Empress 97

Chapter 97: Heh Heh, It Worked

Alina decided not to leave.

Leaving would only make her a traveler.

Staying would allow her to see how far she could go down the path of an astrologer.

Even if the road proved impassable, she could always return to being a traveler. At least, she'd have tried.

Roland suggested Alina start with his enemy.

"First is the former vice-captain of the Knight Order, Warden, but you should hurry."

Alina understood implicitly. She disguised herself and, guided by Roland, entered the Knight Order.

Through the window, she closely observed Warden, who was feasting away. After a moment, she came to a conclusion.

Warden's fate was dark; his life force flickered like a dying candle in the wind. By tomorrow morning at the latest, his life would reach its end.

The results of observing fate couldn't be directly told to others; otherwise, there'd be backlash.

This is the real reason astrologers are so cryptic in their words.

It's not that they particularly enjoy being enigmatic.

Of course, those charlatans disguised as astrologers are an exception; they love this sort of thing.

Since Warden’s life was nearing its end, Alina could reveal a little in her words.

"Be careful of prisoners committing suicide. His death is very closely related to you."

She softly cautioned.

She didn’t specify which prisoner might commit suicide, but Roland should understand.

"No need to worry, I arranged that cup of poison wine. Alina, your prediction is spot on."

"You..." Alina stared at Roland, dumbstruck.

Her observation was indeed correct.

She initially thought Roland’s involvement might cause a flaw in the reading, but it seemed her skills were still sharp.

Alina wisely refrained from asking for more details.

This was the Knight Order’s private matter—Roland could talk about it if he wanted, but if he didn’t, she wouldn’t ask.

Those lacking boundaries are easily disliked.

She softly changed the topic, "Who’s next?"

"Another vice-captain. But he’s already gone, I can provide some clues."

"Please find a quiet room, bring his information, and keep me company for a while."

Roland led Alina to his office, hung a ’do not disturb’ sign outside, personally locked the door, and poured tea for Alina.

He opened the bottom drawer, took out a stack of dossiers, and handed it to Alina.

"It’s his information, you can use it as a reference."

Alina took the materials Roland provided, quickly skimmed through them, and with a flourish, drew out a box of exquisite cards from somewhere on her chest.

"Divination, begin!"

"Are these tarot cards?" Roland eyed the lifelike angel design on the back of the cards, curious.

"No, these are Angel Cards. Many understand tarot cards, but few play with Angel Cards."

Despite being an introduction, she couldn’t help but show off a little.

Roland said nothing, yet his eyes filled with amazement were the best compliment.

Alina removed her glasses.

Though she could divine with or without them, removing them made her full potential for astromancy manifest.

Glasses off, cards drawn, Alina’s presence transformed completely.

Her eyes gleamed with the light of knowledge, as if the entire starry sky was behind her.

The first card drawn showed a child angel curled up like a baby.

The card landed on the table.

Without a sound, Roland's heart leaped.

What's going on?

It was supposed to be a divination for Stanley, yet why did he feel a flutter in his heart?

Alina murmured to herself, her eyes gradually deepening, quickly drawing a second card which landed at the table's corner.

This was an elderly angel card.

Alina muttered under her breath, and one card after another flew out, falling into different positions, forming a mysterious constellation chart.

Roland couldn't recognize what constellation these cards made, but his heartbeat quickened.

He couldn't help but pull out a handkerchief.

Looking up, Alina's cheeks glistened with more sweat, almost soaking.

He instinctively wiped away her sweat first.

Alina slightly looked up; her chanting continued, but her eyes held a grateful look.

The sweat was indeed uncomfortable, but she had no time to deal with it.

Compared to the straightforward Warden, Mr. Stanley was truly heavyweight.

His life was too complicated.

From family upbringing, emotions, and career.

Thankfully, Alina didn’t need to divine his entire life, only focus on connections with Roland.

Yet, there were still troubles.

Mr. Stanley and Roland had many ties.

The current entanglement was just not such an important link.

She hesitated slightly but continued along the observed trajectory of fate.

After a time unknown, blood seeped from her lips.

Roland quickly took out a second handkerchief to catch the flowing blood.

He was secretly alarmed.

Had he known the astrologer path was so fraught, he wouldn’t have become this scheming advisor.

Alina dying here would undoubtedly cause international disputes.

Though he didn’t believe in any gods in this world, he silently prayed for Alina’s safety.

Fortunately, Alina wasn’t directly observing Roland, so while there was backlash, it wasn’t severe.

After spitting two mouthfuls of blood, Alina’s once rosy cheeks paled, yet her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Hehe. Success, finally achieved."

Seeing Alina’s somewhat manic state, Roland grew worried for her.

Damn, what did you achieve? It’s so dangerous, why not stop?

Alina took Roland’s handkerchief, carefully wiped the bloodstains, and pocketed it.

"This handkerchief will serve as a souvenir for my upcoming Tier Eight breakthrough. You won’t miss it, will you?"

"Of course not, should you fancy anything, just say a word."

Roland breathed a sigh of relief, quickly reacting, "Wait, Tier Eight, breaking through so fast?"

"Not quite yet, I need to go back and carefully organize it, prepare the materials for promotion. But this time, there’s no problem with the promotion."

"No need to continue observing?"

Roland felt slightly regretful; he was quite curious about his fate too.

Alina laughed, "To fully observe your fate’s trajectory, I need to keep trying. Forcing it now, I can’t withstand the backlash. I’ve already failed once observing you, the backlash for another failure would be severe."

"Then don’t force it, go back and rest well. You don’t need to tell me the observation results this time; my curiosity isn’t that strong."

Alina was in great spirits, smiling and shaking her head, "I can reveal a little: Stanley will meet you again; the rest I can’t say."

"An enemy?"

"Unknown." Alina rarely played the role of enigmatist.

Roland shrugged, unknown is better than outright hostile.

Alina bid Roland farewell and was about to leave when the crisp sound of high heels on the floor echoed down the hallway.

"Oh no, someone’s coming for you, and it’s a woman. I’ll hide!"

Alina looked around Roland’s office, spotted a large wardrobe, and prepared to dive in.

She hadn’t moved when Roland grabbed her collar.

"Alina, are you in such a rush to mess up? We had nothing to begin with; your hiding would cause even bigger issues."

Alina had a blood-stained handkerchief in her pocket, making it even harder to explain.