## Empress 106

Chapter 106: It’s Decided, You’ll Play the Empress’s Consort

Roland’s experiment was simple, like marking the boat for sword retrieval.

The Knight Order’s station was right by the Tamas River, so finding a small boat wasn’t hard, and the experiment proceeded quickly.

Sif was very clever, though she often didn’t realize it herself.

Halfway through Roland’s experiment, she already understood it.

But she didn’t rush to answer, instead, she sat quietly under the pine tree, resting her chin and watching Roland complete the experiment.

She was the best listener and also the best audience.

For some reason, watching Roland busy about always gave her an inexplicable comfort.

Even though Roland might not be her match one-on-one, she still felt he could provide a sense of safety.

Roland moored the small boat, tied it to the pillar, and looked up at Sif.

"Did you understand?"

"Yes, I’m not the mark on the boat, but the flowing river water. Now is now, the future is the future. Looking for yesterday’s me based on the mark, of course, you can’t find it."

Sif’s response made Roland very pleased.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead, feeling his efforts were not in vain.

Seeing Sif’s smile, more radiant than the sunlight, he knew she had overcome her inner demon.

This was not easy.

If he were to face Sofia instead of Old Macbeth, he would find it just as difficult.

Sif’s performance was already outstanding.

Better not to dwell on such heavy topics, better to talk about something she likes first.

Like the program for the celebration performance?

Speaking of this, Sif immediately became lively.

She patiently listened to the options Roland provided and then softly asked, "Why don’t we try performing the scene of the Elf Empress returning home? I want to play her, is that okay?"

Roland was a bit dazed.

The image of Count Sif and Elf Sif overlapped instantly.

As if they were one person.

But he knew they were completely different.

"Of course, no problem, the Elf Empress is the most beautiful woman in the world, you are most suited to play her."

Sif’s cheeks flushed slightly red.

She didn’t quite catch Roland’s half sentence praising the Elf Empress as the most beautiful, but she liked the latter half.

She slightly lowered her head and softly asked, "Roland, you know elves, how should I portray her?"

"Play yourself."

Roland said seriously, "I once saw a portrait of the Elf Empress in lost scriptures, you look very similar, just the ears are long, like this."

After making some gestures, Roland told Sif about the characteristics of traditional Elf clothing.

Sif silently noted it down, without saying a word, planning to assign the task to the court tailor.

When Roland finished speaking, Sif softly said, "I remember the end of your story was the Empress returning to the Flower Sea and reuniting with her lover, so who will you cast as the male actor?"

Roland was stumped by the question.

The only male actor he knew was Adam.

For some reason, as long as he thought of that damned bug Adam sharing a scene with Sif, he had a strong urge to draw his sword.

Clearly, as the Knight Order Leader, it was his duty to protect the Empress.

Even just sharing the same stage air with Adam was a desecration to Sif.

Absolutely not allowed!

Roland suddenly looked up at Sif, "I have an idea."

"You... you say." Sif's cheeks turned slightly red; she could feel Roland's heart beating fast.

"The only male actor I know is not of good character, so he doesn't count for you to share the stage with."

Sif's cheeks turned even redder.

"Hmm, you're right, I won't act with someone with a character issue."

"I have a suitable candidate in mind who absolutely won't harm your reputation."

Roland had a brainwave and thought of an appropriate candidate.

Let Sister Lisa cross-dress and play the Elf Empress's husband.

This way, Sif's reputation wouldn't be harmed, nor would it cause issues performing with an unseemly male actor.

I'm such a genius.

Roland thought to himself silently.

"Sif, just let Lisa..."

"You're talking about Miss Lisa's brother, right? No need to beat around the bush, I agree." Sif quickly took over Roland's words, speaking with a bright smile.

Roland was dumbfounded.

No, that’s not what he meant.

Sif looked at Roland with a peculiar gaze, "Hey, you weren’t thinking of letting Lisa come, were you? Don’t you know the damage rumors can do to girls?"

"In upper society circles, a noble girl with a colorful personal life would get no more than a knowing smile. But if rumors of being a lesbian go around, it’s over, and no one dares to marry her."

"Roland, why are you daydreaming again?"

Having reached this point, what more could Roland say apart from accepting it?

"Nothing much, it is my honor to share the stage with you. I’m just contemplating how to perform and win the championship."

"Play yourself." Sif said calmly.

"The best performance is when you become the role, not acting the role."

"Who said that?" Roland was a bit curious.

"Probably some old artist. If no one has said it before, then I said it."

Sif said with great confidence and composure.

She always lacked confidence, especially in front of Roland, always a bit timid.

But acting was an exception.

This was her domain, and Roland was far from her level.

"You just need to provide the script and follow my rhythm for the performance."

Sif’s confident appearance resembled an actual Empress.

At the moment of watching her profile, Roland even had an illusion.

Even if the real Elf Empress came to reality, she couldn’t perform the way Sif did.

She was the Elf Empress.

She surpassed the Elf Empress.

Sif’s confidence inspired Roland.

So they got to work, collaboratively improvising and discussing how to modify the script.

"How should one express the joy of the Empress reuniting with her lover? If it were a human couple, they’d definitely hug passionately."

Sif softly murmured, her eyelashes fluttering, her cheeks a deep red.

She had never been so closely intimate with the opposite sex.

Even though it was acting and the opposite person was Roland, whose presence comforted her immensely, she was still a little trembling.

She was too nervous to breathe.

Out of the corner of his eye, Roland noticed Sif’s cheeks red like blood.

He knew Sif was as pure as a blank page.

He knew even more clearly that a public hug would leave Sif at a loss.

As a Guardian Knight, he would not allow Sif to get into an awkward position.

"Elves are not humans. They are reserved, mastering music and art. When they reunite, they wouldn’t hug passionately, they’d sit by the Moon Well and convey their longing through song."

Is, is that so?

What an artistically inclined race indeed.

Sif’s trembling eyelashes gradually calmed down.

If Roland insisted on using a hug to express reunion joy, how would she deal with it?

Her mind was blank, unable to respond.

Thankfully, the elegance and composure of the Elf Race meant she didn’t have to face this suffocating issue.

"Then, then can you sing?"

Sif’s gentle gaze fell on Roland, her voice crisp like a mountain spring.

"Well, um..."

Unless a transmigrator’s identity is a singer, most aren’t good at singing, Roland included.

He was a typical wild jackass style singer.

In KTV with a microphone he could draw wolves, but performing in this setting was clearly not suitable.

"It’s alright, I’ll be singing, and you just show an appreciative expression."

Sif gently alleviated his embarrassment.