

In the Name of Empress

Chapter 13: Chapter 12: The Teacher's Praise

The etiquette training continued as usual.

Because of Sif's special instructions, the post office general manager disguised himself as a blind person, completely unable to see Roland.

Roland was completely free.

To facilitate the training, he even diligently vacated the general manager's office.

"The lighting here is good at night, Ms. Margaret, please feel free to use my office!"

Faced with the manager's enthusiasm, Margaret naturally wouldn't be polite.

This was a task personally arranged by Her Majesty the Empress, and it must be completed perfectly.

To achieve the goal as quickly as possible, she would spare no effort.

Pushing Roland to his limits!

The training session started the next day, and she was somewhat worried that Roland's recovery speed wasn't enough, so she secretly brought a few bottles of Alchemy Potions to restore energy.

Seeing Roland looking full of energy, she silently put away the potions, biting her lips lightly, preparing to increase the intensity for Roland.

She had underestimated him; she didn't expect this little guy to have such stamina.

To quickly fulfill Her Majesty the Empress's command, Mr. Roland, please go ahead!

Thus, Roland didn't even have time to be happy about having an independent practice room before he was stunned by the training method proposed by Margaret.

Walking the noble step on the stair railings had some context, but what was the meaning of practicing steps on inverted wine bottles?

How rare, the teachers in this fantasy world also teach plum blossom poles?

He wanted to complain, but his grumbling was forced back by Margaret's stern gaze.

Alright, alright, the teacher is right!

Hurry and perfect the etiquette, and gain some favor for Her Majesty at the salon, after all, the Empress is a young girl, a little happiness and she might reward him more.

Similarly, because the Empress is a young girl, she's highly emotional; holding the power of life and death, her wrath could have serious consequences.

With just one command from the Empress, he wouldn't even have the opportunity to produce the old ticket to Jin Yuan.

By that time, he might even have to settle the account with the charge of defaming the Empress.

Facing the harsh training tasks proposed by Margaret, Roland accepted them solemnly.

Margaret looked at him with new eyes.

She had expected some complaints from a young man, but she hadn't foreseen such stability.

He's a good kid.

Let's increase the intensity then!

Margaret dismantled a specially designed whip into three segments and threw them out simultaneously.

"At the banquet, if someone pretends to fall and bumps into you, how do you respond?"

If Roland were a post office clerk, he would have just smacked them.

But since he's the crowned champion of the essay contest, he must act gracefully at high-end gatherings.

Roland elegantly shifted his steps, narrowly dodging the three strikes.

Just as he breathed a sigh of relief, the teacup in Margaret's hand flew over.

"How do you gracefully resolve an encounter with a troublesome peer?"

Roland's expression turned serious.

He initially thought Teacher Margaret was making a fuss over nothing, but now he realized this was real combat practice.

Given his current grievance value in the literary world, such a situation could very likely occur.

While literary giants might not make fools of themselves at an Imperial Family gathering, they would not hesitate to send a few younger ones to harass him, as they have enough courage.

The reasoning was all set.

Not satisfied, just can't bear the sight.

Nobody instigated them; they simply couldn't bear seeing Roland defame the Empress.

No matter how one explained, if Roland's writing spread widely, it could indeed tarnish the Empress's reputation.

What's wrong with a passionate youth defending Her Majesty the Empress?

What is this?

Loyalty!

In a split second, Roland's upper body remained steady, and he stepped forward.

Though it was just a simple step, it caused the teacup to brush past him and fly out behind.

The cup hit the floor, and tea splashed everywhere.

Not a drop touched Roland.

Roland stood elegantly, asking aloud, "Madam, is there anything I can assist you with?"

Margaret was momentarily stunned, looking at Roland with incredulity.

According to her thoughts, it would have been impressive enough to halt the unexpected attack and dodge the cup, yet Roland merely accelerated slightly, causing the cup to strike someone behind him.

One could imagine, if Roland were trapped between two literary giants, and a furious youth threw a cup head-on, he could still handle it with ease.

He could even maneuver such that the cup precisely hit those blocking his path.

A comical image formed in Margaret's mind; she vaguely felt if someone really tried to sabotage Roland, the one making a fool of themselves might very well be them instead.

A rare smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

"You can come down now."

Roland gracefully tipped his toes, standing obediently in front of Margaret.

"Teacher Mary, shall we continue now?"

Margaret said softly, "That's enough. The previous special training was meant to keep you alert. I didn't expect you to surpass my expectations by such a margin."

"Relax. Now you'll have to learn the ways of aristocratic communication."

Roland let out a breath; the toughest part was over, and it was smooth sailing ahead.

Teacher Mary surely doesn't know about his super memory; no matter how intricate the rules, he can remember them all with ease.

Brimming with confidence, Roland sat up straight, waiting for Teacher Mary's guidance.

Margaret thought for a moment before saying slowly, "Roland, you should remember that there are transitional classes between the nobility and commoners."

Roland nodded in agreement.

Between nobility and commoners, there are knights, literary figures, and merchants, among other groups.

Their differences lie in that knights are officially recognized; high-level knights are even seen as extensions of the nobility, while merchants and artists merely enjoy some privileges.

Margaret carefully selected her words, contemplating, "In truth, you don't need to master all of the aristocratic etiquette, just maintain a graceful demeanor during banquets since..."

She didn't continue, as Roland picked up where she left off.

"Teacher, I understand. I'm not nobility, after all, and if I mimic them too closely, it may not be a good thing. I'll gauge appropriately and find my position between the nobility and upper middle-class commoners."

Margaret looked surprised at Roland, her gaze gradually softening.

When accepting the task, to some extent, she had some resistance internally.

After all, being semi-retired and having the leisure to stay at home, who would want to work?

If not for Sif reaching out to her, she really didn't want to accept this burdensome task.

According to her thoughts, a writer who gained fame so young like Roland would likely consider himself exceptionally talented—a rare artist in the world, looking down at everyone with his nose.

Etiquette training, while tedious, wasn't immensely difficult.

She had intended to give Roland a hard time, just to curb his arrogance so she could conduct her teaching more smoothly.

She's not afraid of Roland being slow, just of his arrogance.

Etiquette classes aren't difficult but relatively intricate; if the student doesn't take them seriously, they wouldn't grasp them in just two weeks.

However, Roland's performance made her re-evaluate him.

Facing high-intensity training, he responded with calm artfulness, adapting with ease.

He had professional knight training, making it unsurprising that he could endure these exercises. What truly surprised Margaret was his mentality.

He exhibited neither cocky pride over winning a national-level award nor servile demeanor before a royal etiquette teacher and could accept his true status calmly.

This young man was remarkable.

Margaret's heart moved. Although Sylph inherited the throne, she hadn't formally ascended yet, with all affairs handled by the Cabinet Ministers.

This child had never considered that he might inherit the throne nor did he cultivate a faction, sorely lacking in talent under his wing.

She decided to report Roland's performance faithfully.

As for whether Sylph will make use of him, that's not her concern to worry about.

Since this student, Roland, could keep his boundaries, so could she.