Empress 95

Chapter 95: I Want to Be the Pirate King!

"The maid has gone to prepare lunch. In the meantime, could you pose as a model one more time? This time, just sit normally."

Following Alina's instructions, Roland sat properly in the chair, adopting a standard military posture.

There was an unintended smile at the corner of his lips, and the long-lost sunlight just happened to pass through the window, covering Roland's face with golden rays, making it hard for Alina to see clearly.

When she adjusted her glasses to look carefully, the dazzling golden light gradually faded back into ordinary sunlight.

A mysterious moment, but unfortunately very brief, impossible to capture.

Alina thought silently, the current Roland was also very good, easily reminding her of when they first met, him sitting on the dock railing, looking sadly into the distance.

At this moment, he was no longer sad, but still handsome.

Alina was happy for her good friend Roland's good mood, but art sometimes needs flaws; too perfect is imperfect.

She picked up her brush with a slight sense of regret and began to paint.

Her painting skills were excellent, and as she was only drawing a draft today, the progress was swift.

When the maid stood at the door to remind them that lunch was ready, she had just finished the final stroke.

"Thank you for your hard work. Let's eat."

Alina stood up with a smile and invited Roland to the small dining room.

The dining table was in the standard Jin Yuan style, with very long sides and very short ends.

Alina sat down casually, facing Roland.

Their distance was about a meter apart.

This was the distance of close friends.

Before touching the knives and forks, Alina already conveyed warmth to Roland, indeed an excellent and hospitable hostess.

"This is foie gras sent from home, the last of this year. Usually it’s kept chilled in the cellar. Try it and see how it tastes?"

Although not very interested in this abnormal fatty liver, Roland still politely picked up a piece of foie gras and put it into his mouth.

Mmm, the taste was really nice, tender and smooth, melting immediately, no wonder so many people flock to it.

He smiled and praised, "The taste is great, not inferior to the palace banquet."

That Alina did not like to hear.

The chefs who went to Sussex Imperial Palace were at best second-rate in Jin Yuan; she brought the most top-notch chef from Jin Yuan Kingdom.

The thought of countering that came to her lips, but thinking about returning home soon, Alina's tone softened.

"Try this dish instead. It's cream-baked snails."

The Jin Yuan giant snail was a renowned delicacy, a feast craved by gourmets.

But Roland wasn't very interested in such non-mainstream food. He made polite remarks but reached for the tender steak with his knife and fork.

The fresh beef was more to his taste.

Alina snapped her fingers, and the demonic puppet maid obediently came over to pour wine for Roland as she instructed.

Thinking that there probably wasn't much to do in the afternoon, Roland did not refuse.

"This is wine from Raphael Manor in 1782. That year, the climate conditions in our country were excellent, and the sugar content in grapes was the best in decades, making Raphael Manor's '82 wine very famous."

This world also had such things, it must be the kind that could last another thirty years without running out.

Considering Alina's special status, this bottle of wine must be authentic.

Roland held up his glass, taking the initiative to toast Alina.

"May our friendship last forever, cheers!"

Although not knowing why Alina sought him out, giving her a nice compliment first was never wrong.

Since they were friends, he couldn’t trick her easily.

Alina’s lips curved slightly in a soft smile, teasing, "Raising your glass to trap me, is this your attitude toward friends?"

Roland certainly wouldn’t feel ashamed by her words.

He calmly replied, "Of course, I yearn for pure friendship, but you’re not just Alina, you’re also a special envoy of Jin Yuan Kingdom."

Alina shook her head with a smile, gently clinking glasses with Roland, and downed her glass in one go.

She wasn’t offended by Roland’s attempt to pin a hat of ruining friendship on her.

Since she was leaving soon, she wished to leave a good impression.

"Roland, this is the last lunch."

Roland’s fingers clenched tightly, his complexion turned slightly pale, and his throat felt a bit itchy.

Dammit, is this woman really going to poison me?

"I’m planning to return home tomorrow. Oh, why are you sweating? Lanna, lower the fireplace a bit. Our esteemed guest seems to be getting warm."

Roland chuckled softly, using the motion of lowering his head to fork the steak to wipe away the sweat beads.

His every move was clear to Alina.

She sighed softly, speaking gently, "Roland, still bothered by the fate peeping?"

"Not really, it’s been such a long time."

"It’s not over, it’s still hidden in your heart," Alina replied with a stern face.

Roland put the steak into his mouth, savoring the authentic craftsmanship of the Jin Yuan chef.

A moment later, he slowly said, "Put yourself in my shoes. If our roles were reversed, could you let go easily?"

"I’m sorry," Alina whispered softly.

"Alina, isn’t the graduation season next spring? Are you in such a hurry to leave?" Roland did not continue the topic earlier; he asked casually.

"Yes, this diploma isn’t that important to me. Besides, I can graduate early."

"Alright then, I wish you a safe journey."

Seeing Roland’s noticeably relieved expression, Alina gently self-mocks, "Gods bless, that damned foreign female spy is finally leaving, thank goodness. That’s what’s in your heart, right?"

Roland laughed heartily, neither admitting nor denying, just calmly taking out the boarding pass from his coat pocket.

A magic paper sign in the shape of an old ticket.

"Alina, I remember you peeking into my fate track, and I also remember you giving me this ticket when I was at a dead end, drawing your gun when I needed help, providing intelligence when I needed it."

"Perhaps you give me a headache, but I'm ninety percent grateful."

Alina's eyes suddenly lit up.

After a moment, she teased with a smile, "I originally thought this old ticket could bring a potential literary scholar to our country, but I didn't expect your progress to be so rapid, turning into the Knight Order Leader in no time."

"I only saw the potential that your fate track indicated, but didn't expect the potential to be so formidable."

Roland softly replied, "I will cherish this recognition, it's the first time someone has valued me so highly. By the way, are you in a hurry to go home for some reason?"

"Not really, I initially hoped to break through to the next tier by observing your fate track, which is why I stayed. Unfortunately, your fate became increasingly hard to track, and staying here was meaningless."

Alina stylishly twirled her hair, her long locks fluttering as if in the sea breeze.

"I've chosen a different path. I'm going to embark on the path of the [Traveler], with my fleet, wandering the four seas, until I find the treasure in my heart."

That's really good... but too dangerous.

The oceans in this world are very ferocious, and shipbuilding technology is very backwards.

A few thousand-ton ship in a wild storm is just a lone leaf.

The deep seas also have mysterious giant demons, constantly devouring lives.

Though often teasing Captain Alina, if she really goes to be the pirate king, he wouldn’t be at ease.

"Stay, and I can help you monitor my fate."