Empress 84

Chapter 84: One of Us, Brother Roland!

The Magic Association store wasn't busy.

Or perhaps there just aren't many descendants of the Magic Empire left.

A somewhat small store filled with the legacy of the Empire was surrounded by numerous small shops, with a few children playing on the slide next to the shop.

These children had fair skin, mostly brown and gold hair, closely resembling the mainstream ethnicity, the biggest difference being the color of their eyes.

These children all had black eyes.

This is a distinctive trait of the descendants of the Magic Empire.

A long, straight nose and black eyes.

When the descendants of the Barbarian Race and the Magic Empire were engaged in fierce battles, both sides resorted to personal attacks based on each other's physical features.

The Barbarian Race called the black eyes of the Magic Empire people the eyes of demons.

The Magic Empire people referred to the Barbarian Race as barbaric beastman hybrids.

In essence, they attacked each other viciously.

Roland, of course, didn't see black eyes as the eyes of demons.

What a joke, if black eyes were the eyes of demons, did he live in the same country as 1.4 billion demons in his past life? That would be too hellish.

Judging people by their appearance is wrong, but marrying someone based on their looks is quite alright.

When Roland suddenly appeared, the children were a bit puzzled.

This was the core area of the Association, typically no outsiders came in, but Roland looked quite different from them, sparking their curiosity.

Curiosity overcame their shyness, and the children gathered around Roland greeting him, "Big brother, where did you come from?"

"I'm from nearby Sussex." Roland responded politely to the children.

The children were instantly startled, quickly retreating from Roland.

"Run, run, it's a beastman descendant!"

"He's a Barbarian! He'll eat children!"

Roland: "..."

Maybe he should've brought Sif along.

Sif had a much stronger affinity with children than he did.

Children are the most honest; they couldn't resist pure beauty.

Fortunately, adults were more sensible, as the children scattered, the shopkeeper of the Magic Prop Shop warmly greeted him.

Upon seeing the book in Roland's hand, the shopkeeper asked in surprise, "Sir, I am the manager of the Magic Shop, Sura. I am curious, the book in your hand is..."

"It was given to me by Master Anthony the Great Mage. Sadly, only the first page has words; the rest is blank, and I can't understand it."

Sura observed for a moment and was quite certain this book came from Anthony himself.

Though surprised, he controlled his emotions well, smiling as he said, "Since you are a distinguished guest, please come with me. By the way, how should I address you?"

"Roland."

"Mr. Roland, please this way."

Sura's attitude was welcoming; he invited Roland into the store, personally served him a drink, and didn't rush into selling goods but first introduced Roland to the types and attributes of magical equipment.

The Magic Association's drink was distinctly different from the Sussex people's commonly drunk black tea; it was a special beverage made of mixed fruit juice, tasting somewhat like nectar from a Farmer's Orchard.

This was the first time Roland had tasted a drink in the Otherworld that resembled the flavor from his hometown.

Curious, he asked, "What is this drink called? Can I buy some to take home?"

"This is juice extracted from the fruit of a plant called Solanum. Not considered rare, but hard to preserve. If you wish, you can come by to drink it anytime, free of charge."

"Anytime?" Roland was slightly surprised.

Sura appeared more surprised than Roland, eying the book in front of Roland, testingly asking:

"May I take a look at this book?"

If this Wordless Celestial Book hadn't come from Master Anthony, Roland wouldn't mind tossing it to Sura.

But since it was a gift from an elder, giving it away lightly would be quite impolite.

He casually pushed the book toward Sura.

As soon as Sura's fingertips touched the Wordless Book, a radiant, light purple glow emitted.

No need to open it to know this book was genuine, yet he reluctantly leafed through it.

Stroking the pages, he was visibly emotional.

Though efforts maintained a calm expression, his lips were trembling slightly.

A moment later, Sura handed the book carefully back to Roland, slowly opening his eyes.

"The teacher had his reasons for such arrangements. This book is the official equipment for the Magical Empire Governor, holding this book means a status equivalent to an Honorary Citizen of the Magic Empire—you're one of us."

"No need to overthink, the Governors of the Magic Empire are divided into various levels. From Supreme Governors to provincial Governors, all can use the Governor’s Manual."

"Such a precious gift is beyond my capacity to accept. Mr. Sura, please return the book on my behalf."

Sura shook his head slowly, "Mr. Roland, this was a gift from the teacher, accepted by you; returning would be tantamount to provocation. Provocative insult leading to dueling results without the protection of peace treaties, regardless of life or death."

My goodness, you can’t get rid of it?

Then hold on to it as a token, find a chance to return it to the old fellow later.

Gifts exchanged under veiled information could be returned.

That’s the rule in Sussex.

The Magic Empire is gone now!

These lands now belong to Sussex, so the rules here must apply.

Though this ticket was somewhat hot to handle, it was very useful.

Since Roland was seen as "one of us," he was entitled to a sixty percent discount when shopping, and for first-time purchases exceeding three thousand pounds, a mysterious gift was included.

Thinking of receiving a gift from the Magic Empire filled Roland with anticipation.

Magical tools were generally expensive; purchasing just a few items could easily exceed three thousand pounds.

First, he selected a set of Demonized Armor for himself.

This armor needed to accommodate ample weaponry, be highly defensive, and lightweight.

Sura recommended the Moonlit Silver Armor reinforced with magic.

This craft was also a handed-down tradition from the Magic Empire, boasting outstanding physical and magical defenses.

What pleased Roland most about it was its large space.

Utilizing space magic, the Moonlit Silver Armor could hold a significant number of weapons.

Seeing Roland place various Explosive Bombs, Smoke Bombs, Tear Gas, along with Flying Knives and Pistols into the Silver Armor, Sura's expression was somewhat complex.

Though he considered his combat technique flexible and novel, witnessing Roland's equipment, he realized the gap.

Understanding why the teacher presented Roland with the Wordless Book, a little bit.

This was the most precious Wordless Book, or, the real Wordless Book.

This Moonlit Silver Armor, after discount, cost fifteen hundred pounds, leaving Roland somewhat pained financially.

Next, he went on to purchase equipment for Sif and Lisa.

Sif's equipment was a rapid-firing handgun with backup for five rounds and store three spells.

Lisa’s equipment was a Ruby Ring, simple and direct in its effect, enhancing the precision of Flame Control.

The total expense for these two items was two thousand four hundred pounds.

As for others...

The group’s funds were tight; rewards would follow their accomplishments.

Anyway, he had a pass for coming by anytime.

After the shopping, Sura carefully selected a gift for Roland.

A seemingly unremarkable Purple Gold Ring.

Noticing Roland’s puzzled look, Sura smiled, explaining, "This ring itself possesses no offensive capabilities. It will shatter and form a protective shield blocking some damage when you suffer fatal harm."

After hearing the explanation, Roland worried Sura might regret his choice, eagerly accepting the ring and repeatedly thanked Sura.