Empress 73

Chapter 73: The Sole Decision Maker

Chief Instructor?

An interesting arrangement, although she was previously unaware, Sif didn't oppose.

She heard the supplementary explanation, to respect her as one would respect Roland.

She couldn't refuse.

Roland announced several orders consecutively.

First was to completely strip Stanley and Warden of their vice-captain positions, yet did not appoint anyone to succeed them.

According to Roland, the Knight Order now is merely at the level of a knight battalion.

Does a battalion need so many leaders?

"The Knight Order has and can only have one voice, and that is mine, representing Her Majesty the Empress! Apart from that, what Chief Instructor Sif says is equivalent to mine."

A rather domineering declaration, yet no one dared to refute it.

Several Golden Knights indeed coveted the vice-captain positions, but they were self-aware, knowing well that in terms of strength or seniority, they were lacking.

Even more damning was that they had blemishes on their record.

They had written documents pledging loyalty to Warden and Stanley, feeling guilty, they dared not oppose.

Roland burned the documents in the box in front of everyone, but those documents hadn't been opened; who knew what was written inside?

What if he pretended to burn them but actually hid the true loyalty documents?

Moreover, Roland had backing from above.

A woman of incredibly noble status.

Roland was so arrogant, he surely had the support of Her Majesty the Empress.

In the White Rose Knight Order, the Empress's orders are everything.

Roland, as Her Majesty the Empress's lover—no, partner—is naturally the Empress's spokesperson.

Fight him?

Look at the distant Warden and Stanley; they are still waiting to be judged.

Roland appointed Raikkonen as Silver Knight and scout team captain, and Lisa as Silver Knight and Chief Logistics Officer.

No one opposed.

The knights had only one question: who is Lisa?

It sounded like a female name, likely a pretty girl closely related to Roland, right?

The knights were stunned and even somewhat numb.

Roland, the scoundrel, was not only Her Majesty the Empress's lover but also brazenly arranged for women to enter the Knight Order.

Isn't this too audacious?

The knights were filled with envy, jealousy, and hatred, yet didn't dare to show it.

Best not to meddle in the affairs of the big shots!

This is the way to survive.

After announcing the personnel appointments, Roland instructed the knights to report their overdue salary situations one by one, then had Raikkonen hold the bill to check the accounts.

Several Golden Knights exchanged glances, choosing without hesitation to sell out Warden.

Warden had already fallen from power; who would bind themselves to a sinking ship?

Besides, Warden hadn't stopped bullying them over the years.

For public and private reasons, Warden was their enemy.

The knights were excited, eagerly revealing that Warden had taken kickbacks during the payment of overdue salaries.

Roland nodded in satisfaction, solemnly stating, "Warden, the traitor, still failed to stop after Her Majesty the Empress ascended the throne, remaining loyal and dishonest. His crimes are compounded."

"Which of Warden’s accomplices will be taken down next?"

Such a good opportunity to show off, the Golden Knights naturally wouldn’t miss it. They stood up one after another, pounding their chests and requesting to fight for Roland.

Roland smiled and nodded, allowing them to handle it.

Several Golden Knights left in a flurry as if escaping Hell, leaving only a group of Silver Knights in the meeting hall.

Taking down Warden’s accomplices didn’t require deploying so many high-tier knights; Roland was merely taking the opportunity to send them away.

After the Golden Knights left, Roland spoke in a deep voice:

"Everyone, you’ve all seen the battle to capture Warden, right? Warden, the traitor, was a Transcendent and even used despicable ambush tactics, but was easily captured by the Chief Instructor. Why do you think that is?"

The Silver Knights looked at each other, not daring to speak.

They were well aware of Warden’s prowess; he was the strongest in the Knight Order.

Losing to Sif was due to the weapon not being handy and underestimating the enemy, but more importantly, Sif used firearms.

Knight duels typically prohibit the use of firearms.

Many didn’t recognize Sif’s victory, but just didn’t dare to speak.

Seeing no one dared to speak, Roland focused his gaze on Raikkonen, signaling him to speak.

Raikkonen seized the rare opportunity to present himself and wouldn’t miss it.

Clearing his throat, he spoke loudly: "This is a victory of combat philosophy!"

Under the puzzled gazes of the Silver Knights, he patiently explained, "Whether or not everyone is willing to admit it, the emergence of firearms, magic, and alchemy has completely changed warfare."

"Traditional knights are dead. Not only have they fallen on the battlefield, but even one-on-one duels don’t work."

These words were not well-received by the knights, but a bloody example was right in front of them.

Warden had received formal knight training at age seven, proficient in equestrian, body techniques, and various weapon usage, with rich combat experience.

He could represent the high-end combat power of traditional knights.

Such formidable combat power, yet was shot down by Chief Instructor Sif.

If not for his quick reflexes, dodging most of the shrapnel, he might have been dead.

The facts were glaring; they had no choice but to admit.

Seeing the knights silent, Raikkonen’s enthusiasm increased, spitting criticisms about how outdated the knight combat philosophy was compared to the times.

After he finished speaking, not only were the Silver Knights stunned, even Roland was somewhat surprised.

A tabloid journalist actually understood these things?

After the meeting, it seems necessary to have a chat with this guy.

Once Raikkonen finished speaking, the room fell into silence.

Silver Knights weren't fools; they certainly knew the knights had declined.

Tough talk was futile; on the battlefield, bullets and artillery would teach everyone to respect the facts.

Yet the knights' dignity made it difficult for them to accept such criticism.

Finally, a forty-something Silver Knight couldn't help but stand up to defend.

"Captain, we are honorable knights, not using hidden weapons is a knight's glorious tradition!"

Roland was waiting for these words, he smiled and asked: "This knight, may I ask which article of the knight code forbids using hidden weapons?"

"This..."

The old knight was momentarily at a loss for words.

Not using hidden weapons indeed had no explicit origin.

Everyone knew it was ancestral law, but why the ancestors did so, they didn't know.

Seeing the old knight unable to speak, Roland said firmly:

"Humility, honesty, compassion, valor, justice, sacrifice, honor, soul, these are the virtues knights follow, and the foundation of our code of conduct."

"We ought to uphold virtues, but how we uphold virtues can be flexible."

"We are the sharp blade of the Empress, the sturdy shield of the nation. If we can't even defeat the enemy, what kind of sharp blade and sturdy shield are we? On the battlefield, the enemy won't accommodate you."

Roland's argument left many knights unconvinced, yet his conclusion was irrefutable.

The enemy certainly wouldn't accommodate your faults.

If you have a problem, they'll undoubtedly take advantage and strike fiercely, without mercy.

Many Silver Knights had already accepted Roland's argument internally, but some didn't agree.

They looked around, hoping the Golden Knights would speak up.

But they quickly found that the Golden Knights were all gone.

Someone realized this instantly.

But it was too late.

While the knights were looking at each other, Roland loudly announced, "The Knight Order has reached a point where it must reform, or face extinction!"

"Anyone who disagrees with the reform, please stand up!"