Empress 94

Chapter 94: Will You Handle It with Dignity, or Shall I?

Mr. Stanley is a straightforward person.

After being pardoned, he swiftly handed over the Stanley Commerce Association, along with clear and detailed accounts, to the Knight Order.

Two days later, he sent a carriage with two hundred thousand gold coins to Roland's residence.

This time Mr. Stanley did not show up in person, but instead sent a note with the driver.

He stated that he had already left the empire's mainland and was heading overseas.

Hoping never to meet again in the future.

Never to meet again?

Seeing this sentence, Roland suddenly felt a bit like laughing.

With such a flag set up, he always felt there would be another day of meeting.

He was not worried about Stanley.

Stanley was a smart man, and a businessman. Smart people don't do foolish things, and businessmen are even less likely to let emotions dictate their actions.

They were enemies, not foes.

If there are common interests, they could even turn enemies into friends, but a deeply rooted enmity cannot be resolved.

After dealing with Stanley, next was Warden.

This was a downright fool, still dreaming of tripping Roland up after being released from prison.

The mouth can lie, but the eyes are difficult.

He couldn’t hide the flame of hatred.

After much deliberation, Roland thoughtfully prepared poison for him.

Acquired from Mr. Norton, drinking it would bring a peaceful death, merely a heart attack.

The prison conditions of this era were harsh, and the food was poor. Prisoners died every day, one more Warden would be quite reasonable.

Roland took the poison to Warden’s cell to visit this former deputy leader.

"Warden, your trial is over. If there’s anything you want to eat, just tell Boen tonight."

Roland spoke gently.

Warden’s hands suddenly trembled, shouting excitedly, "Roland, I’ve confessed everything, how can you break your promise!"

"Warden, your words sound unpleasant."

Roland sneered, "I said those who confessed less would be imprisoned for life, and the intelligence provided by Mr. Stanley was indeed more valuable than yours. You knew too little."

Warden was dumbfounded.

Normally, those who know too much run into trouble, how come Roland doesn’t follow the usual pattern?

Seeing the fury and grievance in Warden’s heart, Roland reminded with a laugh:

"Warden, don’t think I’m harming you, this drink is your life-saving wine. Think about it, if you insist on not dying, your ultimate fate would be lifelong imprisonment in the bitter cold lands of the Northern Territory. An accident could happen there anytime, you wouldn’t live long, your family assets would be entirely confiscated, and all privileges would be stripped."

"If you take the initiative, everyone maintains their dignity. Illegal gains would be seized, but legal income and bonuses would remain, and the pension and survivor benefits would also be retained."

Warden’s hoarse voice slowly sounded, "Is that all?"

Roland furrowed his brows slightly, and said coldly:

"Warden, don’t push your luck, how much more do you want? Think about the crimes you’ve committed!"

"Not implicating your family is already the greatest mercy. I can spare you, but Her Majesty the Empress doesn’t tolerate any grains of sand in her eyes. If it weren’t for my intervention, you would have been shot dead by the Imperial Guard long ago."

Roland played the Empress card, piercing Warden’s last mental defense instantly.

The words were not courteous, but they were facts.

An emperor’s wrath can cause bloodshed for thousands of miles.

For someone like him deceiving the late Emperor and wanting to deceive the new Emperor, not implicating his family is already the greatest mercy.

He lowered his head in despair, his hands trembling violently.

Since the late Emperor entrusted the Knight Order to the three of them, he had evil thoughts which eventually betrayed the late Emperor's trust.

Accumulating wealth for three years all ended in vain, yet it was all a cheap gain for the pretty boy before him.

Warden laughed bitterly.

When he raised his head again, all that was left in front of him was a cup of wine, and Roland was nowhere to be seen.

He was very clear, this was his only choice.

If he refused to take his own life, the punishment would be more terrifying than death, and it would implicate his family.

If he died, the Empress would be at ease, and Roland would not have broken his promise. He would have a dignified funeral, and his wife and children would enjoy survivor benefits; everyone would be alright.

As for what he personally thought, it was no longer important.

He muttered softly, silently bidding farewell to his family.

Sorry, Jenny, and Little Kate!

Warden suddenly had a violent coughing fit, his face turning rosy, and shouted loudly, "Warden, prepare me some stewed beef and wine, I haven't had meat for a long time!"

Though he wanted to live, Warden knew the path to life was gone.

He hated Roland, unmistakably hated him.

But he was helpless, only able to silently curse Roland in his heart.

Leaving the cell, Roland packed up a little and left the Knight Order, taking a carriage to Belphar Street.

Warden?

He was already a thing of the past, not worth bothering with a corpse pretending to be alive.

He believed Warden would make the right choice, not putting everyone in a difficult situation.

This was the most optimal arrangement for Warden within the legal framework.

According to the laws of any country, Warden's actions were enough to warrant the death penalty.

If not for his merits for the late Emperor, having bled for the Empire, Roland wouldn't bother speaking so much, killing him outright would be much simpler.

Warden had to die, but the knights' feelings had to be considered.

He needed to make the knights feel fear, yet not unite them in shared hatred.

Roland did not want to implement family-implicating policies; the benefits owed to Warden's family must be given.

What kind of skill is it to bully widows and orphans?

He couldn’t let the knights talk behind his back, saying he was harsh and unkind.

Roland’s carriage drove straight to Alina’s house.

Yesterday he received an invitation from Alina, saying she wanted to paint a portrait of him.

If Alina hadn’t mentioned it, he would have almost forgotten about this deal.

Sif knew that he and Alina were purely transactional and wouldn’t mind him visiting Alina.

He and Sif were passengers on the same boat.

Alina was an outsider.

Seeing Roland’s arrival, Alina personally greeted him at the door.

What surprised Roland was that she wasn’t wearing casual home wear nor a long dress, but rather attire suited for travel.

Dashing and very handsome.

Looking at Alina’s glasses on her nose, Roland understood, this was Captain Alina.

"Roland, long time no see."

Alina extended her left hand straight, palm up in invitation, a standard Jin Yuan noble’s greeting.

Roland was about to return the gesture, only to find himself wearing the Knight Order uniform, quickly switching from a gentleman’s greeting to a Knight’s Greeting.

These days have indeed been busy, going out without changing clothes.

"Your knight’s attire suits you, don’t worry about it. I had prepared a military uniform for you today, but it seems unnecessary now."

Alina said with a smile.

"Thank you, you look very dashing today as well."

"Just dashing?" Alina slightly raised her eyebrow.

"Exuding spirit yet retaining a woman’s grace, like a perfect female traveler." Compliments don’t cost anything, so Roland laid them on thick.

It wasn’t just flattery, today Alina did indeed have an indescribable special aura.

As if being liberated from a heavy burden of thought.

Her rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, matched her bright mood perfectly.

Regardless of anything, they were friends, and Roland was happy for her.