Empress 66

Chapter 66: There Is Also Gray

The Sun's senior paparazzi reporter, skilled in infiltration, intelligence analysis, and candid shots.

Not very strong in melee combat, but agile and nimble, scaling walls and buildings with ease, proficient in using various alchemy tools.

Flexible combat techniques, unconventional, will avoid direct confrontation whenever possible.

Can such a person become a knight?

Ordinary people would say no.

But Roland thinks it's not a problem, even considering him for a Golden Knight.

In Truwa's office, Roland was calming the nearly heart-attacked general manager while conversing with Raikkonen.

As the conversation deepened, Roland was convinced he had found a gem.

Raikkonen was not an ordinary paparazzi; he was a professional.

He seemed born for intelligence work.

The reason he was beaten was simple: he had recently been shadowing Duke Ricken's daughter.

He wasn't Charlo; he wasn't trying to woo a swan but rather had captured the ugly little goose's secret midnight meeting with another toad and submitted it.

He brought sensational news and sales to The Sun but angered Duke Ricken.

After dealing with the wretched toad, Duke Ricken turned to teach the paparazzi a lesson.

Though he didn't dare to challenge the Jinquehua Dynasty, he certainly had the courage to deal with a paparazzi reporter.

This was why Raikkonen was getting beaten up.

He nonchalantly spoke about it, even showing some excitement.

Seeing his mischievous look, Truwa almost spewed old blood.

He gritted his teeth, demanding his son immediately end his journalism career and join the Knight Order.

Raikkonen wasn't keen on the Knight Order, but upon hearing that Roland was the leader, he grinned cheekily at Roland, teasingly asking:

"Is it that Roland who's rumored with Her Majesty the Empress?"

Truwa's lips trembled with anger.

He unhesitatingly slapped him.

Raikkonen didn't dare dodge, taking the slap squarely, stuck out his tongue, and sheepishly stood aside smiling.

He also realized he had been a bit cheeky.

Seeing his sly eyes even after being beaten, Lisa, who had rushed to stand by Roland, couldn't help but laugh but then wanted to teach him a lesson.

Some people were born scouts, like Raikkonen.

Roland prided himself on his quick smoke bomb deployment, but this kid was just as good.

Faced with Raikkonen’s gossip, Roland sternly corrected him:

"Raikkonen, remember this, Her Majesty the Empress is innocent."

"Of course, I know."

Woken up by his father’s slap, Raikkonen was much more honest, obediently saying:

"Those who wrong you know best how wronged you are. I wrote that article myself, so I know it’s false."

Roland: "..."

So it was you, kid!

Seeing Roland’s slightly off expression, Truwa suddenly jumped up like a tiger, shoved Raikkonen over, and gave him a sound thrashing.

Raikkonen didn’t dare resist, clutching his head tightly, spinning like a top on the ground from the beating.

Roland closely observed his movement; he looked heavily beaten but only had superficial wounds.

His eyes lit up as he smiled and reminded:

"Mr. Truwa, you can stop now."

Seeing Truwa pause, he smiled and teased, "If you keep hitting, you might tire yourself out."

Truwa, with a smiling face, pulled Raikkonen over to apologize.

Seeing this father and son duo's obedient manner, Roland thought to himself, although it's a show, reaching this level, it's not good to press the issue further.

Strictly speaking, Raikkonen didn't write about local stories but was maliciously interpreted by others.

A cultured person would insult without using dirty words.

Roland stared at the young paparazzi without speaking.

Under his gaze, Raikkonen's previous nonchalant expression became slightly unnatural.

Like a frog being watched by a venomous snake from behind, seeing nothing, yet a chill ran down his back.

Just as Raikkonen felt uneasy inside, Roland slowly spoke:

"Raikkonen, you should know that what has happened always leaves traces. Do you think Her Majesty the Empress can't find out? The Empire's intelligence department is not only the Military Intelligence Bureau."

"A snake slithering through the grass may leave no tracks, but it has weight and will always leave a fine line."

Raikkonen felt a bit guilty, not daring to meet Roland's gaze, but his youthful defiance spurred him to mutter:

"I know I was wrong. But I didn’t write about a current story, nor did I mention names, so it’s not illegal. Even if they know, what then?"

Roland chucklingly retorted, "Have you heard of the Imperial Authority Law’s special provisions?"

"No, I haven’t."

"As long as His Majesty the Emperor considers it an offense against him, he can execute the offender," Roland calmly explained.

Raikkonen’s eyes widened, unyieldingly protesting.

"Then His Majesty the Emperor can kill whoever he wants, is there still law?"

"Of course there is. The law serves to protect the Emperor," Roland poured cold water on the hot-blooded youth.

Seeing Raikkonen’s confused eyes, Roland took the opportunity to deliver a final blow.

"Raikkonen. I may not report you, but once the Empress takes power, she will surely investigate this matter thoroughly. Let me remind you, the Jinquehua family is loyal to the Imperial Family. Have you considered the consequences of publishing such an article in The Sun?"

"Even if you don’t care, you still have a family. The Empress may not use this charge against you, but it’s easy to trouble your father."

Roland’s gaze, laced with warning, slowly swept over Truwa and Raikkonen.

Truwa could present literature with "high gold content" to Roland; how clean could he be?

His words were like a heavy blow to Truwa’s and Raikkonen’s hearts.

Seeing the father and son turn pale, Roland snorted lightly, coldly saying:

"This has already happened, further blame is meaningless. What you need to do is not to evade or argue but to atone."

"Ho-how to atone?" Truwa tremblingly asked.

"Serve His Majesty sincerely and wholeheartedly."

Truwa gave his son a harsh kick, pressing his head to kneel on one knee before Roland.

Raikkonen’s defiant look also faded.

Roland’s explanation of the law was his blind spot, causing him to panic.

He hurriedly expressed loyalty.

Seeing his panicked eyes, Roland nodded slightly, solemnly saying:

"Do you know about the Stanley Commerce Association?"

"I do, last month I did an undercover investigation at the association and wrote a special report, but the editor wouldn’t publish it."

Roland looked at Raikkonen in surprise.

Good kid, surprise after surprise.

He glared at Raikkonen playfully, mocking:

"If you've investigated, you should know why it can't be published. Sort out the Stanley Commerce Association's information and report to me tomorrow!"

Roland didn't even ask Raikkonen if he wanted to join the Knight Order, directly giving orders.

He knew full well, Raikkonen couldn't refuse, nor did he dare to.

Leaving the general manager's office, Roland and Lisa walked home together.

After walking side by side for a while, Lisa frowned slightly, unable to hold back her reminder:

"Roland, I feel something's off. Truwa must know his son's deeds, and Raikkonen's words weren't accidental."

"And then?"

Lisa puffed with indignation, "I don't care about the Empress, but I won't allow them to defame your honor like this!"

Roland smiled, shaking his head, pointing his finger towards the dreary sky.

"What color is that?"

"Disgusting gray," Lisa frowned.

Roland's gaze drifted to the unseen distance, leisurely saying, "Sister, besides the colorful, there is gray in this world too."