Empress 118

Chapter 118: Big Sister, Help Me!

I have become stronger.

When Roland opened his eyes again, he had returned to reality.

At this moment, dawn was just breaking. He walked to the window, spreading his arms to greet the morning light.

Every pore on his body was relaxing, every cell seemed to be rejoicing.

He gazed at the sun, yet it didn't feel blinding, which made him exceptionally exhilarated.

Stretching out his arms and flexing his fingers, Roland felt the sense of strength transmitted from his limbs.

[Inheritor] is the hidden branch of the Learned Star Path, and is only unlocked by those who are proficient in modern knowledge and have received ancient inheritance.

He possessed encyclopedic knowledge and super memory, making him proficient in modern knowledge, and as for ancient inheritance, with Elf Sylph's assistance, he had more than enough.

With Elf Sylph's help, he successfully advanced, preserving his [Knight] sub-profession.

Starting today, he embarked on a special promotion path. On the road to exploring the Power of Stars, there are others heading in the same direction, but no one walking alongside him.

The body structures of humans and elves are slightly different. The top combat techniques of the Elf Race from the Third Era don't fully apply, but being able to use some parts made Roland overjoyed.

He gazed at the Soul Card in front of him.

[Profession: Inheritor]

[Tier: Eighth Tier]

[Ability: Inheritance Memory]

After advancement, the card's base color changed from dazzling gold back to transparency, requiring him to accumulate experience again.

Once the card turns gold again, he can advance to break through to Tier Seven, facing the real enemy, the long-dormant Old Macbeth.

He could feel the conditions for advancement: he must achieve universally recognized feats in literature, science, and even philosophy.

Of course, killing more people is also an option.

Life always finds a way, sometimes more than one.

Though he had just broken through, Roland's combat power had greatly increased.

He could now defeat an entire company of elite infantry head-on on the battlefield and could easily crush Tier Nine combat element professions.

Facing same-tier combat element professions, he wasn't constantly at a disadvantage like a regular administrative role.

Retracting the card, Roland walked out of the room feeling invigorated.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Lisa.

She was sitting in a small bamboo chair in the corner of the corridor, staring blankly out the window.

Last night, he almost said something irreparable; fortunately, the spiritual mentor saved him.

Roland approached Lisa, silently squatted, and met her gaze.

His figure was reflected deeply in Lisa's pupils. She suddenly jolted awake.

"Ah, you're awake. You must be hungry; I'll go prepare breakfast."

"I'll make it with you," Roland said softly.

"Oh dear, you're the Knight Order Leader. How can you personally go to the kitchen?" Lisa teased playfully, pinching Roland's cheek lightly, half-joking.

"You're the Chief Logistics Officer of the Knight Order, only half a level below me."

"Soon, we'll hire some maids, so you won't be so busy," Roland said gently.

Lisa suddenly became alert.

In this era, maids could just be responsible for laundry and cooking, or multifunctional, taking care of the master's lifestyle and private life.

Unless they weren't good-looking, and the master wasn't interested.

Thinking of Roland at a hot-blooded age, Lisa found it hard not to think awry.

But she couldn’t find a reason to oppose for a moment.

She bit her lip, suddenly thought of a suitable reason, yet this reason made her feel even worse.

"Miss Sif might be displeased; she prefers you to prioritize your career," Lisa softly advised.

"I can sense your... admiration for Miss Sif. Roland, Sif isn’t an ordinary Count; she’s a member of the Imperial Family, never having endured grievances since childhood. You shouldn’t anger her."

"You don’t object?" Roland asked in response.

"Why would I have the right to oppose? Miss Sif is so beautiful, her background noble, marrying her would be your fortune. I would only be happy for you."

"Compared to Elizabeth whom I once recommended for you, she’s the bright moon in the sky. You shouldn’t get too cocky though, whether she’d fancy you is still unknown."

Lisa smiled, still putting on airs.

This was the ugliest smile she had ever given in her life.

Even uglier than crying.

Roland softly asked, "Truly happy for me?"

Lisa lowered her head, continuing in her stubbornness:

"Why wouldn’t I be happy that my good brother can marry a beautiful royal girl? If Uncle and Aunt were still here, they’d be glad. Alright, I’ll go make breakfast; you wait in the dining room."

Roland said nothing, letting go of Lisa's sleeve that he held, watching her leave.

Lisa's steps were especially neat, like a soulless living dead gliding.

If he still didn't understand what Lisa wanted now, he would be an idiot.

Young people without blood relations, living together under the pretense of siblings, will eventually change.

There's no pure friendship that lasts a lifetime.

But a lifetime could.

Thank you, great ancient wise Elf Sylph.

Roland thought silently.

If it weren't for her reminder, he might have made the cruelest choice, and dared not imagine how heartbroken Lisa would be.

Kicking off his boots, he quietly walked towards the kitchen.

Standing at the kitchen door, he watched Lisa pick up the kitchen knife and slice forcefully into bones.

The muffled sound, the swift actions.

It didn't seem like bone slicing at all, rather resembling the composure of a cold-blooded murderer.

Roland felt a slight tingle on his scalp.

Lisa didn’t notice Roland standing at the kitchen door. As if venting, she dealt with the bones, placing the cut meat in the basin for cleaning. Looking at the blood-tinted meat in the basin, like a pierced heart, she suddenly felt sorrowful and murmured softly:

"Roland, there’ll be no place for me in this home from now on. I’ll have to wander."