Empress 70

Chapter 70: Buying Your Life? Not Enough!

After Warden fell to the ground, several wolf-like imperial guards rushed up and dragged him away.

What awaits him will be the best treatment and the most brutal interrogation.

Offending Her Majesty the Empress to her face and still hoping to run?

He probably never dreamed that the Empress was so furious she wished to execute him personally.

With Warden taken down, the Golden Knights and Silver Knights standing below the high platform were somewhat panicked. They simultaneously thought of one thing: they had all submitted pledges of allegiance to Warden.

Shouldn’t this old bastard Warden have hidden those damn things securely?

If those things were exposed, their fate might not be any better than Warden’s.

The apprehensive high-level Knights secretly cast their eyes towards Stanley.

He is the only remaining vice-captain. If even he gets into trouble, do they still have any hope?

Under the gaze of everyone, Stanley walked out unhurriedly. He looked indignantly at Warden, who was being dragged away like a dead dog and loudly condemned:

"Captain Roland, Warden, that bastard, is truly detestable. He sent someone to the association to issue back pay, and I originally thought he wouldn’t pull any tricks. In the end, he even dared to take money from Her Majesty the Empress!"

Seeing Roland’s expressionless face, Stanley realized his rhetoric was futile, and he gritted his teeth to explain:

"Captain, I admit I also have faults, but I have reasons."

"All these years, to ensure the brothers of the Knight Order can maintain a livelihood, I have had to painstakingly use my connections to run the association."

"We know the internal finances are tight, and we dare not complain. Luckily, the heavens favor our Empress; our association is running quite well."

"The well-run association ensures the brothers' food, clothing, and basic training and equipment expenses. This is all thanks to Her Majesty's divine protection."

...

Stanley continued to prattle endlessly, attributing all the credit and glory to the Empress while simultaneously defending himself, suggesting not doing so would be detrimental to the interests of the Imperial Family.

According to his thinking, Roland is very busy, and managing the Knight Order still relies on the old members of the Knight Order.

The former captain followed the late Emperor, being fed to the fish, and Vice Captain Warden was taken down, leaving him as the only remaining vice-captain.

Unlike Warden, he does not act so ostentatiously or domineeringly, and many affairs he does not directly handle, making it not so easy to find his weaknesses.

In his view, the wisest move Roland could make is to intimidate him and then have him assist in managing the Knight Order.

However, Roland showed no indication of this, causing Stanley some anxiety.

Seeing the slightly mocking expression in Roland’s eyes, Stanley knew that mere flattering words were not what Roland wanted.

He gritted his teeth and lowered his head, secretly cursing Roland’s greed.

Taking a deep breath, he decided to sacrifice to survive.

He raised his voice and loudly announced, "Captain Roland, although Stanley Commerce Association was painstakingly managed by me, it is a result of the collective efforts of the brothers of the Knight Order."

"Since Her Majesty has entrusted you with managing the Knight Order, I am willing to hand over the association to you in its entirety!"

He decided to yield.

Pay up to save his life.

Seeing Stanley’s cheeks tremble from the pain of giving up a part of himself, Roland’s lips curved slightly as he teasingly asked:

"Vice-Captain Stanley, I am a bit curious. How dare you use the Knight Order’s public assets for bribery in public?"

Stanley looked at Roland in shock, but before he could defend himself, Roland unwaveringly classified his behavior.

"Stanley! Listen carefully; there is no such thing as the Stanley Commerce Association. The funds to establish the association were misappropriated by you, and the labor used to develop the association came from the whole Knight Order."

"According to the supplementary provisions of Article 279 of Chapter 8 of the Commerce Code, when determining commercial entity rights, the principle of who invests benefits applies, and a reasonable

proportion is delineated based on the amount of investment and effort. Therefore, the association is the asset of Her Majesty and the Knight Order, unrelated to you!"

Stanley's face turned ashen.

To verify the authority of these words, Roland turned his gaze to the senior prosecutor accompanying them.

The prosecutor nodded with a blank expression, "Captain Roland, you are right; your understanding of the law even surpasses that of many of my colleagues."

Roland did not care about the sarcasm implicit in the prosecutor's words.

Well, one has to be familiar with the law to exploit loopholes, right?

As a law-abiding citizen, knowing the law is essential.

Stanley looked at Roland in astonishment, then glanced at the prosecutor.

His face was as unpleasant as a dead person's.

The treasure he was planning to use to buy his life didn't belong to him?

Seeing Roland's gradually furrowing brow, he knew he had no time to hesitate. Once the judicial process was initiated, his end would not necessarily be better than Warden's.

He quickly took a few steps forward, pleading in a near-begging tone: "Captain Roland, I have some matters I must report to you privately."

He continually signaled to Roland with his eyes that he could continue to bleed money.

Roland’s gaze moved towards his waist.

Stanley, being very perceptive, removed all his weapons, including his sword and pistol, and placed them aside.

To prove he had no ill intentions, he even removed his light armor and outer coat.

Roland nodded and pointed to a nearby grove.

Sif blocked his way with a vigilant expression, using her eyes to stop Roland.

She silently reminded: "He is a Transcendent, there’s no need to take the risk. No one can withstand the Torturer."

Roland slowly shook his head, refusing Sif’s suggestion.

If Stanley were not a Transcendent, he wouldn’t even qualify to be dealt with by Roland personally.

But he is.

After acquiring the Knight’s secondary profession, slaying, defeating, and capturing Transcendents all lead to growth.

There is a subtle perception among Transcendents, and both Roland and Sif can sense that Stanley is a Transcendent, and a Tier Nine one at that.

Sif believes Roland will win, but she doesn’t want Roland to take the risk.

Warden’s desperate blow made her break out in a cold sweat; she doesn’t want Roland to face the same danger.

Roland is the team’s brain and cannot afford any mistakes.

Seeing Roland refuse, Sif could guess his thoughts.

She did not continue to persuade, but instead, she removed her masked armor and forcibly put it on Roland.

Then she took off her outer armor and handed it to Roland.

"It adapts to size, put it on immediately, it’s an order!"

Holding the armor, Roland felt the faint warmth remaining in the metal, and knowing it was just worn by Sif, he had an odd feeling.

He quickly dispelled any distractions and donned the armor.

This was care from a good friend, not to be taken lightly, nor was there any need for pretense.

The White Rose Armor, an Imperial Family heirloom, is the perfect blend of magic and alchemy, able to adapt to the user’s body size, with strong physical and magical resistance, along with defenses against poison and negative effects.

The armor isn’t heavy, but the concern weighs like a mountain.

With the outer armor removed, there was still chain armor and fur armor underneath, so there was little worry of her being cold.

She took the overcoat and cloak handed by the guard and casually put them on.

As Roland was wearing the armor, she quietly loaded bullets into her pistol.

She chose custom bullets with the highest initial velocity.

A Tier Nine Transcendent's physical abilities are much stronger than ordinary people's, but ultimately it's just flesh and blood, and cannot withstand bullet penetration.

As Sif loaded the ammunition, an old man from the Heraldry Institute not far behind her was gobsmacked, his knuckles white with tension.

This, this, could it be those rumors are not just rumors?

As the old man stood dumbfounded, Sif had already handed the loaded pistol to Roland.

"If he dares to make a move, shoot immediately."