

In the Name of Empress

#Chapter 11: The Pitiful Thick Wall - Read In the Name of Empress Chapter 11: The Pitiful Thick Wall

Chapter 11: Chapter 11: The Pitiful Thick Wall

Perhaps Teacher Margaret believed that her demands on Roland were not high, but in Roland's eyes, her demands seemed almost perverse.

Even though Roland tried his best to complete the training tasks, she still shook her head with slight disappointment.

Apart from acknowledging Roland's active and hardworking attitude, she said nothing more, unable to hide the disappointment in her eyes.

When she left the post office with disappointment, it was already late at night.

She was gone, leaving behind Roland who lay on the ground, completely exhausted, gasping for breath.

He felt as if he was undergoing high-intensity combat training instead of etiquette training.

Practicing a noble's walking posture on the corridor handrail of the third floor.

Intensity increased, no problem, reasonable.

Maintaining an elegant posture while dodging various flying props?

A bit more intensity, still reasonable.

Using a knife and fork to deftly deflect incoming interfering props, what kind of noble training is this?

Roland even recalled the fear dominated by high-intensity training from his father.

Yet he could only grit his teeth and face it.

He had no escape.

Rejecting Alina, the path to Jin Yuan's prestige was cut off.

Winning the literary contest championship instantly made him an enemy of the literary community.

Those furious young writers were easy to deal with, but he couldn't easily fool the literary bigwigs he defeated.

During the Imperial Salon, someone would surely pick a fight, and if he couldn't maintain an elegant posture, it would be troublesome.

He didn't mind receiving the award amid boos and skepticism; what worried him was Her Majesty the Empress changing her mind amidst endless boos and skepticism.

Supporting his weary body, Roland glanced at Lisa who had been watching in a daze, and softly said:

"Sister, you really don't have to wait for me all the time. Training is really boring, and you watching is also dull."

"What are you saying?" Lisa tucked her hair tips and smiled teasingly: "I haven't seen such an interesting scene in a long time."

Roland was a bit speechless.

Are you watching a monkey show here?

He took the coat Lisa threw over, casually put it on, and took a deep breath as he walked out.

Lisa quickly caught up, and under the dim, sparse streetlights and starlight in the sky, the two trudged home.

In 1791 Sussex, electricity had yet to be tamed by mankind, monopolized as a patent by a few mages. Candles weren't cheap enough to be used as daily commodities, and Magic Lamps were even more outrageously priced.

Families that could illuminate a ray of light in the dark night were either wealthy or noble.

Roland rarely lit candles at home.

Burning candles to read was too luxurious.

Borrowing light through a wall wasn't feasible either.

Every night lighting a lamp, what kind of family could do that, how could they live with paupers.

Even if someone lit lamps every day next door, walls wouldn't be allowed to be drilled, trying would have them reported to the Police Department long ago.

His sister Lisa lived next door.

Both belong to the tribe of those who couldn't light lamps at night.

Fortunately, the Sussex Empire was very affluent, libraries offered free lighting at night, and he often went to the library to read when he couldn't sleep.

Roland's favorite books used to be about the law.

If he couldn't become a mage by studying magic, studying law to become another type of mage would do.

But in these past few days, he surely didn't have the energy to go.

On the way home, he couldn't muster the energy to respond to Lisa's chatter, merely walking silently.

Until Lisa's words became increasingly off-topic.

"Roland, I find Miss Sif really strange."

Roland thought to himself, perhaps you're the strange one. "What's strange about her?"

"She claims to be Count Tyrone, but I've never heard of this title."

"It's normal that you haven't heard of it. Count Tyrone is a historically long-standing title, and if I'm not mistaken, this title is related to the Imperial Family, seemingly a branch of the Imperial Family."

Roland quickly searched his mind's encyclopedia and confidently answered.

"Since that's so, the fact that Miss Sif is a close friend of Her Majesty the Empress makes sense."

Lisa looked at Roland with surprise, quietly asking, "How do you know so much?"

Roland smiled and said, "Because I read a lot. To write genuine noble literature, one must delve into heraldry and history books."

His gaze was very sincere.

Indeed, he had acquired this knowledge from books, yet the fact that these books existed in his subconscious was too mysterious to explain.

Lisa looked at Roland's sincere eyes, always feeling that something was amiss.

What Roland said must be true, but not entirely.

Whether intentionally or accidentally, he indeed concealed part of the truth.

Roland had indeed grown up, had his own secrets, and would no longer tell her everything.

She sighed lightly, softly saying: "All right, but I still feel that Miss Sif's mannerism is different from ordinary nobility."

"She has an inviolable sacred aura about her that ordinary nobility simply can't match. Even if she's a branch of the Imperial Family, it's not possible. I always feel that Miss Sif's attitude towards Teacher Margaret is different from others."

"It's as though she treats her as her own teacher, yet Margaret is an imperial etiquette teacher, even serving other nobles not as a teacher."

After a slight pause, Lisa softly murmured: "Miss Sif can't hide that noble aura of a royal family member, coupled with her relationship with Margaret, let me think further..."

Roland thought to himself, is this a woman's sixth sense or the gossip soul burning?

Of course, he wouldn't argue with Lisa over such matters.

He wasn't really concerned about Sif's identity.

Teacher Margaret's lesson today made Roland deeply aware of the difference between commoners and nobility.

Trying to integrate into the noble circle was too difficult.

It was nearly impossible for commoners to ascend to nobility.