Empress 102

Chapter 102: Sister, Save Me!

Watching Adam’s lightning-fast disappearing figure, his pursuers were somewhat frustrated.

The leader angrily threw his short sword to the ground, his lips trembling as he pointed at his men and cursed furiously.

"Eight people split into two groups to intercept, and yet a drunk managed to run off! He even partied all night last night!"

Though they were regretful, the missed opportunity wouldn’t come again, and the ambushers could only leave quickly.

As they lamented, Adam ran with a body that felt like it was burning, a searing pain coursing through him.

He had no idea who these enemies were or who he had offended, but he knew they wanted him dead.

He was utterly enraged.

He asked himself if he had wronged anyone. Even when helping others at night, he was courteous, never treating distressed girls as playthings, and he never acted out drunkenly no matter where he drank.

Was this enough to offend people?

A spark of realization hit him. Maybe it wasn’t him who offended them, but Roland?

He somewhat regretted taking this job, but he knew there was no turning back.

It was clear that Roland held this performance at the celebration in high regard.

As a loose and carefree minstrel, he often heard strange rumors that others couldn't in the dazzling nightlife.

Lately, the most talked-about person was Roland.

For instance, there were rumors about his scandals and his rapid rise, akin to sitting on the Empress's lap.

Besides these rumors, there was something even more memorable.

For instance, Roland killing Lori, Calvinson, and others.

With Roland's power and influence, crushing him would be like squashing a bug.

The matter of Lord Roland must not be botched.

Adam gritted his teeth, bypassed two clinics without stopping, and finally arrived at an absolutely safe place.

This was the Holy Hall of the Divine Court of Fengrao.

The Divine Court of Fengrao was founded by followers of the Goddess of Fengrao, the most widely spread religious organization from Sussex to Rodinia.

It was on par with the other two major religions – Light and Nature.

Although the three major religions engaged in both overt and covert competition, they mutually acknowledged each other's existence.

The mainstream religion in Sussex was the Fengrao sect.

No one dared to act recklessly on the domain of the Goddess of Fengrao.

Here was absolutely safe.

Religious personnel rarely participated in worldly conflicts, remaining detached and beyond secular affairs. Secular regimes needed them to stabilize people's hearts, and despite their differences, the two sides were mutually dependent overall.

Adam's hurried footsteps came to an abrupt halt upon entering the Holy Hall.

Unable to hold on any longer, he knelt on the ground. Seeing the nun cleaning the courtyard, he loudly called out to her by name, "Natasha, help me."

The nun in white glanced at Adam, her expression filled with undisguised disgust as if seeing the most loathed fly in the world, but she still spoke softly:

"Igor, it's the first time I've seen you so miserable. What happened? Did someone else's husband break your legs for flirting?"

"Natasha, I'm your brother after all. Don't those harsh words hurt your heart?"

"No," the nun replied bluntly.

Adam rolled his eyes, grumbling with ill temper, "If you don't want to host my funeral, then hurry up and heal me."

The nun was taken aback, and upon seeing Adam's body, she rushed forward.

"Brother, what happened, where are you hurt, who did this to you?"

"I don’t know who did it, but I know if you keep shaking me, I’ll die," Adam teased lightly.

Natasha was flustered.

Her brother’s injuries were clearly beyond what she could handle, so she had to use the strength of a bear to carry her brother inside the Holy Hall.

Only an archbishop blessed by the Goddess of Fengrao could save her brother.

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Adam was very fortunate.

Archbishop Herman saved him but did not allow his filthy body to remain in the Holy Hall.

Considering that casting him out would put his life at risk, the archbishop kindly allowed him to stay temporarily in an empty woodshed.

Adam lay on the cold wooden planks of the woodshed, breathing lightly.

Touching the spot where he was injured, feeling the gentle traces of healing, he finally relaxed.

Fortunately, none of the wounds were fatal.

Though his sister spewed disdain with her words, she hadn’t completely abandoned him.

Just as he silently complained about the woodshed being too cold, the door was slowly pushed open.

A thick quilt fell from above, hitting him on the head.

The soft touch almost suffocated him.

"Igor, you'd better restrain yourself in the future. I had to beg the archbishop to get you a chance to live. If you'd fallen into those butcher doctors' hands, you'd probably be live-broadcasted as they dissected you."

Natasha's words sent a shiver down Adam's spine.

He was indeed afraid of the infamous surgeons.

In this era, whether surgery cured or killed was all up to fate.

Many doctors even treated surgery as a nightly performance, with spectators buying tickets to watch patients undergo surgery, all without anesthesia.

Because of such unusual medical practices, the doctors of this era were all remarkably large and strong, with impressive combat prowess.

Some skilled doctors would even use their iron fists to anesthetize patients, allowing them to complete surgeries in a state of dizziness.

In short, decent people absolutely didn't want to meet doctors.

This was also why Adam didn't stop at the two clinics, gritting his teeth to run to the Holy Hall.

Faced with his sister's taunting, Adam had nothing to say.

Before achieving his father's wishes, he wouldn't even use his real name.

Igor?

What a distant memory.

Seeing her brother fearlessly indifferent, Natasha angrily threw a thick pillow at him, then turned and walked out without looking back.

As she left the woodshed, a somewhat weak voice suddenly came from behind.

"Thank you, Natasha."

"Hmph."

What greeted her brother was a soft hum from his sister, followed by her quickly departing footsteps.

Adam lay wrapped in the blanket on the wooden bed, staring blankly at the cobweb-covered ceiling, deep in thought.

He didn’t break down hysterically, nor did he cry uncontrollably.

He was simply pondering what to do tomorrow.

Tonight was the weekly rest day; he didn’t have to perform tonight, but he definitely couldn’t skip tomorrow.

Not performing for two days would ruin the audience rapport he had painstakingly built.

Yet in his current state, how could he go?

Turning things over in his mind, tossing and turning, he finally fell deeply asleep.

In his drowsiness, he remembered what Archbishop Herman had once said to him.

"The goddess’s grace can cleanse a filthy body, but it cannot save a dirty soul. Child, bathe in the goddess’s glory and become a minstrel revered by all."

It was a rare opportunity when he first arrived in Sussex.

Archbishop Herman had seen his performance, appreciated his talent, and gave him a chance.

After much contemplation, he chose to give it up.

Becoming a follower of the goddess would cut off the Path of Transcendence, and one could only gain power through devout faith.

It was a bright and easy path, yet his faith was not devout enough.

The three goddesses of Fengrao, Light, and Nature were the last gods born in the Age of Gods during the Second Era.

They were young and willing to listen to the mortal voice.

They graciously bestowed divine gifts on the faithful.

They sternly imposed divine punishment on the indecisive.

Adam’s heart wasn’t sincere, so he naturally dared not sing hymns to the goddess.

This path of progression was not meant for him.