Empress 182

Chapter 182: Roland Doesn't Understand Girls (Part 2)

Christine's fleet didn't have any transport ships and traveled fast. They were in a hurry and finally arrived at Val City State at night.

Roland was not in a hurry and let the fleet sail safely.

He had to wait for the revival ceremony to finish before leaving, whether it was a day earlier or later didn't matter.

He even had the leisure to receive carrier pigeons from Hansa and urge Ados and others to prepare reinforcements.

The revival of the Holy Spring is a big event that will undoubtedly attract global attention.

Three thousand five hundred against seven hundred, the advantage is on my side.

The advantage in troop strength allowed him to easily handle Christine.

But these people were not enough. If someone brought 20,000 troops to the ceremony, he would be the one being handled.

He didn't want to be Christine the second.

He even deliberately slowed down to give the Three Provinces Army time to gather.

Standing on the upper deck, Roland couldn't help but silently complain.

Is he naturally a troublemaker, so many issues just to pick someone up?

While the revival of the Holy Spring was undoubtedly a great event for the Divine Court of Light, it also reminded him that the Sixth Return Day was accelerating in its approach.

He couldn't afford to be careless.

The next afternoon, Roland's fleet entered the waters of Val City State.

Just as he was pondering whether Dovar City State would play dead, a fast patrol boat shot toward them.

This manpower-paddled speedboat was unaffected by wind, moved very fast, and was suitable for river patrols.

But in front of naval guns, it was as fragile as paper.

A young officer, dressed elegantly, stood at the bow of the patrol boat, signaling Roland's fleet to stop for inspection.

Bridges frowned slightly, turned back to look at the upper deck.

Roland gestured with one hand forward, signaling him to continue advancing.

A large fleet consisting of hundreds of transport ships couldn't say stop suddenly.

Suddenly stopping might cause collisions.

Moreover, starting again would take considerable effort.

More importantly, once stopped, the whole world would know the Imperial fleet was intercepted by Val City State.

Bridges signaled to the flagsman to reply using flag signals.

"This is the fleet directly under Roland, the Governor of the Sussex Empire. If an inspection is indeed necessary, please slow down, come alongside, and board yourself."

This was not very polite, rather quite rude.

But considering the power disparity between the two countries, it wasn't excessive.

According to Bridges, Governor Roland was still being polite.

If it was up to him, the answer would be one word, "Scram!"

The young officer saw the Sussex Empire's arrogance, his body slightly trembling, his face flushed.

Is this the world of the survival of the fittest?

He was somewhat unwilling.

Grabbing the flagsman's small flag, he waved it forcefully at the Mary Rose.

"Respected Governor Roland of the Sussex Empire, though Val City State is a small country, it is also a sovereign state recognized by major countries. Please adhere to diplomatic etiquette, submit a pass application and then proceed."

"We will not and dare not obstruct the Imperial fleet, we just ask your country to comply with international conventions."

The Mary Rose's reply was swift.

"Sorry, we are busy, related formalities to be completed afterward."

"Is this the diplomatic etiquette of the self-proclaimed civilized Sussex Empire?" The young officer questioned, trembling and waving his arms.

Just as Bridges was preparing to answer, he heard Sif's voice.

"Tell him if he doesn't accept completing the procedures afterward, I will issue a declaration of war now!"

Bridges was stunned for a few seconds and excitedly saluted Sif with the most standard military salute.

Domineering, right? Arrogant, right? Yes, this is the Sussex Empire's style.

If you're not convinced, come fight.

Ever since the Fourth Fleet accompanied the Late Emperor on the sea tour, the Imperial Navy, especially the Fourth Fleet, has been heavily criticized.

Does anyone dare to show their strength over the Imperial Navy's head now?

To show weakness today would encourage more provocations tomorrow.

Bridges rushed to the lookout, grabbed the small flag, and waved energetically, almost roaring a reply.

His movement was so forceful that he ended his final wave by crashing his small flag into a mast with a "crackle," snapping it.

Seeing Sif standing imposingly on the upper deck, akin to a Valkyrie descending, Roland vaguely sensed an illusion, thinking Sif seemed to be transforming at this moment.

