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Chapter 103: Pitiful Mages

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“You must be very unhappy that I didn’t come into conflict with the headquarters, right?” asked Roland.

He had been examining Aldo’s face as he asked, as if to read Aldo’s mind.

At this moment, Aldo looked a little depressed. He seemed to have experienced some major upset in life, and his eyes had no spirit in them and even appeared somewhat numb.

He shook his head numbly at Roland’s question. “It has nothing to do with that. It was the handsome young talent of the Bard family who came, so it’s quite normal for him to know when to advance and when to retreat. With the personalities of the Golden Sons, sooner or later you’ll be in conflict with the headquarters. I’m in no hurry.”

“Then what the heck is with your lovelorn appearance, Chairman?” Roland found a chair and sat down.

There were extra chairs, but Aldo didn’t sit. The dim light in the lab made the chairman’s expression seem even gloomier.

“My child is gone!”

Upon hearing this, Roland instead replied with a question. “I don’t recall you having a child.”

“You know I have taken in many female slaves; most of them have relations with me.” Aldo sighed softly. “Some time ago, when I led them away from the people that came from the headquarters, I hid in a nearby mountain where I have a secret sanctuary. But one day, a woman had a miscarriage, the baby was six months along, and I didn’t notice. I didn’t know until after she had a miscarriage.”

Posterity was certainly a really important matter. Roland followed with a sigh and said, “My condolences. Although it’s a little improper to say this, you’re still young, so why don’t you have a few more babies?”

Upon hearing this, Aldo looked at Roland in a strange way. “Don’t you Golden Sons ever worry about having children?”

“We do worry, and this might come to you as a surprise,” Roland shrugged and said, “I don’t have any offspring yet, but I’ve heard from my elders that raising a child today is a lot of trouble and very expensive.”

Aldo looked at Roland strangely. “I don’t know about what goes on in the plane of the Golden Sons, but it’s very difficult for mages to reproduce here.”

Roland froze. “I’m curious as to why that is.”

“Because of the disparity in individual strength, it’s very difficult for ordinary women to conceive the children of professionals—the greater the strength gap is, the smaller the chance is. So people who are professionals tend to link with professionals, and there’s a good chance that their child will also be a professional.”

Would professionals gradually become a different species as they grow stronger?

Roland thought for a moment and asked, “Then it also isn’t easy for normal males to impregnate female professionals?”

Roland sighed. “We mages are so pitiful. It’s highly difficult to learn spells, highly exhausting at early stages, and now it’s even difficult to find a partner. So, we mages can only search for female mages?”

“Yes, but you could also find a female warrior who’s much weaker than you, or some female agility-type professions, the chances aren’t low either. However, they’re not easy to find. They like men who are sturdier—we’re not their first choice.”

Roland sighed deeply. “Listening to you speak, I don’t even want to be a mage as much anymore.”

Aldo finally laughed at Roland’s antics, but he still looked miserable. “I’ll always be blacklisted at the headquarters, and it’s almost impossible to find a female mage of similar strength now. I had given up and was going to die with a bunch of ordinary women or adopt a son. I just never imagined that there would be a woman who was pregnant with my blood. I never even imagined that the Magic Goddess would give me hope and then take it away

from me.â€

Roland felt curious. â€œDidnâ€™t the woman who was pregnant with your blood tell you that she was pregnant? By six monthsâ€™ time, she should have a slight bump on her belly, and no matter how dull she is, she should have realized that she was pregnant.â€

â€œShe didnâ€™t dare.â€ Aldo smiled bitterly. â€œBecause we mages are more mysterious in the eyes of normal people, and also lofty. I never mentioned the matter of offspring, so they didnâ€™t dare to expect anything. And she was afraid that if she, a slave, conceived my child, it would be aborted as a bastard who should not have been born. So she had been constantly enduring it. She planned to wait another half a month, to save more money, then sneak away and have the baby.â€

â€œIt seems quite reasonable for her to consider things like this.â€ Roland sighed. â€œWhy did she have a miscarriage?â€

â€œShe went to the foot of the mountain to draw water, and when she carried it halfway up the mountain, her foot slipped and she rolled downâ€”although she rolled less than 20 meters, her stomach hit a stone.â€

Roland sighed again. At first, he thought he could hear some imperial-harem drama.

â€œI was just a little way up there, and when I saw her roll down, I went down to help her up, but I saw a lot of blood coming from her lower body. And she grabbed onto my pants, and no longer tried to conceal it, crying for me to save her babyâ€”my baby.â€

Aldo put his right hand to his forehead and inhaled painfully. â€œBut I only know offensive spells, and some enhancement spells. I donâ€™t know about healing spells. I frantically sent people back to the city to get the priest from the Church of Life, but it was too far away and the child was gone.â€

His voice was of pain and remorse, and he had that haggard look across his face.

Roland could vaguely feel how much Aldo was suffering.

Aldo continued, â€œEven though she doesnâ€™t have any children, I decided to let her get wellâ€”she could conceive my baby once, so there might be a second time.â€™

Roland thought Aldo was right about that.

â€œIâ€™m not in the mood to manage the Magic Tower right now.â€ Aldo walked to the head of the stairs, looked at Roland, and pleaded, â€œSo youâ€™ll be in charge of the operation of the Magic Tower for a long time.â€

â€œIâ€™ve still got those same words: youâ€™re that reassured about me?â€

â€œIf you were going to abscond with the Magic Towerâ€™s resources, you would have done so long ago. Thereâ€™s no need to wait for me to return.â€

With that said, Aldo left.

After a while, Vivian came up with some drinks and cakes in her hands. She placed the plate on the table and then said, â€œThe Chairman is a little pitiful.â€

Roland asked, â€œYou heard all of it?â€

â€œYou guys didnâ€™t try to keep your voices down. We all heard.â€ Vivian sighed. â€œIâ€™ve heard about the Chairmanâ€™s past. Heâ€™s got it a lot harder than what Deputy Chairman images. Especially the two years after his woman betrayed him, the Chairman was almost broken.â€

â€œHow did he bear through it?â€

â€œHe seemed to have come to accept it,â€ Vivian said simply.

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