

Emilia and Ram's Very Bumpy Master-Servant Relationship

Chapter 1

That night, in a room at the Roswaal manor, a clear singing voice echoed.

It was already several hours after sunset; an hour where healthy people would normally be in their beds. Something like singing loudly in the middle of the night was normally an action that would lead unavoidably to a reprimand. Even the mansion of Margrave Roswaal L. Mathers was no exception to this.

However, if noise was the only reason for the reprimand, then in this one room only, it wouldn't be a problem. That's because this room was the west wing's music room, with soundproofing installed.

Hence, reprimands towards that singing voice would not be due to it having disrupted sleep...

"...Emilia-sama, you're not putting your full effort into singing this evening."

The reprimand instead was due to the singer's heart not being put into her voice.

Seated in a chair, with her light red eyes narrowed, the one who had spoken out was a girl in a maid uniform. Her pink hair was styled short, and her adorable features held a cold, clever expression.

One of the mansion's servants, she was the elder of the twin sisters, and the haughty, disrespectful one - Ram.

The one Ram's cold words and gaze were directed to - the owner of the singing voice - let her song fade with a "Mmm..." and turned around slowly with an unhappy look.

She was a girl with long, beautiful silver hair, and features so well-arranged they might make one tremble. Her clear white skin was flushed faintly in embarrassment, and her amethyst eyes glowed with an anxious light. Her form, covered with thin nightclothes, had a bewitching elegance, but the biggest impression was made by the bucket she was holding in her hands for some reason.

The girl - Emilia - turned, held the bucket to her chest, and looked down.

"You can tell, then?"

"Yes, Ram can tell. Her eyes and ears are first-class, after all. Also, you've carelessly dropped the bucket several times now."

"Mmm, that's right. I've been rude to Professor Bucket too....."

With an apologetic face, Emilia stroked the bucket several times with graceful fingertips. It was an odd situation, both in terms of the picture it made, and the way things were turning out, but Ram refrained from any response except a sigh.

Emilia, with bucket in hand, and Ram were together in the music room late at night for secret training to improve Emilia's tone deafness. A travelling minstrel's stay at the mansion had brought Emilia's tone deafness to light, and Ram had promised to help her improve.

The current situation was that once every second day, that scene of training was repeated in the night, but...

"Emilia-sama, time is limited and precious. Training that cuts into sleeping time is bad for your appearance as well... Don't forget that this sacrifices Ram and Emilia-sama's beauty for tomorrow."

"I feel veeery badly about that, but... is it really that terrible?"

"Indeed, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to call it one of the greatest losses in the world. Rem is worried about it as well."

"Mmm, that is bad, isn't it. I'm very sorry."

Disheartened, Emilia's shoulders sagged. Perhaps it was just one's imagination, but it seemed that her unusually long ears - evidence of the elven lineage of her blood - those long ears also drooped, showing proof of her self-reflection.

Just as it looked like, Emilia had an honest, serious personality. Her character was unquestioned, so the state she was in tonight was all the more disturbing. She was a girl who, for better or worse, always focused on what was in front of her; for her to be so obviously distracted was not a common thing.

"Aah, very well then. ...Emilia-sama, if there's something you're worried about, please tell me."

"You don't mind?"

"Roswaal-sama has instructed me to attend to your every need, after all."

She had offered her loyalty to Roswaal, and to earn his reward she set aside any annoying, troublesome feelings. Also, Emilia's growth and mental health were of vital importance to their camp.

If she could be of assistance for that purpose, it was really no trouble at all...

"Actually, I wanted to talk with you a little about Subaru....."

“Gah.”

That helpful posture crumbled away with the next word.

Chapter 2

“Lately, Subaru has been helping out with various things around the mansion, right? So, I was thinking I’d like to thank him somehow, but.....”

“Aha.”

“But, there’s nothing Subaru wants, and when I try to thank him, he tries to pass it off with a joke like ‘I don’t need a thing. Your smile is enough!’.”

“Mhmm.”

“So, instead of trying to ask him, I decided I’d try to think of something myself.”

“Huh.”

“...Ram, are you actually listening?”

Emilia, burning with motivation, frowned with dissatisfaction at Ram’s listless replies. However, the one who wanted to swell with dissatisfaction and explode was Ram. On the topic of Subaru - in regards to Subaru Natsuki, Ram’s impressions had become extremely complex and troublesome.

He’d saved Emilia at the capital, and after being hired as a servant at the mansion, put all his effort into becoming the key to resolving the mabeast incident. He’d worked his way into the heart of Ram’s beloved little sister, Rem, and was a troublesome young man noisily passing life day by day - it wasn’t that she wasn’t thankful to him. She had absolutely no intention of tell him that directly, however.

“So you see, Ram is listening properly, but her will to give a proper answer is diminishing.”

