

In the Name of Empress

#Chapter 5: A Kind of Companionship Called Setting Sail Together - Read In the Name of Empress Chapter 5: A Kind of Companionship Called Setting Sail Together

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Even a blind person can see that Alina is definitely not an ordinary exchange student.

She is likely a foreign intelligence agent using the guise of a student.

Though she possesses exquisite features that captivate at first glance, a beautiful spy is more dangerous.

Roland instinctively furrowed his brows.

He picked up the teacup but didn't drink, using a subtle manner to signal her to leave.

Yet Alina showed no intention of leaving voluntarily.

Casually removing her glasses, she sat as comfortably as in her own home, even taking the initiative to greet him.

"What are you staring for, sit down."

Seeing Roland not responding, she didn't feel embarrassed at all and introduced herself with a smile, "Let's get to know each other again. Alina de Buananaba, the plenipotentiary envoy of the Jin Yuan Republic to the Sussex Empire. The student identity is also real."

Roland's eyebrows raised slightly.

Though Jin Yuan is named a republic, it is still controlled by the old nobility.

The middle name 'de' holds no real meaning, only representing a long-standing noble lineage.

If Alina didn't want to reveal her noble identity, she would just say Alina Buananaba.

Adding 'de' shows at least an intention not to conceal.

Roland's expression slightly softened, and he picked up the teacup and took a sip.

"Miss Alina, your time is very precious, feel free to speak directly if you have something to say."

"Alright, I'll be direct. Come with me to Jin Yuan."

Pfft!

Roland spat the hot tea onto the table.

I asked you to be direct, but not this direct.

"Miss Alina, I don't understand what you mean." Roland maintained his composure.

"As far as I know, you're facing a bit of trouble right now. If no one helps you, you probably won't be able to fulfill your obligations this weekend."

Alina candidly said, "I am an astrologer, good at reading people. You are worth winning over."

"Our Jin Yuan is the Land of Freedom, everyone can find their place, and you certainly won't lose your head for writing novels."

Unexpectedly candid, Alina greatly improved Roland's impression of her.

It's no wonder she's an astrologer, recognizing his unlimited potential, her insight is impressive.

"Sussex is a country governed by law, and imperial authority does not override the state..."

Although Roland was tempted, eagerness would only cause him to lose points at this moment.

He must remain reserved.

Alina wasn't annoyed, only calmly asked a question in return.

"A country governed by law, do you believe that?"

Roland picked up the teacup and took a sip.

Of course, he didn't believe it. Even in civilized societies, the construction of the rule of law remains a long-term task, let alone in this monarch-ruled empire.

Seeing Roland not refuting, Alina didn't press on, instead smiled and said:

"Our country is the world's cultural center, never disrespecting artists like barbaric lands. Your talent shouldn't be buried."

Seeing Roland was still deep in thought, Alina seized the opportunity to say: "I'll arrange a ship for you, would you like to leave tomorrow afternoon or the day after?"

She subtly shifted the choice from whether to leave to when to leave, not giving Roland a chance to hesitate.

Roland might not be an artist, but he is certainly a valuable object of study.

Just as she thought Roland would be grateful, the young clerk asked in a deep voice:

"Miss Alina, can I bring someone along?"

"It's not impossible, but there has to be a reason, right, family?"

"Though not blood-related, she took care of me after my parents passed, she's like family to me."

Alina pondered for a while, nodded, and said: "I can arrange it. In exchange, you need to act as my long-term model and often visit my home."

Roland breathed a sigh of relief.

It seems Alina is serious. Only someone planning to keep their promise would consider feasibility.

Alina's bargaining reassured him.

He nodded, his expression serious: "Thank you, Captain Alina."

"Now that the personal matters are settled, onto business. Sit tight, I'm going to start painting." Alina casually wafted her hair aside, took out a drawing board.

She ostensibly came to find the painting model Roland, can't leave empty-handed.

After finishing the painting, leaving both payment and a boarding token, Alina hurriedly left.

Watching her leave, Roland sighed deeply in his heart and glanced out the window.

At this time, the sky was already dark, and only tiny dots of light twinkled on the streets.

He had come to this world long ago, but it was over half a year since the coming-of-age ceremony that he gained his memories.

Having lived in the Sussex Empire for eighteen and a half years, saying he had no feelings would be a lie.

Sussex is certainly not paradise, but Jin Yuan's moon is not necessarily brighter.

His departure would confirm his guilt.

Colluding with foreign spies, spreading rumors and defaming the queen, perhaps even adding treason to the list.

