Empress 90

Chapter 90: Prisoner’s Dilemma

Shanina is dead.

Completely dead.

The demonic puppet created by fusing with her body is not Shanina at all; it is known as "Nana" but has a completely different soul.

Norton is a true master; he forcibly transformed his lifeless daughter into a demonic puppet, endowing it with new intelligence according to his memory of his obedient daughter.

This transformation used up the last treasured Orichalcum Level demonic puppet core.

Norton is not foolish, nor is he crazy, he is very clear-headed.

Of course, he knows that his daughter named Shanina is already dead.

Resurrection is a more forbidden field than forbidden alchemy, and only those infused with the power of a god can slightly touch the threshold.

He does not have the ability to resurrect his daughter.

But he is not disheartened.

Although he lost Shanina, he gained a new daughter named Nana.

Nana’s intelligence is only about seven or eight years old, very naïve.

But he has time; he wants to accompany his little daughter Nana and watch her grow.

Norton’s behavior makes those in the know keep their distance from him.

Both Sif and Lisa think he is crazy.

Only Roland understands him.

People always have obsessions.

Perhaps in the eyes of outsiders, Shanina was a foolish girl harmed by a romantic brain, a pitiable creature whose mind did not match her age.

But in a father’s eyes, a daughter is always a daughter.

This is familial love.

Norton’s behavior indeed defies nature, but it is understandable.

Whether Nana is Shanina or not doesn’t matter, having his daughter by his side is enough.

Adhering to the principle of never interfering in a subordinate’s private life, Roland did not talk to Norton about this matter.

He simply silently provided funds and materials for Norton to establish a new laboratory.

But he reminded Norton not to rush into building a large laboratory, just build something simple for now.

Norton didn’t ask why, he just followed orders.

His life was saved by Roland.

Being able to reunite with his daughter in another way, and even having a chance for complete revenge in the future, all these were given by Roland.

If he were to question this and that while carrying out orders, it would be somewhat impolite.

If this were a few months ago, as an Alchemy Grandmaster, he wouldn't have given Roland's interference in experiments a good look.

But now it's different.

His life now consists only of the flames of revenge and the fatherly love of caring for his daughter.

Watching Norton's departing back, Sif vaguely felt a chill and asked in confusion:

"I always feel Mr. Norton is a bit strange."

"Oh, it's nothing, he's altering his own body."

A real tough guy dares to use himself as experimental material.

Norton is such a tough guy.

He deeply feels the lack of power, and although he has defected to Roland, he is also trying to enhance his power.

His choice is to transform himself.

By modifying his flesh and bones, he becomes a half-human, half-mechanical combat machine.

Sif was stunned by Roland’s words.

Is this called nothing?

Who in their right mind would use their own daughter as a target for transformation, or even use themselves?

But she finds it hard to criticize Norton.

After learning about Norton’s plight, Sif felt full of sympathy for this unfortunate alchemist.

She bit her lip, her cool voice tinged with a chill, "That scoundrel Sim deserves death!"

"He indeed deserves to die."

Roland nodded and calmly said, "But Sim was never alone. One Sim falls, and countless others stand up."

"Isn’t there any way to deal with them?" Sif frowned slightly.

Roland wanted to use some modern terms, but when the words came to his lips, they changed, "Of course there is, but we have to wait until you ascend the throne."

"We are about to leave the Imperial Capital soon, let’s leave it to the Sims to mess up."

Sif knew Roland’s plan.

Leaving the Imperial Capital to establish a base overseas, allowing the powerful ministers to mess with the Imperial Capital fiercely, imposing great pressure on the people of the Imperial Capital, and then returning to clean up the mess.

The plan is perfect.

It’s just a bit cruel to the people of the Imperial Capital.

Seeing Sif’s hesitant expression, Roland reminded her solemnly: "Sif, kindness is an excellent quality, but in politics, it’s a luxury that requires a huge price to enjoy."

"Change always comes at a cost; there is no painless reform."

"The residents of the Imperial Capital are that cost."

Sif sighed softly, "I know, though I feel a little reluctant, I won’t... The word you mentioned is ’the mercy of a woman’, right?"

"Yes, the mercy of a woman. Including but not limited to women."

Sif was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "By the way, although Warden and Stanley have confessed, they said nothing. According to your request, the Torturer did not use torture, and the interrogation is progressing very slowly, what should we do?"

"What to do? There are plenty of ways. Let’s go take a look at them."

Roland’s lips curled slightly; it was time for on-site teaching again.

Warden and Stanley were both meritorious to the country; using torture during interrogation would be effective but would not comply with the "Knight Management Law."

He could certainly openly trample the law, but what would other knights think?

Not using torture is not about being lenient to Warden and Stanley but about earning the knights' loyalty.

Can't open their mouths without torture?

Roland didn't buy it.

Arriving at the interrogation room where Warden and Stanley were held, Roland had the jailer bring both of them out.

Soon, the two former deputy captains of the Knight Order came out wearing heavy shackles and handcuffs.

They are Transcendents, very dangerous; ordinary soldiers cannot handle them.

To prevent accidents, they had to be fully restrained and kept half-starved every day.

Seeing Roland and Sif, Warden and Stanley's expressions changed instantly.

Warden bit his lip, softly pleading, "Captain Roland, Count Sif, I know my sins are grave, but please give me a swift end, spare my family."

Stanley said nothing, just looked at Warden with disdain.

At this point, is begging for mercy any use?

What a waste.

Hearing Warden's plea for mercy, Roland smiled and said, "Warden, you indeed have rendered service, so I give you the opportunity to atone for your sins."

"From now on, you and Stanley will expose crimes against each other. Whoever exposes more will have their sentence reduced."

"If neither of you speak, it’s ten years of imprisonment for both. If someone confesses and someone doesn’t, the confessor gets three years, the non-confessor gets the death penalty."

"If both confess, the one with the most confessions gets five years of imprisonment, the one with less gets life imprisonment."

"Consider for yourselves whether you believe your in-law will hold out."

"Take them away!"

Warden and Stanley looked at each other, both a bit stunned.

They said nothing but simultaneously lowered their heads, afraid the other might see their eyes.

After the interrogation staff took the two away, Roland waved and called over the Torturer.

"Torturer, immediately find dozens of thick candles, light them in a dim interrogation room, and don’t let them sleep. It ends when they confess."

"Remember, don’t let them sleep, not for a second. If they get sleepy, you know what to do, right?"

The Torturer thumped his chest with force, loudly assuring, "Rest assured. Even if it’s a stone, I’ll find a way to make it talk!"