“Hmph, you’re saying that sort of thing again... you’re sort of like Subaru in that way.”

“Emilia-sama, there are things it’s fine to say and things you shouldn’t say. Apologize.”

“Aww..... Even though Ram said the same thing to me earlier.....”

When Ram lowered her voice after that humiliating assessment, Emilia apologized with a face that showed she didn’t agree with it. Ram accepted that apology, and continued “And so”,

“In the end, Emilia-sama, what is it you’d actually like to do?”

“Umm, actually I’m not sure... Say, a while ago Subaru made a big fuss over trying to make mayonnaise, right? Do you remember?”

“How could Ram forget? Storing and replenishing it somehow became Ram’s job.”

Mayonnaise was a curious seasoning, apparently famous in Subaru’s hometown. It’s main ingredients were eggs, oil, and vinegar, and after various twists and turns, it had been reproduced at the Roswaal estate. Ram wasn’t very fond of it’s distinct flavor, but not only Subaru, but also Emilia and Beatrice liked it, so regularly replenishing the stock had somehow become part of Ram’s daily work.

“Remembering that, Ram’s blood starts to boil... Why does she have to do this extra work?”

“Subaru was really excited over that mayonnaise, and if we could make him that happy again, I think that would be a way to thank him. So, isn’t there something you can think of?”

“Something Ram can think of?”

“If we knew something about Subaru’s hometown, or something like that, I thought it might give us an idea.”

As Emilia clenched her fists in front of herself, her face full of motivation, Ram folded her arms.

Honestly, much about Subaru Natsuki’s identity was unknown - speaking more concretely, many things about him were suspicious. Of course there was the timing of his joining the Roswaal estate, and information about him before he met with Emilia at the capital was could be called vague, at best.

However, even at the critical period of the Royal Selection, Roswaal had carried on a hands-off policy in regards to Subaru. Well, that was Roswaal. Naturally, Ram obeyed him, believing he had something in mind.

“Well, from his appearance, Ram would guess that Barusu is from somewhere outside Lugunica... a rich kid from a wealthy family in some appropriate country.”

It wasn’t as common lately, but Subaru lacked common knowledge in odd places. However, Ram felt that this wasn’t due to a poor standard of living in his past, but rather the opposite.

His fingers, teeth, and skin were pretty. His speech was improper in many ways, but he had a rich vocabulary. That was the gift of an excellent education, and showed he’d been treated very well by those he lived with.

"Mmm, that's what I think too. Secretly, I was trying my best to figure out where he comes from, and I read lots of books, but....."

"From your expression, Ram takes it the result wasn't favorable."

"I wondered a little if he wasn't from the Kararagi city-state..... Subaru sometimes uses odd expressions, but it's not really the Kararagi accent, is it."

Even out of the four major nations, the culture that had taken root in the Kararagi city-state was distinctive. Emilia's guess wasn't bad, but Ram, too, felt that it wasn't Subaru's country of origin.

Regardless, Ram was not in possession of the answer to the question occupying Emilia's thoughts. Honestly, she thought that the fastest way to find the answer would be simply to try asking Subaru directly.

"If we did that, the whole point of this plan would be ruined. It's important to get ready secretly, so that Subaru doesn't find out. I talked with Puck about it, too."

"Blast, you didn't have to go that far..."

"Ram, you made a reeeally scary face just now..."

Thanks to the advice of the Great Spirit, Emilia's will to complete her goal had become abnormally troublesome. Despite that, Ram didn't have any means of finding the right answer without any clues, either.

So, the help she extended to Emilia as she continued to mumble softly to herself, was not in the form she had hoped for.

"Since it's Barusu, Ram thinks that he'd be very happy no matter what Emilia-sama was to give to him..."

"It wouldn't do for Ram to be taking Subaru's jokes seriously, too. He won't answer me honestly, after all."

"It's your own fault, Barusu; after all your joking around, she won't believe what you say now."

As Emilia waved her hands with a blushing face, Ram shrugged at her in resignation.

"Emilia-sama, Ram doesn't know the taste of Barusu's hometown, but perhaps she can tell you a way to make him happy."

"Really? How can we do that?"

“The mayonnaise that Barusu likes; there’s a way to make it taste even better.”

At Ram’s words, Emilia clasped her hands together and her eyes lit up.

As she did that, the bucket that had been held in her arms fell to the floor, and a shrill noise resounded through the music room.

Chapter 3

“You know, nee-sama. I’m still not sure why I’ve been called here, and it’s scaring me.”

“Stay quiet and seated, Barusu. Nothing bad is going to happen.”

“When you say it like that, it’s even more scary……OK, OK, don’t glare at me!”

At Subaru’s unmanly muttering, Ram’s glance towards him exposed her scorn. Subaru wilted under the sharpness of that gaze, and Ram snorted in contempt.

