Empress 63

Chapter 63: The Pig’s Tactics

"Captain, you want me to issue them back pay?"

Warden’s eyes were wide open, unable to believe his ears.

What exactly is Roland trying to do?

He was somewhat uncertain.

Roland smiled and replied, "If you don’t go, who will? Do you think I know them?"

Warden chuckled, always feeling something was off, wanting to ask a few more questions, but Count Sif, who had come with Roland, frowned, clearly impatient and interrupted:

"Roland, is it not finished yet? We still have to prepare for the banquet later, can’t delay."

Roland responded with a smile, then pulled Warden to the side and said in a low voice:

"Vice-Captain Warden, I’m really busy. Tonight Miss Sif and I have to go to Sheffield Palace to have tea with Her Majesty. Go ahead, this is an order!"

"Stanley Commerce Association is a bit far, I won’t go. Warden, the management model of the Knight Order should refer to the past, you handle minor matters yourself, no need to report to me specially."

Seeing Sif urging again, Roland quickly took out a prepared form and instructed:

"Vice-Captain Warden, everyone must sign to confirm, those who can’t read should leave a handprint. This form I still have to deliver to Her Majesty, it must not go wrong, understand?"

"Also, Her Majesty will review the troops in a month, you know what to do, right?"

Warden nodded repeatedly, a faint smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

So these two young ones came to the Knight Order for some gilding, should've said so earlier, made him restless in the office beside, tense for half a day.

Captain Roland gave important instructions regarding the back pay owed by the Knight Order, then hurriedly left with the already impatient Sif.

When passing by Warden, Sif stayed far away, yet still "couldn't help" taking out a handkerchief to cover her nose and mouth, muttering quietly "so stinky."

Warden's old face flushed like marinated pig liver, but he dared not retort.

Watching Roland and Sif leave, he spat thickly outside the door and cursed loudly.

"I'm a drunkard, what good are you? Just pampered wastrels and Her Majesty the Empress's foot-licking pretty boys relying on their parents to show off!"

Warden returned to the office, furiously opened the safe, the enticing scent of wealth hit him, finally easing his mood.

A total of over four thousand pounds.

Enough to soothe his wounded soul.

He calculated inwardly, this was extra reward, could dock a bit more, just needed to give a small portion to those poor folks.

Thinking Stanley also had to take half, his tooth started aching again.

Locking the safe and walking out of the office, a cold wind blew past, making Warden suddenly alert.

Could these two young ones be putting on a show to deceive him?

Cold sweat slowly trickled down his cheeks.

From Sif's noble demeanor, clothing features, and undisguised contemptuous attitude towards him, she was definitely an Imperial Family member, likely a close confidant of the Empress.

Empress Sylph hadn't taken direct control, could only provide guidance to government departments but couldn't directly issue orders, but the Imperial Knight Order was different.

This was the royal private bodyguard, not governed by the government.

Sylph's attitude could directly decide his future and even life or death.

Could the new Emperor be testing him?

Warden's mind raced, starting to contemplate.

The safest approach would naturally be to honestly distribute the four thousand-some gold coins.

But he was unwilling, as it was not the optimal solution.

He had to ascertain one thing, what kind of person Roland really was, how credible was The Sun's reports?

If it were political news, he wouldn't believe a single word, but this was tabloid news.

In this aspect, The Sun was quite professional.

Considering Roland's rapid progression, it was hard to doubt.

In any case, first gather intelligence.

Decisions unsupported by intelligence are foolish.

Warden left the office, heading outside the camp.

Many were fooled by his rough appearance, thinking he was a fool, but these were the real idiots!

Recalling Sif looking at him with disdain as if looking at dog feces, Warden's blood began to surge.

Damned nobility!

He had to teach these two young ones a lesson, show them what veteran cunning really meant.

Warden planned to leave the camp from the side path.

Passing a small pine forest, he caught sight of Roland and Sif playing with kids through the corner of his eye.

He hid behind a big tree and watched closely.

After half an hour of careful observation, he decisively concluded, these two were truly telling stories to the kids.

Roland and Sif could act, but kids wouldn't cooperate.

The sincere smiles on their faces couldn't be faked.

Came to the Knight Order to put on airs for half a day, turns out it was just a duty performance.

He even saw the possibility of colluding with Roland to gain benefits.

But he quickly dismissed this thought.

That Sif was too hateful!

What's so great about being good-looking? What's so great about having good parents?

Beyond these halos, what else does she have?

Warden thought angrily, swiftly leaving the small grove.

Those useless ones taking the Emperor's command lightly, young ones loving playful indulgence, and libertine scoundrels indulging in opulence and pleasure, Empress's foot-licking pretty boys.

This was his assessment of Roland and Sif.

Warden decided to give Roland some intensity, as long as Roland retreated from difficulties, the real power of the Knight Order would be with him, Roland could only be a titular captain.

Knight Order affairs, outsiders have no say.

Warden wasn't blinded by anger and disdain, he planned to personally organize reconnaissance.

Aside from Sif, he had to see what Roland had been doing these days.

To understand what someone wants to do, you can't just listen to what they say, you have to watch how they act.

Warden had intelligence agents under him, he himself was an excellent reconnaissance knight.

Since there were seven days to report back, spend at least five days on reconnaissance.

Damned pretty boy, and the arrogant woman, both must pay the price.

Roland certainly didn't know how angry Warden was.

Just like hunters don't care how miserably a wild boar wails in a trap.

He trusted Warden.

He had observed Warden's eyes.

Those were eyes fueled by ambition and greed.

Such looks resembled that of a wild boar pouncing on food, unable to escape.

The return journey.

Sif rested her chin in her hand, staring at the gray sky outside the car window, pondering for a long time, couldn't help but voice the doubts in her heart.

"Roland, what if Warden is cautious and refuses to fall for it?"

Roland didn’t answer directly but asked back, "During royal hunts, how is a wild boar handled when it refuses to enter the trap?"

"A kind trap set up yet refusing the last hearty meal, how discourteous, of course, shot with arrows chaotically," Sif said softly.

Roland’s lips curved upward, teasing softly, "Indeed, the hunter’s goal is to hunt, not to be obsessed with hunting methods."

"If he refuses to fall for it, then the all-purpose pocket will be called upon to contain him."

After a brief pause, Roland spoke in a solemn tone:

"Sending the Knight Order meant to protect the Emperor to provide security for a trading company is a severe offense against Her Majesty and must be legally punished."

Sif bit her lip, wanting to ask "then why not just catch him, much simpler" but held back.

She knew, this was extra practice.

After contemplating for some time, Teacher Wald’s words became increasingly clear in her mind.

"I understand. We must use law to punish Warden so that everyone is convinced, not with the monarch’s ire."

Roland looked at Sif in surprise.

Inside the dim carriage, she sat quietly, not like a vase, but more like an open book with a few pages turned.

The text wasn’t much, but exceptionally neat.