

In the Name of Empress

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Are You Trying to Rebel?

Although a bit uneasy, Lisa quickly calmed down.

This group of troublemakers is just bluffing; they are no match for Roland at all.

She and Roland learned combat techniques from Roland's father since childhood, so their fighting abilities are decent. Even if these agitated people do break in, they can't really threaten their safety.

Lisa, who was just frightened, recovered and was immediately fueled by anger.

"Roland, if you're embarrassed to take action, I will. I'll deal with these rude guys. They have no talent to win the championship and come to cause trouble. What happened to the dignity of cultured people? It's ridiculous!"

Roland shook his head and gestured towards the teacup, signaling Lisa to pour some tea.

Although a bit puffed up, Lisa still poured tea for Roland.

Seeing Roland actually sipping his tea leisurely, she couldn't help but ask:

"Why not beat them up?"

"According to the Empire's Public Security Law, beating them up would be mutual assault."

Roland took a sip of tea calmly and said:

"Moreover, the reporters are sharper than the Military Intelligence Bureau. If we open the door and fight back now, tomorrow's newspaper headlines would scream 'Imperial family essay competition winner and runner-up fight it out.'"

"Sister, we are people of status now. We shouldn't wrestle with maggots in the mud."

Lisa: "..."

Though speechless, Lisa agreed with Roland.

Protect against fire, theft, and reporters.

This group of people is pervasive, and their sensitivity to hot news is far greater than the Military Intelligence Bureau's.

If the headline scandal of a fight were exposed in the papers, in order to save the face of the Imperial family, Roland's championship might be revoked.

Even so, seeing Roland being overly calm, she gently reminded:

"Roland, this door can't withstand the anger of so many people. They'll get in sooner or later."

Roland put down his teacup.

"You're right, it'll be a hassle if these idiots smudge your new dress, sister."

He stood up, tore off a piece of curtain, tied it to the end of a mop, and, under Lisa's confused gaze, lit the curtain with a match and waved it out the window.

"Roland, what are you doing?"

Lisa's face was full of confusion.

Roland didn't explain but waved the curtain cloth in an anti-clockwise circle.

Just then, a convoy escorted by guards was passing through the street.

The coachman saw Roland's curtain-waving action, his face changed slightly, and he tightened the reins, and the guards also stopped.

The anti-clockwise flame signal is the emergency SOS signal of the Sussex army.

If someone from the Imperial Post Office sends this signal, it means the situation is very serious.

Seeing the convoy stop, Roland mimicked the action of pounding on a door with his hand, reminding them that there were thugs smashing the door.

After doing this, Roland sat back on the sofa, continuing to sip his tea.

Lisa stared blankly at Roland, feeling more and more at a loss to understand him.

Since about half a year ago, he often seems lost in thought and no longer clings to her to talk.

If it had been the Roland of a year ago, he would have just called for his sister to save him, but now he could sit there calmly drinking tea.

The post office's door, the Empire's law, the passing convoy—all were his tools.

Is this still that straightforward boy next door?

She subconsciously asked, "Roland, was all this in your calculations?"

Roland looked up at Lisa, roughly guessing what she was thinking, and said with a smile:

"Sister, don't overthink. I'm just an ordinary person who, by chance, won the essay contest. The problem isn't with me but with them. Faced with thugs, of course, you use the weapon of law to protect yourself."

"The weapon of law?" Lisa murmured, repeating it.

"Of course, our Sussex is a country of law. I've been hanging out in the library researching the law to study...ahem, how to use the law to protect myself," Roland said earnestly.

Lisa looked confusedly at the door being pounded with a thudding noise, softly whispering:

"The weapon of law..."

As an ordinary person, her attitude towards the law was always one of reverence, then avoidance.

In the eyes of ordinary people, the court is no different from Hell, yet Roland intends to use the Power of Hell to protect himself?

This familiar-looking brother seemed increasingly unfamiliar to her.

