Empress 192

Chapter 192: Most Believers of the Goddess Have Clear Eyes... (Part 2)

At daybreak, it won't be possible to frame the werewolves raised by Jin Yuan Kingdom.

Though puzzled, Alina still didn't speak; she chose to trust Roland.

Just as Robert was starting to get impatient, Roland finally made a concession.

"Alright, Mr. Robert, you make a valid point. I have one more question; if you can give me a satisfactory answer, I'll accept all your terms."

"All the terms?"

Robert was somewhat surprised.

His terms were quite harsh; could Roland really accept them?

The first condition was to designate suitable land for them to reside, establishing a settlement zone free from outside disturbance.

This condition was a basic one that any welcoming faction would accept.

It wasn't surprising that Roland agreed to this clause.

The second condition was that the wanderers govern themselves, abide by Sussex Country's laws, would not accept deployment or transfer by officials, but could offer Roland technical services and earn compensation through work.

The third condition was that once conditions were suitable, a government in exile would be established, and in return, administrative personnel among the wanderers could first serve Roland.

The fourth condition was that the exile government could leave on their own at the right moment, and when they regained power, they would ally with Roland.

If Roland agreed to these four points, the group of wanderers would become Robert’s subordinates, not Roland’s assets.

Although Roland could gain considerable talent, Robert still found it odd.

In summary, it was a very favorable offer for him but not so advantageous for Roland.

He was curious about what Roland wanted to know.

Was it the secret of the coup?

Roland stared into Robert’s eyes and calmly asked an explosive question, "How many benefits did you gain by betraying Mr. Carlo?"

Robert’s emotionless pupils suddenly contracted.

He panicked.

Roland shouted: "Take action!"

He drew his pistols, wielding them both, and fired directly.

Caught off guard, Robert instinctively dodged, luckily avoiding one bullet, but the other hit his neck precisely.

The Alchemy Bomb and Smoke Bomb exploded instantly, turning the battlefield into chaos.

Alina appeared behind Robert like a flash, her curved blade resembling a crescent moon, striking towards the vital point.

Her eyes were crimson, blood-red.

Roland's question revealed the truth; Robert had betrayed her father.

She finally understood why her father, with remarkable political influence, was killed by political opponents, and even the family was wiped out.

She had suspected the existence of a mole before, even doubting the cold and inhuman Robert.

But Robert and the current Jin Yuan government had been engaged in fierce conflicts many times, with numerous casualties on both sides, making suspicion difficult.

In her eyes, Robert was the most valued disciple of her father, whom her father deeply understood; he shouldn't have misjudged him.

At most, her father might not have realized Robert's selfish coldness, but he definitely wouldn't place a mole beside himself.

Now it seemed, her father truly misjudged him.

Alina shivered suddenly, recalling the letter from her father written before Radiant Day.

Her father subtly mentioned wanting her to welcome a suitable marriage partner with no family background.

He also hinted in the letter about someone she was familiar with as the ideal choice.

At the time, Alina was curious about who her father favored, but now she completely understood.

Her father was deceived by Robert's superb acting, deciding not to let good things go to outsiders, grooming his favorite disciple as a son-in-law.

Her father always controlled everything, his long-term success gradually breeding an imperceptible arrogance.

Joining the family could make them a top-tier family in the country, marrying a beautiful bride; conventionally, it might make a poor young man without familial background grateful.

But Robert wasn't simple; her father had truly misjudged him.

Alina knew her father, who aimed to integrate the strengths of higher intelligent life forms, evolving the most superior new humans through long-term intermarriage.

Robert was the outstanding member of the Mysterious Race that her father endorsed.

To advance evolution, he even sought to marry his daughter to a member of the Mysterious Race.

He really was... too idealistic.

The connection was complicated, but it flashed through Alina's mind in an instant.

Alina struck more vigorously.

She had never thought of marriage, nor believed any haven could harbor her wandering heart.

She even considered staying single forever.

Compared to a political marriage, she hoped to break through on the path of becoming stronger.

Even if she truly married, she would ensure marriage becomes a resting place for love, not a foul bed of interests exchange.

Her father was wrong, gravely wrong!

She wanted to personally correct this mistake.

She fired.

Her marksmanship surpassed Roland; though her pistol was single-shot, it was more powerful.

