Empress 181

Chapter 181: Roland Doesn’t Understand Girls

After the treaty was signed, both Heitensen and Christine left with dark faces, while the expression of the benefitting Sif was somewhat wistful.

She looked down at the floor, somewhat dejectedly asking:

"Are you afraid I’ll lose?"

If Roland was worried about her safety, it wasn’t unacceptable.

But she truly was confident; if she couldn’t handle Christine, how could she compete with Sofia?

She needed this opportunity to gain experience, why miss it?

"I believe you will win; I have absolute confidence in you, but can you guarantee you won’t get hurt?"

Roland said calmly.

Sif fell silent.

There was no need to be stubborn in front of Roland. She certainly could win, but Christine was a talent heavily nurtured by the Divine Court of Light, she surely had the ability to fight.

If Christine went berserk and refused to concede, the end result could very well be a death and an injury.

Killing the Saintess of the Divine Court of Light would spark a major feud.

Roland smiled and said, "Sif, you are an Empress, not a vanguard general. We already have a significant advantage, yet you go and single dueling others; isn't this giving the opponent a chance to turn the tables?"

"I understand. Giving opponents a fair chance to duel means the commander should face a military court martial." Sif said with a smile.

This saying came from her devoted teacher Roland.

Roland nodded with satisfaction, that's the right way.

Why rush into a fight for things that can be solved with brains, why engage in a fair duel when it's a matter of more people against fewer people, is there some issue weighing on your mind?

Sif had no such concerns, but Christine did.

Back on the ship, she silently returned to her cabin, anger gnawing at her like a venomous snake.

She was truly furious.

The compensation money this time was not a small figure.

Compared to this loss, the blow of thirty thousand believers turning to the Heretics was far greater.

This would affect her reputation, causing adverse impacts when competing for the title of Pope in the future.

Although Roland had ingeniously crafted a transition method to cover it up, the fact would not change.

The delight in the Holy Spring Revival was wiped away by seven parts due to Roland's shamelessness.

The remaining three parts vanished into thin air due to Sif avoiding combat.

While she was seething with anger, a knock on the door sounded.

"Christine, are you still angry?" Heitensen's voice came from outside the door.

"Teacher, I want to be alone for a while."

"Child, compared to the glory of the Holy Spring Revival, what are these losses? You were reckless in challenging Sif just now, and that was truly unwise; it was fortunate that Roland stopped you."

Christine didn't like hearing this, "Teacher, do you think I couldn't win?"

"Not that at all, you have the Light Covenant, the Divine Power, and a good chance of victory. But that young girl has a very competitive spirit; if she desperately retaliates, can you guarantee you won't get hurt?"

Christine fell silent.

A moment later, Heitensen's voice rang again, "Do you know her true identity? If you lose control of your power and kill her, have you thought about the consequences?"

Christine originally wanted to say isn't she just a Count, surely it wouldn't provoke a sect conflict or a war between nations?

But the words got stuck in her throat and were swallowed back.

Teacher wouldn't be alarmist; if he said killing Sif would cause a big problem, her identity must be extraordinary.

She opened the door to invite her teacher in, respectfully asking him to take a seat.

"Teacher, what is Sif's identity? Is she the hidden Saintess of the Divine Court of Fengrao?"

Thinking of how Sif's eyes had passed over her chest with a look of pity more than once, she gnashed her teeth in hatred.

Shallow woman!

How could a person's worth be measured by two lumps of flesh?

Looking at Christine's flushed face, Heitensen sighed and gently said:

"That Count Sif is most likely Empress Sylph."

"What?"

Christine's expression froze instantly.

The teacher was right, even in a fair duel, if she killed the Empress of Sussex, she would have stirred up enormous trouble.

The Wende Empire was among the major countries with the weakest national strength and a particularly poor geographical position, in recent years being watched by the Three Kingdoms, Vladimir, Prudon, and Tirol, always facing the risk of war.

Sussex, practicing continental balance, was their most reliable ally.

If war broke out with the Sussex Empire, the demise of the Wende Empire would be imminent.

Christine listened with cold sweat pouring down her back, quickly getting up to salute Heitensen.

"Teacher, you saved me."

"Child, I am old, I cannot look after you forever. Your talent and potential are top-tier, you can hear the Divine Oracle, your future is limitless, you must not be impulsive in the future."

Listening to Heitensen's words, as if he were entrusting things for the future, Christine felt a panic rise, her voice slightly trembling.

"Teacher, I have noted all you've said. You are not old yet; you must bear witness to my coronation."

Heitensen smiled gently at Christine and softly said, "Alright, it's a promise."

"So it's settled?"

"What, do we need to sign another treaty?"

Heitensen's joke made Christine's expression dim again.

The teacher was right, she should listen, she must listen.

But she was really angry.

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After reaching an agreement, the fleets of both sides went their separate ways, as if nothing had happened.

Watching the departing figure of Bishop Blackthorn, Bridges' lips curled slightly upward, issuing an order for the fleet to proceed at full speed.

It was obvious, Lord Governor had gained a significant advantage.

If Bishop had benefited, it's impossible for him to have such a gloomy face.

Especially the young girl beside him, whose eyes were ablaze with murderous intent she simply couldn't hide.

Pretty young girl, just too impatient.

Not like Her Majesty the Empress.

Not comparable at all.

Bridges silently scored Christine, then returned to the command room to observe the situation on the water.