Just as she couldn't fathom how Roland won the essay grand prize, she also didn't understand how he dared to use the Power of Hell to protect himself.

Perhaps seeing through her confusion, Roland smiled and pointed at the door, "Between me and them, who are the bad guys?"

This question Lisa could answer, "They are!"

"Since I'm the good guy, why should I be threatened by bad guys with a stick? I need to protect myself."

Roland patted the thick wooden stick by the chair. "This is a weapon, and so is the law."

Lisa exhaled deeply.

Though she didn't trust the legal weapon, she trusted the thick stick Roland held.

Just as she was anxious and unsettled, the sound of iron boots hitting the stairs resounded down the hall.

"Gathering to besiege the Imperial Post Office, are you planning a rebellion?"

A loud voice came from outside the door, clearly accusing them of a grave crime.

The noisy and excited crowd instantly fell silent.

Then there was debate.

The angry young men murmured words like "cover-up," "predetermined," "shameless," but their energy was severely depleted.

After they finished complaining, a clear young girl's voice rang out.

"The essay results were determined by Her Majesty the Empress herself. Opposing the essay results is questioning Her Majesty the Empress's decision."

This statement was heavy, who would dare respond? The troublemakers hurriedly explained themselves.

"I didn't mean that."

"I absolutely dare not question Her Majesty the Empress."

They dared not challenge this young lady's reprimand.

The noble aura she exuded was unmistakable, and with the Imperial Guard behind her, she was clearly a Minister by Her Majesty's side.

In front of Roland, they were fierce and aggressive.

Facing nobility, they were timid and mumbled softly.

With a disdainful glance at these people, the noble girl coldly chastised them:

"You should be grateful for not causing serious consequences, otherwise you should consider spending a few years in prison."

"Go back and reflect properly. If you don't win an award and then cause trouble for the champion, you'll never become a master with that attitude."

Seeing the tone of the noble girl soften, the young authors naturally descended the steps, admitting their mistake and promising to reflect seriously.

As they were about to leave, the noble lady's butler coldly reminded them:

"Think you can leave without compensating for the post office's damages?"

Knowing they were at fault, the young authors dared not refute and obediently went to the counter to pay compensation.

The post office naturally wouldn't let them off lightly.

All the damages were demanded at ten times their value, greatly penalizing these rash individuals, leaving them pale and crestfallen, without any semblance of their previous bravado.

As the situation calmed down, the office door slowly opened.

Roland smiled and expressed his gratitude to the noble girl.

"Thank you, Miss Sif."

He had long recognized the voice as Sif Count's, but he didn't want to meet these colleagues driven by dull jealousy.

No matter what, gratitude was necessary.

Sif's handling was extremely appropriate, and Roland couldn't find any faults with it.

These young people were, after all, intellectuals, all potential recruits for the Empire's public service system. If they were severely punished for being incited to attack the post office, the impact would be terrible.

As long as they didn't dare come back, Roland wasn't interested in squabbling with a bunch of angry young people.

He was about to become a small literary giant, and it would be demeaning to argue with juniors.

Regarding Roland's gratitude, Miss Sif smiled gently, "There's no need to thank me. I happened to bring an etiquette teacher over. If you want to thank me, learn noble etiquette well. You were the champion handpicked by Her Majesty, and if you embarrass yourself, it's her disgrace."

Today she wasn't wearing her butterfly mask but veiled with light silk, maintaining her mystery.

"Rest assured, Her Majesty the Empress is wise and discerning. I will never disappoint the expectations,"

Roland knew Sif Count was the Empress's bosom friend and minister, and did not hold back his flattering words for the Empress.

He believed the Empress would hear these praises through Sif Count.

Don't be afraid that people won't hear your compliments behind their backs; someone will pass them along.

Praise, praise with all your might!

But he didn't notice that Miss Sif's cheek, hidden behind the veil, was slightly blushed with a trace of unnoticeable embarrassment.