Roland judged this based on Christine's aura and Blackthorn's address.

Sif, however, had a more substantiated judgment.

Christine ranked seventh on the women’s charm list.

She wasn’t wearing a priest or nun’s habit, but rather ordinary casual clothes.

Women who appeared on the Magic Mirror charm list weren’t ordinary, and although Miss Christine wasn’t a Transcendent, her aura suggested she wasn’t common.

An uninvited guest is still a guest, and since the other party put on a smile, Roland wouldn’t show a cold face. He smiled as he introduced himself and Sif, then cheerfully said:

"Blackthorn Bishop, I respect your faith in the Goddess of Light, but the Count and I are loyal believers of the Goddess of Fengrao, so it’s inconvenient to host you on the ship. Feel free to speak openly about your matters."

The words were polite, but in reality, the relationship between the Fengrao Believers and Light Believers was not harmonious.

Rivals make a bad match; their presence hindered their missionary work, so how could the relationship be good?

Given how far things had progressed, Blackthorn spoke directly, lowering his voice as he said:

"Lord Governor, if I’m not mistaken, you’re headed to Val Lake to witness the Holy Spring Revival Ceremony, right?"

Roland and Sif exchanged glances, both somewhat puzzled.

They knew of the Holy Spring of Light, a product of frequent miracles from the Goddess of Light in ancient times.

There were only three Holy Springs of Light on the continent, and the one by Val Lake had been dry for over a thousand years, long forgotten.

Could it really be revived?

"Well, do you think Fengrao Believers would attend another religion's miracle event?"

Roland quipped with a half-joking tone.

"If not attending, is it to destroy with so many troops, Lord Governor?"

Pastor Andrew, behind the Bishop, asked sharply.

Roland was stunned.

Sif was also taken aback.

Although taking troops to Val City State to pick someone up during such a sensitive period might cause misunderstandings, it could always be explained.

Even if he had ulterior motives, it wasn't Andrew's place to criticize, was it?

Before Roland could explode, Blackthorn couldn't sit still anymore.

He suddenly stood up, pointing at Andrew and scolded, "Insolent! Who allowed you to speak to Lord Roland in such a manner? Andrew, apologize to Lord Roland immediately and then confine yourself to the confession chamber."

Though annoyed, Andrew didn’t dare to retort to the Bishop, and after apologizing to Roland, he stormed off.

Watching this drama unfold with an expressionless face, Roland turned to Sif and softly asked, "Count, what do you think?"

Sif smiled sweetly, but her words were ruthless.

"The script was good, but the acting was mediocre. Although Pastor Andrew was flushed with anger, his gaze held a trace of relief as if completing a difficult task."

"As for Blackthorn Bishop, despite the outward anger, there was little fear or anxiety in his voice. And Miss Christine’s expression was as calm as if she were rehearsing."

"If I’m not mistaken, Blackthorn Bishop intended to use this performance as a warning for us not to harbor ulterior thoughts about the Holy Spring Revival Ceremony, right?"

"Absolutely correct!"

Without waiting for Blackthorn to speak, Roland quickly awarded a full score.

"Director Sif, you’re spot on."

Faced with Roland’s praise, Sif lifted her head proudly, glancing mockingly at Blackthorn Bishop.

Since they were heretics playing such tricks before her, why be polite?

As thick-skinned as Blackthorn was, even he was uncomfortable with such ridicule.