Empress 81

Chapter 81: If Others Suspect You, You'd Best Be

Meeting over, Roland sought out Raikkonen, who had just finished his training, his head drenched in sweat.

Roland patted the young man's shoulder, flashed a kindly smile, and called him by his child's name, inquiring warmly after him.

"Jimmy, are you getting used to the life in the Knight Order these days?"

"Captain, I'd prefer if you called me Raikkonen; Jimmy is a name from my childhood. I really enjoy life in the Knight Order." Raikkonen straightened his posture and answered cautiously.

Seeing his careful demeanor, Roland couldn't help but want to laugh.

Just three days in, this lad already forgot his days as a paparazzi reporter, and was taking his knight duties quite seriously.

It's not surprising.

Though knights may be declining, they are still a proper second tier profession, with a high social status.

A profession like paparazzi, which everyone condemns, cannot compare at all.

At the end of the universe is the exam, same inside and outside ancient Sussex.

Roland's question caused Raikkonen to briefly reminisce about the thrilling past of being a paparazzi reporter, a hint of regret flashing in his eyes.

Although being a knight brings joy, it involves many rules and lacks a bit of freedom.

These days he’s really been put in line by Chief Instructor Sif.

Occasionally he would think, how good it would be if he could go out on reconnaissance missions.

While he was daydreaming, Roland’s resonant voice sounded.

"I have a task that originally should have been handled by the Knight Order, unfortunately, our reconnaissance team is still under construction and cannot manage it. I have no choice but to seek help from the Mercenary Guild."

Wait, the captain mentioned that he originally wanted the reconnaissance team to handle it; could it be a reconnaissance mission?

Can such a task even be pushed out? Who are you looking down on here?

Raikkonen’s competitive spirit flared up.

"Captain, standing before you is the former chief special reporter of The Sun, there’s no secret I can’t dig out, no person I can’t find. The reconnaissance team not being ready does not conflict with me being able to complete the mission independently!"

Seeing the burning passion in Raikkonen’s eyes, Roland nodded with satisfaction.

The method of provocation is very old but effective.

Especially for young people in their teens.

Roland carefully instructed Raikkonen, watching the reconnaissance captain disappear like a smart fox at the horizon, the smile on his lips gradually fading.

The commercial monopoly behavior of the Alchemy Alliance made him realize something.

More advanced ideas than feudalism are already unconsciously permeating every corner of this society.

While the nobility revels in the lavish banquet halls, merchants have united to form monopolies.

How can you manage Sussex well mingling with these vermin?

This is also why Roland urgently wants to take the Empress out to sea, rather than staying in the Imperial Capital for political struggles.

He has no choice; he already bears the mark of the Iron Imperialist Faction.

When everyone thinks he is the Empress lover, it probably doesn't matter anymore.

If Sylph loses, he will at best flee for his life, at worst become a road lamp ornament on Monarch Square.

So Sylph must win, and win completely, for him to live well.

In this otherworld with zero Seres content, he has no sense of belonging, only desires to follow his heart's wishes.

When people accuse you of being part of the Imperial Faction, you'd better really be, and possess extraordinary power to protect the Emperor's rights.

Leaving the Knight Order gate, Roland galloped towards the city outskirts on horseback.

He's always curious about the Magic Association, yet has never gone there.

They are the remnants of the Magic Empire.

The Magic Empire once ruled the core area of this world, creating a brilliant civilization that left this era's humans astonished.

Back then, humans used magic to illuminate the night sky, fly into the clouds, and create the Heaven Reaching Demon Tower.

Until they touched forbidden domains, attempted to revive the Ancient Relic Race. Attempted to create new species called new humans.

Five Heaven Reaching Demon Towers corresponded to the races of Elves, Titans, Earth Spirits, Giant Dragons, and Phoenixes from the Ancient Relic Race.

They wanted to use revived Ancient Relic Races to fuse with modern humans and create a perfect race.

They dared to tread into the absolute forbidden domain where even gods wouldn't dare venture.

Ambition beyond power made the Magic Empire incredibly inflated. Fierce conflicts erupted between governors controlling the five towers and the Supreme Governor staying in the Imperial Capital.

Conservatives believed humans should pursue immortality and indestructibility rather than create new species.

Radicals believed if touching the forbidden is necessary, then go all the way, directly step into the realm of the gods.

They unscrupulously plundered worldwide resources to attempt new species creation, revive ancient races, ultimately creating uncontrollable monsters.

Divine punishment came unexpectedly.

After the Heaven Reaching Demon Towers collapsed, the governors representing the Magic Empire's highest combat power suffered immense casualties, when the remaining empire's upper echelon discovered they had offended everyone, it was too late.

Representing the pinnacle civilization of the Magic Era, the Magic Empire shattered under the repeated rebellions of the Barbarian Race, ultimately unable to maintain its rule.

The demise of the Magic Empire marks the dividing line between the Magic Era's new and old calendars.

It is currently year 1791 of the Magic Era's New Calendar, the civilization level of human society is still insignificant compared to the Magic Empire age.

The Sussex Empire's ancestors also participated in the grand uprising that overthrew the Magic Empire.

Secular powers and the Magic Association underwent fierce battles, ultimately compromising.

This is the era's backdrop.

Between the two cannot be said to not interact at all, at least they are like strangers.

More than a century ago, discerning individuals emerged within the Magic Association, recognizing the demise of the Magic Empire is an objective fact. Persistently remaining oblivious is meaningless. They ordered the Magic Association to step out of the Magic Tower and interact with outside descendants of the Barbarian Race.

Meanwhile, human nations believed after a thousand years since the Magic Empire's fall, deeply rooted hatred should be set aside, hence accepted the Magic Association.

This is recorded in encyclopedias and history books.

Quite Beautiful.

No one recorded the cost of millions of lives paid for this reconciliation.

The Magic Association was accepted again by humanity, not because time diminished hatred, but due to strength.

They had the need to integrate into the international community.

And had strength.

So they returned.

Only they continued to maintain an aloof attitude towards the outside world.

Roland pondered thoughtfully, despite his strong interest in magic; seeking the Magic Association’s help was his last resort.

Because the Magic Association has a rather troubling habit.

They lack people and desire talent especially those with mage potential.

Want to enter the Magic Association, first undergo magic aptitude testing, once identified with potential, you’ll be targeted by the Magic Association.

They won’t openly snatch people, but will continuously persuade promising candidates to join.

According to varying aptitude levels, they will offer attractive terms.

Until chosen promising candidates have no choice but to "inevitably" join.

Standing not far from the Magic Association entrance, Roland felt somewhat anxious.

If test results aren’t good, it’d be embarrassing.

If test results are good, that’s even more troublesome.

While he hesitated, a benevolent voice spoke in his ear.

"Lost traveler, please set aside your prejudice against magic and come inside. The Magic Association never forces anyone to join, they are all rumors."