Empress 183

Chapter 183: Are You Going to Be a Fool Who Pulls Chestnuts from the Fire?

The candlelight filled the room, the faint glow highlighting Sif’s slightly furrowed brows, adding a touch of melancholy.

In this moment, Roland had a clear understanding of the saying "It takes three generations to make a noble."

Sif was not acting in an idol drama, nor was she pretending.

She simply found the smell of oak furniture unpleasant.

Though the furniture had been there for an unknown period, Roland could not detect any strange odor.

From birth, Sif lived the most exquisite life, and she found these things only natural.

Whereas Roland’s understanding of nobility came from books, from Teacher Mary’s lectures, and from observing Sif.

His essence was still that of an ordinary person.

An ordinary person who held wealth and power.

Sif didn’t speak and calmly walked into the bathroom.

Fortunately, there was a hot water supply to smooth out the discomfort brought by the oak smell.

After all, this was the guesthouse for entertaining top guests; although they couldn’t provide hot water twenty-four hours a day, bathing at night was still guaranteed.

For this era, it was considered an enjoyment.

Seeing the bathroom conditions, which couldn't even compare to a palace, Sif silently sighed.

Traveling was really inconvenient.

A beautiful girl's bathing time was often not short; listening to the sound of water, Roland felt inexplicably restless, so he walked to the corridor to get some fresh air.

He stood in front of the corridor window for a while when he heard footsteps behind him.

It was a server.

She didn't speak; she just handed Roland a note as she passed by.

The note had no other content, only a location.

It was a tavern at a distance neither too far nor too near from the guesthouse.

Roland took out a match and casually burned the note.

Sif's bath was almost done; he might as well go for a drink.

The Val City State didn't produce beer locally, but the nearby Weimar Federation was a famous beer-producing region.

Roland had heard of the reputations of Caesar Black Beer and Beck's Beer.

When returning to the room, Roland saw Sif wearing sturdy cotton armor, somewhat surprised.

"Where are you going?"

"You've been out for quite a while; I feel like I should be ready for a fight," Sif said calmly.

Roland was a bit speechless; did he really seem like such a disaster star?

Come to think of it, he kind of was.

Humans hadn't encountered Sea Demons for hundreds of years, and he met one on his first day at sea.

Sif, who stayed with him every day, knew him very well.

He smiled and shook his head, "No need to be so exaggerated, just going to the tavern to meet someone."

"Roland, I have a premonition that something will happen," Sif said succinctly.

"Okay, many people in the tavern don't really want to drink, you're right."

Sif wore cotton armor on the inside, ordinary casual clothes on the outside, wore a hat and a mask, laid out all the weapons including the pistol and short sword purchased from the Magic Association for Roland, and even hid some flying knives like Roland.

Roland was even more fully armed, stuffing his Moonlit Silver Armor with weapons.

It's all well and good if negotiations go smoothly, but if they fall apart, fights could break out at any time.

After completing their armament, they headed towards the Black Forest Tavern.

Val City State wasn’t large, but it was a shipping hub, and its dining and entertainment industry was developed. Guests traveling from north to south always liked to stop for a moment, reveling in the night, washing away fatigue.

When they passed a street, they saw a seductive lady waving at the door. Sif curiously asked:

"What kind of shop is that? That woman’s outfit is a bit too gaudy, isn’t it?"

"Don’t look, it’s not a good place." Roland blocked Sif’s curious gaze with his body and quickened his pace.

Sif didn’t ask more, just quietly followed the pace.

Although she didn’t know what kind of place it was, she really disliked the lady standing at the door.

That kind of gaze, like she wanted to strip the guests bare and devour them, was greedy.

This kind of gaze reminded her of an ancient tome that recorded a demonic creature—the Enchanting Demon.

Roland was right; this was a man-eating shop, better to stay away.

Looking at the well-behaved and silent Sif, Roland smiled and introduced her:

"Val City State’s culture is similar to that of the Weimar Federation, the Prudon Kingdom, and the Tirol Kingdom. Internally, they have two different voices; one hopes to establish a unified national empire, and the other hopes to maintain the existing status as a free city-state."

"As of now, those who support maintaining the free city-state status are in the majority. Merging might benefit ordinary people, but these politicians gain no advantages."

"They're now calling the shots, but post-merger, they'd at best be local officials, unable to preserve their vested interests, naturally reluctant to merge. There are many small countries sharing the same thoughts."

After a brief pause, Roland slowly said: "If you even count the independent Knight's Fiefs, the original Odin Empire is now completely fragmented into thousands of pieces. Those qualified to unify Odin are the Prudon Kingdom, Weimar Federation, and Tirol Kingdom."

"No, there's also us," Sif's eyes glinted with dazzling light.

Now it was Roland's turn to be surprised.

Sif gently explained, "The Hansa Province originally belonged to Duke Hansa under the Odin Empire. After the empire's destruction, Duke Hansa declared independence and established the Hansa Grand Duchy, which later expanded and upgraded to a kingdom. Through a series of complex marital inheritances, it became part of our nation."

"The Hansa Kingdom only temporarily disappeared and hasn't completely perished. The legal inheritance of the Hansa Kingdom remains with our York Clan."

Sif smiled and said, "Although Duke Hansa wasn't a Prince Elector, due to internal chaos in the Odin Empire, he once temporarily acted as Emperor for half a year. So Hansa also has the legal claim to inherit the Odin Empire."

Roland's eyes lit up.

This was likely the true reason the Imperial Family continued to bear the great financial burden to maintain the Three Overseas Provinces.