Empress 88

Chapter 88: Have You Ever Experienced Despair?

Norton had been angered by Roland too many times; now, Roland's tough attitude only calmed him down.

His fingertips were trembling.

He knew he was at a disadvantage.

Roland's need for him was far less urgent than his need for Roland.

This bastard had investigated everything before coming.

His awkward situation in the countryside, his daughter's disgraceful affairs, even including his secretly hidden complete set of experimental equipment and most prized work.

With such a disparity in intelligence, how could he resist?

Roland's meaning was clear, only the Imperial Authority could suppress the ministers.

Join the royalist camp, and once the Minister of Finance was ousted after regaining power, revenge could be taken.

A fierce flame of revenge ignited in Norton's eyes.

Then instantly extinguished.

He was tired.

Just the day before yesterday, his disappointing daughter was still thinking about that playboy, even wanting to give birth to the bastard child in her belly to win back affection.

If Shanina could muster even a little dignity, he, as a father, would risk his life to seek justice for her.

But Shanina was a total failure.

A failure dominated by love obsession.

He knew his daughter too well.

Since she was a failure, let her live the miserable life a failure deserves.

Oak Town would be the burial place for them, the father and daughter.

Norton shook his head in exhaustion, whispering, "Mr. Roland, please leave. Norton’s heart is already dead. Those things are just keepsakes, never to be used again."

Roland felt a bit surprised.

The old guy clearly had a fire for revenge, so why had it been extinguished?

Raikkonen’s accuracy in intelligence gathering apparently still had room for improvement.

Since Norton refused, Roland decided not to say anything more.

He stood up, just about to leave, when a commotion erupted outside.

What’s going on?

Norton frowned slightly, grabbed his shotgun, and walked towards the door.

Roland felt something wasn't right, so he followed out of concern that Norton might suffer a loss.

Just reaching the gate, Roland hadn't seen what was outside yet when he heard Norton's heart-wrenching cry.

A thin wooden board, a worn-out white cloth.

Unveiling the white cloth revealed a young girl of about twenty lying quietly.

Shanina was dead.

While alive, she had made many mistakes, and sometimes her father wished he could strangle her with his own hands.

But now that she was truly dead, her father's world collapsed.

Shanina did not die peacefully; the ligature marks on her neck were particularly grotesque.

They didn't even bother to create a pretense of accidental drowning.

Clearly, the enemies didn't care about Norton's stance.

Just as Norton became a tearful mess, Roland alertly saw someone in the crowd raising a pistol.

Courting death!

Without hesitation, Roland drew his gun and shot the gunman’s wrist.

The surrounding villagers dispersed in a panic.

Roland moved decisively, throwing several Flying Knives, directly hitting two other young men who had shown hostile intent earlier.

He took a step forward, stepping on the gunman’s chest, coldly asking, "Who sent you?"

The gunman struggled, making a "huh huh" sound.

Roland gave him no chance, sternly asking, "Was it Mr. Sim?"

"Bang!"

Before the gunman could answer, Roland finished him with a bullet.

Who sent the assassins wasn’t important, but Roland needed it to be the Minister of Finance.

He then pressured the other two young men with the same voice suppression tactics and killed them on the spot.

All three attackers were dead.

No evidence was left.

Now, whoever Roland claimed sent them, that was who sent them.

Roland believed his judgment was ninety-nine percent likely to be correct.

After all, these assassins weren’t innocent.

Repaying murder with murder was entirely reasonable.

Roland did not console Norton.

A man’s pain must be licked by himself, especially the tragedy of a parent sending off a child.

This kind of despairing pain couldn’t be empathized with and couldn’t be soothed with generic condolences like "grieve and move on."

But he knew Norton would come with him.

If even this couldn’t make Norton stand up, Roland might as well put him out of his misery with a bullet.

Roland calmly reloaded the pistol, standing nearby, patiently waiting.

Surprisingly, Norton didn’t cry for long.

On his face was even a sense of relief and resignation.

Glancing at Norton from the corner of his eye, Roland saw no flames in his eyes, only emptiness.

Beneath the emptiness was a hint of determination.

Just as Roland was contemplating how to stir Norton, he gave himself a harsh slap, then shakily supported himself to stand.

He used almost all his strength to get up, with his limbs trembling.

A gentle breeze blew, almost knocking over his hunched body.

He looked at Roland, slowly asking, "Roland, did they confess just now?"

Right as he was about to speak, Roland sharply sensed that the old guy seemed to have noticed something.

He candidly said, "Sorry, they didn’t say anything. To avoid trouble, I took action."

Norton nodded silently, softly saying, "It was the Minister of Finance."

Roland: "..."

How did you manage to jump to conclusions?

Norton’s tone was bleak yet clear, "If it wasn’t for Simson seducing my daughter, she wouldn’t have met this end. The culprits are their entire family, the whole family!"

That wasn’t incorrect.

The root of the problem was indeed the Sim family.

If Simson was merely wrong, the crime lay with the Minister of Finance himself.

Norton looked at Roland, slowly saying, "Mr. Roland, you are deeply favored by the Empress, and shameless enough to truly have an opportunity to help me seek revenge."

"From now on, my remaining half-life is yours."

"I guarantee the entire Sim family will report to Hell; I swear!" Roland immediately responded.

Norton sighed in relief, saying softly, "Roland, give me some time. I'll handle my daughter's affairs and then go with you. It's noon now, there's still time."

"I'll help too. I'm young, digging a grave will certainly be faster for me." Seeing Norton so reasonable, Roland naturally wanted to help.

However, old Norton just shook his head gently.

"You can't help. Wait outside for a while; I'll be quick."

Roland's expression slightly changed; he realized what Norton was about to do.

The forbidden realm of Alchemy.

Da...

He wanted to stop him, but under Norton's cold gaze, not a word came out.

Old Norton carried his daughter's body into the house.

Roland stood guard outside.

He vigilantly observed the surroundings.

Although unlikely, what if the enemy was crazy enough to have more plans?

Better to be safe than sorry.

Roland waited patiently.

From noon until afternoon, until evening.

In the deep quiet of night, stars blinked playfully at Roland, but the fog was too thick for him to see.

That wait lasted an entire day and night.

It wasn’t until the next morning, when Roland was feeling a bit hungry, that the door slowly opened.

There were a few more smiles on Norton’s weary face.

Beside him stood a beautiful girl.

This girl had half her body made of flesh, the other half of Mithril.

Glancing down, Roland was shocked to discover that the area between the girl’s legs was a thick metal shell.

"That part has been turned into a power core. My daughter will never be tricked by sweet-talking men again."

"Nana, say hello to Mr. Roland."

Old Norton hugged his daughter’s shoulders, his kindly gaze resting on her fair face.

Just as when she was born, holding her and looking at her.