Empress 39

Chapter 39: The Best Thank-You Gift

The carriage started slowly, then sped away.

The carriage moved quickly, but inside it was not bumpy.

Streets of this era were paved with stone slabs, uneven, with household waste and animal dung everywhere.

Some people even maliciously speculate that the nobility walk on tiptoe, carefully holding the hem of their skirts to avoid stepping on dirty things.

This view is widely accepted.

The reason for the carriage's smooth ride is the magic array beneath the compartment.

The highest-level magic array must balance stability, temperature control, cushioning, power, and even defense functions.

A large part of the cost of high-grade carriages lies in their magic arrays.

The stony resources of Theia Plane were exhausted in previous eras, declaring the end of the internal combustion era before it began. Magic civilization also sank along with the Magic Empire Creation Tower in the pre-magic era.

The so-called New Era is actually a civilizational low point in the history of the plane.

Sif sat in the carriage, unable to ponder the heavy topic of humanity's future; she was entangled in another matter that troubled and agitated her.

Roland firmly believed she and the Empress were two different people.

The normally sharp and incredibly smart him was strangely stubborn about this matter.

Perhaps this is what the sages meant by "even the brightest person has moments of confusion."

This beautiful misunderstanding was nearly impossible to explain.

Initially, she was not familiar with Roland, so naturally, she wouldn’t tell him the truth.

Upon reflection, there was only a momentary chance, the moment of removing the mask.

To reveal the "truth" as well as inform him of it at the same time.

Missing that instant, when Roland sought to benefit Count Sif in the name of the Empress, she completely lost the chance to speak up.

How would Roland take it if she confessed now?

Just as Sif cupped her face in distress, the carriage slowly stopped.

The carriage did not enter Sheffield Palace but instead arrived at the Wald family.

Reporting to the Empress is simple, completed in an instant in the sea of consciousness.

Informing the teacher is not easy.

The teacher could not take the shock of bad news.

Sif cautiously conveyed The Sun’s gossip columns to Wald, but the teacher showed no response.

As Sif was surprised, he slowly asked, "Does it have any impact?"

"Of course!"

Sif was so agitated she almost jumped up.

What a joke!

She hadn’t even held hands with someone of her age, but was falsely accused of having a chaotic personal life and even of being a bad woman pregnant, isn’t this serious enough?

Faced with the student’s complaints, Wald smiled and shook his head, "These are all minor matters. You’ll understand the specific reasons in time."

He wasn’t deliberately being cryptic; it was truly inconvenient to say.

Sylph, this child, was pure as if not from the Imperial Family.

Compared to those Imperial Family and nobility members with chaotic and decadent lifestyles, she was like an elf in the sea of flowers, untainted by dust.

Sif looked up at her teacher, asking softly, "What about Roland’s suggestion?"

She was somewhat conflicted.

If the teacher vetoed Roland, supporting him would be difficult for her.

"Of course it should be executed! Even if slander is unharmful, it cannot be allowed to offend senselessly. The Duke of Jinquehua Dynasty may ignore it, but the people behind the contributor should not be let go."

A glint of coldness flashed in Wald's originally cloudy eyes as he said coldly, "Leave this matter to me. How can a teacher not care when someone bullies my good student?"

"You go remind Roland, the minstrel in Monarch Square also needs attention; they enjoy reading stories from the newspaper to illiterate citizens. Make them stop."

"Quickly!"

Watching Sif's hurriedly departing figure, a smug smile appeared on Wald's lips.

Although Roland, the little fox, was smart, he couldn't compare to Wald's mature steadiness.

At critical times, they had to rely on him.

As the sun gradually tilted westward, Sif quickly bade farewell, and the carriage started again, heading straight for the poverty-stricken zone.

As the carriage entered the poverty zone, children playing by the roadside stopped, got out of the road as if they'd seen ghosts.

Children couldn't recognize the carriage's status, but they knew those who rode carriages were people with power and influence.

Being knocked down by such a carriage meant accepting bad luck.

Blocking a noble's road could mean death, only compensated with money.

Under the children’s hateful gazes, the carriage quickly arrived at Roland’s residence.

Sif hurriedly got off the carriage, seeing garbage everywhere on the ground, her brows furrowed.

She bit her tender lips, gathered her skirt tightly in her hands, and stepped off the carriage on tiptoe.

She now had a willingness to believe that the nobility trained to tiptoe to avoid stepping on garbage.

The coachman quickly ran over to knock hard on the door.

"Tom, knock more softly!"

Sif frowned, it felt too rude.

The coachman’s hand retracted slightly, quickly stopping the knocking, then called for the door to open.

The door slowly opened, not revealing Roland, but Lisa.

With their eyes meeting, Sif and Lisa had the same thought in their minds simultaneously.

How could it be you?

Where is Roland?

Luckily, Lisa’s mind was quick; she smiled and greeted Sif, "Roland hasn’t come back. I thought he was with you."

"Not back? Do you know where he usually goes at night?" Sif asked, a bit anxious.

"Usually, it’s most likely the library."

Sif internally dismissed Lisa’s conjecture.

With such a significant situation, Roland would definitely not go to the library.

Nearing nightfall, when minstrels would start performing under streetlights, Sif couldn’t worry about finding Roland, so she directly ordered the carriage to head to Monarch Square.

Resolve the issue first, then consider follow-up actions.

If there are minstrels performing tonight, let the coachman violently intervene.

Tom is no ordinary coachman; he’s quite skilled.

If a reason could be found, they would legitimately apprehend; if not, apprehend first and discuss later!

Sif thought, biting her lip.

When she donned her mask again, hurriedly stepping down from the carriage, standing in Monarch Square, she was stunned to see Roland already under the streetlights.

The minstrels were indeed performing, but the content was not today’s The Sun but what Roland planned to submit tomorrow.

Had he already thought of it?

Despite wearing a mask, Roland immediately recognized Sif in the crowd.

Some are born extraordinary, always the most radiant existence in the sea of people.

Like Sif.

Roland could always recognize her in occasions with more than five hundred people gathered.

Making way through the crowd, he smiled and came to Sif.

"Why did you come? Did you report to Her Majesty?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?" Roland asked curiously.

"She accepted your suggestion and thanks you for everything." Sif said softly.

Roland thought, finally.

Working hard was fine, but couldn’t do it behind a leader’s back. Needed to let her know strongly.

One must not only be capable of doing things but also show those who can promote you how hard you work.

"Roland, how did you persuade them? Minstrels tend to be arrogant individuals."

Sif skillfully shifted the topic.

Roland opened his left hand, a beautiful gold coin in his palm, then clenched his right hand into a fist, smiling as he said:

"Minstrels are human too, they need to eat."

He waved his fist, "With enough patience, communication isn’t difficult at all."

Sif was amused by Roland.

The guy is always so humorous in front of her, but in front of others, he never conceals his ruthless and cold side.

"Thank you."

Feeling saying thank you without further action was too perfunctory, Sif signaled the coachman to bring over the purse, intending to reward Roland with a bag of gold coins.

Seeing through her intentions, Roland quickly waved to stop her.

He opened his right hand, revealing a Crystal Pendant capable of summoning the White Rose Knight in his palm.

"I already have the best gift."