

In the Name of Empress

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Yesterday's Old Ticket, Can It Board Today's Wrecked Ship?

Sitting in the office, Roland looked at the upgraded talent card, but his joy was tempered.

[Profession: Writer]

[Tier: Tier Nine]

[Level: Excellent]

[Ability: Early Stage Memory, Basic Encyclopedia]

Winning the national essay contest championship pushed his writer level from ordinary to excellent.

At the same time, it also unlocked the Basic Encyclopedia.

This book covers many categories such as the history, humanities, geography, military, economy of the Sussex Empire, connected with consciousness, no need to take it out, can be directly queried from the mind. However, the content of the Basic Encyclopedia is relatively superficial, and secret royal secrets and precious knowledge found only in singular records cannot be queried.

Roland was not clear why these extraordinary abilities favored him, nor did he bother to think about it—anyway, it's a good thing.

Her Majesty the Empress is tolerant and benevolent, and the noble ladies have discerning eyes.

Good things, all good things.

If he had never seen Alina.

No matter if Alina desired his body or something else, she ultimately went all out.

The plans were set, the ship ticket prepared, and then you say you're not going? Just like that?

According to normal espionage logic, having leverage, wouldn't one threaten Roland fiercely?

Either take the ship ticket to Jin Yuan, or a summons from the Sussex Court.

She wouldn't let him off easily.

Roland pondered for a long time, seeing the stars outside his window, and feeling a bit hungry, decided to go home first.

Things have come to this point, still better to go home and eat first.

Sussex is a culinary wasteland, but Lisa's parents migrated from the culinary kingdom, Talia, her father was a renowned chef there.

Lisa's parents have passed away, but she learned their cooking skills, and for years, Roland has been eating at her place.

Just as Roland left the office, Lisa, who had been waiting for a long time, appeared like a ghost.

"Roland, how did it go?"

Roland was startled by Lisa's sudden appearance but couldn't help his lips curling up slightly, proudly whistling.

"Sis, we're champions, just the day today."

"Champion?"

Lisa hesitated for half a day before reacting, she eagerly asked, "Really nothing wrong then?"

Roland briefly explained, finally reassuring Lisa.

On the way home, Lisa was as happy as a bird freed from a cage, chirping non-stop.

Roland laughed along, and promised to go house-hunting on Belphar Street in a few days.

Though the reasons for their parents' passing differed, both were orphans, and after their last relatives departed, the two orphans living in the same small building dried their tears, bonding for warmth, caring for each other.

To be precise, it was Lisa single-handedly taking care of Roland. Without her, Roland's life would've been a mess.

Even the job at the post office was arranged by Lisa's help.

Now with money, naturally he must repay her care from these years.

After enjoying a delicious dinner at home, Roland did not rush to sleep, but quietly left the yard through the back door towards the address left by Alina.

He had to decisively and cleverly sever ties with Alina.

He was now the rising star of Sussex's literary scene; even if he went to Jin Yuan in the future, it must be as an artist visiting.

His status was different than it was yesterday.

The past was the past, the present is the present.

That verbal agreement naturally becomes void.

Though somewhat worried, he vaguely felt Alina wouldn't become enraged and react fiercely.

The Jin Yuan Republic is a major country, Alina is noble and an envoy, with her own finesse in handling affairs.

Learning of Roland's visit, Alina quickly came out, curiously asking:

"Can't wait to leave? Sailing by night is dangerous, I suggest departing tomorrow."

"Sorry, I can't leave."

Roland took out Alina's token, handing it back sincerely, saying:

"I just got news that I won the contest championship, Her Majesty the Empress doesn't mind the offense. It wouldn't be good to leave at such a time. I'll never forget your kindness, I owe you a favor."

Alina was stunned for a few seconds, her eyes somewhat dazed.

"Ah? Champion? Truly something worth celebrating."

Roland was a bit surprised, it seemed Alina wasn't angry, at least her expression didn't show it.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something but stopped.

Seeing Roland's expression, Alina playfully mocked, "You thought I'd be furious, then use the secret agreement to threaten you?"

Roland said nothing, tacitly agreeing.

Alina sighed softly, "You're insulting me. We in the Jin Yuan Republic respect artists, I am no exception."

Her tone held a hint of sigh, "Inviting you to Jin Yuan for refuge was treating you as a friend. How could I threaten a friend?"

Seeing Alina suddenly change demeanor, Roland thought to himself, this person must either be schizophrenic or histrionic.

But this was none of his business.

Judge actions, not intentions, Alina indeed helped him, despite the unforeseen turn, he had to acknowledge this favor.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, Alina proposed an additional request that while she is in Sussex, Roland has to come over every Sunday to act as a painting model, and occasionally share his novels.

"Just a few months till graduation, I need a regular model, it'll be you."

Despite the odd request, Roland agreed without hesitation.

As a writer, the most painful thing is lacking readers.

In this era, literate noblemen can hardly like his books, only Sylph is his loyal reader.

But Sylph is high nobility, the two are separated by an invisible thick barrier, at best considered a collector who occasionally reads.

Alina at least seems open-minded, perhaps a potential follower reader.

Happily accepting the arrangement, Roland again handed the ship ticket to Alina, intending to bid farewell.

However, Alina refused to take back the ticket.

"According to our customs, returning a gift is a great insult, requiring one party's blood to cleanse."

Alina's expression was solemn, her hand on the hilt with a cold voice, "Are you issuing a duel challenge to me?"

Ah, so your country has such a peculiar custom?

Since Alina said so, he could only believe it for now, holding the ship ticket awkwardly between giving it back or keeping it.

Fortunately, Alina thoughtfully offered a solution.

"You don't understand Jin Yuan, so it's not offensive. Keep this ticket, if needed someday, come find me."

Indeed a seasoned female spy, even at such times not forgetting to win over.

Roland accepted the ticket, righteously stating, "I won't betray Sussex, but I appreciate Captain Alina's goodwill, let this ticket be a token of our friendship."

After chatting for a while, and arranging their next meeting, Roland left Alina's residence and went home.

Just stepping outside, under the dim starlight, a dark figure suddenly appeared from nowhere.

Roland instinctively raised a fist preparing to defend, only to find it was a paperboy.

"Sir, freshly printed newspaper, do you want one?"

Roland was in a great mood today, naturally not minding letting the paperboy go home early.

He elegantly took out a few coins, handed them to the paperboy, and accepted the newspaper.

With dim light from the pastry shop nearby, he glanced at it and was immediately so angry he crumpled the paper into a ball and threw it away.

Is this what's claimed to be accurate and timely authoritative media, The Sussex Evening News?

Look at what you've written!

"Explosive! A Reactionary Writer Bought by Foreign Forces Slanders Her Majesty the Empress During Essay Contest, Officially Arrested by the Police Bureau."

Complete nonsense!

First, there was no slander.

Second, there was no purchase by foreign forces.

Lastly, there was no arrest.

Fake News!

What a bloody "authoritative media," Roland's assessment is that it doesn't even measure a hair of a bathroom paper.

Truly a wonderful day, except for the wasted shilling.