Empress 78

Chapter 78: If You Don’t Buy, Others Will

Under Roland’s threats and inducements, the Knight Order’s thoughts reached preliminary unity. The next step was to gradually improve equipment and combat techniques.

Although the interrogation was still ongoing, a large sum of money had already been seized from Warden and Stanley.

With money in hand, Roland decided to personally go out shopping.

Between the professional ethics of a procurement officer and trust in himself, Roland chose to trust himself.

With the money ready, what to buy first?

Between firearms and alchemy weapons, he chose alchemy.

Because alchemy provides an immediate enhancement to combat effectiveness.

Firearms training takes time and doesn’t integrate well with knights.

The White Rose Knight Order consists of skilled equestrians and knights with exceptional combat techniques; making them firearms soldiers feels like a waste of talent.

Recruiting a batch of bold, poor farmers from the countryside to act as line infantry would suffice. Sending knights who have undergone more than ten years of formal training to play line shooting games is truly wasteful.

A command officer making such a decision should be taken out and shot.

In Roland’s view, the greatest advantage of knights remains their mobility and organizational capacity.

As long as they master multiple combat tactics, they can immediately enhance their combat strength.

Among the more than two hundred members of the Knight Order, apart from a few old-timers resistant to change, they are the backbone of any future overseas legion.

Roland was more willing to expand a legion centered around them, and would feel distressed losing even one of them.

Rather than calling it a Knight Order, it would be more appropriate to call it an officer training group.

Firearms training takes a long time, creates a commotion, and yields slow results. Before setting sail, Roland did not intend to waste time and resources in this area.

Alchemy weapons are different.

These are easy to use and highly effective.

Knights can approach enemy troops from behind at high speed, then toss an overwhelming amount of explosive bombs and smoke bombs, making the scene truly brutal.

Besides alchemy, Roland also planned to provide them with knife-throwing courses.

Compared to firearms, knives—a type of cold weapon—are more readily accepted by traditional knights.

Roland knew they were still internally resistant, so he didn’t plan to max out the intensity right from the start.

As long as they are willing to try, whether with knives or firearms, it can proceed gradually.

But alchemy is different; it must be mastered immediately.

Alchemy weapons are the hand grenades of this era, and they are also multifunctional grenades.

Besides weapons, he also planned to procure a batch of magic equipment from the Magic Association.

They don’t have to be very expensive, as long as they can slightly resist arrows and firearms.

Magic is different from alchemy; it heavily relies on talent.

If someone hasn’t started learning by fifteen, it’s essentially hopeless for them in this lifetime.

Magic is an industry with strict barriers and distinct levels.

Although there were historical instances where a magic apprentice mastered world-destroying forbidden curses, in most cases, a mage’s level represents their strength.

The foundation of alchemy is magic, and what it processes are magic tools, but the threshold is much lower.

The Magic Association is the last stop; now he has to go to the Alchemy Workshop.

Arriving at the often-visited "Little Pudding" Alchemy Workshop, he found a conspicuous paper posted on the door.

"The owner has made enough money to return home to get married, the shop is being transferred, and for business cooperation, please move to the Baker Street Alchemy Workshop."

Wait, how did he make enough money?

Thinking of this small but reasonably priced alchemy workshop, Roland felt a bit reluctant.

It’s rare to find a shop run with integrity in this space-time, and now it’s closed because the owner made enough money to go home?

Though a bit regretful, the procurement must continue.

If it had been a month ago, Roland would never have gone to the Baker Street Alchemy Workshop.

There was a troublesome woman there.

Although he had never met her, his sister recommended her at least three times.

She was the girl his sister described as having "thick thighs and a big bottom," surely capable of bearing children.

Roland was quite resistant to blind dates.

Fortunately, a prosperous life cured his sister’s ailment.

Since Roland received the award for his essay, Sister Lisa seemed to have forgotten there was such a person in the world, never bringing it up again.

Seeing the small paper ad at the door aroused Roland’s curiosity.

His sister is a practical person; she certainly wouldn’t recommend a girl whom the then Roland couldn’t reach, nor make a random unsuitable introduction.

Adding a few elements of familial affection, Miss Elizabeth’s conditions might have been even better than his at the time.

Of course, his primary objective was to procure supplies for the Knight Order, gossip was just on the side.

The Baker Street Alchemy Workshop isn't on Baker Street; it's on Rock Street.

Not that the alchemy workshop moved, but rather administrative redistricting changed Baker Street to Rock Street.

