Empress 41

Chapter 41: I’ve Got It

Sylph returned to the palace early, and Roland was relieved as he watched the minstrel’s performance conclude in the square.

Not bad, though he demanded a hefty price, at least he delivered results.

The minstrel polished Roland’s draft, the performance was very successful, receiving rave reviews from the crowd, and the tips were several times higher than usual.

After the performance ended, seeing Roland preparing to leave, the quick-eyed minstrel swiftly wove through the crowd and blocked his path.

"Um, Mr. Roland, the manuscript you gave me was only the first Chapter, today’s performance has used it all, what about tomorrow’s performance..."

Looking at this guy’s cheeky grin, Roland couldn’t help but laugh.

Friend, where did your rebellious attitude go just now?

Had it not been for the gravity of the matter, he had to take him firmly in hand.

But the important things are urgent and can’t be delayed.

He took out the second draft he hastily wrote earlier from his pocket (the first draft was going to the newspaper tomorrow for submission) and handed it to the minstrel.

"Here, this is the second draft, memorize it first, perform it however you want, return the original manuscript tomorrow."

Stuffing the draft into the minstrel’s hands, Roland teased with a smile, "No extra charge this time, right?"

"Mr. Roland, what are you saying? Discussing money or not, you’re insulting performing arts!"

Under Roland’s peculiar gaze, the minstrel’s face blushed slightly, remembering the scene where he had just asked Roland for a three-pound gold coin fee, feeling a bit embarrassed.

He took out the gold coins and forcefully shoved them back into Roland’s pocket, "Am I someone who values money that much? I just don’t want the performance to be undervalued."

Roland didn’t expose his sophistry, nor did he refuse the returned gold coins.

He patted the other person’s shoulder and said with a smile, "I understand, art is priceless, measuring it by gold coins isn’t right, but artists need to eat too. Can I say that the collaboration is going well?"

"Of course, let me reintroduce myself, Adam, the minstrel."

Roland extended his hand to shake it with him, smilingly saying, "My real name is Roland, I’ll provide original manuscripts in the coming days. You..."

"I’ll deliver an amazing performance!" Adam had learned to respond quickly, laughing merrily.

He loved art, hence he liked being surrounded by audiences.

He also didn’t shy away from wealth, hence he liked being surrounded by gold coins.

Roland’s story is different from the classical knight novels and modern tragic literature popular in the market, more fitting to the ordinary citizens’ tastes.

Having reached a cooperative intent, he somewhat embarrassedly wrung his hands, softly asking:

"Mr. Roland, do you have any more brilliant artistic creations? I mean in a style close to this story of yours."

"How about the story of the three-year pact between the gifted youth and the Red Beard?"

Roland expressed the core of the story in the most concise terms, Adam listened, his eyes glowing.

He clapped his hands forcefully, exclaiming in admiration, "Oh, my God, I've met a true genius. I mean, you who wrote such stories are a genius."

"I wouldn't dare to claim that, the real genius is someone else."

Though his face blushed slightly, Roland honestly and unabashedly said:

"I won't charge an authorization fee, but you must ensure to narrate the story well. First finish telling the story of the Elf Epic, I'll provide manuscripts of other novels."

Although Adam grew increasingly excited, eager to drag Roland to the tavern for a night-long discussion of art, the discussion was forcibly halted because Roland needed to return home.

Adam looked at Roland in disappointment, grumbling discontentedly, "A woman, it must be some darn woman hindering your path to the pinnacle of art!"

"Alright, Mr. Adam, let's chat next time, I need to return home."

Watching Roland depart, Adam's slightly puffy eyes were filled with regret.

No need to think, rushing home like this surely means a fierce tigress is watching over him.

"Marriage is not only the grave of love but also the poison of artistic creation. Unlike you, as long as there’s money, a new bride every night is possible."

Adam whistled as he walked towards the area under the pink lights.

Tonight brought a fruitful haul, he could swap for a new bride again.

No, two.

Roland certainly didn’t know what kind of nightlife Adam, who styled himself as an artist, was going to have; he just wanted to get home quickly.

If he didn’t return home, Lisa would definitely sleep uneasily.

Hurrying home, stealthily climbing the stairs in the dark, Roland whispered toward the dining room, "Lisa, I’ve told you, light some candles. We have money now, don’t skimp."

However, his voice quickly came to an abrupt halt.

The dining room was empty.

Only two dishes kept warm by hot water.

Although they had long cooled along with the hot water.

It seems elder sister was indeed very sleepy today, even lacking the energy to wait for him to come back.

After finishing dinner, not wanting to wake Lisa, Roland tiptoed towards the bedroom.

Lisa’s bedroom was between his bedroom and the dining room; he couldn’t make too much noise.

As he passed by Lisa’s bedroom, he slowed his steps, held his breath, and sneakily walked by.

Muted sounds emanated from the room.

Mingled with pain.

Roland stopped in his tracks, heart skipping a beat.

Lisa must be in trouble!

It’s not deep into the night, had she been in good condition, she would certainly wait for him.

Roland didn’t care about how impolite it might be to break into a lady’s room at night, he pushed open the door with urgency, lighting a match in his hand.

"Sister, are you okay?"

The match lit the candle, bringing a soft glow to the dim room.

Lisa raised her head, her sweat-soaked hair disheveled, her thin lips stark white without any hint of color.

Roland was startled, quickly approaching the bedside and touching Lisa’s forehead,

Not hot, luckily it’s not a cold.

In this era, without antibiotics and special medicines, a cold could easily develop into pneumonia, a terminal illness.

The priest’s healing techniques could easily treat knife wounds but couldn’t handle invisible viruses.

They would just attribute the deaths from a cold to a lack of piety.

"Sister, what’s wrong?"

Seeing that Lisa didn’t have a cold nor external injuries, Roland wasn’t at ease but grew more anxious.

"No, nothing. Not injured nor sick."

"Sister Lisa!"

Roland protested discontentedly, "What’s wrong, tell me, I’ll find the best priest and doctor. I can ask Miss Sif, there must be a way!"

"Really nothing, not lying to you." Lisa whispered weakly.

Roland was too angry to speak, his eyes burning.

Feeling Roland’s sharp gaze like a blade staring at her, Lisa wanted to avoid it but couldn’t turn away as Roland cradled her cheeks.

His meaning was clear, no hiding.

Seeing Roland so concerned, Lisa’s originally cold body grew a bit warmer, even her lips curled into a smile.

She signaled Roland to lean closer, then whispered in his ear, "I’ve got it, yours."

Roland almost toppled to the ground.

He groused in annoyance, "Sister, read more books, holding hands doesn’t lead to pregnancy."

Lisa’s face flushed beating red, "You, what nonsense are you spouting! I meant I got extraordinary abilities like yours!"

"Sister, I suggest you relearn basic grammar, wait..."

Roland’s eyes sparkled with intense light.

"You have it too?"

"Yes, my profession is [Chef], probably considered as a supportive and assisting role."

Roland paused for a few seconds, burst into hearty laughter.

"Sister, there’s no such thing as support or not in extraordinary professions, as long as your strength is sufficient, each profession is extraordinary."

"Tonight, we must pop champagne! No, wait until sister’s health recovers to pop!"