He did not interrupt Sif, allowing her to continue in her epiphany state.

Whomever or whatever was upon her, please stay a little longer.

However, Roland’s prayer went unanswered.

A few minutes later, Sif turned back dazed, her eyes avoiding Roland’s gaze.

"I, was I too overbearing just now?"

Overbearing?

A bit, but not enough.

The world’s resources are limited, if you don’t compete, plenty of people will.

The Return Day arrives, ordinary people can still hope to follow the right leader, but neither he nor Sif had an escape route.

Be serious, this is a fight of victory or death, not a dinner invitation.

He gravely nodded at Sif, smilingly saying, "Of course not, that was fine."

Sif breathed a sigh of relief, and when Roland wasn’t looking, stuck her tongue out shyly.

She was indeed holding in some frustration earlier, somewhat impulsive.

Since Roland said there was no problem, she would continue like this in the future.

The patrol boat from Val City State was left aside, the young officer watched dumbly as the massive hull of the Mary Rose glided by, utterly in a daze.

Standing on the top deck, Roland glanced at the young officer, without any internal turmoil.

The fool didn't even know he was being used as a pawn.

Given Val City State's strength, they only survived because major countries needed a buffer zone.

In this age of jungle law, when the tiger is drinking water, it may not eat you, but if you provoke it, the result is uncertain.

The tiger doesn't eat you but can kill those who get in the way.

As long as Val City State's leaders didn't have major issues in their heads, they would accept the Sussex Empire's urgent passage with procedures completed afterward.

Thinking of Christine and others who arrived at Val City State in advance, Roland could guess who sent this young officer to test the waters.

His opinion of Christine dropped a few notches.

She was far inferior to Sif.

Though Sif was somewhat timid, she wouldn't put her face forward to get slapped.

The Imperial fleet docked at the port on the shore of Val Lake, with Bridges' deputy taking the documentation signed by Sif to the Port Authority to complete the procedures.

The procedures were still being completed, but the Port Authority had already set up at the dock to welcome them.

To avoid affecting shipping, there was no cannon salute, but the reception standards were not low.

Seeing the mayor and the port director's flattering smiles, Roland nodded satisfactorily.

Such an attitude was the correct way to survive between major powers.

To make a living, accompany an esteemed guest with a smile, not shameful.

The port director cheerfully welcomed the group ashore, seeing Roland and Sif in the suite on the top floor of the guesthouse.

As he left, he didn't forget to remind them, "Lord Governor, recently there have been too many distinguished guests, unable to arrange a separate floor for you, please forgive. Your neighboring guests are representatives from Jin Yuan Kingdom, downstairs are ones from Weimar Federation, all friendly countries to your Empire."

After saying this, he didn't wait for Roland to ask and quickly slipped away.

Friendly countries?

He put it well, after all, not at war yet, so they were indeed friendly countries.

Closing the door, seeing Sif's melancholic expression, Roland thought she'd still be a single girl and living with him was indeed inconvenient, so he smiled and said:

"I'll go live on the ship at night, leaving this place to you."

"What do you mean, leaving me to live among enemies alone?" Sif widened her eyes.

"This..."

"You live in the outer room, I live in the inner room, and let me use the bathroom first." Sif arranged in an indisputable tone.

Seeing Sif's eyes, clear like the sky, Roland raised his hands in surrender.

Since she didn't care about what others said, there was no need for him to be pretentious.

Safety first.

If Sif were muddle-headed and harmed, he would have to commit suicide to apologize.

"I thought you were worried about your reputation..."

"Damage to reputation?"

Sif smiled and said: "Can something that's already broken break a second time? The whole world thinks we... avoiding suspicion now would be meaningless."

"I would not fret over such a small matter, look at that."

She pointed toward the wooden wardrobe in the inner room.

"That wardrobe's material is neither rosewood nor pine, but the most common oak, the smell is really unpleasant."

Her expression was solemn as if this was the world's most serious issue.

Roland was dumbstruck and couldn't speak for a long moment.

Careless, he indeed didn't understand girls.

Especially noble girls like Sif.