Empress 79

Chapter 79: Use Titles at Work

Knight Order Headquarters, small meeting room.

This is where the Knight Order's top brass holds their small meetings.

Speaking of the top brass, there are actually only three people: Roland, Sif, and Lisa.

Today's meeting agenda is simple, an exchange of recent work updates.

Anyone who frequently attends meetings knows that the importance of a meeting often inversely correlates with the number of attendees.

Meetings with large numbers of people mostly don't discuss problems; they convey directives.

Though few, those attending here are the core of the team.

Considering that the two attendees are young ladies, to avoid any notions of who is more important, Roland thoughtfully arranged the meeting at a small round table, with equal spacing and distance between each person.

It was a perfect arrangement at first, but when Roland very gentlemanly fetched tea for the two ladies, he was surprised to find their positions subtly shifting.

Their distance from him decreased, whereas the distance between them expanded.

The chairs were only slightly moved, seemingly not changing much, but Roland's eyes were precise as a ruler; he noticed the issue immediately.

He paused his steps for a second, then moved forward again.

Don’t focus on minutiae; a girl’s mind is a mystery and their matters don’t need gossiping about.

Roland announced the start of the meeting with a serious face.

"Please, Chief Logistics Officer, introduce your work updates."

Although there are only three people now, the future Knight Order will surely have more talents, and rules should be set from the beginning.

In private life, she can be called Sister Lisa, but in work, formal titles must be used.

That’s the rule.

At work, Lisa is always very focused.

She opened her notebook, cleared her throat, and began her report.

Her report was quite detailed.

Yesterday, she spent the whole day and half the night inventorying the Knight Order’s assets and created a detailed ledger.

This work will continue for a few days but has already shown initial results.

During the process, she uncovered quite a bit of dirt on the previous leader, which was an unexpected delight.

Faced with Lisa’s achievements, Roland nodded in approval.

"The Chief Logistics Officer’s work is effective and commendable. But remember to rest outside of work. Please go home immediately after hours."

Lisa’s lips curved into a smile filled with sweetness, and she nodded obediently.

Last night she worked overtime and went home very late.

It was Roland’s turn to wait for her for dinner.

In the role reversal, Roland struggled in the kitchen for half a day, only managing to make two dishes that barely passed muster for taste and presentation.

Roland’s culinary skills, while above Sussex’s average, weren’t much.

Without comparison, there’s no harm.

Compared to the usual gourmet meals, Roland truly couldn’t stand this poor culinary display.

Other work can be left for tomorrow, but one’s meal must be eaten today.

The longing for good food made Roland indifferent to the fact that the true boss of the Knight Order was sitting on his right, watching him with a complex gaze.

"Chief Instructor, please present your work. Chief Instructor?"

"Oh, it’s my turn?"

Sif snapped back to attention, picked up the notebook in front of her, and her pleasant voice echoed in the meeting room.

"Yesterday, I conducted traditional martial arts exchanges with the Golden and Silver Knights. In the lance duels, I achieved a clean sweep with thirty victories."

"I’m fine, but I had to change two horses. Additionally, five knights got injured during the duels and are receiving treatment from the priest."

Lisa stared at Sif, dumbfounded. What kind of combat machine is she?

Is this training method really okay?

"Good, very good!"

Roland lightly patted the table, approving Sif’s actions.

"That’s the effect we wanted. Previously, many thought you only bested Warden using firearms. Now, no one should dare to challenge that notion, right?"

"Indeed, no one does anymore. The last three Silver Knights were practically dragged into the arena by their peers."

Sif smiled at Lisa, teasing softly, "We used thirty wooden lances in the duels. Please replenish them promptly, Chief Logistics Officer."

Lisa’s eyes remained vacant for quite a while before she snapped out of it.

"Huh? Used up that many?"

"Yeah, otherwise, what do you think scares them?" Sif said, chest held high, her voice laced with the joy of victory.

Lisa glanced at Sif’s proud chest, then looked down at her own, feeling slightly outdone.

"I understand. I'll replenish them in time. But please, Chief Instructor, go easier during the next training. Even if the lances can withstand the usage, the knights cannot."

Sif half-jokingly replied to Lisa's comment, "Understood, Chief Logistics Officer."

If Roland didn't know Sif's identity, he'd think she had an untouched childlike heart.

Now knowing Sif is the Empress, Roland feels her childlike qualities are a bit excessive.

But thinking it over, Roland felt reassured.

If it were another world, someone like Sif with her age and background would surely be attending some elite girls' school, worrying only about a few pimples appearing, which concert to attend on the weekend, or what dress to wear to a birthday party.

But Sif is different; she has to fight for survival.

Her enemies are the most cunning politicians in Sussex and the most formidable Empress globally.

With such pressure, what's wrong with a little childlike innocence?

Miss Sif's childlike wonder, let it...

The White Rose Knight Order, which he leads, protect it.

Sif continued with her training updates. After that intense and one-sided lance duel, no one questioned her training arrangements anymore.

Even when asked to flatly hold long spears and pretend they were firearms during practice shooting drills, no one dared to complain.

Those not willing to accept the new training mode could take up a mounted lance and face the solo challenge.

Training might just be exhausting, but duels could land someone in bed, and the knights knew which option carried less risk.

After finishing her report, Sif and Lisa both turned their gaze to Roland.

The Chief Logistics Officer and Chief Instructor performed so well; what about the leader?

Roland cleared his throat and softly said, "Sorry, I've encountered some trouble with the procurement task."

Seeing Roland hadn't completed the task, Lisa quickly came to his defense, "It's okay, even if you didn't meet the procurement target, ninety percent is still acceptable."

Sif also looked for a way to ease the situation for Roland, "Exactly, I can increase non-live ammunition subjects during training, which can reduce consumption."

Roland smiled but said nothing.

Lisa's expression froze. She quickly cleared her throat and continued to explain:

"It's winter now, and transport costs have risen. Price fluctuations are inevitable. Even completing seventy percent of the procurement plan isn't a big issue."

Sif also supported Roland's explanations, "Yes, the winter training load isn't as heavy as in summer. Throwing alchemy bombs is too loud and requires trips to the distant training grounds, making it cumbersome. Increasing the proportion of non-live subjects isn't bad either."

Watching these two desperately argue on his behalf, Roland felt a warmth in his heart, but he still sternly reminded them:

"Chief Instructor, Chief Logistics Officer. Let me remind you, this is work. If problems arise in your work but you cover them up, your enemies won’t spare you."

With Roland saying that, Lisa saw no need to be polite with him either.

She regained the feeling of scolding a mischievous younger brother and glared at Roland angrily.

"Roland, the funds given to you should be quite ample. Didn’t I especially remind you to visit Baker Street Alchemy Workshop and find Elizabeth? Didn’t you go?"