Empress 32

Chapter 32: Smashing a Cup as a Signal

Borrowing wisdom and courage temporarily from Roland, Sif hurried back to the palace.

The teacher was still lying in bed; she had to return quickly.

However, unlike last time, it was not as simple as answering questions to pass.

Wald concealed his exertion with calmness as he supported his body, not angered, his gentle gaze slowly settling on Sylph.

"Sylph, if I had secretly taught you some things before, it wouldn't be like this now."

"I always hoped for you to lead a simple and happy life, but never expected the sudden change, making you the Empire's heir."

"Cough cough cough..."

Wald coughed lightly, using his broad sleeve to cover his face and wipe away the bloodstains, looking at the worried Sylph.

"Don't blame yourself; it's not related to you. I am over seventy years old this year, already at the twilight years of life, one can't outrun time after all."

He smiled and said, "I've never taught you these things, so it's not your fault. It's okay, we still have time."

"Teacher!"

Sylph's lips trembled as she noticed the exhaustion in her teacher's eyes.

It was a kind of desolate worry about leaving an immature child behind in death.

With a light-hearted smile, Wald sat up, feeling a bit more relaxed, "Sylph, this Roland indeed has ideas. I want to meet him."

Sylph nodded quickly.

She was indeed worried about her teacher's health, but the doctors said the teacher was still quite robust, just that at his age, various chronic illnesses are unavoidable.

This is a natural law.

Not being a Transcendent, without practicing magic or using forbidden drugs to extend life, it's rare for anyone to live past a hundred.

Under Sylph's worried gaze, Wald gently pushed aside Sylph's hand that was ready to help him, stood up, jokingly saying:

"Do I look like someone who can't walk?"

Seeing the teacher regain his spirits, Sylph felt a bit relieved.

She insisted on seeing the teacher to the door, arranged for a carriage to send him back, and then felt slightly at ease.

The anticipated scolding and criticism from the teacher did not happen.

However, she felt no sense of relief, only worry.

She vaguely felt that Teacher Wald’s health was not as robust as it seemed.

But the court physician swore everything was fine, so she could only trust their expertise.

Sylph sat in the small study for an entire night.

She held "Chronicles of the Powerful Ministers," gritting her teeth to force herself to read.

Even if everything she did was wrong, it was still better than doing nothing.

The next day.

After finishing a simplified etiquette training class, Roland was about to go with Lisa to see their new home, but Count Sif’s carriage was already parked at the post office door.

Seeing this, Lisa hurriedly pushed Roland over.

"Miss Sif must need you for something, hurry up. I’ll handle the new home."

Roland nodded, waved goodbye to Lisa, and got into the carriage.

Lisa was right; she was fully in charge of organizing the new home, and he would just be in the way.

Everyone has fields they are not skilled in.

Some complement each other’s strengths, some avoid their weaknesses, and others just lay down idly.

It’s uncertain what Sylph will choose.

Entering the carriage, Roland looked at Sif’s bloodshot eyes, surprised, and asked:

"Sif, haven’t you slept all night?"

Sif yawned and muttered, "Yes, the Empress was stimulated last night and stayed up all night reading ’Chronicles of the Powerful Ministers’ in the study."

Roland didn’t ask further.

There was no need to ask; it was obvious that unlucky Sif got caught to accompany the Empress all night.

He shook his head with a smile, casually asking, "Did you call me to lecture Her Majesty?"

"Yes and no."

Sif nodded, her voice a bit weary, "Lecturing is a must, but not now. Teacher Wald wants to see you, let’s go."

From the post office to the Wald family, neither said a word.

Roland was thinking about how to respond to Wald when they met, while Sif... fell asleep.

She was a delicate person who could be bothered by a pea under several velvet blankets, never having stayed up all night.

Forcing herself to read all night exhausted her, and she fell asleep as soon as her head hit the seat back.

The carriage soon arrived.

Roland picked up a blanket from the carriage to cover Sif, instructed the driver to take her back to rest, and then took a deep breath, heading into the Wald estate.

It was clearly a test.

It wasn't surprising that Wald wanted to meet him; he just didn't expect it to be this soon.

Based on Roland's estimation, he thought he'd have to make more noise before catching the attention of the Cabinet's sole Iron Imperialist.

With a bit of tension and mostly curiosity, Roland walked towards the Minister of Internal Affairs' estate.

After confirming his identity, the guard quickly let him through.

It was clear they were prepared.

Roland touched the alchemy tools and flying knives hidden inside his clothing, striding inside.

As someone professionally trained in knight tactics, carrying these items made sense.

Wald was not as simple as Sif.

He probably guessed the old man's intentions.

Observation, testing, warning, and possibly, though unlikely, the senile might intend to harm him.

Although the chance was low, one couldn't be too careful.

With a signal of a shattered cup, three hundred Blade Axe Hands could rush in for a dramatic scene.

Wald was waiting for Roland in the drawing room.

Seeing Roland, he casually waved his hand, indicating no need for formalities, then pointed to the sofa opposite for Roland to sit.

Roland sat down freely, casually observing the room’s setup and layout peripherally while sitting.

His eyes lingered slightly on the window, planning an escape route.

Seeing Roland’s caution, Wald couldn’t help but laugh.

"Young man, you’re quite alert."

Roland smiled slightly, poured himself some tea, without replying.

Some things need answering, some can be answered, and some shouldn’t be engaged with.

"Mr. Wald, you are a Cabinet Minister, your time is precious, feel free to speak directly."

Wald nodded, grabbed the teacup, his smile vanished, and he slammed it onto the floor forcefully.

Footsteps echoed in the hallway.

Roland was caught off guard by the old man’s sudden intense action, nearly instinctively reached for a smoke bomb to throw.

But at the instant his fingers touched his clothing, he realized something was wrong and stopped.

There were indeed footsteps in the hallway, but it was just one person.

The teacup crashed heavily to the floor, shattering into pieces.

A shattering cup signal, but no Blade Axe Hands.

A knock at the door followed, the soft voice of a maid, "Master, do you have any orders?"

"Without my order, no one is allowed to approach." Wald commanded towards the door.

The maid complied and left, and silence resumed in the hallway.

Wald turned to Roland, smiling, and asked, "If those were ambushed guards rushing in just now, what would you do?"

Without hesitation, Roland threw a smoke bomb towards the door, and several daggers flew almost simultaneously.

As the daggers flew out, he slipped like an eel behind Wald, and placed a short sword at the gentleman’s throat.

"Poisoned, don’t move."

All actions flowed seamlessly, as if he had practiced countless times.

Wald looked at the smoke-covered door and the bluish glow on the sword, without doubting Roland’s words.

He teased with a smile, "Who visits someone bringing these things?"

Roland put away the short sword, calmly said, "Miss Sif didn’t tell me I was coming to your house as a guest when she asked me out, so of course I prepared for battle."

Looking at Roland’s calm face with no hint of unease, Wald silently adjusted his evaluation of him.

Quick, precise, ruthless action, and quite the thick skin, possessing the potential of an excellent politician.