If the Empress pursued the matter seriously, the rest of his days would be spent in fear of being hunted by the world's strongest nation.

But he had to leave.

He didn't want to entrust his life to the whims of others.

Taking Lisa with him was both to prevent her from getting involved and to test Captain Alina's bottom line.

It was clear that, in Alina's mind, he had some value, but not much.

Silently, the young man gazed out the window, a trace of fantasy flickering through his mind.

Could Empress Sylph, who could treat cats gently, possibly forgive an unintended offense?

A girl who loves cats shouldn't be too cruel, right?

Soon, sounds from reality interrupted the young man's reverie.

"Roland, the girl who just came looking for you is so pretty. No wonder you're not interested in Miss Elizabeth. Come on, spill it, how did you meet, how long have you known each other, what's the progress?"

"Progress?"

Roland turned to see Sister Lisa's concerned gaze. After a moment's thought, he calmly said:

"Not that fast, I'd say. Unless something unexpected happens, I'll be leaving with her for Jin Yuan the day after tomorrow."

"That's indeed a bit slow... huh? What did you say?!"

Lisa's eyes widened, staring intently at Roland to ensure he wasn't joking. Her gossip-loving soul ignited completely, she eagerly asked:

"What's going on, tell me quickly!"

When Roland was young, she worried about him.

Now that Roland was growing up too fast, she worried even more.

"Sister, I'll explain the details later. In short, I ran into trouble and have to leave, and Miss Alina recognized my talents and wants to take me along."

Lisa placed her slender hand on Roland's shoulder, speaking softly: "It's good if you can leave, but isn't there another place you can go?"

"I'll stay in Jin Yuan for a while first, and if the situation turns unfavorable, I'll head to the Storm Islands. While Sussex is powerful, the sunshine of the Storm Islands doesn't belong to them."

Lisa sighed softly, her gaze full of loneliness and reluctance.

"In the future, you must learn to take care of yourself."

"I have two tickets, would you like to come with me? But over there, we wouldn't know anyone, and you might never see your close friends again in this lifetime."

Lisa looked into Roland's clear eyes and burst out laughing, "Are you still so big that you need your sister to take care of you?"

She laughed and said, "Since you're sincerely inviting me, of course, I won't refuse. Those close friends of mine have their own lives. They can live well without me. Who would take care of you if I don't? But I don't understand the language over there, I might not find a job."

"I'll earn money to support us."

Roland said resolutely.

Lisa laughed exaggeratedly, the sadness in her eyes fleeting.

After all, this was the homeland where she had lived for twenty years since childhood. Without sufficient reason, who would willingly leave their home?

Jin Yuan may be nice, but it's not home after all.

On the way home, she kept talking and laughing as usual, but Roland could hear her tremors.

In these times, even an emperor's voyage at sea escorted by a fleet could meet with accidents. The ocean was synonymous with danger and death.

Lisa went with him partly because she didn't want to be implicated, but she never saw him as an outsider, and this time was no exception.

Returning home and lying in bed, Roland found the whiskey left by his father in a cabinet corner and gulped it down fiercely, choking until his face turned red, and then he fell into a daze.

In his dreams, he found himself in a sea of flowers, where he encountered a beautiful girl in the center.

She sat beneath a large tree in the flower sea, her resplendent gown spreading out like a parasol, only revealing a small part of her restless white jade foot.

Her legs were unseen, but the partially hidden view fueled imagination.

Finally pulling his gaze back from the girl's retracted foot, Roland quickly became captivated by her amber eyes.

They were clear eyes, devoid of the slightest impurities.

Roland was a bit curious as to what kind of carefree life could produce such pristine eyes?

Although her face was veiled, she remained stunningly beautiful.

Her ivory smooth shoulders were delicate and unmarred by traces of mundane life.

Such a girl simply did not exist in reality.

Seeing the girl's pointed ears, Roland felt a stir in his heart; she was evidently one of the Elf Race extinct since the previous civilization era.

"Outsider, do you know how to tell stories? I have been asleep for too long, and I want to hear stories from the outside world," the girl asked softly, her curious eyes blinking.

"Of course, no one understands storytelling better than I do. What would you like to hear?"

"I want to hear a story about gods, imperial families, mystery, and love."

The girl's voice was exceptionally gentle, like a breeze brushing against the cheek.

Stories? You've come to the right person.

Roland cleared his throat, his gaze growing profound as he entered storytelling mode.

"Then I'll tell you the story of 'Oh My God, the Empress is Pregnant, Who Did It?'"