The location was the dining room, and the date was the day after the night-time conversation. Subaru had no idea what was happening, but Ram had a goal in rushing him to the dining room, and forcing him to sit down.

The boy in the butler uniform was looking around uneasily, wondering what was going to happen. However, his expression suddenly changed due to a faint, warm aroma began to enter the room.

“Oh? That’s kind of a nice smell…”

Subaru sniffed the air, and then turned towards the dining room door as it opened noisily. As he did, he saw Emilia’s form, pushing a cart with a silver tray atop it.

“Emilia-tan?”

“…Sorry to keep you waiting, just kidding.”

As though she were trying to imitate Ram or Rem, Emilia spoke just a little humbly, before sticking out her tongue teasingly. Watching from the side of her eyes as Subaru was smitten by that gesture, Ram walked over to the cart Emilia had brought, and quickly set out it’s contents in front of Subaru.

“Um…… Is it alright if I ask what the occasion is?”

“Hoho, a very good question indeed. This is, in fact, Ram’s and my everyday expression of thanks to Subaru.”

“Huh!?”

Emilia’s confident, proud declaration drew a simultaneous cry from both Subaru and Ram. The response showed amazement as well, but at it, Subaru turned around exaggeratedly.

“Wait wait wait! Why is Ram surprised too? What’s going on there!?”

“Yes, please explain this, Emilia-sama. Ram expressing thanks to Barusu? Ram can’t see what you mean at all. There’s simply no way……!”

“That’s taking it a little far, isn’t it?!”

“That’s right. I know you’re a little embarrassed, Ram, but still…”

As Ram trembled in humiliation, Subaru and Emilia’s reactions were completely unexpected. Emilia touched a finger to her own lips, and continued with a face devoid of malice.

“Just recently, Subaru assisted Ram with gathering ingredients for tea, and he helped with cleaning up after the snow festival, didn’t he. I understand that much, you know.”

“That was…”

Faced with an uncomfortable truth, Ram was left open-mouthed by Emilia’s rare on-target assessment. And, as she hesitated to make a counterargument, Emilia’s attention shifted towards the puzzled Subaru.

“Anyways, this is proof of our thanks. So, hurry and open it up, Subaru.”

“Oh, uh, got it. I gratefully accept Emilia-tan’s kind feelings, and Ram’s rare gratitude.”

Ram wanted to tell him not to accept her gratitude without her permission, but she was yet again too slow getting a word in.

The plate atop the silver tray was covered by a silver lid. Grasping it’s handle, Subaru fearfully checked the contents of the plate, and found…

“Steamed…potatoes?”

“Not just any steamed potatoes. These are steamed potatoes specially crafted by Ram and I!”

Bit by bit, Ram’s cooperation and unlikely gratitude were revealed as an accomplished fact.

Setting aside Ram's chagrin, Subaru listened to Emilia's excited explanation, and took a steamed potato in hand. Holding the freshly-cooked potato that was still giving off steam, he looked back and forth at the two of them.

Emilia looked on expectantly, Ram frustratedly, with their eyes lit up.

"Nom... nom... munch munch.....!? No way, this is...!"

"Yes! That's right! You can tell? So, you can tell, right?"

"It has lots of mayonnaise worked into the middle...! B...baked potato! It's a baked potato!" (note: Subaru said 'baked potato' in phonetic japanese, so the word is unfamiliar to Emilia and Ram.)

"That's it! It's a.... 'baked potato'! But that's not all..."

As Subaru called out the name of a food she'd never heard, Emilia face broke into a happy smile. Then the two of them, speaking together turned towards Ram.

"The seasoning is just right!"

At those radiant faces and voices, Ram's bad mood vanished completely.

"...Well of course. Ram's steamed potatoes are the second most delicious in the world, after all."

Repressing a sigh at the possibility of steamed potatoes and mayonnaise, Ram replied like that.

...And there's just a little more to the story.

"Nee-sama, I heard from Emilia-sama. Together with Emilia-sama, you treated Subaru-kun to the greatest steamed potatoes or something."

"...It's not like that, Rem. That wasn't my intention at all."

"No, it's fine. To know nee-sama is being kind to Subaru-kun makes Rem very happy, as well. ...If she's a little bit lonely about it, that's just Rem being selfish."

After hearing the story of the baked potato, Rem smiled like that and walked away.

Having been spoken to like that by her beloved little sister, Ram extended a hand that didn't reach her sister's back, and eventually clenched that hand into a fist. Her hand trembled, and she ground her teeth...

“...Barusu, this cannot be forgiven.”

For several days afterwards, Ram was determined to oppress Subaru, and Subaru himself wailing “Why is this happening to me!?” was the result.

Source: <https://tieba.baidu.com/p/4840386734>