## Empress 188

Chapter 188: Princess, It’s Your Turn to Save the Hero!

After dealing with all the remaining werewolves and cleaning up the scene, Jes jogged to Roland and Sif.

During his jog, he suddenly encountered a dilemma.

He knew the Count was the Empress, but Her Majesty the Empress probably preferred him not to "know."

If the Empress were the Count, he should report to Roland.

If the Count were the Empress, he should report to Sif.

What to do now?

In a flash of insight, Jes figured it out.

Since Her Majesty the Empress is now the Count, the Vice Governor, then she ranks below Roland.

The games she plays with Roland are not something a mere Light Cavalry Major like him should worry about.

Do your job, Jes!

He stood at attention, saluted Roland, reported the battle results loudly, and then began to reflect.

"Lord Governor, you were attacked nearby, and I arrived late for rescue. I ask for your punishment."

Roland greatly appreciated this attitude.

A young man who doesn’t shirk responsibility, who first takes on the problem, is a responsible person.

Roland took out his pocket watch, glanced at it, and smiled, "It’s been less than eight minutes since the gunshot, and it only took this short time to assemble your standby squad and set off to reach the incident spot. You must have been sleeping in your armor."

Jes felt a slight nose tingle.

Quite right, Lord Governor, you understand us after all.

Compared to the mean and shameless Minister of the Army and the superior brigade commander, the Lord Governor is indeed a good leader.

Facing Roland’s praise, he calmly said:

"It wasn’t just me; the entire standby squad was on alert, worried something might happen."

"Very good, from today, your name will be included in the performance evaluation, and tonight’s timely response counts for 10 performance points."

Roland pulled a small bag of gold coins from his pocket and tossed it over.

"Use this money to buy a beer for the exhausted warriors tonight."

Jes leaped lightly, gracefully caught the money bag, and seeing Count Sif said nothing, promptly bade farewell to both leaders.

"Lord Governor, I will now return to camp to hand over the prisoners to the Knight Order. This place isn’t safe, so please return to the flagship quickly with Lord Count."

Though it was somewhat presumptuous for someone of his rank to say such things, as the cavalry captain who came to assist, a kindly reminder was still appropriate.

Even without his reminder, Roland had no intention of spending the night in the city.

Entering the city was merely procedural, to show he forgave Val City State's rude act of blocking the ship maliciously.

Since they could ambush once, who would guarantee the enemy wouldn't plant bombs in the room or release poison gas?

Returning to the flagship, Roland looked up and noticed that the command room of Bridges was still lit.

Obviously, the gunshot had also alarmed him.

A very diligent and excellent commander.

This was Roland's assessment of him.

On this trip, Roland realized that Sussex's national power was still on the rise, brimming with talent, only the bigwigs in the Imperial Capital lacked the eyes to spot talents, thus feeling there were none to employ.

As long as these people were used well, the Three Overseas Provinces plus the continent's talents drawn by fame would be sufficient to establish a new administrative system.

When Sif returned to the Imperial Capital, that would be when the old guys collectively spent gold coins.

Just after returning to the room, Roland sensed someone behind the door.

"Miss Fuchou, how's the situation?"

At such a time, hidden here without a sound, it could only be Alina.

Alina emerged from the shadows, stopped Roland from lighting the lamp, and softly said:

"I’m sorry, it didn’t go very smoothly."

She had to prevent Roland from lighting the lamp; otherwise, her unsightly expression couldn’t be concealed.

With a soft sigh, she said poignantly, "You foresaw it all, Robert, under the guise of my father, rallied a group and acknowledged my identity, but he doesn’t intend to hand over leadership to me."

Roland thought to himself, isn’t that obvious?

Though over thirty thousand people were mostly the elderly, women, and children, there were thousands of able-bodied men, and quite a few administrative and technical talents. This was an immense fortune, also Robert’s bargaining chip.

Though cumbersome with many, as long as an appropriate price was offered, naturally someone would be willing to take over.

If during the long journey these burdens die, the remaining people would be all wealth.

Roland had long anticipated this outcome, thus he wasn’t surprised.

He just felt it was too cruel and didn’t want to shatter Alina’s beautiful dream.

He softly asked, "What else did he say?"

"He wants to meet you tonight but didn’t say what it’s about." Alina’s emotions were visibly low.

"That’s not hard to guess; he has bargaining chips and the right to sell at a better price."

Alina clutched Roland’s sleeve sharply, her voice quivering with grievance, "Roland, I’m sorry, I made everyone come on a wasted trip. Punish me however you wish when we return."

"What are you saying? Who said it’s a wasted trip?"

Roland struck a match to light a candle.

Under the somewhat dim candlelight, seeing Alina’s tear-stained eyes, Roland pointed to the chair opposite and said:

"I know you’re upset, but don’t rush. Listen to my analysis slowly."

Alina turned, wiped her tears with her sleeve, sat suspiciously, and looked at Roland with disbelief.

Can this be reversed too?

Roland rearranged his thoughts slightly and softly asked, "Where did you meet Robert?"

"I sent a signal to meet with him and arranged to meet in a secluded valley outside the camp."

Roland nodded and continued to ask, "Did anyone else know about your meeting?"

"Definitely not, he said my identity is sensitive and cannot be exposed yet."

Roland clapped his hands happily, smiled, and said, "That’s great."

Alina looked at Roland in astonishment. Robert clearly intended to exclude her from the core circle of exiles, and this was good?