The nearby residents didn't buy into it; they still referred to themselves as the old folks of Baker Street.

This random renaming, without basis, only caused trouble for the post office in delivering mail, and was utterly pointless.

Roland had heard his colleagues at the post office complain more than once.

With utmost curiosity, Roland walked into the area now called Rock Street, which was still known as Baker Street.

This is a clean and tidy street, much cleaner than the slum Roland used to live in, but quite inferior to the high-end residential area Belphar Street.

There are many shops on both sides of the street.

Most of the people walking on the street are neatly dressed.

Some gentlemen are nimble-footed yet still carry a walking stick. Some ladies dress flamboyantly, striving to maintain what they consider elegance, yet the overwhelming scent of cheap perfume somewhat betrays them.

Roland looked at these people trying hard to display an upper-class demeanor, and a word suddenly came to his mind.

Petty bourgeoisie.

This word truly fits them perfectly.

Roland, wearing ordinary casual clothes, casually walked down the street.

He was well aware that true nobility has elegance etched into their bones, and it’s impossible to cultivate such an indescribable exceptional temperament without three generations.

These people were far from it.

He quickened his pace and found the Alchemy Workshop.

He pushed open the door, and an eagle-eyed clerk approached, warmly welcoming him.

"Sir, please come in. Are you here to buy finished products or custom-made tools?"

The clerk’s enthusiasm made Roland a bit uncomfortable. He unobtrusively took a step back and asked casually:

"I wanted to take a look first. My sister has a friend named Elizabeth, can you ask her to introduce me?"

"Your sister is..."

"Lisa from the Imperial Post Office," Roland said casually.

"Since you’re Miss Lisa’s brother, please come upstairs." A somewhat hoarse voice came from upstairs.

Since the alchemist had spoken, the clerk naturally dared not be negligent and led Roland to the staircase, allowing him to go upstairs himself.

The second floor was the alchemists' zone, and miscellaneous people were not allowed to go up casually.

The clerk was somewhat curious, just what background did this young man have?

Roland soon met Miss Elizabeth.

His curiosity was fully satisfied.

To be fair, Elizabeth's conditions were indeed quite good. As an officially licensed alchemist, although her looks did not surpass Lisa's, she was still a beauty among ordinary people.

Her figure was voluptuous, but perhaps a bit too much so.

Her skin fair, yet somewhat unhealthy.

Roland silently ridiculed, confirming his suspicion that constantly dealing with heavy metals, an alchemist's health was quite problematic.

Miss Elizabeth's beauty was like a mirage, gone in an instant.

It's not that Lisa set him up, but rather that his sister simply didn't understand alchemy.

In her eyes, a female alchemist was fair-skinned, beautiful, and long-legged, and a good person too, making her a good match to introduce to her brother.

Looking at Roland's handsome appearance, Elizabeth suddenly recalled that Miss Lisa once wanted to introduce her to meet her brother. It must be him?

The guy is pretty handsome but seems somewhat ordinary.

Being handsome isn’t something one can eat, just like beauty can’t last forever.

Such a handsome young man, she simply couldn’t tie him down.

With just one glance, Elizabeth knew Roland was not her type.

The feather pen in her hand lightly fell onto the table.

"You’re here to..."

"Purchase items, this is the list."

Roland quickly said, "Considering my sister, could you give me a discount?"

"Hmm, let me see."

Elizabeth glanced over the list and smiled, "With such a large order, do you really only need a small discount?"

Roland instantly understood, this person was asking if he wanted a rebate.

"Yes, just a discount will do."

"I can offer you a special friendship price of a ten percent discount." Elizabeth handed the price list to Roland.

Roland stood up straight away, took the purchase list, and headed out.

A ten percent discount? Just that?

What special friendship price, it’s clearly a trick price for acquaintances!

Sister, oh sister, how could you be dazzled by a girl’s appearance and introduce someone like this to him?

Luckily they never met before.

Roland quickly left the Alchemy Workshop to find the next workshop.

Baker Street Workshop’s marketing strategy was somewhat absurd.

They priced their products thirty percent higher than the previous "Little Pudding" Workshop, and then on this basis, only offer a ten percent discount, which was still more expensive than the original price.

This was truly a trap!

If you don’t sell, there are plenty who will, what’s the big deal!

Seeing Roland leave without a word, Elizabeth stomped her foot in anger.

Not buying, are you? The price is the same in workshops along this street, buy it if you want.

If you don’t buy, there are plenty who will, what’s the big deal!