Empress 71

Chapter 71: What's There to See in This Sky

Wait until he makes a move to shoot?

Roland secretly grumbled, wouldn't that be a bit late?

He didn't want to wait for Stanley to act first and then retaliate.

Stanley thought he was smart, assuming Roland wanted to hear earth-shattering secrets, but in reality, he didn't care at all.

He just wanted to deal with Stanley personally.

In Stanley's eyes, Roland was an opportunistic dandy, but he didn't realize that in Roland's eyes, he was just a pig waiting to be slaughtered.

He was merely avoiding causing a bloody scene by dragging him to the nearby grove to kill.

During the recent duel, as Warden fell heavily, Roland could clearly sense an additional mark on his Knight Soul Card.

Unlike the red mark obtained from killing Calvinson, the mark generated when Warden was taken down by Sif was golden.

Roland boldly speculated that since Sif fought on his behalf, part of the reward belonged to him.

No one knows where Soul Cards originate from, but over the long years, Transcendents have summarized quite a few rules.

Profession advancements that lean towards bureaucratic roles rely mainly on achievements in their field.

Combat-oriented profession advancements rely mainly on battle records and strength.

Some cards can be both.

Sylph and Sofia are in the authority-based professions, and they are all-rounders.

They can either achieve astounding success in their field or choose to climb over the bodies of their kind.

After acquiring dual professions, Roland also began his all-consuming path.

But he wondered if Sif fighting for him would yield any gains.

Roland silently hoped that he could have the best of both worlds, otherwise, it would be too unfair to Sif.

Maintaining a certain distance from Stanley, Roland headed toward the grove.

As they approached the grove, Stanley sighed lightly and laughed self-deprecatingly.

"Captain Roland, there’s no need to be so wary. Rather than a knight, I’m more like a businessman. In my view, there’s nothing that can’t be traded, as long as the price is right, what do you think?"

Roland replied noncommittally, "Maybe, I’m a bit curious about your offer."

Price?

What price could surpass the gain of personally defeating a Transcendent of the same rank?

If he can’t offer a higher price, then his head will have to suffice.

Seeing Roland unmoved, Stanley took a deep breath, lowered his voice, and said, "I know the shocking secret of the Late Emperor’s voyage and what happened."

"What?!"

Roland was suddenly "shocked" and drew his gun directly.

"Bang!"

The gunshot sounded.

American-style iaijutsu is effective. Beyond seven steps, the gun is fast; within seven steps, it’s both fast and accurate.

The distance between Roland and Stanley was only a few meters.

This kind of distance doesn’t even require aiming, a simple raise of the hand is enough.

Before Stanley could pull out the spare pistol hidden in his boot, Roland shot him in the right wrist.

He clutched his wrist, screaming, and fell to the ground, beads of sweat the size of beans seeping from his forehead.

He looked at Roland in disbelief, muttering, "How did you figure it out?"

Roland calmly holstered his pistol and produced a Flying Knife, holding it in his hand.

"Stay honest, this Flying Knife is poisoned."

Stanley’s lips turned pale from the pain, and cold sweat poured over him, his face ashen, too afraid to move.

Roland carefully approached Stanley, ordered him to undo his belt and throw it over, then picked it up to tie his hands behind his back.

Thoroughly cautious, Roland searched him and removed all his weapons, then couldn’t help but mock:

"Trying to shock me with so-called earth-shattering secrets, then in the moment of my astonishment, draw the hidden spare pistol from your trouser leg. Your idea wasn’t bad."

"Unfortunately, your opponent is me."

Roland had left half a sentence unsaid.

He had never intended to listen to Stanley’s so-called secrets from the start.

Earth-shattering secrets, eh?

Just a small vice-captain of the Knight Order, what makes him privy to the secret of the Emperor’s misfortune at sea?

Ninety-nine percent likely a lie.

If he really knew, Roland had ways to handle it.

Methods like tiger bench, chili water, and hot irons are inferior means of physical torture; he would give Stanley and Warden a complimentary lesson.

Prisoner’s dilemma.

Let them wrangle with human weakness at their leisure.

In the face of a meticulously designed game theory, even the toughest prisoner would find their mindset crumbling.

Stanley’s eyes were filled with unwillingness, and he couldn’t help but whisper:

"Roland, Warden doesn’t know about the business I expanded using the Stanley Commerce Association, those assets were transferred by me. Release me, and they’re all yours! I can swear!"

Roland looked at Stanley with a faint smile, sneering, "A criminal’s vow?"

"I can swear by my soul to God!"

Stanley roared in a low voice, "Roland, the Empress won’t blame you for this minor affair. There are over two hundred thousand pounds of immense wealth! All that money is yours! All yours!"

Roland chuckled, shaking his head.

"Stanley, you have a family, and you’re certainly not a man of unyielding resolve. Do you think I’d believe a Torturer or you?"

Stanley’s face turned deathly pale, trembling speechless.

Roland couldn’t be bothered with further words, pointing his gun to his head, and pressed Stanley to walk back.

Stanley was indeed very crafty.

Truly a successful businessman, his maneuvering was seamless.

From pretending to offer his property to suddenly shouting about the secret of the Late Emperor's misfortunes, then taking the opportunity to draw a hidden weapon to counter.

Switching to anyone else, he might have succeeded.

If he could kill Roland, he could escape Sussex with his hidden connections.

As for family...

An accomplished businessman has no family.

A wife can be remarried, children can be reborn, money can be regained, but once he's gone, it's all over.

His plan was almost perfect, though his luck was a bit bad.

Roland was no ordinary person.

He didn't want money; he just wanted Stanley's head to earn some accomplishment.

If Stanley knew he was just an experience point of +1 in Roland's eyes, would he regret it?

But there is no regret medicine in this world; he could only face a bleak fate.

While Roland was dealing with Stanley, Sif, waiting expectantly at the training grounds, was startled by the sudden gunshot.

Her eyelashes and rose-red lips trembled uncontrollably.

But she quickly realized that Roland had a gun, and Stanley did not.

Stanley must have been cornered and caught by Roland!

The result was roughly as she predicted, but she couldn't have imagined the process.

She couldn't believe the first move was not by Stanley, but by Roland.

When Roland brought Stanley to the training grounds, the knights murmured, causing a stir in their ranks.

Several Golden Knights were really afraid.

They were at a loss, only praying that the allegiance documents would not be found.

Seeing Roland return safely, the anxious Sif hurried to greet him, dropping the casually draped cloak into the gentle wind.

"Are you hurt?"

"Were you injured?"

"He dared to ambush you; I'll have Her Majesty the Empress sign an order for his execution!"

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Faced with Sif's concerned barrage of questions, Roland felt a warmness in his heart, smiling as he replied:

"I’m fine. Let’s handle the main business first."

Sif sheepishly stuck out her tongue, stepping back a few steps, glancing sideways at the old man from the Heraldry Institute.

Only the old man here was aware of her true identity.

She hoped today’s events wouldn’t be noted down in his little book.

However, the old fellow just stood there, looking up at the sky.

Who knows what he found so interesting about the gray, murky day.