**Empress 117**

Chapter 117: You Can Have It All

"You can... have it all."

Dreamscape, Flower Sea.

The Elf Sif quietly listened as Roland rambled on about recent events, often incoherently, and then softly yet firmly said.

Roland raised his head in astonishment, looking at the Elf Sif in disbelief.

"Have it all?"

"Since you can’t let go of any, you must have it all."

The Elf Sif gently said:

"I don’t understand why you are conflicted. Among the Elf Race, there are never the constraints of marriage, only the bond of companionship. Living together with someone you love makes you partners."

"If you can truly cherish them, and they don’t mind, what’s the problem?"

The Elf Sif glanced at Roland with a look as if he were a fool.

"The Elf Race has a long life span, with the life of Upper Elf strong warriors exceeding three thousand years. Such a long life span, even the best relationships cannot withstand the erosion of time."

"As long as both parties accept, having multiple companions can bring a bit more fun to a long life."

"But they are not elves." Roland’s excitement briefly faded and he felt a bit dejected.

"They are all Transcendents. As long as they break through to Tier Six, they will have long lives. For wise races with long life spans, their ideas are probably similar."

Roland understood the Elf Sif's implication, let out a long breath, yet his mind was still a bit chaotic.

Facing fierce enemies, he can do whatever it takes.

Facing gentle lovers, he is a bit at a loss.

Seeing Roland's bewildered gaze, the Elf Sif softly said:

"In my memory, there was someone who was somewhat like you; he had several companions, but they lived harmoniously. Maybe his experience can offer you some insights."

Roland's eyes lit up.

The future the Elf Sif depicted was beautiful, yet it seemed like a castle in the air, something he longed for but found hard to believe.

After all, she looked more like a flawless blank slate rather than an experienced mature woman full of emotional history.

Since there is the experience of predecessors, it's natural to learn from them.

The Elf Sif pondered for a long time and slowly said: "He is our clan's Great Sage and a good friend of mine. He has many companions, and his choice is to acknowledge his inner desires, facing them honestly."

"The Great Sage never hides his liking for women he fancies. After obtaining a certain girl's affection, he frankly admits he has more than one in his heart and then pursues other girls with the encouragement of his first partner."

...

Ah, is it so simple? Aren’t there any palace intrigue plots like the Thirty-Six Stratagems?

As if seeing through Roland’s thoughts, the Elf Sif softly said:

"Of course, there are those who use tricks and tactics to deceive companions, but their ultimate end is not good."

"Relationships founded on compromise, deceit, and coercion will eventually explode due to accumulated conflicts. Either the relationship collapses, or they end up entangled in bad romance."

"Thus, your first target should be able to include other girls."

Roland was a bit surprised and muttered: "You mean, the first target is Lisa?"

"Not at all."

The Elf Sif calmly said: "I don’t care how you do it, but if you don’t prioritize that girl named Sif, you’ll lose her forever."

"Why?"

"No reason, just intuition." The Elf Sif said calmly.

Women’s intuition might seem unreliable, but the ancient wisdom of a female spanning millions of years following her heart’s guidance sounds quite trustworthy.

Roland had no hesitation in choosing to believe in the Elf Sif.

She is not just a woman, but also a wise one, certainly more understanding than him.

He could somewhat understand the Elf Sif’s insistence.

Sif and she were too similar.

If it weren’t for the Elf Sif having experienced three deaths and completely perished, he would even suspect that Count Sif is her reincarnation.

In any case, they have many similarities, and she must understand Sif.

It must be done this way.

Although putting Sister Lisa in a slightly later position felt a bit cruel, he had no choice.

To share half a heart is indeed painful, how then to divide a whole heart into two halves?

Seeing Roland’s troubled expression, the Elf Sif softly said: "The Great Sage once said he was not a philanderer and couldn’t love each companion equally, but there was one thing he could guarantee."

"He would try to keep these girls living separately. No matter which companion he was with, he could give her the most passionate love."

The Elf Sif snorted softly, her eyes filled with disdain for her long-departed friend.

"I don’t agree with such a shameless argument, but his companions seemed to accept it."

"Can they really accept it?" Roland muttered.

"I don’t know, that’s their business."

The Elf Sif frowned lightly, clearly not wanting to continue on this topic, "Alright, your story today isn’t finished yet. What was the championship song that Sif sang? Sing it for me now."

Roland’s smile froze.

"Do you really want to hear it? I’m not very good at singing."

"Even the best human singers pale in comparison to the Elf Race. I’ve only seen the singing skills of the Half Donkey People, Raven Race, and Deep Sea Sirens comparable to elves."

Ah?

The fact that Deep Sea Sirens sing well Roland can accept, but what’s the deal with the Half Donkey People and the Raven Race?

Since the Elf Sif insisted on hearing it, Roland couldn’t be coy.

After all, she is his promotion mentor, even a mental health therapist.

If she doesn’t mind, what is he afraid of?

As soon as Roland started singing, the Elf Sif was stunned.

She never imagined someone could sing so terribly.

Each note was on pitch, but it was painfully unpleasant to the point of wanting to lose hearing.

"Roland, shut up!"

The Elf Sif couldn’t help but rudely interrupt Roland.

"You’re forbidden from singing in the future."

Roland shrugged, it wasn’t him insisting on singing, you requested the song.

Seeing the somewhat awkward atmosphere on site, Roland swiftly changed the subject with a stroke of genius.

"By the way, I’ve met the promotion conditions, but I don’t know how to advance, could you..."

"Relax, let me see your Soul Cards." The Elf Sif gently prompted Roland.

Two Soul Cards appeared above Roland’s head.

The already dazzling golden [Writer] Card and the purple [Knight] Card.

The Elf Sif thought for a moment, then slowly said: "Roland, you can normally advance to the Scholar’s stardom Profession [Literary Giant], or barely advance to the Guardian Profession [Guardian Knight], or unlock the Hidden Profession [Inheritor], which is a special profession of the Scholar."

"Is there any benefit?"

"Yes, you can learn combat techniques from the Third Era’s Dominator Race, the Elf Race, and inherit part of the Elf Race’s memory."

Roland almost asked with whom he would learn, but quickly realized.

Who else could it be, of course, it’s the great wise being, the Elf Sif.

"I wish to become an [Inheritor]." Roland made his choice without hesitation.

"Good, close your eyes." The Elf Sif’s voice was like a lullaby, lulling him to sleep.

He quietly fell asleep.

Looking at Roland’s peaceful sleeping face, the Elf Sif sighed softly:

"Who willingly shares love, it’s just that her love for you outweighs everything else."