Empress 191

Chapter 191: Most Believers of the Goddess Have Clear Eyes...

Sif had no idea someone was talking about her behind her back.

Even if she knew, she wouldn't care.

She was only worried about being discovered by the people in the valley. Others knowing didn't matter to her.

When she sneaked into the valley and saw Roland and Robert talking from a distance, she was completely stunned.

Damn, did I kill the wrong person?

Roland just finished negotiating and is already rushing to gather people, what's going on?

Although Sif was a bit flustered, her stealthy movements remained precise.

She saw Alina standing not far from Roland and had a sudden inspiration to hide in the most suitable place for an ambush at the entrance of the valley.

The passive ability of the Elf Race allows them to fade into the night.

As long as she doesn't act, it's hard to be discovered.

Sif wasn't an elf, but her extraordinary profession granted her some elf characteristics.

She couldn't become completely invisible at night, but if she hid well, she was almost impossible to find.

The person was already dead, and if it was the wrong one, there's nothing that could be done.

Besides, with no evidence left, if she didn't admit it, it would seem like they were killed by a passing tiger, or pecked to death by a flying eagle, anything but her doing.

She wiped out the witness quite cleanly; if discovered, it would be nothing but fate's joke.

Moreover, even if discovered, what could they do then?

As long as Roland made a deal with the stranger, the death of a few guards wouldn't change anything, perhaps just require a few more concessions.

If Roland and he broke the deal, then she would silence him too!

Having thought it through, Sif's heartbeat gradually calmed down, with no emotional fluctuations left.

She was waiting for the outcome of the negotiations between Roland and Robert.

This was not a simple negotiation.

Roland was all warmth and concern for the refugees, expressing his care.

Robert knew it was just talk, but warm-ups and probing before negotiations were normal, so he didn't think much of it.

He quietly waited for Roland to finish his talk.

If Roland wanted to talk all night, Robert had the patience for it.

He had patience, but Roland did not have much of it.

Was Sif sleeping too soundly?

Or did she take off her sensing pendant and put it on the bedside?

After all, who would expect him to sneak out at night to play tough, without prior notice? Who would wear a pendant to sleep, wasn't it uncomfortable?

Roland guessed half right.

Sif indeed wouldn't wear a pendant to sleep, with one exception.

It wasn't a pendant, but the receiver for Roland's distress signal, and that couldn't be taken off.

Since Sif wasn't coming, he would not wait; it was time to reveal cards!

Roland silently made a decision, looking at Robert and saying with emotional sigh:

"I heard Alina mention many times about her father Mr. Carlo's feats, and I admire him greatly. It's a pity fate is fickle, and I forever lost the chance to have a candid conversation with him."

"Fortunately, I met today his most esteemed disciple, through whom I can witness a bit of the old gentleman's charm, how lucky."

"Mr. Roland, Carlo and I are completely different people, don't equate us." Robert said coldly, unwilling to continue the small talk.

"Mr. Carlo was a man of great wisdom, full of love for the world, but his scholarly romanticism harmed him. If he had heeded my advice to eliminate all those dangerous political enemies, none of this would have followed."

"Mr. Roland, my style of doing things is different from his. I am very realistic. The Wanderer Camp has a total of thirty-seven thousand five hundred and fifty people, and I must be responsible for their future."

"Certainly, your Governor District is very close to here, and shipping is convenient. You also prepared ready-to-use camps for us, for which I'm very grateful."

"But I cannot accept the arrangements you've made for us. Why don't you support us in forming a government-in-exile in Hansa?"

"Do you think we can coexist with the current puppet government of Jin Yuan? I must avenge Mr. Carlo and the blood of tens of thousands of victims!"

Their future? More like your future!

Alina, who was keeping watch on the outskirts, couldn't help but seethe inwardly.

She was very disappointed with Robert.

He was still using these wanderers as resources to negotiate with Roland.

He set himself up as seeking revenge for his father and other victims, yet he was just posturing.

As long as he was given enough benefits, Robert would sell anyone.

Facing Robert's high stance statement, Roland responded with equal fervor.

"On this point, we are in agreement. However, I oppose the immediate establishment of a government-in-exile, as this would place you in the eye of the storm."

"Maybe you are right; we can delay the establishment of the government-in-exile, though this will temporarily lose us the ability to rally people." Robert pondered a moment and accepted Roland's suggestion.

Seeing Robert's slight concession, Roland pressed a step further.

"Mr. Robert, since you mentioned influence, why not acknowledge Alina's influence? She is Mr. Carlo's only surviving child, certainly having more influence than anyone else."

Robert paused, showing a hint of mockery.

"Mr. Roland, this is Sussex people's way of thinking. In Jin Yuan Kingdom, bloodline is not important. I was the teacher's most esteemed disciple, only I can represent him."

"To be blunt, Miss Alina has not inherited any of the teacher's outstanding qualities besides his bloodline; who would follow her as a leader?"

Robert didn't care about Alina's feelings and continued to cut deep, "If Miss Alina truly wants revenge for her father, she should support me, not seek false fame and power."

"When I endured numerous trials back home to bring these people out, where was Miss Alina?"

Alina's face turned very unpleasant, but she remained silent.

She knew the negotiation was bound to break down; she just didn't know what Roland was waiting for.

Was he waiting for dawn?