**Empress 119**

Chapter 119: Big Sister, Help Me!

"You marry her, what am I supposed to do?"

After their parents passed away, they were like two little hedgehogs curled up and shivering in the cold winter, only having each other.

They carefully maintained their distance, warming each other.

Scenes of their time together appeared frame by frame.

Piecing together the brief moments of her life.

She bewilderedly realized, apart from Roland, her life was surprisingly thin.

Tears uncontrollably rolled down her cheeks, she lifted the knife again.

She skillfully sliced through, cutting the tender meat.

Her knife skills had always been excellent, but today they were so precise it was astonishing.

She was slightly taken aback.

Could this be the compensation from the God?

It’s rumored that those who are disappointed in love always get compensation in other areas.

As she was in a daze, a gentle voice whispered beside her ear.

"You like him?"

"No... I, I just like him, so what? Am I not allowed to like someone? It’s not my fault that the person I love loves someone else!"

Lisa seemed to pour all her grievances out, her voice raised a little.

As soon as she finished "roaring," her body suddenly stiffened.

It wasn’t a divine oracle questioning her just now, but rather Roland’s devilish whisper.

Her courage vanished instantly.

Lisa was dumbfounded.

She wanted to jump into the pot and cook herself.

Then she wouldn’t have to turn back and face the awkward reality.

Of course, Roland wouldn’t let her jump in the pot, he seized her hand like lightning, and placed the boning knife aside.

When having dangerous conversations, make sure to put down the weapon in hand.

He casually took the kettle, about to boil, down and set it aside, avoiding the sudden whistle of the kettle, Roland’s gentle gaze fell on Lisa’s flushed cheeks.

Sister was a rare beauty.

Though not comparable to Sif, who seemed like the Goddess of Beauty descended on earth, she was not inferior to Alina at all.

Even at a glamorous Imperial Family banquet, she was the dazzling presence.

They lived together for so long, it was so natural that they often overlooked one issue.

Young men and women with no blood relation living together, that’s co-habitation.

Even if Roland could be cruel enough to pursue Sif and abandon Lisa, Lisa in other’s eyes would be no different from an abandoned old flame.

He couldn’t do it.

Roland held Lisa’s hand gently and said, "Sister, that day on stage, the atmosphere was truly wonderful, I was indeed moved."

Lisa’s face flushed instantly paled.

Though she knew this would be the result, hearing Roland say it out loud still made her dizzy.

The ugly duckling’s fantasy was ultimately just a fantasy.

She forced a smile and said, "You have good taste."

"But I also don’t want you to leave home," Roland added.

Lisa glanced at Roland with some irritation, reminding him sarcastically, "I warn you, Miss Sif is not one of those scandalous Nobility ladies, don’t get any wrong ideas."

Perhaps thinking of something, she sighed softly and said, "If you want me to be your housekeeper or head maid, you must keep your distance from me, this close won't do."

"Never mind, a head maid can't be forever. Sister has to get married eventually, I can't accompany you too long."

Lisa's sorrow dissolved in her smile, like unsweetened black coffee.

Roland looked into her eyes, casually asking:

"Does sister have someone in mind?"

"I will have, eventually. Do I look like someone who can't find a husband?" Lisa glared at him defiantly.

"Then what about me?" Roland's heart raced, this was his first time discussing sharing a velvet bedspread with a peer of the opposite sex.

"You, didn't you say you liked Miss Sif? Worried about the difference in status? You're still young, you will be a Count or even a Duke, it won't be a problem." Lisa said somewhat flusteredly.

Though she fantasized about it, if Roland truly chose her, she would be at a loss.

"I want it all."

Roland's heart leapt wildly, like a wild elephant in heat galloping across the plains.

Elf Sylph's suggestion was to conquer Sif first.

But Sif was too innocent, like a fortress without gaps, Roland didn't know how to break in for a while.

He needed assistance.

Lisa was his helper.

It sounded absurd, but worth a try.

Lisa was startled by Roland's words, she forcefully shook off Roland's hand, and shook his shoulders.

"Roland, wake up! Fengrao Believers strictly follow monogamy. Even Kings and Nobility are no exception."

"Even if they want more women, it can only be under the title of lover..."

Lisa's words abruptly stopped as she finally thought of a way to stay home.

"Roland, I understand what you mean. You want me to be your lover?"

Blood returned to Lisa's face, she muttered softly:

"I don't know the answer, you should try marrying Sif first."

Roland nodded and then shook his head.

"I'm not a Fengrao Believer, I'm not bound."

Lisa's slender finger pressed on Roland's lips, gently advising:

"Don't talk nonsense! Listen to me, Miss Sif's personality is too pure, she can't accept these things now, unless you become an irreplaceable part of her life."

"Help her fulfill her wish, and the opportunity will come. In a few years, if you still remember me, I will definitely give you a satisfactory answer."

Lisa said softly but firmly, "Trust me, okay? I understand women better than you."

"So what are we now?"

"Of course, we are sister and brother! Talk about anything else after you win her over."

Maybe thinking it sounded cold, Lisa gently stroked Roland’s cheek and softly said:

"We’ve long been family, sister is helping the silly brother chase his wife."

This was indeed the result Roland wanted.

Lisa really understood him.

The moment Roland said he wanted it all, she understood Roland’s heart.

Sif was the white rose in his heart, sacred and respected.

She was the quietly blooming little red flower next to the white rose.

Love dripping from the white rose, falling onto the petals of the little flower.

This was enough.

She never wanted to compete with the bright moon, only wanted to stay quietly beside Roland, having a peaceful little nest at home, able to share joys and sorrows with Roland.

Her wish was just that simple.

Lisa's hand pressed on Roland's shoulder, tiptoeing, she gave a dragonfly touch from her lips to his cheek.

Then, she forcefully pushed Roland out of the kitchen.

The corner of her lips was full of the glee of having successfully ambushed.

She thought of the sweetness of sneaking a piece of rock candy from the jar her mom stored candy in as a child.

Roland's words gave her a sense of poignance, twice the satisfaction, three quarters joy and four parts anticipation.

At least she didn't have to worry about being lost without Roland.

She gripped the boning knife tightly, gently slicing the tenderest meat, forgetting what just happened, concentrating on the food in front of her.

This is what a Chef should focus on.

...

After breakfast, Roland headed to Sif's Mansion.

Lisa did not accompany him, but went to the Knight Order.

Sif also had good feelings towards Roland, she had already revealed it on stage yesterday.

As long as the disturbing person temporarily goes offline, their progress would accelerate.

The thing she worried about before was now what she looked forward to.

Sif’s Mansion, the small study.

Roland smiled conveying his joy to Sif, "Sif, I had a breakthrough."

"So soon, when?"

"Last night." Roland said smilingly, "This time I was ahead of you."

Sif shook her head with a smile, "Not necessarily, I also had a breakthrough last night, and it’s a special profession."

"Such coincidence?"

Roland and Sif exchanged glances, a sparkle of surprise bursting simultaneously.

There was no need to hide in front of Sif, their promotion paths did not conflict.

After listening to Roland’s introduction, Sif’s eyes turned somewhat strange, and after a long time she slowly said:

"Maybe the performance yesterday was too successful, I indeed saw in my dreams the Elf Race homeland very similar to your description, but unfortunately it’s already decayed, I only found a Cyan Crown."

"That crown was so beautiful I couldn’t help wearing it, then I lost consciousness. When I woke up, I was the Tier Eight Elf Princess and obtained quite a few fragmented inheritances from the Elf Race, although not too complete but enough."

Sif smiled with a bit of pride.