Empress 91

Chapter 91: You Want Performance Points Too, Don’t You?

"Commander, Warden has already broken and confessed!"

The Torturer Boen energetically presented a stack of documents to Roland, as if showing off a treasure.

"So soon?"

Roland nodded in satisfaction, "Boen, you’ve done well. I’ll award you twenty-five performance points! Your two assistants will each get ten points."

He took out a pen and found Boen and his team’s names on the performance chart on the wall, filling in the scores.

Seeing Roland award him points, although there was no tangible reward, Boen’s entire body felt inexplicably lighter, a joy beyond words.

Boen’s face flushed with excitement, but he was silently complaining in his heart.

This is called fast?

It’s already been three days, Commander!

In these three days, he and the assisting staff were busy without pause, yet still managed to rest in shifts. Warden hadn’t closed his eyes for even a second.

Several large candles were lit around Warden, the interrogation personnel hidden in the dark, so Warden could only see vague silhouettes, unable to discern where the voices came from.

Putting himself in his shoes, Boen only felt a chill creep up his spine.

In his place, he probably couldn't hold out for even half a day before confessing.

Warden held on for three days, almost losing his form before he finally confessed; truly an iron-willed man.

No doubt, as a Transcendent, his willpower far exceeds that of ordinary people.

But in the end, he still confessed.

Even an iron-willed man can't withstand the Commander's methods.

Boen thought silently.

He felt waves of fear at the thought of almost standing against Roland.

Fortunately, he was only a Golden Knight, had made few mistakes before, and wasn't yet on the Commander's radar.

Roland carefully noted down the performance scores, turned to see Boen's excited expression, and felt very satisfied with this CPU system from modern society.

If employees only saw a paycheck once a month, their enthusiasm for work would only exist around payday.

The Knight Order's salaries weren't very high, not even enough to make members particularly enthusiastic in those times.

They needed some motivation.

For example, performance points.

Roland's performance system was simple and crude. It set performance cash goals according to three levels: Gold, Silver, and Bronze.

Such as promotions.

Depending on the level, accumulating enough performance points granted advancement.

The Golden Knights all had their eyes on the deputy leader position, didn't they?

If they wanted progress, they needed performance to speak for them.

Silver Knights also wanted to become Golden Knights, didn't they?

No problem, let performance speak.

Clocking in had basic performance, hard work had commendable performance, outstanding achievements had incentive performance.

Essentially, it was motivational fervor, painting grand visions.

Without spending a penny, it made the whole order work intensely, howling like wild wolves.

What if someone really achieved this?

No need to ask, such an outstanding employee certainly deserved promotion.

The first two meeting conditions would be promoted to deputy commander, those who came later would enjoy deputy-level treatment.

The same applied to Silver and Bronze levels.

Positions were limited, but many could enjoy the benefits.

Having received performance points, Boen hesitated slightly, recalling Stanley’s exhausted yet unwavering persistence, he decided to report honestly.

"Commander, there’s one more thing. Stanley insists on talking to you face-to-face."

"Oh, this guy still hasn’t given up?"

Roland was a bit surprised but nodded nonetheless.

"Just as well, I have nothing to do now, let’s go see him."

Boen breathed a sigh of relief and was about to lead the way when Roland’s cold voice came from behind.

"Boen, it’s good to exercise initiative, but acting on your own isn’t. I hope you remember that."

Boen’s legs almost gave way, trembling as he promised Roland, "Don’t be angry, Commander, I assure you I won’t!"

Roland walked to his side, patted him on the shoulder, and said with a smile: "No need for that, you’re usually reliable, I was just saying casually, let’s go."

Boen was drenched in sweat, but hearing that Roland wasn’t holding a grudge, he felt relieved.

He silently grumbled internally, anyone who believes that is a fool!

This was clearly a warning for his hesitation during the report.

Trembling, Boen led Roland to the confinement room, meticulously completed the handover with the guards, and followed procedures for the interrogation, not daring to be slack.

Stanley’s condition looked terrible, his face pale, like a completely different person from the spirited one he was a few days ago.

Seeing Roland enter, the dazed look in his eyes finally had some vitality.

"Commander..."

"No need for that, you’ve been dismissed from the Knight Order, I’m not your commander."

Stanley gave a self-deprecating smile, didn’t insist, and softly said: "Has Warden confessed everything about me?"

"At least he thinks so, but I know it’s not everything."

Roland calmly said: "He held out for three days, which counts for something for you. But he surely doesn’t know how many secrets you hide behind, such as those two hundred thousand pounds of gold coins."

"Isn’t that money enough for redemption?" Stanley asked unwillingly.

"It isn’t, unless it’s all the secrets," Roland replied calmly.

He stared at Stanley intently, sternly asking: "What really happened when the Late Emperor set sail, speak!"

Stanley’s body shook violently, his gaze quickly averted, and he said softly: "I don’t know, that matter has nothing to do with me."

His hands trembled uncontrollably, drooping down as if he had resolved himself.

Roland calmly reminded: "You have family."

"They are not my family!" Stanley suddenly roared with unusual irritability.

Unexpectedly, a bonus discovery?

Roland knew, the survival instinct is incredibly strong, perhaps Stanley considered dying a moment ago, but most likely not now.

Roland thought of Stanley’s determination when he attempted to escape before, assuming he wasn’t too attached to his family.

At that time, he thought this person was inherently cold-blooded, only now realizing there was another story.

The officials of Sussex, why are all their private lives more chaotic than the other?

Roland internally snarked.

Stanley sighed lightly and said slowly: "If I reveal this secret, you surely wouldn’t spare me. So please swear to take care of my real family."

Roland placed his hand on his chest and swore solemnly.

"I, Roland, hereby solemnly swear by the Tamas River, if the person before me reveals sufficiently valuable information, I will request a pardon from the Empress for his crimes. If I break this vow, let me drown in the Tamas River."

"Stanley, your crime is amassing wealth, it’s not unforgivable."

"As long as you provide effective clues, Her Majesty the Empress will certainly forgive you."

Stanley looked at Roland in disbelief, he struggled to press his hand against his chest and swore similarly.

He swore that everything he was about to say would be true, and he would leave the Imperial Capital, never opposing the Empress and Roland.

Clearing his throat, Stanley spoke in a deep voice:

"Before Her Majesty set sail, the old commander secretly met with a strange woman. That person hid very well, and I couldn’t discern her identity, but when she spoke, there was a not-so-obvious Rurik accent."

"If I’m not mistaken, she should be from Empress Sofia’s Shadow Sanctuary."

He laid out all the clues he had observed.

Roland was silent for a long time before he slowly said: "Stanley, well done, this information is enough to buy your life."