

In the Name of Empress

Chapter 15: Chapter 14: Staying Out All Night Is Not Okay

Although the misunderstanding just now made the atmosphere somewhat awkward, as long as he himself wasn't embarrassed, it was only the atmosphere that was. Roland calmly smiled, casually threw his coat onto the table, settled into the chair, and posed according to Alina's requirements for the "Thinker" pose.

Alina took off her glasses, slightly corrected Roland's posture, and sat back to start drawing.

The sound of crackling wood burning came from the fireplace, and the soft light of the Magic Lamp made the living room unusually bright.

Roland glanced at Alina out of the corner of his eye, and he had a strange feeling that she seemed like a different person when she put on her glasses.

The Alina with glasses was the Jin Yuan Envoy Alina, was the Captain Alina.

Without glasses, she was just Alina, an art major abroad.

Carefully recalling the moments spent together, Roland became more firm in his judgment.

This works too; when interacting with Alina, he can tell her specific form through the glasses.

Just as Roland was curious about how such a large house could lack servants, a maid with an indifferent expression walked in, carrying a wooden bucket.

The maid added a few pieces of wood to the fireplace and quietly left.

From beginning to end, she neither greeted Roland nor spoke to Alina.

Roland's eyes slightly narrowed.

This is extremely unreasonable.

Even if Alina was drawing and couldn't be disturbed, normally a maid would wait by the side for instructions instead of leaving on her own.

Even if she had to go, where is the rule of leaving without a greeting?

Can a maid this robotically dumb really keep her job?

Alina's brush didn't stop, and she softly explained, "That is an alchemical Demonic Puppet Maid, not a human."

Oh, I see.

Alchemical Demonic Puppets that look indistinguishable upon careful observation aren't cheap.

No wonder she's an envoy from the commercial country Jin Yuan; indeed, rich.

Even though he's so tired he'd rather not wake up even if a dragon ravished him, Roland still bit the bullet and sat upright.

He hadn't even noticed that he consistently followed Teacher Margaret's guidance on posture.

Alina painted very quickly.

The intention of the painter wasn't in the painting, but in Roland's ethereal destiny.

A few cards quietly appeared in the palm.

Using the cover of the drawing board, Alina skillfully arranged the cards, and the Power of Stars gently fluctuated in her palm.

She focused intently, even ignoring the sweat on her forehead.

Finally, she dispelled the pale green mist that shrouded the boundary of Roland's fate.

Her gaze cut through the lush forest and beheld the splendid Flower Sea.

However, soon more mist enveloped beyond the Flower Sea.

Alina froze.

"Pfft!"

She spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

Touching destiny is not without cost.

The price of failing to touch it is injury or even death.

Alina deftly tossed out a Puppet Doll to block the deadly backlash.

The Puppet Doll swallowed the backlash, and its previously fair and adorable face turned incredibly fierce.

The Puppet Doll's white face was tainted with green, clearly suffering from a Natural Magic backlash.

Alina's heart raced as she retrieved the Puppet Doll, nervously glancing at Roland only to find that guy actually...

Seriously, he managed to fall asleep?

She almost got taken by backlash on the spot, yet he could sleep through it?

Alina softly called Roland's name, confirmed Roland was asleep sitting there, and finally calmed her frantic heart slightly.

She was very certain that Roland's identity wasn't simple.

He hides his identity and ability at the post office with a specific purpose.

The observation of Roland's destiny stops here.

Until she is certain, she will not attempt again.

The Puppet Doll blocked most of the backlash, but she was still not lightly injured, requiring careful recuperation.

Alina snapped her fingers, summoned the Demonic Puppet Maid, and had her settle Roland, then hurriedly headed to the study.

She opened the box on the bottom layer, took out some weathered ancient books, hoping to find answers.

Predictably, she found nothing.

The splendid Flower Sea, green mist, dense forest, seemingly vibrant and beautiful scenery, yet made her heart race.

She smelled danger and even death but didn't know what Roland was hiding behind.

Was it the Black Forest Association, the Druid Sect, or an unknown secretive organization worshipping a Nature God?

Just thinking about these scenes made her tremble like standing in thin clothes atop an icy mountain peak.

Alina took deep breaths, trying to calm herself.

No matter what, she cannot treat Roland as an ordinary person.

She currently regrets, why did she have to touch the unspeakable unknown fate.

Perhaps this is the ultimate fate of an Astrologer.

Almost every great Astrologer encounters backlash for delving too deep into fate.

Those watching fate, few have good endings.

Alina resignedly smiled, for a moment unable to think how to face Roland.

Uncertain if this guy is truly that tired or just pretending to sleep to avoid embarrassment.

Alina's gaze drifted to the window, looking at the pitch-black night, utterly sleepless.

Roland was indeed tired.

He had no idea when he fell asleep, when he was carried by the Demonic Puppet Maid to bed with covers placed.

When he groggily awoke, the clock's hour hand had already pointed to four in the morning.

Roland sat up in a daze, under the moonlight looked at the quilt, clearly, this wasn't home.

Who am I, where am I, what exactly happened?

Rubbing his eyes, his memory gradually returned.

He was fulfilling an agreement.

If foreign female spies are unwelcome at the door, then he must visit them on his own initiative.

Then he removed his clothes to serve as a model.

He completely couldn't recall what happened afterward.

Feeling the sleepwear on his body, he was slightly panicked but soon calmed down.

Good news: there wasn't a bad woman lying next to him not wearing clothes.

Bad news: there wasn't a bad woman lying next to him not wearing clothes.

It's evident that in Alina's mind, his value in the united front remains low and doesn't warrant wasting too many resources on him.

Though thoughtfully skipping past the phase of tiger bench, chili water, and branding iron, a honey trap was nonexistent.

Alina is the envoy; she definitely has female spies specializing in special tasks under her command.

As long as the target's value is enough, honey traps and honeypot schemes would be properly arranged.

In Alina's mind, he was just a portrait model and a sample for astrological observation.

Exhaling deeply, Roland was going home.

Changing into the clothes he came wearing, he hesitated slightly.

According to convention, he should wait until daylight to say goodbye to Alina before leaving; sneaking away directly was rather impolite.

Yet going home during daylight carries a completely different nature.

Not staying out all night and coming home late from work are not the same.

After a moment of hesitation, Roland finally remembered he was a clerk.

Writing a letter and leaving it behind would solve everything.

Roland took only a few minutes to write a brief handwritten letter.

First, apologizing for falling asleep, then thanking for accommodating, lastly bidding farewell gracefully.

Finishing it in one go, truly a model clerk.

Leaving the handwritten letter, he tiptoed into the hallway, wary of waking the sleeping Captain.

Just as he was about to leave the hallway, the Demonic Puppet Maid appeared.

Though unclear on the intelligence level of the Demonic Puppet Maid, Roland still tried to explain, "Thanks for accommodating, but I must go home. I've left a thank-you letter for Miss Alina, please convey my gratitude."

The Demonic Puppet Maid looked at Roland expressionlessly and walked away.

As if seeing air.

Alina hadn't issued an order to intercept or kill Roland.

According to base logic, Roland is a neutral entity.

Whatever a neutral entity does, what's it to her?