Empress 27

Chapter 27: I Let My Guard Down and Didn't Dodge

This strike was the culmination of fifty years of Lori's skill and the pinnacle of the ruthless swordsmanship of the Luton Clan after his improvements.

Even those stronger than him would find it difficult to dodge this sudden vicious attack.

Moreover, he had poisoned the sword.

Just a scratch, and Roland would be doomed.

He's very good at playing dirty.

Anyone from the Sussex literary circle would be dead today, but his opponent was Roland.

In playing dirty, Roland was not at a disadvantage, and he might even be superior.

Stepping back half a step, Roland's lips curled into a dangerous smile, and then with a forceful flick of his sleeve, a hidden smoke bomb flew out, enveloping Lori and three men in black.

[Gudeng Alchemy Workshop product, quality guaranteed]

This was not an advertisement; it was efficacy.

Roland was not saddened by the use of expensive alchemy tools, immediately drawing a poisoned dagger and throwing it into the smoke zone.

Throwing concealed weapons into smoke could easily harm allies, but fortunately, there were no allies here, only enemies; no need to aim, just throw.

Darts are one of the traditional sports of the Sussex people, with Old Sussex folks enjoying drinking and playing darts in taverns.

In the most authentic bars, a guest scoring the highest gets to enjoy a large mug of free beer.

Roland, being an earnest Sussex person, naturally knew how to play darts.

Though his father opposed him playing darts, his father was often not home, unable to stop Roland.

Playing darts for ten years was all for this moment.

Relying on memory for positioning, Roland flung several flying knives, hitting three men in black with precision, while only Lori, slippery in movement, dodged a knife.

Just as Roland was making his move, a roar came from outside the valley.

Reinforcements had arrived.

The Taimashi Gang's end had also come.

The main force of this operation was the private army of Tyrone Earl's Domain.

Though Sylph's strength was weak, it didn't mean she had no power.

Aside from the Empress title, she had two Earl domains, more than enough to raise a thousand elite private soldiers.

Tonight, she mobilized a hundred of her private guards, making sure to play it safe.

Not only that, she personally donned armor and joined the battle.

If she couldn’t deal with Empress Sofia, could she not handle a few pests in the Imperial Capital?

Sif was in a bad mood lately and needed to vent.

The unlucky Taimashi Gang became her target for venting anger.

The heavy roars, the screams of the wounded, the clang of collisions, the rough curses, came from all directions, turning this not-so-large battlefield into a terrifying slaughterhouse.

"Mama, I don’t want to die, ah!!"

A young gang member wanted to beg for mercy but was shot in the head by Alina.

Alina elegantly holstered her single-shot pistol, drew her saber, and continued to slash.

The reload speed of pistols in this era was very slow, serving little use on the battlefield, apart from showing off.

Unless used like Alina, treating the pistol as a flying knife with a sight.

Roland had a very objective evaluation of the firearms of this era.

The future looked promising.

At least for now, they weren’t as good as ancestor-endorsed darts.

Roland took out a spare flying knife, stabbing it into the throat of a tall, thin figure trying to ambush him, responding to Alina’s slightly flaunting smile.

This was hardly a battle, but a game of cat and mouse catching.

Sif was very angry.

She issued a death order.

Save the main figures, leave no one else alive.

The courtroom dock is narrow and can't accommodate so many; Reyno, Lori, and Byron have reserved spots, everyone else can wait in Hell.

A knight in bright silver lightweight full body armor charged through the battlefield, and Roland glimpsed the white rose on the knight's chest, recognizing this as the White Rose Knight.

Sif, as a high tier noble, needed to accompany Her Majesty the Empress; not coming personally and dispatching her strongest force was already very loyal.

Roland silently thought this, his heart full of gratitude.

It would be better if Sif hadn't come.

She was of noble birth, tender and delicate; swords don't have eyes — even a scratch could be a grievous injury.

Reyno was hit by an unknown spray from Alina, tears and snot flowing together in pain, then knocked unconscious and captured by the cunning Alina.

Alina's bottomless combat approach gave Roland a chill down the spine.

Too dirty.

Absolutely don’t mess with this person.

He thought silently, completely forgetting his own strategy of opening with a smoke bomb and throwing a flying knife in the face.

Unlucky Mr. Lori encountered the White Rose head-on.

The White Rose Knight, though not tall, possessed astonishing explosiveness, twirling the long spear into a beautiful rose and completely suppressing Lori.

If it were Lori from thirty years ago, he might have still had the power to resist, but he had aged, and after being soundly beaten, he was captured on the spot.

The battle ended.

Aside from Reyno and Lori, only one young gang member surrendered and was captured quickly enough; all other thugs were killed on the spot.

Handing the prisoners over to Sif’s private soldiers, Alina walked over.

"Well done, Roland."

Roland smiled back at her, "You too, Captain Alina."

The White Rose Knight snorted lightly, as if reminding them others were present.

Roland quickly stepped forward, offering a standard knight’s greeting to the White Rose Knight.

"I salute you, White Rose, and thank you for your assistance."

After returning the greeting, the White Rose Knight responded in a soft voice, "Even against enemies, using flying knives violates the knight’s spirit."

Roland: "..."

Oh, another one brainwashed by dogma.

Forget it, forget it; they came to help, let them say a few words.

He smiled and didn’t say much more.

The White Rose Knight began dismantling the nearly three-meter-long spear into three parts, preparing to pack it into the backpack.

At this point, Lori, who had been limp and dejected, suddenly had eyes glinting with a terrifying cold light, breaking free from his restraints, and, with astonishing speed, made his escape.

As he ran, wiping blood from his lips, he cursed madly within.

If not for Roland, he would be the literary contest champion.

If not for Roland, he wouldn’t have been forced to use a life-burning forbidden technique.

As a Transcendent, his combat power wasn’t strong, specializing in escape ability instead.

After tonight, he’d immediately leave Sussex, leave the stifling Luton Clan.

He sought political asylum, planning to head to the Jin Yuan Republic.

There, he’d be a persecuted literary scholar in exile from Sussex Country.

Roland, just you wait, I’ll never forgive you!

Lori’s escape was too swift for the White Rose Knight to react, but Alina and Roland were quicker.

Alina drew her pistol and lifted it for a shot only to find she’d used the bullet earlier while showing off.

In a flash, Roland grabbed the three-segment dismantlable spear from the White Rose Knight’s backpack and threw the spear butt directly.

The White Rose Knight realized it too, urgently reminding Roland, "That’s the spear butt, only the spearhead can harm!"

Roland ignored her reminder and threw the middle section of the spear out as well.

The spear butt flew out, and Lori dodged in panic.

Using a forbidden technique for escape, each direction change overdrew his life force. He spat blood, discovering the thrown objects were mere sticks, almost spitting blood again in rage.

The next stick was batted away, and he continued fleeing.

Then the third stick flew in.

This time, Lori didn’t even look back, instead accelerating in his mad dash.

After all, they were just sticks, not worth acknowledging.

Sticks couldn’t kill.

"Thud!"

A searing pain shot through his chest.

Lori looked down in astonishment, seeing a short spearhead protruding from his chest.

He’d been careless.

Vision going black, he collapsed to the ground.