Empress 72

Chapter 72: War Princess

Just as Sif was contemplating whether to remind the old fellow to keep his mouth shut, a gray silhouette dashed towards them on horseback from the direction of the headquarters building.

When Roland and Stanley had just left, Raikkonen advanced ahead to search the main building with his team.

Back already?

Before everyone’s eyes, Raikkonen excitedly dismounted, briskly stepped up to the high platform, and held up a small box as if presenting a treasure.

"Commander, I’ve found important evidence! Look, there are dozens of loyalty oaths, all written by the Knight Order’s key figures..."

"Shut up!"

Roland rudely interrupted Raikkonen.

He slowly scanned the entire crowd, his gaze sweeping over each mid-level officer who either looked shaken with fear, ashen-faced, or dared not raise their heads.

Clearly, they’ve all been involved.

If it were only a few involved, Roland could be merciless, prosecuting all disloyal individuals.

But when everyone is involved, then no one is.

This is a problem he knows how to solve.

Predecessors have already produced perfect solutions in history.

Can’t write but can copy?

He took the box without even glancing at it, struck a match, and ignited the pile of evidence that could send someone to labor in the Northern Territory.

Flames rose.

"Crackling and popping."

Roland casually clapped his hands and smiled as he spoke, "According to relevant clauses in the Civil Code, any contract signed under compulsion is invalid. Since it’s an invalid contract, it cannot be used as court testimony."

"Everyone, the crimes of Warden and Stanley are more than I imagined. If any of you have more concrete clues, feel free to report them to me at any time."

"Officers above the rank of Captain, gather in the headquarters conference hall on the first floor, everyone else, disperse on the spot!"

With Roland’s order, the previously tense knights breathed a sigh of relief.

His meaning was clear, no further pursuit, stop at Warden and Stanley.

Mid-level knights were relieved, finally able to breathe freely.

How sweet the air of Sussex could be.

How wonderful.

Roland strode towards the conference hall of the headquarters, with Raikkonen and others following close behind.

Sif did not walk with Roland.

She quietly fell behind a few steps, softly approached the stumbling Heraldry Institute official. Before she could speak, the old fellow spoke first.

"Count Sif, today you've shown both the grace of the nobility and the fearlessness of a knight. Her Majesty the Empress will surely be proud of you."

Sif was slightly taken aback and smiled, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Andy."

Looking at Sif as she appeared relieved, Andy thought to himself, Her Majesty is a bit too involved, actually believing herself to be a Count?

Thinking about Roland navigating between the Empress and Count, Andy's mind was a bit overloaded.

Can't tell the difference even at night? Or is it young people's thrill-seeking games?

Old fools shouldn't meddle in young people's affairs.

He's old, less trouble is better than more.

But Sif is different, power hasn't stripped away her purity. Old Andy couldn't help but remind:

"Sif, it's not that no one knows the truth, how long do you intend to conceal it?"

"I’m waiting for the right opportunity to reveal the truth..."

Sif looked into old Andy’s kind eyes and suddenly realized.

Now is the best time.

Roland loves wealth and power, but there’s something greater than interests in his heart.

Like pure friendship.

Since it’s a misunderstanding, it should be openly resolved, not being an ostrich.

When Roland discovers the truth, it will be awkward.

No wonder Andy’s uncle handles human affairs so clearly.

Sif’s lips slightly curled up as she softly said, "Thank you, Uncle Andy. By the way, can your little notebook not record today’s events?"

"What happened today?"

Andy’s eyes were murky, his voice somewhat muddled, like an old man’s rambling, "I only record Her Majesty the Empress’s actions and words."

"Count Sif, although you’re also a member of the Imperial Family, your rank isn’t high enough."

What an old fox.

Sif silently mocked.

After bidding farewell to the old fox, she quickened her pace towards the conference hall.

Looking up at the gray sky, her mood brightened somewhat.

Truly a rare good day.

Not only did she take down two traitors, Warden and Stanley, intimidating middle-level officers of the Knight Order, but she also gained the support of the lower-level knights.

All goals were accomplished.

Next comes expanding the results, to see what can be extracted from these two fellows.

These trivial matters are not for her to worry about; the Torturer will handle them.

As she walked slowly, virtual cards appeared before her eyes. The Lady Card representing her profession suddenly turned a dazzling pale gold.

Above the card were two new cards.

The top card background was pale gold, the profession was Princess. The side card's purple background with crimson edges indicated a special profession, War Princess.

She could choose the normal promotion route, or opt for a risky path.

Princess is an all-round profession, War Princess is a specialized profession with combat enhancement traits.

Sif hesitated for less than a second before making a decision.

War Princess.

These days, following Roland's learning of political knowledge, she's made great progress. Her biggest advancement was gradually realizing she wasn't an excellent politician.

She couldn't be absolutely cold-blooded or completely rational, couldn't indifferently complete those dirty deals.

If she chose the profession of Princess, the next promotion would be to Empress.

At that time, she'd have to face Sofia's pressure.

Despite having Roland's assistance and the strong national power of Sussex supporting her, in the face of Sofia's terrifying combat strength she felt no sense of security.

The Eighth and Ninth Tier Transcendents, though formidable, are still flesh and blood; at Seven, it's a qualitative change. The Seventh Tier Transcendent's body strength undergoes a transformation, with ordinary weapons rarely causing harm.

Sofia can advance under the fire of thousands of Firearms Soldiers, freeze and protect the infantry phalanx of the commanding general, and rush forward at lightning speed to decapitate Sif in battle.

Sussex's strong national power can defeat Vladimir Empire in many fields, but it cannot protect the prey Sofia targets.

As long as she's willing to pay a sufficient price, Sif's death is certain.

With well-trained elite warriors equipped with specialized weapons, there is a capability to send Eighth and Ninth Rank Transcendents on their way, but in human history, there have been only two instances of ordinary people killing Seventh Rank Transcendents.

The record of Eighth and Ninth Rank Transcendents killing Seventh Rank ones is also only five times.

It’s no exaggeration, Seventh Rank crushes those below.

Sif holds a small hope. Choosing War Princess, perhaps there’s a new promotion route, a chance to pass by Sofia.

If they’re not enemies, maybe they can even be friends.

Roland once said, as long as there’s common interest, enemies can become friends.

Thinking of this, Sif suddenly felt the gloomy sky brightened a bit.

She walked into the conference hall proudly, where Roland was announcing personnel changes.

Seeing Sif come in, Roland seriously stated, "Everyone, let me introduce you. This is Miss Sif, the White Rose Knight. You’ve seen her combat skills, is anyone unconvinced?"

The knights shook their heads one after another.

They’re not foolish; even if unconvinced, can they speak up now?

Roland nodded in satisfaction, smiling as he announced, "Since everyone has no objections, I formally appoint Miss Sif as the chief instructor of the Knight Order. You are to respect Miss Sif as you respect me, obey her as you obey me. Understood?"

"Yes, Commander!"

The knights answered in unison.