Empress 189

Chapter 189: Princess, It’s Your Turn to Save the Hero! (Part 2)

Roland smiled and said, "Robert has selfish interests, and quite heavy ones."

Alina was speechless, wasn’t that an obvious fact.

Seeing Alina’s somewhat confused expression, Roland patiently helped her analyze.

"Tell me, who most wants Robert dead now?"

"The Jin Yuan Government." Even though her mind was a bit chaotic, Alina wouldn’t answer such a simple question incorrectly.

"Very good. Let me ask you again, are werewolves Jin Yuan’s unique secret weapon?"

"I’m not sure if other countries have them, but only our country uses werewolves on a large scale."

"If werewolves kill Robert, what would the others at the Wanderer Camp think?"

Alina’s eyes lit up, she had thought of Roland’s plan.

Since Robert has selfish interests and didn’t inform others, killing him would suffice.

The other leaders in the camp have less ambition and prestige compared to him. Amidst the panic caused by the Jin Yuan killing their leader, Alina would make a striking appearance, setting the stage for control.

Alina murmured softly, "I just saw you and Sif take care of those werewolves, I believe you have no problem, so I didn’t show up. I didn’t expect you to even calculate their power."

Roland smiled and asked, "Can you locate my position?"

"If you piece together the tickets, I can sense your general location. If you don’t want me to know, then tear them apart."

"That won’t do. I need Captain Alina’s support at any time." Roland half-jokingly said, brushing the matter aside.

"Let’s go, let’s meet Mr. Robert. He certainly wants to get a new offer from me and compare it to other forces."

Shrugging, Roland’s eyes gradually turned cold.

"He was your father’s favorite student, yet he used your father’s political legacy for personal gain. If it were just that, it might be forgivable, but he doesn’t even care about the life or death of these people."

"People having selfish interests is normal, but using the blood of companions for personal gain is truly despicable. He deserves death; you shouldn’t have any psychological burden."

Alina said gloomily, "I understand, I will kill him myself."

Everyone experiences hardships on the road to growth.

Robert’s blood will make Alina understand the world’s indifference all the more clearly.

He will not die in vain.

Roland donned black clothes and walked with Alina to the Nameless Valley where they had just met.

Alina went to connect with Robert; Roland waited here.

He didn’t call Sif for this operation.

Sif was very tired tonight, just having fallen asleep, so let her rest well.

He could also feel that Alina probably wouldn’t want Sif’s help at such a moment of distress.

Once a favored daughter of heaven, she had already fallen to dire straits, and if she were "helped" by someone young and outstanding like Sif, the inner pain would be imaginable.

Roland might not understand girls, but he understands human nature.

The more downtrodden a person is, the more fragile their pride becomes, needing care.

They are friends and should naturally protect each other.

As his thoughts drifted to several eras ago, footsteps sounded.

Robert arrived.

Not only him.

From the sound of the steps, there weren’t many, probably his trusted guards.

Alina and Robert walked into the valley together, leaving four guards outside.

Walking side by side with Robert, Alina made a gesture to Roland, signaling there were people outside the valley.

Roland said nothing, just gave her a knowing look.

He curiously observed Alina’s father’s most prized disciple.

Robert’s lips were somewhat thin, his facial features refined, exhibiting the typical appearance of the Jin Yuan People. His most striking feature was his eyes.

The pupils carried no color, pitch-black and seemingly hollow.

As if devoid of emotion.

Robert smiled and extended his right hand to Roland.

"I’ve heard of Mr. Roland’s style of handling affairs, I dare not meet you alone."

"Mr. Robert truly thinks highly of me."

Roland reached out to shake Robert’s hand, cold and chilling, the temperature unlike that of a human.

He vaguely sensed something ominous, squeezed the White Rose pendant Sif had given him while retracting his hand.

He was too reckless.

Alina didn’t comprehend her father’s good student’s true trump cards.

There exists an irreconcilable conflict between them and Robert, and tonight is the perfect time to kill him.

Only by killing Robert tonight can they faultlessly frame the Jin Yuan people, perhaps even invoking resonance since both sides suffered werewolf attacks.

Maybe Sif is already asleep, but unfortunately, they need her here.

White Rose Knight, respond to a friend's call, come forth.

