Empress 184

Chapter 184: Are You Going to Be the Fool Who Retrieves Chestnuts from the Fire? (Part 2)

"The other two provinces are probably not that simple either," Roland asked with a smile.

"You're right. The other two provinces correspond to the legal domains of Sailin and the Brook Kingdom. As long as we have enough power, the entire Central Rodinia Continent can belong to us."

Sif's eyes shone like stars under the night, but quickly dimmed.

"Unfortunately, in recent years, our country has had three consecutive ordinary emperors, which caused us to miss the historical window period for the great plans of those years."

Sif said softly, "These were the things Teacher Wald told me before leaving, hoping I could correctly understand the significance of the Three Overseas Provinces."

Roland was lost in thought.

Rodinia is a chaotic place, only the strong have the right to survive.

Herbivores that do not want to expand will be pounced and divided by carnivores, no matter how big they are.

They soon arrived outside the beer house, and Roland stopped, smiling, "Guess who will be inside?"

Sif stopped with him, about to casually give an answer when she suddenly realized this was also a test. She immediately erased the hasty answer and began to think deeply.

A minute later, her eyes lit up.

"It should be either the Tirol Kingdom or the Weimar Federation, but I guess it's more likely the Weimar Federation."

"Reason?"

"Because of the Jin Yuan Kingdom."

Sif cleared her throat and said, "This group of refugees is a headache for the Jin Yuan Kingdom. They regard themselves as a country of freedom and the rule of law, so naturally, they cannot act against these people with problematic stances but no clear evidence of illegality, and can only let them leave the country."

"After all, it’s the Land of Freedom, free to come and go, unrestrained."

Listening to Sif mock the Jin Yuan Kingdom fluently, Roland wasn’t surprised.

The two countries have fought countless wars in history, with deep hatred.

Although currently in a non-war friendly state, it’s difficult to expect them to say good things about each other.

After mocking the Jin Yuan Kingdom, Sif smiled and added, "What the Jin Yuan Kingdom least wants is for these people to go to our country. This time, we conspicuously came through the river path, and the Jin Yuan people are not blind; of course, they know what we’re here for."

"No matter how they are settled, they must not fall into our hands. But they can’t openly fall out with us, so they need an agent to take these refugees away. The agents dare not directly confront us, so they have to choose to negotiate, so the answer is the Weimar Federation."

"Very well, it’s time to reveal the answer, let’s go."

Roland didn’t grade her on the spot, as it was just speculation. If the new envoy from the Jin Yuan Kingdom was sitting inside, would he report that they weren’t following the routine?

As long as Sif’s inference looped logically, correctness was not that important.

In the various states split from the former Odin Empire, beer houses are as common as cafes in Sussex and Jin Yuan, places for socializing and entertainment.

Spending a few coins here allows you to drink heartily and chat about the sea and sky with like-minded friends.

After eating and drinking, if there’s extra money, you can let off some steam in the nearby red light district.

This is the daily life for many merchants, sailors, and adventurers.

The distinguished guest meeting with Roland naturally wouldn’t wait in the noisy hall but had reserved the top floor suite.

From the suite, one could observe the chaos of the hall below, while the people below couldn’t see the calm above.

At a height of over ten meters, it was like two worlds.

In the best suite, Roland met the mysterious inviter.

A middle-aged man with a beer barrel-like physique.

A red, drinker’s nose, unruly beard, completely fitting the stereotype of an Odin person.

The middle-aged man took off his hat and jovially introduced himself to Roland.

"Frank Muller, envoy from the Weimar Federation."

Roland quickly searched his mind and locked onto Frank’s information.

A senior diplomat from the Weimar Federation, with no particularly outstanding resume but rich work experience, a somewhat capable diplomat.

Roland glanced back at Sif, who couldn’t hide her proud expression, and felt uplifted himself.

He sat opposite Frank and calmly stated, "White Rose Knight Order, Roland."

"Why don’t you mention your identity as the Governor of Northern Rodinia?"