Robert, who was hit precisely in the back, fell hard.

Just as Alina was gripping her long saber, ready to deliver a fatal blow to Robert, he suddenly let out a chilling, sinister laugh from where he lay.

Robert, having been hit by two shots, rolled repeatedly on the ground and incredibly stood up once again.

"Foolish humans, this kind of thing is no more than a toy. Do you really think you can use it to kill?"

Robert’s black pupils turned a bloody red, the tips of his fingers grew sharply pointed, fangs slowly protruded from his lips, and the bullet wounds stopped bleeding, healing completely.

He stuck out his tongue, licked his lips, and looked at Alina with a cold smile, "Alina, your father has already agreed for you to become my wife, at the cost of me taking on his surname."

"I agree, but only after I’ve tamed you."

"As for this worthless fool, his corpse will be the bed of ecstasy on our wedding night!"

With his taunts, Robert dashed towards Roland like lightning.

Vampire?!

Roland’s expression grew solemn.

As the Day of Return approached, the mysterious forces lurking in the shadows began to surface.

These legendary vampire beings looked entirely human, only having a slightly colder body temperature.

But there are subtypes of humans with lower body temperatures that people would not suspect them.

Vampires are divided into two schools: vegetarian and blood-feeding.

Vegetarian vampires aren’t actually vegetarian; they feed on animal blood. The blood-feeding school involves vampires that directly suck human blood.

It is said the blood of intelligent life is sweeter, making blood-feeding the ultimate form of vampires.

Vegetarian vampires are just lacking the opportunity.

Whenever they have a chance, they too will feed on blood.

Robert is almost immune to pistol and sword damage. Facing Roland and Alina, he doesn’t panic at all despite being outnumbered.

Until Roland opened his shirt collar, taking out the Holy Image of the Goddess of Fengrao from within.

Robert’s face changed dramatically, crying out in astonishment: "You’re a devout believer, how is that possible?!"

Roland smiled without speaking.

Most devout believers have clear eyes, extreme confidence, and their faith gradually strengthens, eventually becoming recognized by the goddess. Believing in a god changes a person’s temperament, even their destiny...

Devout believers often carry holy images with them, but don’t need these items to prove themselves.

Roland, having no faith himself, needed this item to prove his stance.

Indeed, believing in a goddess has its benefits; it’s coming in handy now.

Vampires loathe holy images, afraid of the Holy Light.

The glow from the Holy Image of the Goddess of Fengrao almost blinded his eyes.

Robert was somewhat panicked because the holy image in Roland’s hand was undoubtedly genuine, infused with Holy Water, and such an image fetches a high price.

Who would spend so much on this thing without being a believer?

Though inwardly furious, Robert realized he could not harm Roland while he wore the holy image. Unable to claim victory, he considered retreating.

With a gunshot, there wasn’t the slightest movement from the guards outside the valley, indicating something had gone wrong.

Those who like to control the entire situation hate surprises.

Robert is no exception.

He stomped hard, turning into a mass of blood mist, appearing directly at the mouth of the valley.

"Roland, Alina, goodbye! I'll take these people back to my homeland, the Wallachia Kingdom, you won't get any of them, MUHAHAHA!"

Although in a sorry state, Robert had not suffered any fatal injuries, so naturally, he was cocky.

Roland certainly wouldn't let him leave.

He grabbed the holy image in his hand, throwing it with force and accurately striking the blood mist.

Robert screamed miserably, revealing his true form.

His face was covered in blood, his eyes full of panic.

Never in his wildest dreams did he think someone would dare use the goddess's holy image as a weapon and throw it.

Except for Roland, the faithless non-believer.

Robert was not lightly injured, but he had a backup plan.

He suddenly bit through his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of blood, rapidly increasing his speed, already rushing to the valley's mouth.

As he was about to escape, a blinding light appeared in the darkness.

"In the name of the goddess, purify the filth before my eyes!"

Sif opened her arms, enveloped in a gentle, divine radiance.

Roland is Roland, and she is herself.

Roland may lack faith, but that doesn’t mean she is not devout.

She is a pure believer blessed with Holy Water at the age of twelve.

Her clear eyes are proof of her devotion.

Goddamn vampire, go to hell!

The Holy Light descended, followed by screams.

Robert, in endless terror, dissolved into a pool of filthy blood, completely purified.