Empress 65

Chapter 65: Apprentice Knight? Silver Knight!

"All of you want to resign? My friends, that’s truly unfortunate."

General Manager Truwa extended his hand to shake with Roland, then took out a blank resignation form.

With a smile on his face, Roland signed the resignation form.

The six months as a clerk had been fairly enjoyable.

Manager Truwa was easygoing and turned a blind eye when Roland wrote novels during work hours.

As long as the work was completed, he never bothered about employee trivialities.

Ending an association amicably was indeed a good thing.

Roland and Truwa chatted casually.

Meanwhile, Lisa was in another office saying goodbye to colleagues.

Girls always tend to chatter more, so Roland assumed he’d have to wait a bit.

Truwa casually chatted with Roland, hesitating for a moment before lowering his voice:

"Roland, the Imperial Knight Order is under your command now, right?"

The moment he spoke, Roland knew he had a request.

Roland didn’t openly admit but ambiguously replied, "The Knight Order is, of course, under Her Majesty the Empress’s command. But she’s very busy, so I can handle minor matters."

If the request wasn’t too much, given their association, it would all be trivial.

If Truwa lacked discretion, it would be the kind of issue requiring the Empress’s judgment.

Of course, Roland wouldn’t speak definitively, leaving no room for maneuver.

The General Manager didn’t rush to speak but first latched the office door.

As Roland showed slight surprise, he took a book from his desk and handed it to Roland.

The book was titled "Wisdom and Wealth."

"The great God of Wisdom once said, ’There is wisdom, and there is wealth in the books.’"

As soon as Roland touched the book, he realized its weight was off.

He found it both amusing and frustrating.

Is that what the God of Wisdom meant?

He didn’t open the book but pushed it back directly.

"Mr. Truwa, feel free to speak. Regardless of whether it’s doable, I cannot accept this money."

He might not care what Truwa thought, but he must maintain his cunning strategist image in front of the Empress and Sif.

Desiring wealth was acceptable, but accepting bribes directly would ruin his image.

Recall the Empress’s disdain when rejecting Alben’s request.

Truwa was somewhat stunned at Roland’s firm refusal.

He had heard from his son about Roland’s counterattack against Lori, seizing fifteen hundred pounds in gold coins, indicating Roland’s thirst for wealth.

Was it too little?

As he hesitated, wondering whether to take out another book, Roland was already heading toward the door.

Truwa realized that if he didn’t speak now, Roland would truly leave.

He hurried to block Roland’s path, his old face slightly flushed, as he lowered his voice, "Roland, you should have met my son Raikkonen, right?"

"I’ve met him a few times, a rather clever young man."

Roland couldn’t find words of praise, resorting only to calling him clever.

Raikkonen was only a year younger than him, with a flamboyant and impulsive nature, often causing trouble outside.

In his hometown, such youngsters had a specific term, known as hoodlums.

He didn’t particularly dislike Raikkonen, as there was no grievance or enmity to foster dislike.

Seeing Roland’s expressionless face, Truwa hesitated, then spoke through gritted teeth, "Roland, I’d like your help to have him trained in the Knight Order, even as an Apprentice Knight."

Roland was stunned, then somewhat annoyed.

The Knight Order indeed had fallen into disarray, but it was still the face of the Imperial Family; how could they just pack it with anyone?

He cleared his throat and sternly advised:

"Mr. Truwa, the Knight Order charges into battle for Her Majesty the Empress; it’s very dangerous. The former captain sank into the sea along with the Late Emperor. Aren’t you afraid?"

Truwa chuckled inwardly, thinking that was the past; now was a different time.

In the past, the Knight Order fought wars, naturally resulting in many deaths.

Now it’s just a ceremonial troop; where’s the danger?

His attitude was firm, "Military service can transform a young man; I want him to try it!"

Roland nearly burst out laughing.

The kind of army Truwa envisioned was far from reality; the Knight Order was an Imperial Guard, totally different.

Seeing Truwa’s pleading gaze, he was a bit softened.

Well, Raikkonen was young; he could still be turned around. Educated properly, he could become a trusted aide.

Accepting was one thing, but he still had to apply some pressure.

Roland cleared his throat and asked, "By the way, what is his current profession?"

"Specially invited reporter for The Sun."

Mentioning The Sun, Truwa lowered his head in shame.

What special reporter? It’s just a paparazzi!

How could a father stand proud with such a profession?

Upon hearing The Sun’s name, Roland gave a jolt.

Wait, a specially invited reporter for the toilet paper news?

Oh my, they are top tier talents!

Seeing Roland’s strange expression, Truwa thought he looked down on paparazzi, almost whispering as he humbly said, "If being an Apprentice Knight isn’t possible, even being a Knight’s Attendant would be fine."

Roland chuckled, patting Truwa’s shoulder and said loudly:

"Apprentice Knight? Silver Knight!"

Truwa nearly stumbled and fell to the ground.

Did he hear that right?

Red Copper Knight was the most common official knight.

Silver Knight is one rank higher, usually serving as squad leaders or even mid-level officers.

Truwa stammered, his lips trembling with excitement.

"Ah, Captain Roland, you're giving me a huge surprise; I don't even know how to repay you; I..."

"No need for formalities. Bring him to me, let him report now."

Truwa didn't dare delay and was about to open the door to have someone bring his son over when he heard a commotion at the entrance, accompanied by the sounds of fighting and scolding.

He was somewhat irritated and went briskly to see who was causing trouble.

As Truwa reached the doorway, he was dumbfounded.

The troublesome fool was none other than his darling son, Raikkonen.

His vision darkened, and he almost passed out from a reverse surge of old blood.

Roland supported Truwa to the doorway, watching Raikkonen with amusement.

This kid was indeed slippery, leaping around like a nimble monkey to avoid all attacks while being surrounded by several people.

It wasn’t until someone grabbed his leg that he fell into a predicament.

Roland wasn’t in a hurry to step in.

Raikkonen’s eyes showed no hint of panic; he definitely had a backup plan.

Let’s see.

Just as expected, Raikkonen deftly rolled on the ground the moment his leg was grabbed, using his body’s impact to push away the person holding his leg.

Though he freed himself, he ended up falling, and the attackers came rushing in, ready to beat him with sticks.

Roland reached into his coat and swiftly threw out a Smoke Bomb.

Smoke filled the scene.

The amount of smoke was enormous.

Raikkonen also threw out a Smoke Bomb as Roland intervened.

Moreover, he added something extra.

Sneezing and cries of pain continuously rang out.

The overwhelming pungent smell nearly affected Roland.

Good lad, ruthless enough.

Seeing Raikkonen fleeing at high speed, Roland’s mouth slightly curled as he helped up the red-faced Truwa.

Truwa was nearly crying in anger, not daring to face Roland.

With such a mischievous son, he didn’t dare hope to send him into the Imperial Knight Order.

However, Roland forcefully patted his shoulder and laughed aloud.

"Truwa, your son is excellent, just the talent the Knight Order desperately needs. I guarantee, becoming a Silver Knight won’t be the end; in at most two years, he could become a Golden Knight!"