"I’m here in Val City State as a knight to carry out a friend’s request to escort the poor refugees. This matter has nothing to do with Mr. Frank’s homeland, and there should be no conflict between us."

Roland firmly blocked everything Frank wanted to say, putting a solid cap on the matter.

Though politely phrased, the meaning behind the words was anything but polite.

Simply summarized, this matter has nothing to do with the Weimar Federation, so don’t make a fuss.

Frank was dazed for several seconds before composing himself and could only awkwardly eat to defuse the situation. He picked up his knife and fork and silently began cutting the knuckle on his plate, using food to relieve the atmosphere.

Smiling, he introduced Roland to the dish, "The crispy knuckle at this place is excellent, with crispy skin, tender but not falling apart meat, rich yet not greasy. Care to try some?"

He didn’t ask who the woman with Roland was.

Since she was wearing a disguise, naturally she didn’t want to reveal her identity, so it was better not to ask.

He just didn’t expect Roland to so precisely predict his intentions and return all his words to him.

With such delicious crispy knuckle, Roland naturally wasn’t going to be modest.

Eating a whole knuckle alone can be a bit greasy, so he skillfully cut a small portion for Sif, sharing the delicacy.

Frank wasn’t exaggerating; the knuckle in this place was indeed authentic, paired with pickles to cut the grease, it was top-notch.

Anyway, there would probably be some physical activity soon, so eating more wouldn’t hurt.

Under Roland’s urging, Sif also took a few small bites.

She usually rarely eats after the dinner hour, so a few small bites were the highest compliment to the crispy knuckle.

Satisfied with eating the knuckle on his plate, Roland raised his glass to Frank and made a toast.

"Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Frank. Next time I visit Hansa, I will definitely return the favor."

"Then I will first thank the Lord Governor for his kindness."

Frank clinked glasses with Roland, but the usually smooth dark beer tasted inexplicably bitter today.

Though he knew the chances were slim, he still tentatively asked, "Lord Governor, the journey of these 30,000 refugees is very arduous, and there’s a possibility of contracting diseases with severe

consequences. The Weimar Federation is right next to Val City State; wouldn’t it be more convenient to settle this batch of refugees in our country?"

"Mr. Frank, this is a friend’s request, and I’m afraid I can’t comply."

"Do you think my offer isn’t good enough? Actually, I haven’t finished..."

His words were cut off by Roland halfway through.

"Sorry, this matter is not up for negotiation."

Though interrupting others is impolite, hearing the conditions before refusing would be more hurtful.

It would be better to be a little impolite.

Frank looked a bit awkward, his plump hands clenching and relaxing, several drops of sweat beading on his forehead.

Just as he was about to say something, Roland softly said, "Mr. Frank, let me tell you a story from my hometown."

Without waiting for a response, he cleared his throat and began, "A cat and a monkey saw some chestnuts in a fire. The monkey smelled the aroma and wanted to eat them, so it persuaded the cat to dig out the chestnuts."

"The cat wasn’t interested in the chestnuts but couldn’t resist the monkey’s persuasion, so it extended its paw. The result was the cat’s paw got burned, blistered, while the crafty monkey happily took the chestnuts."

"Mr. Frank, you wouldn’t want to be that cat, would you?"

Frank’s expression was somewhat complex.

Roland raised his glass again, smiling, "The knuckle and dark beer were excellent, I really enjoyed it. Mr. Frank, it’s getting late; let’s meet again when the opportunity arises."

Frank knew the negotiation had failed and reluctantly got up with Roland, accompanying him to the door.

Watching Roland’s departing figure, he sighed, picked up the beer on the table, and continued to chug.

Perhaps Roland was right, if the monkey likes chestnuts, it should fetch them itself.

The Weimar Federation neither has the power nor the need to provoke the Sussex people.

Surviving between major powers, naturally, one should avoid offending too many.

He sent a signal for his underlings to report back, then continued his battle with the beer.