Empress 103

Chapter 103: Hello, Silver Knight!

The gentle dawn awakens every sleeping child.

Except for the Sussex people.

In winter, they rarely see the dawn.

As more factories appeared in Camden District and other places, the Sussex sky changed color.

From a blanket of white fog to gray smog.

The magnificent sound of bells wakes up the surrounding residents, including those in the Holy Hall.

Adam, who had spent the night restless in the woodshed, got up.

The door was violently pushed open.

The nun in white, cold-faced, placed a wooden basin and towel for washing on the small wooden table by the wooden bed, then took out the steaming black bread from her bosom.

Natasha was about to toss the bread onto the table, but when she saw how dusty it was, she took off her headscarf and laid it down, then dropped the bread.

From start to finish, she hadn't said a word, and her pale face was as cold as the glaciers back home.

But Adam knew his sister's heart was warm.

Just like this steaming large bread.

She, like him, always struggled to speak gently to family.

After breakfast, Adam went to the main hall of the Holy Hall, wanting to thank Bishop Herman in person, but was stopped outside by the white-robed priest.

The priest very politely told him not to bother to thank, just don't trouble the bishop any further.

The priest's attitude was kind, a hundred times more polite than his sister, but Adam felt a chill sweeping over him.

Adam held his breath, left the Holy Hall, and walked aimlessly down the street.

Passing by the alley where he was ambushed yesterday, his heart tightened, and he walked in, hoping to find clues.

Soon enough, he regretted it.

Smart people don't stumble into the same trap twice.

But he was a fool.

Just as he was rummaging for clues, he heard the sound of footsteps at both ends of the alley.

Without even looking up, he knew he was surrounded.

Adam's heart trembled slightly.

He reached to touch the dagger hidden in his trouser leg, but grasped nothing.

His heart sank.

It must have been removed during treatment yesterday.

Without weapons on hand, and with enemies prepared, his chances of survival dropped dramatically.

Adam closed his eyes, utterly desperate.

Seven in front, five behind, and two on the roof armed with firearms for an ambush. How could he possibly escape?

Wait!

Adam suddenly opened his eyes. How could he perceive such detailed information?

His body began to tremble.

This time not from fear, but excitement.

He felt a tremendous power and the soul-bound card.

[Minstrel]

[Tier Nine]

Seeing Adam standing there dazed, the leader who had ambushed him yesterday laughed harshly like a night owl.

"I heard stupid bears always retrace their steps; I never thought someone could be dumber than a bear, hahaha!"

Other ambushers joined in with their raucous laughter.

They learned from yesterday’s lesson; today not only did they double their numbers, but they also had people ambushed with guns on the roof.

Looking at this trembling Rurik boy, how could they not laugh?

The leader glanced at Adam, his savage face had an added touch of cold smile.

"Kiddo, don’t blame us. You were in the way of a big-shot in the literary world. That gentleman doesn’t like risks, even if it’s only one percent."

"Get him!"

"Ah!!"

Screams rose one after another.

Adam had just become a Transcendent, and his abilities weren’t suited for direct combat; Transcendents were far from being superheroes.

But even the weakest Transcendent could easily take down a dozen thugs.

Adam charged in among them like a giant bear among sheep.

He grabbed and shattered the wrist of the first thug who rushed at him, snatching the dagger.

Blood spattered, limbs flew.

"Bang!", "Bang!"

Gunshots rang out in succession.

The gunman on the roof didn’t understand why Adam suddenly became strong, but he knew he had to shoot.

Unfortunately, it was already too late.

After killing several obstructive thugs, Adam dashed up the roof like lightning, and instantaneously vanished from the gunman’s sight at the moment of shooting.

He kicked each gunman off the roof, nimble like a bear foraging in summer, quickly escaping.

The leader of the attack stood slack-jawed watching Adam flee along the rooftop.

He was completely baffled, not knowing how to command the operation at all.

Just as he stared blankly, the escaping Adam seemed to think of something and suddenly turned his head.

The leader’s last conscious memory was Adam’s bright smile and pristine teeth.

Then he felt excruciating pain in his chest.

"Ah!"

A piercing scream rang out.

Just when the leader was still worried about how to report to his employer, his chest was pierced by a flying dagger.

Precisely hitting the heart.

His vision went black and he collapsed heavily.

Now he didn’t need to worry about reporting anymore.

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"Captain, someone claiming to be Minstrel Adam wants to see you."

"Oh? Let him in!" Roland’s voice sounded from inside the room.

The door opened, and Adam appeared at the entrance, followed by two tense Red Copper Knights.

Roland chuckled quietly and gestured for the knights to stand down.

He looked at the somewhat scruffy Adam and teased with a smile, "Mr. Adam, what happened?"

Adam flexed his wrist and said solemnly:

"I’ve run into trouble. To be precise, we’ve run into trouble."

He sat down opposite Roland, took the tea cup, and took several gulps, recounting everything that happened from yesterday to today.

The matter of becoming a Transcendent, he glossed over, merely stating he had become stronger.

Roland’s expression gradually grew serious, pacing back and forth several times in the room.

His mind raced, firing off several questions to Adam.

After pondering for a moment, he slowly said, "Adam, would you be interested in joining the White Rose Knight Order?"

"Huh?"

Adam never imagined Roland would make such an offer.

"I, I am Rurik."

"I asked if you want to join," Roland reminded him.

"I, sigh, I long for a freer life," Adam refused stubbornly.

He needed protection, and Roland and the backing Sussex Imperial Family had the power to protect him.

But he needed freedom even more.

A poet without freedom is as good as dead.

Roland said with a smile, "You’re special talent, so naturally you wouldn’t be like regular knights. Let’s start from Silver Knight level; if I gave Gold Level, others wouldn’t accept it."

"I..."

Roland patted his shoulder and said with a smile, "I don’t mind lawful freedom, but now you’re part of the Knight Order; there are places you absolutely mustn’t go, those places are unsafe."

Adam didn’t know Roland meant the unsafety of "Ailment, Mei Shi La," he thought Roland was talking about personal safety.

Taking a deep breath, as if making up his mind, he stood straight and replied loudly:

"Silver Knight... Igor reports to you."

"Captain Roland, Igor is my real name, but I’m still Adam now."

Roland quickly wrote an appointment letter and handed it to Adam.

"Very well, Adam the Silver Knight, go to the logistics unit to collect your uniform and salary. From now, you may move freely and perform Operation Brilliance."

Excitedly, Adam gave Roland a somewhat incorrect knight’s greeting, clutching the appointment letter as he left.

Watching his departing figure, the smile gradually faded from Roland’s lips.

The Sixth Return Day is approaching.

Whether becoming a Transcendent or advancing, everything needs to accelerate.