Robert's smile lacked any human emotion deep within his eyes, the frigid aura making the already cold winter night even colder.

Roland had a persistent feeling that perhaps Robert isn't human.

Since the Jin Yuan Kingdom can conduct Sea Demon experiments, raise werewolves, and use centaurs to form cavalry, the existence of other non-human beings seems entirely reasonable.

Who would have thought that Robert was hiding so deeply, even Captain Alina didn't know his background.

He who is not of our kin is sure to have a different heart.

If he were human, selling out the surviving companions who fled alongside him for money would be somewhat guilt-inducing. If Robert is not human, that would explain it.

Alina stood at the mouth of the valley, while Roland and Robert began negotiating.

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Just as the negotiation was underway, Sif, who was performing a concert in her dreams, suddenly awoke with a start.

The heart-shaped pendant she refused to take off even while sleeping suddenly became hot.

Roland had gripped her White Rose adornment tightly!

She felt a pang of unease.

With Roland's character, he would never ask her for help unless he encountered an unsolvable problem.

Sif quickly pulled on her armor.

She didn't even have time to carefully put on the three layers of armor. Instead, she wrapped her cotton armor tightly and grabbed her weapon before setting off.

She felt a bit regretful.

No wonder the army on duty tasks themselves with armored rest.

In an emergency, there really is no time.

In the future, while in a combat zone, I absolutely cannot sleep so soundly! Sif silently noted this lesson.

She raced across the open field, another pendant, like a firefly flickering in the night sky, though faint, guided her wild rush forward.

Sif was somewhat short of breath from running, her heartbeat chaotic.

She silently blamed herself.

Roland had protected her so well that she could put on soft pajamas and sleep soundly tonight.

Is this a place to enjoy?

Of course not.

Roland never blamed her, nor did he make her ready for battle at all times like the warriors on duty tonight.

Sif's eyes sparkled like brilliant stars.

Fortunately, Roland remembered to squeeze the pendant hard to call for support.

Her movements were quick, taking less than fifteen minutes to reach the vicinity of the valley.

In the darkness, her [Insight] fully activated, observing the surroundings, she didn't rush into the valley.

Soon, she saw several strong men guarding the valley entrance.

These people looked difficult to deal with, their faces cold, each armed with a gun.

There were no sounds of a battle in the valley; it seemed the fight had concluded.

Sif's heart pounded wildly, but she made an effort to stay calm.

If she guessed correctly, Roland had either been captured or pretended to surrender.

With Roland's temperament, he wouldn't suffer a loss right in front of him.

If he had escaped, these people wouldn't be stupidly standing at the valley entrance.

The truth was singular: Roland had been captured.

The hero was waiting for the princess to save him!

After confirming her battle plan, Sif's heart calmed somewhat.

Although anxious, she didn't recklessly charge ahead.

She needed to silently take out these people and rush into the valley to save him.

Any delay or alarm could spell disaster.

Fortunately, her current extraordinary profession is [Elf Princess], while not as well-adapted as the Elves themselves, still possessing many Elven traits.

Like invisibility at night.

Sif squinted around, finding a raccoon foraging at night.

"Sorry, little guy, I need you to be a decoy. I'll do my best to keep you alive. If you're unlucky and die, I promise to add more seasoning to make you taste better, without waste."

She silently prayed, waving at the raccoon. The raccoon cheerfully ran to Sif, who picked it up, stroked its head, showing an expression of enjoyment.

Approaching the valley entrance, Sif communicated with the raccoon with great effort. Although she learned to communicate with small animals in the dream ruins, she had never tried it before.

Thankfully, the raccoon was smart, understood Sif, and obediently crept towards the valley.

Using the raccoon’s cover, Sif crouched through the grass.

"Who’s there?"

The four guards at the valley entrance were startled simultaneously, quickly spotting it was an animal moving at night.

One prepared to investigate but was stopped by their leader.

"Bode, don’t waste time. That’s a forest raccoon."

The strong man called Bode regretfully shook his head.

"What a pity, forest raccoons are rare, and their meat is said to be quite tasty."

While they joked among themselves, they suddenly felt a chill behind them.

The four rapidly scattered and turned, demonstrating exceptional tactical awareness.

Unfortunately, their luck was poor, encountering the murderous intent decided Sif.