Empress 58

Chapter 58: Can I Have Them All?

Knight or Writer, that is the question.

Late at night, Roland tightly closed the study door, lit two thick candles, and under the gentle glow, he looked at the two soul-bound cards hovering in the void.

Although only he could see the cards, he still carefully locked the door.

The information contained within the soul cards clearly emerged in his mind.

No one knows where soul cards come from.

Some say they come from the supreme Creator God; they are Transcendents.

Some say they are from a god above realms; they are ordinary people.

Others say it's the temptation from the demons of the Abyss of Profound Darkness; they are failures.

Where they come from may not be important; what matters is that Roland now has a second card.

The original [Writer] card had already turned pale purple, representing his high national fame.

If he only pursued reluctant promotion, he could do it now.

But no one would do that.

Normal people would wait until they couldn't upgrade before promoting.

The Path of Transcendence and the mundane path are essentially the same, both scrambling for benefits under the manipulations of fate.

The second card is the spoils from openly killing Calvinson in an honor duel.

Killing and getting equipment, it's quite reasonable.

But soul cards differ from equipment.

Most of the time, soul cards annihilate with their holder's demise.

Only in special cases do they become spoils.

For instance, when the killed one's strength is higher than the killer's, completing an instant kill, or showing extraordinary skills in battle.

Roland fulfilled all three criteria in a battle, making getting the equipment very reasonable.

Unlike the semi-transparent base color of the [Writer], the [Knight] card has a milky white base, representing the Faith in Light of knights.

However, the [Knight] card Roland obtained is slightly different.

Among the pure white milky base color, the drop of blood is particularly striking.

A red plum on a white base isn't necessarily bad. On the wedding night, this scene would mostly make the husband overjoyed.

But this is a card, not a white sheet.

One spot of red plum is particularly ghastly.

Roland was clear this represented the same Level kill record.

If he were an earnest knight, he might be uneasy about the stain of blood on the Holy Light, and a devout believer would pray and repent to great Gods.

They would also feel guilty for having to kill a respected opponent.

After all, the knight tradition isn't bloodthirsty slaughter but killing to stop killing.

Raising a sword and raising a Holy Shield are the same, both fighting to protect beauty.

However, Roland was not an earnest knight. He didn't believe these; his mind was filled with one thought.

Amynos, why didn't Lori, who was personally slain before, count as a record? There ought to be two red plum blossoms here.

The server of the gods is too old; it should be updated!

If Roland were to pray to the gods, it wouldn't be repentance but a sincere request for a BUG compensation.

Why repent?

He wasn't the one who provoked the challenge.

It was Calvinson who sought death and got it; he merely helped.

Despite silently complaining internally, Roland still accepted reality.

He now had two cards.

One is [Writer], the other is [Knight].

[Writer] is purple, while [Knight] is a slightly lower-tier blue.

But this doesn't mean the upgrade speed of [Knight] is slower. Combat professions can upgrade directly through kill records, while the civil professions require tedious prerequisites.

Upgrading[Writer] to gold requires a certain international reputation, while knights only need to fight from the Northern Territory to the Tamas Riverbank.

It seems difficult, and actually is quite difficult, but the path is clear.

Not having a choice is painful, having a choice is equally so.

If one wants to call the shots in politics, [Writer] is undoubtedly an excellent career choice, but it falls slightly short of [Knight] in combat attributes.

Calvinson being shot dead due to overconfidence was his own incompetence, not a discredit to [Knight].

In Roland's view, [Knight] with integrated offense and defense, with good equipment, a black heart, and ruthless hands, becomes almost a War God embodiment after reaching a high Level—the perfect profession.

What should he choose?

Choosing [Writer] means going the civil route. The end point of the civil route is the entry into politics. Cold-blooded and ruthless, maneuvering the chessboard, strategizing, accumulating resources from the whole nation or even the world for oneself.

This path is steady, but slow.

Choosing [Knight] means taking the passionate combat route, fighting a bloody way out.

Roland agonized over this for a long while, searching through the Basic Encyclopedia for all related content, yet still couldn't make a decision.

After all, it is just a Basic Encyclopedia, the Transcendent stories recorded are very wild, even The Sun seems straightforward in comparison.

At four in the morning, there was no chime, only yawns.

Roland was sleepy.

Since he couldn't choose, he opted not to choose for now.

Roland nestled back into the blankets, a bold idea emerging amid the drowsiness.

He was an adult; he wanted it all.

This absurd idea entered dreams accompanied by weariness.

Indeed, it was somewhat absurd.

Throughout the long history of the Magic Era, spanning tens of thousands of years, there never was a dual-profession Transcendent.

It’s as if divine decree stated humans can’t have both.

Gaining power and wealth simultaneously would also eliminate worries and insecurities.

This is how fair the world is, not allowing one to have all good things.

But dreams differ, in dreams anything is possible.

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The World Tree, Sea of Flowers.

The Elf Maiden sat in the flower field, like an ancient statue, eternally unchanged.

Seeing Roland appear, the maiden quietly withdrew the foot that had exposed the hem of her skirt but did not stand.

This fellow didn’t need her greeting.

As she expected, Roland sat down across from her naturally, still yawning, attempting to greet but suddenly realized he didn’t know the Elf Maiden’s name.

"Sorry, I don’t even know your name, how should I address you?" Roland feigned apology, actually adeptly asking for the maiden’s name.

"Name?"

The Elf Maiden didn’t expect Roland to ask so and hesitated for a moment. Her gentle voice was especially ethereal, as if traversing time and space.

"A name means nothing to me. If you insist on using a designation, give me one."

"Can I call you Sif?"

Roland pretended to ponder, slowly speaking.

He had ulterior motives.

Sif and the Elf Maiden looked only eight or nine parts alike at first, however, excluding the exclusive Elven traits like silver hair, slender long ears, and faint green magic patterns, the more one looked, the more similar they seemed.

As long as speaking is possible, errors can occur.

It’s well known that with the possibility of error, with numerous instances, error will inevitably happen.

There are always situations of accidentally saying the wrong thing, sleep-talking, drunken words, ramblings, speaking in anger.

Shouting the Elf Maiden’s name while confronting Sif would be extremely impolite.

If they were both called Sif, there wouldn’t be any miscalls.

The smart Sea King calls the girlfriend in front "baby," rather than by name.

Roland wasn’t the Sea King; he just wanted to avoid calling the wrong name.

Upon hearing this name, the Elf Maiden was silent for a long while and then slowly spoke, "It is unexpectedly the Sif, representing beauty and abundance; quite a good name. Since you like it, I'll be called Sif."

Out of the corner of his eye, Roland glanced at the maiden.

It truly was a lucky strike.

So Sif in Elven Language represents beauty and abundance?

The Elf Maiden indeed deserves such praise.

Of course, Roland's good friend, Count Tyrone, does as well.

Her beauty is matched, and her abundance doesn't lose to this Elf Maiden.